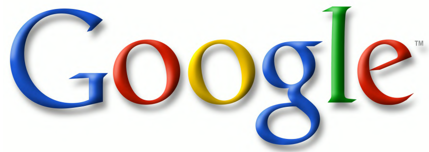

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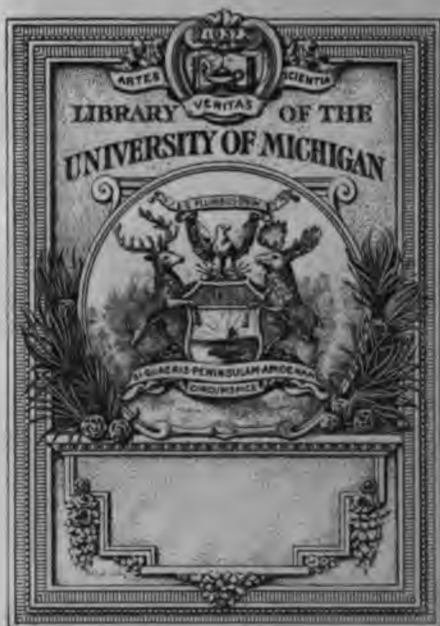
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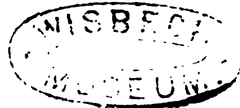


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THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JULY 1897.

## *THE TALE OF A GRECIAN BOY.*

BY NEIL WYNN WILLIAMS.

GLU, lu, lu! The music is like a little bird in search of its mate, Afendi; it flutters hither and thither.

Glu, lu, lu! Mine is a sweet-toned flute. I and it, we think together of many things. When it is night, and the goats grow less eager for food, it will talk to the distant stars; when it is day, and the hot sun brings laziness to the nimble-footed ones, it will sing with the bees and the grasshoppers. This flute, it is my friend—my only friend, now that Sileese is gone. Its voice drives away the silence of the hills, its melody ripples through the dark woods like cheerful water. And though Sileese has gone away never to return, I am not alone, for my flute is still with me.

Glu, lu, lu!—but poor Sileese, my little golden one! I shall never forget her. I—I am a boy. The snows have whitened the black rocks fourteen times since I was born. And Sileese—she was a little kid when my father gave her into my arms, saying, "Demetri, this *katzika* shall be thine."

As she bleated against my heart, I thought to myself she is mine, mine own, and very beautiful. I will call her Sileese. I will take mother's care of her. And who knows, but if as the days come and come, that she may not grow to a goat? And who knows but that she may not have kids?

These thoughts made me deliciously proud. And from that time, and through the coming days, my love for Sileese was ever growing. "Sileese! Sileese!" I would shout, and she would leave her friends and come quickly to me. Now here, now there, we would run together. And when we stopped for breath, and she

placed her warm muzzle betwixt my hands, I would
yellow eyes. But of my father, of my brothers, she h
loved me, and me alone. I was her loving friend–
able to stop the crimson blood flowing from her tl
tried, I tried, Afendi.

Glu, lu, lu! Now hush, my flute, whilst to the
of that which happened to my Sileese.

I had been upon the little hills, I had come to t
woods in which was my father's fold. They were da
the heavens were covered with the grey clouds of wir
dark and sad, though the *koudounia* (flock-bells) were
a fine snow gleamed from the pine-boles. I was cold
for I had been upon the little hills all day. And
near to the fold I thought of the warm fire that was th
that my father would give me. To drive on the goat
my pleasure; and it was not now that I would wait fc
ones to nibble at a tender branch. "Hŭn, hŭn!" I
times, as I pushed aside the bushes that would stop
to some goat that would not obey. And wherever
followed close behind—for she was my friend, a
quarrel. Thus and thus came I to the fold, and
beneath its warm thatch. There I left them, and,
the gently falling snow, I leapt a fallen pine and ope
my father's hut, which was close by. He was lying
its cheerful flames showed me his face—it was stern
ful. But I did not mind—I was hungry, and my floc
all in the fold, and did I not tell him so? He wa
evening to give me food, and when he had brought it
silent; but I was hungry, I said nothing. When
bread and drank the wine, my father said to me, an
time, "Demetri, have all the goats come home
father," I answered. "Have Visla, Karvoon, and
my father," I answered, and I was not surprised at h
they were wicked animals, and they gave us muc
woods and on the hills. "Is Korta's lame leg bet
my father. "'Tis the same," I replied. Upon
sighed, and I thought of sleep. But as I was al
again he asked of me, as if he had not remembered
"Have all the goats come home, Demetri?" "Sure
I replied; and with this I fell a-thinking for the reason
many questions, for I had not done wrong. But I wa
for long; suddenly my father's eyes seemed to wa

ɔve in her
ror. She
[ was not
though I

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l sad, for
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Yes, my
" "Yes,
ıg me, for
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ıen asked
ny father
lie down
ıer words,
ıy father,"
ıy father's
t to think
.s from a

dream, and he said to me sharply, "Demetri, did yc
strangers to-day?" "No, my father," I said quickly; '
have only seen Gian." And Gian, as my father kn
another herdboy like myself.

Upon this my father's words came and went like
winter sky; whence they arrived, and whither they w
could not tell. He would speak of the difficult time
money, of the little food. He would speak of our flo
call it little, and our neighbour's great; he would tell m
of our great goats, of our little goats. He would speal
and he would speak of straight men. I could noi
whither his words were going. Faster and faster they c
voice grew louder, for the wind was coming very st
forest, and the trees were muttering in the black nigl
hut. I could see that he was angry, but it was not witl
what was it?

"My father!" I said. But he did not hear me. "]
shouted, and with that his words ceased, and I asked h
sleep. "Yes," said he, "sleep well;" and with that
his other side by the fire, and said no more. I was
great wind was rushing heavily over the hut, and as
way I followed it through the woods, over the hills
darkness, through the drifting snow. I followed it,
knew not. I slept.

Soon after the morning light came to the wood
with my father I went to the fold. There was muc
done there before I could again take the flock through
the little hills. The wind of the previous night had
way, and taken the grey clouds with it; but where
there lay a thin white snow, and where the grey clc
there was now a blue sky, against which the pines
snow-covered branches.

Perhaps it was two hours, perhaps it was three houı
been working at the fold, I and my father, when I
coming towards us in the distance. "Look! my f
And so soon as he saw them he swore very fiercely, a
said to me, "They come, Demetri; they come fc
"Who, my father?" I said. "The Klephts," he replie
I said, "we sent them three goats last month." "*Den*
matter), he replied; "they have sent me word that
difficult, and that they must have four goats more,
hold us in safety; the devils! they must have them
that I should have to take your Sileese—I, a poor mar

"Oh! my father," I said, "for the sake of Hol
*not* Sileese." "Demetri, it must be Sileese," he re
is small, and I am a poor man. It must be Sileese,'
"Sileese, Visla, Karvoon, and Lala; but, hush! t
here."

When the goad is pressed into the ox, the fles
pain, the flesh gathers itself up like a man's hand
It was so now with my heart, as I thought of Sileese,
Sileese. And when I looked at the Klephts who ha
felt that I was very little and weak. But they—they
of me; I was only a boy.

"Make haste, Stavros"—they said to my father—"
our captain is waiting on the mountain; the goats—wl

"They shall be yours directly, noble men," answ
Then he turned to me and said, "Quick, Demetri, fet
the fold." And as I went to the door of the fold I
"*Kathesate*" (sit you down), "I will bring you wine
good wine and strong." For my father was a poor man
fear of the Klephts. He wished them to call him frie

When I entered the fold Sileese ran with bleats to r
voice was very small, but it filled my ears, it stirred m
I would have wished for some white powder[1] to pla
of the Klephts. But I had it not. I could only drive
and Lala out of the fold, and, with Sileese followin
return to the Klephts. When Sileese saw the stran
little to one side, and gazed at them with timid eyes
said; "come, Sileese." And with the sound of my
her terror, and came to me again. The Klephts, t
this, and in their laughter I found hope. "Sileese,
"Come, pretty one." Then she did what I had ta
She stood upon her hind legs, and rested her front
white *foustanella.* I stroked her soft neck—she bl
I pretended to run away; she followed me here, there

Then I returned again to the Klephts, who we
wine that my father had brought to them, and I begg
good God's sake to spare to me my little friend, S
were tears in my eyes, there was grief in my heart;
boy, and they mocked me as they drank their wine.
crimson fez; I knelt at their feet, but they mocked me
And when they had finished the wine, they pushed m
saying, "*As pame*" (Let us go). But Sileese would no

[1] Arsenic.

t George,
"for she
ıid again
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tle loving
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haste, for
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—I was a
ok off my
ıe devils!
one side,
ersuaded



from me like the other goats. She ran hither and th
till they caught her, and tied a rope about her soft necl
dragged her away after them, and I saw them goi
further from me. I could hear Sileese crying to me
them walking betwixt the trees, over the patches o
They were growing small with distance; I could scarcel
I could not bear it; I ran after them. Again I beg
humble words to spare to me Sileese, but they struck
with hot tears into a bush. Many times I ran to th
times they struck me. They were angry that I shoul
and their blows stained my white shirt with blood. I
them, through and out of the wood, up and over the
and beyond to the great mountain, for I loved Sileese.

At length they, and I following after—we cam
river comes from the great mountain. It was very full,
and angry water was running hastily betwixt tall blac
walk by its side was difficult, for, though there was a pa
and rough. For the goats it was no trouble, but fo
was difficult. We went more slowly. My breath
And now the path was narrow, and now the path wa
now it ran straight, and now it ran crooked, as if afrai
rocks that leant towards the stream. It was a wild
were wild men who were carrying Sileese away from m

It was thus with us, and in this place, when I said
will go a little further, but only a little further." Fo
hope of helping Sileese was dying, and I feared the c
mountain. He was a bad man, and if he saw me, wl
that he would kill me? "I will go," I said to myself
go as far as that great rock yonder, which the Klephts
to pass; then I will make haste to them, and once mo
last time, beg for Sileese."

When the Klephts came to the base of the gr
hurried round it, and I was making haste to follow
crash like thunder came to me, and passed away wi
that were hurrying betwixt the black rocks. Then
running, stumbling back towards me, but without S
minute they were by my side; in another they were p
and round another rocky corner. I was alone.

But it was not thunder that I had heard—and th
who have heard the soldiers' guns speak upon the mo
when I went on to the rock, and, turning it, saw
with rifles in their hands, I was not surprised, and

and took the cord from about her neck. "*Bah!*"[1] one of them said; "look at the little Klepht! But he is brave—braver than those others." And with this he pointed his rifle at me as if to shoot me. "I—I am no Klepht like those others," I answered. "And this is Sileese, who is mine." "*Den peirazei,*" they answered, and, driving the goats before them, they followed gently after the Klephts. For they were in no hurry to catch them, they had nòt had the order.

And as they went they talked of many things—of how they had met the Klephts by chance, of how some day they would shoot them when they wished their bullets to go straight. And then, when we arrived at the little hills, they stopped and had food. It was then that I said to them, "I will take the goats to my father, Adio!" So saying, I called to Sileese to come close to me, and prepared to drive Visla, Karvoon, and Lala towards our wood. But I had not money, and the soldiers[2] have power. "Not so fast, little Klepht," they said, "the goats are ours. But you, get you gone; we will nc take you yet to prison."

To call me a little Klepht, it was silly! Gian, the tallest of soldiers—he knew me, he had beaten my father till my father given him a chicken. And he—he to call me a little Klepht!

But they would not listen when I told them of Sileese, tl was my friend. "Little fool," they said; "we will eat her!" was a boy, they said, as they drank their wine; and Sileese— was a goat, who was small and fat. Then their words passe and they tied Sileese and the other goats to a bush.

I was tired, I was hungry, but I would not ask of their was sad, I was angry, but I would not speak. It was th and the soldiers till they rose to their feet and set out fc of Piltsa, where was their *axiomatikos* (officer).

As I saw them going from me with Sileese and t came to me a longing for help, a wish that I was st cast them down upon the white snow, and beat them But when I heard them urge on the goats with crue heard them laugh, I was as water that runs it know as a weak sheep that follows its herd. Each step sobs to my throat, each bush that I passed was v my tears, yet I followed the *stratiotais.* I foll little hills. I paused when they paused, and I buzzingly over the hills to a distant mark. S the tree that they were firing at, and I saw w

[1] Bah! here an exclamation of

[2] Soldiers, or military police.

trunk; but the others—where did they go? Who knows? And they—they did not go to the village beyond to ask, but continued their way.

They were very happy, those soldiers; they began to sing—to sing a *tragoudo* about Ali Pacha. They were coming close to their home at Piltsa, those soldiers, and they sang. But of me, who was far behind them, they took no notice, for their eyes were upon the blue smoke that rose from the cottages of Piltsa. In a little while I could see them pass beneath leafless trees, to go, some to the one side, and some to the other side of grey trunks. In a little while I, too, was passing beneath these trees, and could see the pink and white walls of the cottages of Piltsa. The door of one of these cottages was closing, but not so quickly that I could not see the blue-coated one who was shutting it.

"Pig!" I muttered to myself, as I saw him; "I have been to Piltsa before. I will go to your officer at the big house."

When I came to him, that officer, he took me by the shoulder and asked me of the blood that was upon my shirt. His eyes were kind, though they laughed. His voice was stern, but his ears were ready to listen. And I told to him that which I have told to you, Afendi. And I begged him for the good God's sake to save Sileese from his soldiers, who had robbed me of her. My words came quicker than my sobs, my *tzarouchia* (shoes), my fez, I took them off and waited.

"Come," said he, as he took up his glittering sword. "Come, you shall have your Sileese." And with that he quitted his beautiful house, and I followed him. He walked with long strides, his sword it went jingle-jangle over the rough stones—he was an officer, and he was going to save my Sileese.

When he came to the door of the soldier's cottage he pushed it open—my heart was with his strong arm. As he entered I pressed close to him, and my eyes sought eagerly for Sileese. She was lying upon her side on the mud floor, there was crimson blood coming from a great gash in her throat. There was a blue-coated devil by her side with a knife in his hand; her blood was dripping from the point of the cold steel. I sprang at him; I would have gripped his knife, I would have buried it in his heart. But the cunning one was too quick for me. I turned to Sileese, her yellow eyes were dimming with the dews of death. Her bleat came to me as from the summit of some lofty rock. She stretched her little limbs out, she was dead, and never again should Sileese and I wander over the hills together. Never again——

# *SOME FAMOUS MAID SPEECHES.*

"THE two happiest days in the life of a pc remarked a leading statesman, "are those u enters office and leaves it." But it is not given to al become Ministers; and the two happiest days in t average member of Parliament are those upon wh returned to the House of Commons, and makes a suc speech. The felicity attending the latter circumstan not free from alloy. The imaginary Endymion, ac biographer, Lord Beaconsfield, admitted of his maide in Parliament, but at the Union Society—that "thoug through many trying scenes, it was the most nervous life. 'After Calais,' as a wise wit said, 'nothing surp first time a man speaks in public, even if only at a de is also the unequalled incident in its way." The Disraeli was an authority upon the point, as every with political history is aware; but even he did not e: of the greatest hindrances to a Parliamentary speak ment of his own maiden effort is to be found in the em even painful preliminaries to the operation. As long candidate he is the chief figure on the platform. He the chairman; he is cheered by the audience; he can likes, how he likes, and about what he likes. Told that the eyes of the nation are upon that constit candidature, he at last begins to believe that there is the statement; and for one whole day after the dec poll the world looks roseate, and the new member fe but to lift up his voice and Westminster will pro praise.

It is only when St. Stephen's is reached that politician discovers that he is not quite the giant amo he had fondly imagined. Even the delivery of his ma

finds to be attended with difficulties of which he had r
There is now no obsequious chairman, bursting to bring
orator of the evening—no cheering crowd ready to fo
faltering address. The would-be speaker has to take his
a score of others as eager to talk as himself; he has to
when he likes, but when he can; and, although the occ
Chair always, when possible, gives the preference to a r
this unknown personage has to rise amid a chill and sca
which regards him with an indifference calculated to ta
out of even the most conceited individual a constituer
sent to Westminster.

Unless a man is unduly thick in the skin, this kind
tends to make him nervous; but that is about the be
can happen to the young speaker who wishes to please t
Commons, which likes in a new member nothing
modesty and everything better than "bounce." It
whether in these times the Commons would welcome
such a declaration in a maiden speech as that of Fa
remembered as having died in the Civil War "ingeminati
—"I rejoice very much to see this day; and the want
in my affections but my lungs, if to all that hath been
not been as loud with my voice as any man's in this Ho
would be better pleased with the opposite extreme o
whelming nervousness as that of Addison, who, though
fill some of the greatest offices of State, never spoke in
for upon the one occasion of his rising he could not c
diffidence, and he never tried again. But they would be
of all with such a frankness of modesty as that of the
Finch, who, when making his maiden speech in defen
was so confused that he sat down with the despairing re
strange I cannot speak for this man, though I could rea
him." And we can sympathise to-day with the hearty
brought him again to his feet for the delivery of the firs
of speeches which made his reputation as an orator.

By one of the paradoxes of history there have bee
accounts of the maiden attempts of utterly unknown ind
not those of some of our most famous men. We ar
instance, that one Zacharias Locke centuries ago began
a Bill which had the laudable purpose "to avoid doul
of debts," and that "for very fear he shook so that h
proceed, but stood still for awhile, and at length sat dow
do not know what was even the subject of the maide

Charles Fox, though it has been conjectured to be
election petition, in which the Sir Wilfrid Lawson o
some part. Yet Sir George Trevelyan is able to add
information that "whatever may have been the topic
address, his air and manner so caught the fancy of
happened to be among the audience that, in the dear
suitable material (for, to guarantee the decency of d
every shape or form was rigorously excluded from the
House of Commons), he tore off part of his shirt
sketched a likeness of the young declaimer." The
Fox's great rival, had the happier fate of making a
upon a question of marked importance, and of extrac
only from Fox but from Burke, in the famous saying,
chip of the old block: it is the old block itself." T
accorded by Fox to Pitt upon this maiden speech wa
later curiously repaid. Fox, disgusted with the cond
affairs during the first portion of the great French wa
time into domestic privacy; and when he returned tc
Commons in 1801, to be at the debate raised by his f
the state of the nation, Pitt made reference to the p
"whose attendance was of late so rare that he might
sidered a new member." Fox immediately followed th
opened his speech with the words: "Late as the hour
leave, even under the designation of 'a new member,
right hon. gentleman has complimented me, to avail
indulgence which the House usually shows to a
description." And the brilliant address which followe
any indulgence that might have been extended.

One forgotten maiden speech of the Fox and Pitt
exhumation because, even more than is customarily the
efforts, its promises were in marked divergence from th
afterwards accomplished. It was on May 31, 1792, a
upon the proclamation of George III. against seditio
George Prince of Wales earliest spoke. "His Royal H
the contemporary chronicler, "addressed their lordshi
time, and in a manly, eloquent, and persuasive manne
sentiments . . . speaking in a manner that excited th
admiration of the House." But the matter was even
than the manner, for what did the future friend of Bru
That he was educated in a reverence for the constitu
of the people, and that, as on those constitutional
happiness of that people depended, he was determi

'umberland
ıt day had
interesting
his maiden
artist who
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them. His interest—he went on—was connected with t
the people; they were so inseparable that, unless both
curred, happiness could not exist. And then, in an
exclaimed: "I exist by the love, the friendship, and the
of the people, and their cause I will never forsake so lor
The speaker of these words, it suffices to say, was aftei
Regent and George IV.

No personal record has been left by any one oi
guished maiden speech-makers as to how they were afi
ordeal of addressing the House of Commons for the fii
this was done by both Canning and Palmerston, two of the
names in our later Parliamentary history. Canning
his "feelings at getting up, and being pointed at by the
hearing my name called from all sides of the House; h
lest I should hesitate or misplace a word in the two
sentences, while all was dead silence around me, and
sounded to my ears quite like some other gentleman's;
"straining every nerve in my body, and plucking up
resolution in my heart, I went on more boldly than eve
into a part of my subject that I liked, and having the H
got happily and triumphantly to the end." Palmerst
colloquial in the description of his feelings on the mor
sion. "You will see by this day's paper," he wrote
"that I was tempted by some evil spirit to make a fool
the entertainment of the House last night; however, I
a good opportunity of breaking the ice, although one sh
a little in doing so, as it was impossible to talk any v
nonsense upon so good a cause." And he told hi
certainly felt glad when the thing was over. . . . I w
an hour on my legs; I did not feel so much alarmed
to be."

It is to a volume of the *Gentleman's Magazine* that
for a contemporary description of Sir Robert Peel's e
mentary essay. He was chosen by the Perceval Min
to second the Address, and the record runs: "In the (
Speech having been read from the Chair, Lord Bernaı
Address, and Mr. Peele, in a neat speech, supported
such cold encomium as "a neat speech" could have
friends of the future Prime Minister. His brother W
"I doubt whether any one got more credit than he dic
seconding an Address. My father took his place i
opposite to where my brother stood. The tears rol

cheeks as he heard the cheers with which the speech
And the father himself told an old friend that the eff
to be, by men the best qualified to form a correct op
speaking, the best first speech since that of Mr. Pit
such have been delivered! Just nine years later (
was recording in his diary that Scarlett, afterwards Lc
had risen for the first time, and that "the Oppo
Brooks's full of admiration of his speech, which is sai
*first speech* that ever was made in the House of Co
the observation was so obviously common form
necessarily without having seen the epistle of Peel's
diary of Greville—could write in "Don Juan" after b

> I had forgotten—but must not forget—
> An orator, the latest of the session,
> Who had deliver'd well a very set
> Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgres
> Upon debate: the papers echoed yet
> With his *début*, which made a strong impressior
> And rank'd with what is every day display'd—
> "The best first speech that ever yet was made.

Until the correspondence of Mr. Gladstone with h
closest friends is given to the world, it will not be k
like Palmerston, he "did not feel so much alarmed a
to be" when first he harangued the Commons. Those
have been taught by credulous or careless biogra
ex-Prime Minister that his maiden speech was a sen
heralded by portents and accompanied by signs
betokening greatness to come, will be astonished to le
really delivered in defence of certain citizens of his na
from charges of bribery. All the notice the next da
of the speech was to say that "Mr. W. Gladstone was
protest against the statements made by the petitioner
that he believed there had been no undue practic
election for Liverpool." Another leading London p
the effort with the sentence, "Mr. Gladstone made
which were not audible in the Gallery;" while a third
as to give it five lines, commencing, "Mr. Gladsto
under the Gallery, and who was almost inaudible." Ar
irony of fate that a deliverance upon the question of c
upon which biographer after biographer has dilated
stone's maiden speech, was not his utterance at all, b
eldest brother, his own first prepared effort having wa

years to be exhumed from the dusty records of the Parli
debates.

It is far otherwise with the maiden speech of the l
Beaconsfield, for the story has a thousand times been tol
this was delivered amid so many interruptions that the youn
ended with the exclamation, "Though I sit down now, the
come when you will hear me." But the same sort of hee
which has attributed to Mr. Gladstone a successful maide
he never made, has accorded to Mr. Disraeli a failure
secured. For it is known to every impartial studen
stormy political times of 1837, that the Disraelian effort
a failure, and that it was due to the partisan rancour whi
period raged with a virulence now unknown, that it ha
recorded in "Hansard," that "during the greater part of
the hon. member was on his legs, he was so much interru
it was impossible to hear what he said." Grantley Berk
was in the House when the speech was made, has left it up
that such failure as there may have been was not becaus
did not speak to the purpose, or because his delivery was
that as he used "rather too flowery language for a dry matt
subject, the idle part of his audience, who, in the House of C
are ever trying to ridicule all that is above them, laughed hi
That would seem to have been the opinion of a far mor
plished and subtle critic, for Sheil, one of the finest speaker
has sent to Westminster, said to some of his friends: "If
spirit of oratory was in a man, it is in that man. My *déb*
failure, because I was heard; but my reception was superci
malignant. A *début* should be dull. The House will no
man to be a wit and an orator unless they have the credit o
it out." Disraeli himself wrote to his sister, the morning
speech, "My *début* was a *failure*, so far that I could not su
gaining an opportunity of saying what I intended; but th
was not occasioned by my breaking down or any incompet
my part, but from the physical powers of my adversaries."
is pleasant to note that the speaker himself, in his historic
words, did no more than echo a prophecy he had made to t
years before he entered the Commons, and after listen
specially brilliant debate, "I was never more confident of
than that I could carry everything before me in that Ho
time will come."

After the dramatic Disraelian entrance into the Parli
arena, that of his successor in the Conservative leadersh

Salisbury—the Lord Robert Cecil of other days—
but though the manner was quiet, the matter w
It was early in April, 1854, when this country was "
with Russia, and when the land was alive with
armed strife, that the young member for Stamford fi
House of Commons. A Bill for the reform of O
was to be read a second time; and Lord Robert Ce
at the idea that no member of weight was prepared
it. "What confidence," he demanded to know, '
that some future Ministry, with the word Conserva
but destruction in its hand, would not drive hom
introduced?" Mr. Gladstone, though partly res
Bill, listened with obvious pleasure to the fiery y
maiden speech; and he told the House, in sonor
though in times long gone by Oxford had presented
the illustrious names of Fox, Canning, and Peel,
common gratification to him to have listened that n
rich with future promise, which indicated that there
from the maternal bosom of that University men w
days of their career, gave earnest of what they m
accomplish for their country. Coupled with this s
ment, however, was the hint that, although the
learned much, he had something to unlearn, as to t
tendencies of Parliament. But the speech attracted
outside the walls of Westminster, for it was of warli
and not of University reform that the nation was th
newspapers of the day even resented the discussion i
any topic that did not bear upon the desired destruct
Nicholas I.

A greater dramatic interest attaches to the maid
William Harcourt, whose high distinction it was t
ecstatic praise of a constitutional weapon, which
grievously to wound himself. Early in the session
proposed to do away with that Statute of Anne
Ministers upon acceptance of office to seek re-electi
and almost poetic terms the "Historicus" of former
House believe that this enactment "was the sword
and it was our duty to keep it bright and burnish
received it from our ancestors. It was one of those s
had proved hitherto, and might prove hereafter, alik
the stability of the throne and the liberties of the
Gladstone, as he had done in the case of the statesm

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Lord Salisbury, heartily greeted the new-comer, who,
Minister of the day declared, had addressed the House in
to lead his hearers to entertain great expectations regarding
contributions to the debates. But the press was not as co
*Times*, in its leading columns, ignored the maiden effort
contributor. The *Daily News*, while declaring that the ne
had seized his opportunity with tact, and used it with ac
skill, drily observed that "the subject allowed him to ma
double character of a constitutional lawyer and an advanc
. . . in a manner which would be gratifying to the stiffest of
and the most daring of modern Radicals." But the *Sta*
him that he had spoken "from the Conservative point of
even an excess of constitutional zeal." And probably "this
young Conservative," as the accredited organ of that party
call him, thought so too, when, eleven years later, he wa
first distinguished Minister for nearly half a century to
re-election upon taking office, badly wounded, indeed, by
"sword of our fathers" which he had told the House it w
to keep bright and burnished.

A curious fatality, however, has attended upon mo
speeches than that of Sir William Harcourt; and the d
bimetallism to-day must wonder why Mr. Balfour, aft
silence during nearly the whole of his first three sessions
ment, rose at the very end of the third to declare that t
estimate of the value of silver in the immediate future
the question, for that value depended upon the deman
supply. Silver was not quite the absorbing subject in 18
has since been proving; and, therefore, the utterance of
leader of the House of Commons passed almost unheed
For education was then the burning topic, and a w
Mr. Balfour had first risen, Mr. Chamberlain, who had
St. Stephen's two years and a half later, made on that
maiden speech. He had so recently come into the Ho
his hearers, that he felt reluctant to trespass on its time
opinion that he should best show his respect for the As
was so proud to enter by refraining from addressing it
perienced in its form and practice. This was the style
address the House approved, and compliments came
sides, Mr. Forster especially joining in congratulating
member for Birmingham upon the remarkable ability with
had realised the expectations that had been entertained
him. As with Mr. Gladstone, so with Mr. Chamberlain :

been frequently described a portentous and purely imaginary scene at the earliest utterance of each, and in both cases the maiden speech was delivered months before that concerning which fantastic fancies have so long had their sway.

In the case of a politician like Mr. Chamberlain, who had been distinguished as an orator outside Parliament before his first election—and there are competent judges who declare that he has never excelled, even if he has equalled, the series of addresses delivered while he was a candidate for Sheffield in the autumn of 1873—the term "maiden speech" may seem inappropriate. The *Times* could not have said of him, as it did of the earliest Parliamentary effort of Lord Rosebery, that he "spoke with a graceful emotion which became his years;" for when the late leader of the Liberal party commenced his oratorical career—as Peel, a predecessor in the Premiership, had done by seconding the Address—he was not yet twenty-five, thus justifying the late Lord Blachford's note in his diary that he had heard "a youthful maiden speech from Lord Rosebery." In various ways this latter peer has given proof of the fact that he is a student, and, in this very utterance, his reference tc "the halo of political virginity" indicated his acquaintance both wit Byron's "Don Juan" description of a maiden speech—a portion c which has been given—and Beaconsfield's in similar strain in "Th Young Duke."

The politician who makes this effort early has, of cours striking advantage over one who does not commence until m life, though there have been speakers who have started in the I of Commons in old age and have succeeded. Among such v once famous Michael Thomas Sadler, who, having been reti a historic bye-election for Newark in 1829, made his maide at sixty-seven, and impressed even the cynical Greville belief that it was "certainly very remarkable and indicativ talent;" but similar good fortune has not always att politician who has put off his maiden speech so long. Berkeley tells, in his "Life and Recollections," how a Ludlow, in the last Parliament of William IV., "trie maiden speech, and, rising in his place with a *very bald* too, as he was to everybody, as one of the oldest st ways of the world, he began with great affectation c and with an exceedingly mild voice: 'Mr. Speake young member.' On hearing this assertion from and crafty a man, possessing so venerable a pate, roared with laughter. Twice he stopped, an

commenced with these words; but it was useless; the House would not listen, and he never to my knowledge essayed to speak again, or, if he did, the sight of his bald head set his audience in a roar." Parliamentary manners are milder in these times, but a titter has gone round the Chamber, even during the existence of the present House of Commons, when a venerable-looking member of sixty claimed indulgence for his maiden speech.

Keats, in doggerel verse, once asked his brother—

> Is there a man in Parliament
> Dumfounder'd in his speech?

And he would assuredly have received an affirmative reply from those who have listened to these earliest efforts. Even much practice outside does not always suffice to insure ease or secure success at Westminster, for there are some members who have a great platform reputation to whom the Commons will not seriously listen. It is, perhaps, because of this that many of our representatives never make a maiden speech at all; but there are others who, by seizing the judicious moment, render themselves temporarily famous. Such as do so in these times deserve condolence over the fact that Mr. Gladstone has permanently withdrawn from St. Stephen's, for there probably never lived a distinguished Parliamentarian so anxious to encourage youthful effort. It has been seen how he held out the hand of welcome to Lord Salisbury and Sir William Harcourt, but less well known is his compliment to Mr. Chaplin. The present President of the Local Government Board had made a maiden speech attacking the Irish Church Bill, and the then Premier replied: "The honourable member has admonished us, and myself in particular, that the sense of justice is apt to grow dull under the influence of a long Parliamentary experience. But there is one sentiment which I can assure him does not grow dull under the influence of a long Parliamentary experience, and that is the sense of pleasure when I hear—whether upon these benches or upon those opposite to me—an able, and at the same time frank, ingenuous, and manly expression of opinion, and one of such a character as to show me that the man who makes it is a real addition to the intellectual and moral worth and strength of Parliament."

It might be thought that even such a master of language could not have paid a more splendid compliment, but he must be considered to have once excelled it. During the second reading debate upon the Home Rule Bill of 1893, Mr. Austen Chamberlain addressed the Commons in opposition; and three days later Mr. Gladstone, in

winding up the discussion, observed: "I will not enter into any elaborate eulogy of that speech. I will endeavour to sum up in a few words what I desire to say of it. It was a speech which must have been dear and refreshing to a father's heart." Mr. Austen Chamberlain was not in the House to hear the words, but his father was; and the Colonial Secretary of to-day, who was visibly affected by the reference, is stated to have privately observed that it was a kind and generous thing to do, and done in the inimitable manner that Mr. Gladstone alone could command. These are the episodes that blossom in the dust of Parliamentary debate; and they, at least, are certain not to be, in the words of Praed—

> Forgotten—like a maiden speech,
> Which all men praise, but none remember.

ALFRED F. ROBBINS.

# DUPLICATE ANECDOTES.

NOTHING attracts attention oftener than the readiness with which one anecdote suggests another. In the smoke-room or the billiard-room, or over the walnuts after dinner, if the talk falls to anecdotes it is amazing to notice how a story can invariably be capped, the second being similar but with a difference. It may not be true, as has been said, that the world possesses only six jokes, and that upon variations of these humourists have depended for some thousands of years ; but it almost appears as if it might be possible to trace all jokes to an origin in a limited number of types. Nothing more is needed, surely, to prove human nature amiable than the fact that men enjoy and laugh as heartily at each "new" story as if nothing in the least like it had ever been heard before.

In some cases it may be true that the professional humourist—the unfortunate who, like Charles Lamb at one stage of his career, is driven to produce "wit and humour" for the press at sixpence per paragraph—has set himself deliberately to manufacture new laughs out of old. Everyone, for example, is familiar with a story of the Highland Railway. A traveller had left his wrap in his carriage. The guard, opening the door of a compartment inquires, "Is there a black mackintosh here?" "No," answers one of the big-bearded Highlanders inside, "there's no black Mackintosh, but there are six red Macgregors." This anecdote would almost seem to have been copied in another railway story. "Have you," inquires a clerical passenger, looking up from his book, "have you read Lamb's Tales?" "No," replies his *vis-à-vis*, who happens to be a commercial traveller, "but I have black sheepskin rugs."

In some instances such utilisation of an idea has been avowedly carried on through quite a series of inventions. One need go no further than the pages of *Punch* for examples. Week after week for months in its pages the late Mr. Du Maurier used to charm and amuse the world with such series as "Things One had rather left Unsaid." Throughout the entire range of that series and its like the germs of the anecdotes were identical, yet in each separate instance the smile was inevitable. Take two examples.

*Hostess* : "I hope you are enjoying your dinner, Mr. Fowler?"

*Fowler* : "Yes, indeed. This country air has given me such an appetite that I could eat almost anything."

Again, *Departing Guest*: "Good-bye! Enjoyed myself immensely. Delightful place you've got."

*Host*: "Yes, if the trees were only grown a bit. However, I hope they'll be a great deal larger by the time you come back again."

These stories have obviously the same twist of thought underlying them, yet the setting makes them sufficiently different.

On this plan a whole series of popular conundrums has evidently been manufactured—the series based on a double meaning of words. A year or two ago everyone was familiar with the advertising conundrum, "What is the difference between Pears' soap and an Arab steed?" To which the ingenious answer ran, "The one washes the beautiful while the other scours the plain." The same principle underlies the old parlour "guess," "Which is the most dissipated animal?" which had for answer, "The sheep, because it lives on the turf, is fond of gambolling, is frequently fleeced, and is very often a blackleg."

On the other hand there is an endless *répertoire* of stories obviously akin in principle which seem nevertheless without question to be of independent origin. There can be no difficulty in recognising a likeness between the following.

*Cabby* (to lady who has paid him his exact fare): "Oh, step in again, mum! I could ha' druv you three yards furder for this 'ere."

*Old Gent* (to beggar to whom he has given a halfpenny): "Now, my man, what shall you do with that coin?"

*Beggar*: "Well, I 'ardly know, guv'nor, whether to purchase an annuity or invest in Great Northern Stock. Which do you advise?"

There is a story, again, about Grimaldi. The famous clown, it is said, was invited by a friend to a day's shooting. After walking about the fields for a long time without a glimpse of fur or feather, his host and he came upon some tame pigeons behind a hedge. "Now then, blaze away," said the host. "But they're not game," exclaimed the guest. "Never mind," returned the other, "it's all th game you'll see." Grimaldi fired accordingly, and did considerab damage. "Now," said his host, when he had picked up the bi "we'd better cut away." "Why?" inquired Grimaldi. "Bec the pigeons weren't mine, and yonder's the farmer coming."

The story is capped by an adventure of Sheridan. That far

playwright and orator was one day returning home, it is said, with an empty bag, when he came upon a cottage where there were some ducks in a pond. "Look here," he said to the rustic at the gate, "what will you take for a shot at the ducks?" The rustic grinned. "Will half a crown do?" inquired Sheridan, and placed the coin in his hand. Then he fired at the birds on the water, and laid over half a dozen, at which he turned to the man with, "Well, my friend, I think I've got the best of the bargain." Then the rustic grinned once more, adding this time, "H'm, they're none o' moine."

The sorites of the schools is evidently responsible for an elaborate effort like, "The cotton seed becomes cotton; the cotton becomes calico; calico becomes a well-made dress; and a well-made dress becomes a beautiful woman." And there is an obvious relationship between the old sea captain's definition of land as "a tough, solid substance, often handy for sticking an anchor into," and the Aberdeen student's definition of water as "a tasteless, colourless liquid, used for washing; some persons are said to drink it."

But it is difficult to think that the resemblance can be other than accidental between such anecdotes as the following.

On one occasion, it appears, the famous Clyde pleasure steamer *Iona* was leaving Rothesay pier, when one of the sailors, pulling the casting-rope on board, by accident struck a lady's lap-dog, which yelled and caused its owner to exclaim, "You stupid fellow!" to which the sailor, a new hand and somewhat rough-tongued, retorted rudely by desiring her to go to "a certain place."

The lady, much offended, complained to the captain, with the result that Donald was sent for and informed that he must apologise. The man accordingly returned to the scene of his rudeness, and addressed the offended dame. "Was you the lady," he inquired, "that I told to go to h——?" "I was," she replied. "Well," returned Donald with conciliatory mildness, "you needn't go now."

A similar story is told of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. One evening, in the coffee-room of a country inn, Macleod was pestered by a rude farmer or dealer who insisted on conversing with him. Presently the man started upon the subject of polite manners, and, to get rid of him, Macleod quietly remarked that he understood it to be unusual in polite society to spit into the fire. The cap apparently fitted, for the dealer at once retorted, "I didna spit in the fire." "Well," replied the Doctor, "since you make it a personal matter, I'm afraid I must say I *saw* you do it." "But, I tell ye," exclaimed the fellow with some heat, "I did *not* spit in the fire, for I missed it."

The same principle is carried further, so that the retractation proves worse than the original allegation, in a story of the law courts. Counsel, it appears, was addressing the jury, and in the course of his speech took occasion to refer to the evidence of a certain witness whom he designated "this soldier." The witness referred to at length rose and appealed against the term of reference. "My lord," he said, "the learned counsel refers to me as 'this soldier;' I beg to remind him that I am an officer." "Very well, gentlemen of the jury," resumed the counsel, "it has been told the court by this officer, who is no soldier, that——"

A curious counterpart to this story is related by the Rev. Mr. Macrae in his catalogue of printers' errors. The reporter of an American paper, it seems, wishing to do honour to a local magnate who had opened a bazaar, had given him the title of "the battle-scarred general." But the careless printer made an error, and the paragraphist was made to say that the bazaar had been opened by "the battle-scared general." The furious magnate made a descent on the office, but was pacified by the explanation of the editor that the opprobrious word was a printer's slip, and that it would be set right in the next issue. In the next issue, however, the printer made another mistake, and the general, on opening his paper, found the statement in a conspicuous place that what the editor had meant to say was that the bazaar had been opened by the *bottle-scarred* general.

Even closer parallels are to be noticed in anecdotes based upon gnorance of some element in the situation. There is the story of a minister in the Lothians who had just returned from his annual holiday. For three or four days there had been blazing weather, and as he walked down the village street it occurred to him to ask for one of his parishioners, whose son he met driving a cart. "Good-morning, John," he said, stopping as the lad touched his cap. "How is your father standing the heat?" But John did not answer. His father had died a week before. To cap this comes the tale of the gay bachelor who had taken in to dinner the wife of an officer then in India. The conversation of his partner had proved highly entertaining, and when the gentlemen went to the drawing-roon he determined to have more of it. Meanwhile, unhappily, he h drunk just one extra glass of wine, and in the drawing-room he n took his lady, sitting down instead beside her sister, who happene be a widow. She, probably accustomed to the mistake, endeavo to be polite, and murmured something about the very warm wea His answer, however, must have startled her not a little whe

unconscious of his mistake in identity, he exclaimed, "Oh, yes, but not nearly so warm as where your husband is, you know."

Another source of mistake, closely akin to this, which frequently forms the basis of anecdote, is misapprehension of the point at issue. The story is familiar of the old lady who came back to a bird shop to complain of her purchase. "That parrot I bought from you yesterday," she complains, "uses dreadful language." To which the dealer replies sympathisingly, "Ah, mum, you should be very careful what you says afore it; it's astonishing how quick them birds pick up anything." This is paralleled by the story of the Aberdeen minister under the barber's hands. The man's fingers proved to be anything but steady, and, as he cut into the minister's chin for the third time, the latter felt constrained to expostulate. "William," he said sternly, "shall I have to warn you again against the evil of intemperance? You see its effects." "Ay, sir," replied the imperturbed William, as he prepared for another essay, "there's nae dout it mak's the skin unco tender."

Exactly similar in principle is the story of a teacher and scholar, which is familiar in several forms:

*Teacher*: "What does S E E spell?"

*Scholar*: "Dunno."

*Teacher*: "What do I do with my eyes?"

*Scholar*: "Squint."

A *dénouement* in this form was once, it is said, deliberately led up to by Charles Lamb himself. In a certain company he came in contact with a pompous bore. The company had been discussing some peculiar habits of well-known men, when the bore, who had already more than once inflicted his sententiousness upon those present, took occasion at the end of a verbose harangue to announce that he himself was free from all such weaknesses. "Ah," said Lamb, turning to him attentively, with his stutter of speech, "you say, sir, that you have no p-p-peculiarity?" "No, sir," answered the other, "certainly not." "Indeed," said Lamb, "that is strange. Now may I ask wh-which hand you b-b-blow your nose with?" "With my right hand, of course," returned the man, a little contemptuously. "Ah," responded Lamb, "then that's your pe-pe-peculiarity. I b-blow mine with my handkerchief."

Very slightly varying in type from this is the anecdote in which the quip lies in seeing only too clearly the purport of a question, and turning its edge by a direct and unexpected answer. Of such sort is the anecdote of the Scottish scholar in London in James the First's time. It was the day of the tavern wit combats, which have remained

so famous. The Scotsman's *vis-à-vis* propounded, it is said, the some what insulting question, "Quid distat inter Scottum atque sottum?" And the North Countryman's answer probably more than satisfied him. It was one word, "Tabula." It is easy to perceive the correspondence between this answer and that of a certain elderly witness in a northern sheriff's court. The opposing counsel, finding himself unable to make the man contradict himself, at last became exasperated, and exclaimed, "It seems to me you are rather smart this morning, Mr. ——" To which remark the witness replied, slowly but effectively enough, "Weel, sir, if I wasna on my aith I might say the same o' you."

After this fashion it is possible to discover duplicates and triplicates of any suggested anecdote. Of no anecdote, indeed, can it be safe to say that the principle is unique, and it would almost appear that, if a sufficient number of specimens were collected, it might be possible to reduce the whole matter to a science, and furnish a recipe for every existing type of humour.

GEORGE EYRE-TODD.

## *A SONG OF THE PAST.*

THERE is a land—far, very far away—
Beyond the hills—beyond the dying day—
It is a silent twilit realm, I trow,
The dim forgotten land of long ago!
Oft, hand in hand with sorrow,
I wander there aghast,
Where there is no to-morrow,
The Dreamland of the Past!

For me both gold and silvern keys there are
To the barred portals of that region far;
My golden key—a tress of sunny hair—
Unlocks a gate that guards a garden fair.
There, amid phantom flowers,
My lost love roams, I know,
And dreams in ruined bowers
Of days dead long ago.

I see her as I saw her here of old,
A chaplet bound about her locks of gold;
But lo! a pensive sadness in her gaze,
And in her eyes the light of other days.
By dusky blooms half hidden
She smiles amid her tears,
And then arise unbidden
The ghosts of buried years.

A severed coin I call my silvern key,
And that is now my "open, sesame"
To yet another scene upon the shore
Of that mysterious realm of "Nevermore"
A deep lane in the gloaming,
In a long-vanished June,
Where two are slowly roaming
Beneath a pale gold moon.

Another key I have—a faded glove—
But it is hallowed by the kiss of love;
That little palm it once so softly pressed
Crosses its sister now on Ella's breast.
  This opes an ivied wicket
  In that forgotten land,
  Where, in a myrtle thicket,
  She leaves it in my hand.

More blest than earthly potentate, I sway
This realm of old which is so far away;
Armed with these precious passports I am free
Of twilit gardens where my lost ones be!
  Where faded phantom flowers
  That never more shall blow
  Enwreath dim ruined bowers—
  The Land of Long Ago!

F. B. DOVETON.

# *IN THE ANGONI COUNTRY.*

THE Angoni are the people known to Livingstone as Mazitu or Mavitu. They were originally Zulus, who came from the south, in Chaka's time, and seem to have crossed the Zambesi about 1825. After various wars and forays, in the course of which they subdued many tribes, they at last settled in the territory west of Lake Nyasa. Here they seem to have grouped themselves more or less round two centres, under Mombera in the north and Chekusi in the south. Both these chiefs have been dead for some years, and their successors—perhaps owing to the British occupation of the Shire Highlands—are very far from exercising the same power and influence.

The families of the chiefs and their immediate dependents still speak the Zulu language—called by the neighbouring tribes Chingoni—in a slightly modified form, it is true, but still so as to be quite intelligible to their kinsmen from the south. But the name "Angoni" is freely applied to many who are really Mang'anja-speaking aborigines—slaves, or rather vassals, of Chekusi and Mombera. These are the Angoni who come over in gangs to Blantyre during the dry season to work on the coffee plantations, or as carriers ("*tenga-tenga* men"), returning home to hoe their gardens at the beginning of the rains. Probably there is a mixture of other tribes as well, for the whole interior of Africa seems, ever since it became known to the civilised world, to have been subject to a kind of intermittent *Völkerwanderung*.

How it happens that the name Angoni has been substituted for that of Mazitu, under which Livingstone knew them, it is hard to say. It seems probable that the latter was the name used by themselves, and is the Zulu *Aba-nguni*. It was about 1880 that they began systematically to turn their attention to the eastern bank of the Shire, which had previously been ravaged by the Yaos and the slavers from the coast. For several years Chekusi's *impis* made annual descents on the Blantyre district as soon as the crops were ripe, carrying off grain, goats, fowls, and human beings. In the villages at

the foot of the Kirk Mountains you may frequently come across families where Yao is understood, and you find on inquiry that the mother was kidnapped in some raid long ago. These women—at least in all the cases known to me—seemed perfectly happy in their family relations, and would have been anything but grateful for an attempt to liberate them and return them to homes which, in all probability, no longer existed.

The last Angoni raid took place in 1885, and marks a turning-point in the history of the Shire Highlands. Scarcely was it over when the Rev. D. C. Scott, accompanied by his wife and Dr. Peden, started from Blantyre, crossed the Shire, and made their way to Chekusi's kraal. The chief received them in a friendly manner, promised that the raids should cease, and expressed a wish that some white teachers should settle among the Angoni. It was intended to found there a sub-station of Blantyre, but deaths among the mission staff, and consequent short-handedness, long delayed the execution of this design, and in the meantime the Free Church (Livingstonia) Mission occupied Livlezi—about two days' journey to the north-east of Chekusi's—and, later on, the valley of Gowa, a little to the south.

Since then the Angoni have come to Blantyre, no longer as an *impi* on the war-path, but in peaceful gangs, like Irish labourers at harvest-time. They are still so far serfs of Chekusi's successor that they cannot thus come to seek work without his permission, and, if I mistake not, are expected to pay over to him part of their wages on their return. Chatantumba, or Gomani, sometimes also called Chekusi, the chief in question, strongly objects to the permanent settlement of his people at Blantyre. This is precisely what some British planters—who know the value of the Angoni as steady, honest workers—would like to effect. Any attempt of this kind would have a disastrous result as far as the poor Angoni are concerned. Chatantumba would send over an *impi* to plunder and maltreat the offending villages, or their neighbours if the actual criminals were out of reach; and the planters would feel the effects of his wrath in a diminished labour supply for some time. Direct interference with the relations between people and chief in a savage —or let us say primitive—state of society is never advisable, even when the chief appears to be more or less of a tyrant; and, though Chatantumba is now subject to the British Protectorate, it is to be hoped that Government aid will never be invoked for the purpose of keeping up the labour supply.[1]

[1] The above was written before the news of last October's troubles in Angoniland had reached England. The papers called it a "rising," but, strictly speak-

One knows them at sight, these little, wiry *gaillards*, with long, thin tails (*minzu*) of wool, cunningly plaited with palm-fibre, standing out from their shaven polls. They are infinitely cheery, patient, honest, and good-natured—greeting the stranger with a pleasant smile—ready to share everything they possess with a friend—always law-abiding: complaints of robbed gardens or bullied women are sure to concern Yaos or Atonga, hardly ever, if at all, the Angoni. Some bring wives or daughters with them, and it is characteristic that these women run no risk at all in a caravan of 300 or more. "They might as well be with 300 brothers," said a white man, stating the fact.

As a rule, these Angoni workers board themselves out in the neighbouring villages, repaying the hospitality extended them by doing odd jobs, such as cutting grass or pounding maize. It is not usual for a man to pound at the mortar; but the Ngoni is considered, more or less, by other natives in the light of a *kapolo* (slave)—and in the humble, simple kindliness of his heart he does not resent this view. I have sometimes thought that the picture of a Ngoni *tenga-tenga* man with a load on his head would be no inappropriate vignette for the title-page of that well-known and suggestive little book which came to us from America some years ago—"Blessed be Drudgery."

You may see them coming in strings along the Matope road at

ing, it was no such thing, but a piece of "wild justice," rather wildly executed by Chatantumba on his subjects. It was, in fact, a punitive raid, similar to those referred to in the text (one of which, to my own knowledge, took place in April, 1894, and for the reason stated), but more serious in character, since a large number of people were killed. One of the chief's followers told a missionary (whose house, right in the track of the raid, was left untouched), that Gomani (Chatantumba) did not wish to harm the white men, but he was angry with his people because they had gone to work for the white men at Blantyre, whereas they refused to build houses for him. One who knows the country may plausibly conjecture (taking previous occurrences into account) that this, being interpreted, really means that some planter or planters had decoyed away a number of Angoni to settle beyond Shire, and that the chief resented this breach of discipline after his fashion. Human life is cheap in those parts, though perhaps not so cheap as it was among us in the days of the Heptarchy. When the news of the raid reached the Administration at Zomba, a force of Sikhs and native police under Captain Stewart were sent over; Chatantumba was taken prisoner, and, after some sort of a trial, found guilty of murder and hanged. The official report of these transactions has not yet been made public, and it is impossible to judge without knowing all the details; but one would be glad to know whether Chatantumba fully understood that his ancestral methods of discipline would not be allowed under British rule. It also seems as if there ought to have been some investigation into his reasons for the raid.

the end of the dry season, with their sticks and assegais in hand, and their hide shields—with other little matters of cooking pots and sleeping mats—on their heads. They will take a walk lasting several days—marching perhaps thirty miles a day—on nothing but a little maize—either roasting it whole in the ashes or making popcorn on a very elementary sort of shovel—generally the lid of a biscuit tin fixed in a cleft stick (does not the white man exist—as the Indian tradition has it—for the purpose of providing less-favoured races with tools and other appliances?), one or more of which are to be seen among the impedimenta of every *ulendo.*

As *machila* men, or carriers of the living subject, they are very likeable, though not so much sought after in this capacity as the taller and stronger Yaos. There is something exceedingly amiable about them. A few pleasant words or the merest embryo of a joke will set them all laughing with delight; and, once they have grasped the drift of the white man's remark they will chew the cud of that pleasure for an indefinite time. You will hear it repeated at intervals, and accompanied every time with gentle bursts of quiet but intense merriment. They have to an eminent degree the virtue of being easily amused. Then it is all but impossible to be angry with them, however objectionably they may demean themselves. They may absolutely refuse to pass beyond a certain point on a given day; or they may demand a perfectly exorbitant price for their services—present or prospective; but they meet your statement of your view so sweetly, with a softly-uttered "*Ai, mfumu*" ("No! chief!")—they are not in the least put out by your refusal to accede to their terms, and, if the negotiation finally drops through, you find that there is no alteration of the previous friendly footing. When the tired traveller falls asleep in his hammock, and they arrive at a steep-sided watercourse, where it is necessary that he should descend for the time being (as it is manifestly impossible to carry him in a perpendicular position), they bend over him and coo tenderly in his ear, "*Mfumu, turuka!*"[1] The intonation turns the direct command into a courteous entreaty. With ladies they use the most delicate *égards.* The carriers of one such were sorely perplexed when—arriving at the spot where she had to descend—they failed to waken her. Having called again and again, in various keys, till they reached the verge of what they considered unseemly shouting, one of them timidly took her sleeve between his finger and thumb and gave a very gingerly pull, which ended the embarrassing situation. Those who have been often to Blantyre and perhaps down to

[1] "Chief, come out!"

the river, and so have *la pratique des grandes routes*, address European women by their Portuguese title of "Donna"; others say *mfumu* (which is, indifferently, of either gender), or *mai* (mother).

One always gets a good deal of fun out of one's carriers on a journey. Of course they blarney you a good deal, and chant of the blankets and other desirable articles you are going to give them at the end of the journey. But, as already stated, a refusal never exasperates them—and if, on arriving, you present each of them with a couple of needles, or some such trifle, over and above his stipulated calico, you will send them away happy. Batches of eight or ten take turns in carrying the hammock, two at a time, the pole resting on their shoulders. They encourage each other with shouts and chanties (*Ulendo wa ku Chuambo*[1] is a favourite one, but they are most often improvised), and the usual antiphon of the road runs somewhat as follows:

*The Man in Front*: "Tu-tu-tu-tu-tu" (crescendo, ending in a yell).

*The Man Behind*: "Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho" (dying off to a grunt).

*All* (not exactly in unison, but in a sort of dropping fire, so to speak): "Tieni msanga! tieni msanga!" ("Let us go quickly!") Fired by which laudable resolution they run a little way. Then the man in front begins again (in a series of quick gasps):

"To-to-to-to-to:"

*The Man Behind* (like the fiend who so worried Dante): "Arri, Arri, Arri!"

*Somebody Else* (in the rear, with reminiscences of the war-path): "Whee-yee!" (a sharp, shrill whistle, in two notes), &c., &c., &c.

Then, when the road begins to ascend a little, a chorus of mutual entreaties and exhortations: "Mbolembole!" ("Softly!") "Don't run!" &c., which one cannot help thinking superfluous advice under the circumstances.

The Angoni always whistle on the war-path, except on those occasions when silence is imperative. Why, I don't know; unless on the principle which is supposed to have induced the ancient Britons to stain themselves with woad: *hoc horridiore sunt in pugna aspectu.* They do it between their teeth—in a way difficult, if not impossible, for the uninitiated to seize.

I left Blantyre for the Angoni country in November 1893. The journey usually takes two days and a half, the stations being—if you can make an early start from Blantyre, and so avoid camping at the Lirangwe, which makes three nights on the road instead of two—

[1] "The journey to Quilimane"—called Chuambo by the natives.

Matope, at the crossing of the Shire, and Pa Mpezi, on the flats about twenty miles beyond it. Between the river and Pa Mpezi only one inhabited place is passed—Kanono's village, consisting of several groups of huts enclosed in high reed stockades. Both of these places are inhabited by so-called Angoni, but there is nothing specially characteristic about them, and indeed Pa Mpezi, some of whose inhabitants are fugitives from Portuguese territory, does not bear a very high character.

Pa Mpezi, though not quite on the level of the river, shows the tropical character of the plains. Large baobabs abound, so does the *Hyphæne* palm (Mlaza), and rice is largely grown. Beyond this village the ground rises till, after about six miles of park-like bush country, it dips to the Kapeni—a clear, cool mountain stream, rushing between boulders of granite and quartz. There are no habitations very near it on either side—at least, not near the crossing-place—and its banks are frequently visited by lions and elephants. Beyond the Kapeni the road passes through the same scenery—grass-land, interspersed with clumps of scrub, and here and there a large tree; but keeps on ascending, and finally crosses a ridge of low hills which slope to the Rivi-Rivi, a stream very similar in character to the last, but larger. There is a station of the African Lakes Company with flourishing coffee plantations, and a large kitchen garden watered from the Rivi-Rivi.

Beyond the Rivi-Rivi a plain some four or five miles in width stretches to the foot-hills of the Kirk Mountains. Low, rounded quartz hills covered with bush, and seamed with jagged kloofs, with higher spurs rising behind them, lead, like steps, up to the peaks of the chain—Dzonze and Kafalongo, Mvai and Lipepete, and Chirobwe blue in the north-western distance—a rounded mass with a sharp rock rising from its summit, like a finger.

On a spur of these foot-hills, an out-station of the Blantyre Mission has been planted. It consists—or consisted, when the present writer knew it—of a three-roomed wattle-and-daub house with a thatched roof; a grass shed, open on three sides, which served as a school; and two smaller houses—one occupied by a native teacher and his wife, the other by another native teacher, the house-boys, and those who came to the Mission as boarders.

The site of the station was surrounded with bush, consisting mostly of small straggling myombo trees (a kind of large-leafed acacia) and various kinds of shrubs, among which a species of *Bauhinia* was not uncommon. There were traces near the site of the house of old maize gardens, though the soil was poor, a thin

layer of leaf-mould, over a hard, hungry-looking brown deposit full of granite chips. In many places the grey granite rock came to the surface in rounded or splintered kopjes, and everywhere the soil was strewn with flakes of granite and quartz. Probably the people had at some time or other been driven from the plain by raids to take refuge up here; but at this time there were no traces of villages on any of the hills so far as we could see.

The view from the station was magnificent. In front stretched the plain with all its rich variety of colouring; here open grass land, then bush, of the peculiar woolly grey-green which is so characteristically African, becoming a darker green in the distance, and almost black as it sweeps up the flanks of Nguwi. The wooded hills which close the view to the left open out to give a distant glimpse of Chirobwe, and then curve down to the plain. Nguwi closes the horizon a little more to the east—a long, low rampart of plateau with a conical peak springing from it. From its eastern base the plain sweeps away unbroken to the Upper Shire, beyond which there appears a distant mountain, washed in on the sky like a bit of water-colour drawing, and glowing sometimes at sunset in the most wonderful pinks and lavenders. I could never discover the name of this hill, or anything about it, save the vague information that it—or rather, I think, an isolated knob of rock at its north end—was "near Mponda's." Mponda is the Machinga (Yao) slave-trader whose head-quarters are at the north end of the enlargement of the river known as Lake Malombe. His people still, on occasions, make raids into Angoniland on a small scale—or did, no longer than two years ago—to "lift" a few women and children, and smuggle them across the river at some convenient opportunity, when H.B.M. gunboats are occupied elsewhere. The old trade *ku Manga* (to the coast) has grown too risky to be indulged in frequently, if at all; but a certain number of people are disposed of *sous main*, when a chance offers, to residents in the neighbourhood. I have been assured that many of the Yaos living about Mpingwe and Bangwe[1] have a good deal of their field work done by Angoni slave-women, whom, if the matter is inquired into, they pass off as their wives. The one (happily abortive) slave raid which it was my fortune to witness was ascribed to the "Machinga"[2]—*i.e.* Mponda's people.

[1] Two mountains east of Blantyre on Bishop Mackenzie's old road to Magomero.

[2] The Yaos are divided into five principal tribes—the Machinga, Mangochi, Masaninga, Makale, and Namataka. Some of the Machinga were driven from the neighbourhood of Zomba (about a generation ago) by Kawinga, and settled on the Upper Shire, above Malombe.

In May 1894 (just after the raid above referred to), I saw Hiwa of Nziza and other Angoni men patrolling the gardens with bows and spears, while their wives gathered in the millet. They told me it was because they were afraid the Machinga would come and carry off the women.

But to return to the view from the mission station. A little south of the hill "near Mponda's," the massive Zomba range occupies the greater part of the eastern horizon. It shows a series of jagged summits, highest at the southern end, and offering a perpetual feast to the eye. Scarcely perceptible in hazy weather—or only as a faint grey sketch, quite in the taste of the critic who thinks that mountains, except as a mere line on the horizon, are "only fit for a chromo-lithograph,"—at other times the range stands out sharply defined—a sheer, precipitous wall of amethyst; or, again, on some clear morning in the rains, unsuspected peaks and gorges and subsidiary heights will be suddenly revealed. Perhaps the strangest effect of all is on a stormy night, when, out of utter blackness, flashes of pink and violet lightning will all at once throw open a vista of cliff and crag, seen a moment, and swallowed up again in the dark. It was on a night like this that the boys told us they could hear a lion roaring somewhere near the Kapeni, six miles away; and, straining our ears, we were just able to catch, between the rattling peals of thunder and the rushing of the wind in the swaying trees, the short, deep *hau hau* that the lion seems to pump out of his chest when he puts his head close to the ground.

On the plain was a village—or, more properly, a collection of kraals—called Pa Ntumbi. Under the impression that every collection of huts enclosed in a ring-fence was entitled to the name, we made out quite an imposing list of "villages," but came to the conclusion later on that each of these was only the domain of a single family. The word *mudzi*, generally translated "village," is often used of a village in one sense, and even applied to the towns of Europeans; but, in fact, it corresponds to the Zulu *umuzi*, which means a family habitation—what we call a kraal—and can also be used for "family circle," "relatives," &c. So that the village of Ntumbi was really made up of the kraals of Champiti, Ndabankazi, Chona, Mambala, Chigaru, and four or five others. Champiti was the headman (*mkulu*) of the place, which was subject to Chatantumba. Further south, two or three miles across the plain, was another village called Nziza, which was an appanage of Chatantumba's brother, Mandala. Its headman, as far as I could make out, was one Chipanga—a most cheery, good-natured little man with a good fore-

head and a Roman nose, who from time to time varied the mono ony of agricultural life by a trip to Blantyre as a *tenga-tenga* man. Several of his sons and daughters attended the school opened at the mission station on the hill, and made good progress there.

Champiti was an immensely tall man—very thin, and slender-limbed—with a scanty beard, and features recalling the Assyrian or Egyptian rather than the conventional negro type. He had much dignity of manner, but rather a worried expression, and an habitual contraction of the eyebrows and a vertical wrinkle between them suggested, if not a resemblance to Carlyle, at least the presence of poor Carlyle's great enemy. Champiti never touched milk—the Central African native (I am not speaking of the real Zulu Angoni) does not as a rule—but he always made particular inquiries when offered refection of bread, biscuits, or the like as to whether milk entered into their composition. Whether this scruple arose from a weak digestion or a family taboo I was never able to ascertain.

Champiti generally appeared, like most natives of any standing, in a large piece of blue calico thrown over one shoulder and passing under the other arm, which, with the waistcloth, formed quite a sumptuous costume. On the occasion of the Machinga raid already alluded to, he came up, after the enemy had been beaten off, to the mission station (where a number of women and children had taken refuge) to look for his family, spear in hand, and some "war-medicine" (a twist of scarlet stuff containing charms) tied round his head. The "medicine" became him, so did the unwonted and cheerful animation of his face, and he looked quite handsome.

Our first acquaintance with Champiti was marked by a *contretemps*. He was absent on business at the time when Pantumbi Station was first occupied; and his neighbour, Ndabankazi, who went to Blantyre with a body of carriers in order to bring our goods over, contrived somehow to convey the impression that *he* was the headman of the place, and therefore the person to be propitiated with a *presenti*. He was a dirty, talkative, plausible old man, well skilled in the art and practice of blarney; his name means, "I have stolen a wife," and a neighbour informed me that, as a matter of fact, he had stolen two. Also, he on one occasion sent us a present of a goat. The goat was put into our kraal with the rest, but next morning it had disappeared. Our experience of the Angoni had so far confirmed the general opinion of their honesty that we felt sure there was something peculiar about this affair of the goat. It was never explained, but we felt inclined to suspect that Ndabankazi had

(without asking) borrowed someone else's goat *pour la circonstance*, and that the goat's owner, as soon as he found out what had happened, came up the hill and fetched it back.

Champiti came back and heard what had happened. I fancy he felt the slight more than the loss of the present. I forget what it was—a coloured blanket, I think, six yards of blue calico, six of white, and some beads—or some similar assortment. He declined to call on the new-comers, and, in fact, pointedly kept out of our way for some time; however, by the mediation of a friendly planter from the Rivi Rivi Estate, an understanding was arrived at. Champiti came to see us, and was exceedingly stiff at first, though very quiet in manner; but he was soon persuaded to relax the rigour of his offended dignity and accept another present in lieu of the one *escamoté* by the old Don Juan. He was our very good friend as long as we remained, and when, some time after we had left, he made a trip to Blantyre, he came to see us and brought me a fine cock as a present.

As for the villages, or kraals, they were pretty much after the same pattern, but Champiti's was larger than most—perhaps better kept. The huts were round, with conical roofs, like those of the Barotse, not like the hemispherical Zulu ones, with no distinction between walls and roof. The circular wall, in which the door is the only opening, is four or five feet high, made of stout posts, the intervals between which are filled up with grass, the whole lashed together with bark (*luzi*), and strengthened inside with hoops of bamboo, carried round transversely. Hence the native idiom is not "to build a house," but "to tie a house" (*ku manga nyumba*). The roof is made separately, a bamboo framework, like a huge pointed basket, and afterwards hoisted into its place and thatched with grass. The ends of the converging grass bundles are tied together in a neat knob at the apex of the roof; this is often finished off by putting an inverted earthen pot over it. The eaves generally project two or three feet round the hut, making a little verandah, and supported by short posts. Inside, the roof is held up by two stout forked posts, which support a cross-beam. The floor is plastered with mud, which becomes dry and hard like cement; in the centre is a small depression for the fireplace, above which is usually a kind of platform or stage, called *nsanja*, on which are placed various articles of domestic consumption which will not be injured by smoke-drying. The furniture consists chiefly of mats, cooking-pots, water-jars, gourds (for drinking), and baskets, and perhaps a spear or two belonging to the head of the family stuck

into the walls. In one small but very neat hut (where the bamboo circles of the roof were ornamented with white feathers stuck on at regular intervals) I saw several spindles, and the broad, flat stick used in weaving. This art is now falling more or less into disuse, the white man's calico being so much more quickly and easily procured than the beautiful and durable stuff woven by hand. But I once saw a son of old Ndabankazi's weaving cloth over a yard wide, on a primitive loom, just outside his father's kraal. I do not remember to have seen any cotton growing in the immediate neighbourhood; but it is frequently cultivated in the Shire, and could probably be procured without much difficulty.

In the dry, which is also the cold, season, from May to October or thereabouts, the huts are daubed with mud, which when dry look like drab stucco.

Between the huts stand the *nkokwes* or grain stores—huge round baskets, mounted on little platforms about 18 inches in height. They are woven in one piece—being cylinders, 7 to 8 feet in diameter, without top or bottom; they are hoisted into position on the platform, which forms the floor, filled with cobs of maize (*chimanga*), and provided with a conical roof like that of a house, which, however, is not fastened on. A rough ladder is made of two saplings with cross-pieces tied on with *luzi*. This is placed against the side of the *nkokwe*, and when anyone wants to take out maize he tilts up the edge of the roof.

Then there is a pen for the goats and sheep unless these are stalled inside the huts, as sometimes happens—and usually a pigeon-house, with an earthen pan (in most cases half of an old broken pot answers the purpose), raised on a small forked log, for the pigeons to drink and bathe in. The fowls are not, as a rule, provided with separate accommodation. They are miserable, small, skinny creatures, and pick up a living as they can, skirmishing round the empty cooking-pots, or the mortars, when grain is being pounded, and catching grass-hoppers and other insects. There are no other domestic animals, except the dogs—wretched, limp-looking curs, half eaten by ticks, who set up a tremendous barking and howling at sight of a white face. Sometimes, however, one meets with better specimens. The Angoni often hunt with dogs, and take some care to feed and train the animals so employed. Mahea, Chipanga's son, had a black nondescript who looked considerably less of a mongrel than the ordinary village *garu*. This dog wore a goatskin collar, and was too precious to be allowed to run loose, but accompanied his master to school on a string; and Mahea related with great

pride how he had pulled down a wild pig, whose tusks, by-the-by, I bought.

Cats (of a sort) are common in native villages on the river and near Blantyre, but I do not remember to have seen any among the Angoni, and my own little black cat was a continued source of amusement to the children, who would ask, "Donna, what is that?" and evidently regarded her as something quite new and strange. She, for her part, though born in the country (and indeed, I believe, in a native village), was equally afraid of them.

Cattle there were none at Ntumbi. Chatantumba, I believe, has large herds at his place on the plateau; but, for some reason or other, he does not allow the people of the plain to keep them. Families are sometimes called on to send their sons up to herd for him. Mahea had an elder brother, Hoa, who was thus employed in the service of his liege lord.

In the open space between the huts you are sure to see the *mtondo*, the grain-mortar, or "stamp-block"—the hollowed out section of a tree—together with the heavy log which serves as a pestle. Perhaps, too, there will be *mapira* spread on a mat, and a woman beating it with a slender wand to get rid of the husks; or she will be winnowing it in a flat basket, or performing some other domestic operation. The men's gossiping place is generally outside the fence, under a shady tree. Outside Chona's village there is a huge wild fig-tree, whose trunk forms a convenient place for hanging up mousetraps, calabashes, and other miscellaneous objects of general utility. Here the men sit and make mats of split reed, or weave baskets, or smoke and snuff and play *msuo*—a game of which I never succeeded in grasping the principle; you have four rows of holes in the ground, and move little stones from one to the other.

Here, too, at Chona's, is the blacksmith's forge—the little hollow for the charcoal fire, and the two tubes of baked clay to receive the nozzle of the goatskin bellows. I never saw it work, but Chiapaepa, the smith, one day brought a very neat little iron razor of the native pattern, which he had made to my order, a spatula-shaped instrument about four inches long, with a cutting edge of about an inch, by means of which (the hair having been previously plastered with castor-oil, or some other grease) woolly heads are shaved in the fantastic patterns so dear to the native mind.

Beyond Champiti's, across the maize fields, there was a grove of very tall trees. Large trees are not common, considering that it is a forest country, except in the narrow valleys and water-

courses which escape the bush fires, or in spots like this, which are purposely preserved from them. It was the *nkalango*, or thicket—the burial-ground of Champiti's people. They seemed rather unwilling for it to be examined, and I never explored it. I entered it once, before I knew the significance of the place, but saw nothing particularly attractive (I was in search of flowers at the time, and the shade was too thick for smaller growths to flourish); so I turned back. Had I penetrated any further, I should probably have found broken pots strewn on the ground, as I did in a similar grove at Pa Mpezi. The recent graves must have been the furthest off, quite on the other side of the grove.

When one has left a place of this sort countless lost opportunities crowd upon one's mind. There are so many questions one might have asked, so many clues one might have followed up, so many baffling difficulties one sees too late how to take hold of. Of course the slight knowledge of the language, just beginning to be serviceable to you when you are on the point of leaving, puts you at a disadvantage, and the art of picking up information is one not lightly acquired, and scarcely attainable without a natural disposition that way. But one is sometimes tempted to wonder how it is that travellers, merely passing through a country, without attempting to learn the language, except in the most superficial way, contrive to know so much about the people, their manners, customs, and beliefs. I am inclined to think that great credit must be due to those travellers' "boys."

A. WERNER.

# *ENGLISH CLERGY IN FICTION.*

THE *Spectator* last summer, in a *critique* on the Royal Academy, said that there must surely be a mistake in the catalogue in the name of one painting, and that instead of its being the portrait of a well-known Archdeacon, it must be intended for Mr. Collins, selecting one of Fordyce's sermons to read aloud to the young ladies! We wondered how many among the crowds who daily passed through Burlington House had the amusement of an intimate acquaintance with Mr. Collins, and his unintentional absurdities. Few writers, save Jane Austen, could have drawn such a perfect picture of a pompous young man; too slow and heavy for puppyism, but thoroughly imbued with what someone said was the usual end of puppyism, *i.e.* dogmatism, as to himself, his office, and his patroness. It has often been noted as showing the cleverness of Jane Austen's studies of character, that of her five young clergymen not one in the least resembles another, and yet they are all alike young, well-to-do, and in love. The adjectives belonging to each spring at once into our mind; just as pompous suits Mr. Collins so we think of the conceited Mr. Elton, the shy, reserved Edward Ferrars, the kindly-satirical Henry Tilney, the charming, high-principled Edmund Bertram. It is not alone Macaulay who appreciates Miss Austen's books to the extent of knowing them by heart, a great many of her admirers could well stand as stiff an examination on her books as Calverley's on "Pickwick," given to his Cambridge contemporaries, and we know some who can claim cousinship with her, who we believe can repeat whole passages from "Pride and Prejudice," "Emma" (the author's own favourite), or any of the others. There seems a special rise of these books in popular favour just now, to judge by the pretty edition of four years back with full-page sepia engravings in the old style, the Cranford series illustrated by Hugh Thompson, the large sixpenny Marigold edition, and Stead's "Penny" novelette.

Other clerics in fiction crowd on our memory, and among well-drawn characters in well-written novels we find those of the clergy

more often than of any other profession, and naturally so, because they are always at hand to be studied. However scanty a neighbourhood is of the educated classes, there are generally at least half a dozen parsons, and usually more, to one doctor, or one solicitor, not to speak of one squire, who perchance is an absentee. Of course, authors write on various principles, somewhat like the three men who were to write monographs on the lion and his habits. The Englishman went off with gun, Gladstone, medicine chest, and camera, to Africa, studied the beast for a year, and wrote from his knowledge thereby gained; the Frenchman went to the *Jardin des Plantes*, and wrote an essay in three days; the German shut himself into his study, and wrote an exhaustive treatise which he evolved out of his mental consciousness. Those who write like the German too often become like the author mentioned by the girl in Black's "Three Feathers," who had evidently been trying to keep the second commandment, as his book was like nothing in heaven or earth, or in the waters under the earth. Our best novels are decidedly from those who, like the Englishman, deliberate on the nature of the beast, and who believe that the proper study of mankind is man—and woman, and of men and women in the author's own circle. Why novels about political life, for example, are very often such rubbish, is because they are written by someone not in the ring, someone who does not possess the requisite knowledge. They should be left to the successors in literature of Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, Trollope; scenes of clerical life, however, come more within the study of the majority, as is easy to guess when we remember that there are but 465 English members of the House of Commons as compared with 23,000 clergy. In speaking here of clergy in fiction, we wish it to be understood that we are considering English clergy only, not American ministers like John Ward, Irish priests like Father Roach, German pastors, French curés, or Italian priests, though we can recall many splendid sketches of such; nor even those from the Scotch Kirk, which indeed would make our paper too lengthy, as so many life-like studies have been given by George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, Ian Maclaren, and J. M. Barrie.

We will now proceed with the brotherhood of the English Church, or perhaps rather the *brothers-in-law*, according to a clerical friend of ours. He happened to be waiting at a Sussex country station one day for his train, as was also the case with a Roman Catholic priest; and to while away the time they entered into conversation. "We agree in a good many points, after all," said the Roman Catholic priest at length. "Why should we not?" said our clerical friend. "We love

and work for the same Father, and so we are brothers." The priest looked along the platform and saw a young curate in flannels with a party of girls, who were all joining in a good deal of chaff and noisy laughter. "Is he a brother, too?" he asked, indicating the curate. "*He* is a brother-in-law," drily answered our friend, and doubtless many of those we shall mention would only wish to be brothers-in-law, and on very stiff terms, to the others.

The East End missioner is a new type of character which comes a good deal into our fiction of late years. Some time back life in the East End was an unknown quantity, scarcely touched on in fiction; and to know about it at all one had to look up biographies like that of Father Lowder or James Hinton, or further back still consult the letters of Edward Denison, at first only privately printed. George Gissing, Walter Besant, the author of "Tales of Mean Streets," and many other novelists have turned the bull's-eye of their pen on to the miserable lives of the poor of our great cities; we will not consider their books now as they deal mostly with the people, not with the parson. "A Princess of the Gutter"[1] in some ways reminds us of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," inasmuch as the heroine is a Girton girl and possesses property in a very poor part of London, which induces her to go and live there. Here, however, the resemblance ends, and L. T. Meade's book is really a description, and a very good one, of a well-known parish in Shoreditch; no one who knows that part of London will have any difficulty in "placing" either Father Moore or the building which comprises his church on an upper floor, his club for boxing men, and his own two rooms up a spiral iron staircase, leading from a large hall devoted to his people. There is but one mistake, and of course the story is not supposed to give all the facts; the one mistake is in speaking of Father Moore's fight with the evils around us as being *single-handed.* For many years past the Sisters of the Church have organised and carried on under the sanction of "Father Moore" Sunday teaching, work meetings, cheap dinners, and parochial visiting, from their mission-house in Shoreditch. "Father Moore" is thus described: "My first impression of him was that he was a man in a fearful hurry. He seemed not to have a moment to spare. I have seen many an East London worker since then, but I have never come across anyone so absolutely selfless as Mr. Moore. He looked like what he was, a captain in charge of a forlorn hope; he had evidently no time to waste on conventionalities." There is also a mention of Oxford House and its head, under the pseudonym of Balliol House, and

[1] L. T. Meade.

Mr. Wingate, whose hopeful sermon helps the almost discouraged East End worker heroine. We think from his sermons, which we have heard and read, that those from the head of Oxford House are always calculated to "discount all toils, medicine all griefs with hope," and his belief in, and message of, hope must be a fund of strength to workers round him. The frightful abuses of under-letting are very truly told. The heroine receives £1,200 per annum for a small court of twenty-four houses, every room occupied by a whole family or more; the man who pays the £1,200 has a twenty-five years' lease, and makes £4,000 a year by extorting it from the wretched occupants, mostly Italian and Irish, engaged in the fur trade. The sole remedy, and that a very distant one, is to move the authorities to pull down the houses as "unfit for human habitation." But though that is being much done now, still there are many terrible plague spots in the day of dwellings in London, and some of our other large cities, of which Jasper Court and its abominations are only too faithful a picture.

"Stephen Remarx" has been so much read that it may seem superfluous to give any extracts, but also it is so much in the front rank of books describing London clergy that we cannot pass it over. Stephen Remarx, the enthusiastic, eager-hearted young curate who goes to St. Titus, Hoxton, is the "very antipodes" of his vicar. He "came up from Oxford brimming over with social enthusiasm. He had studied Political Economy, he had read all the Socialistic literature of the day, and devoured his *Daily Chronicle*; he had frequented Pusey House; he had read both the Booths, the 'General' William, and the more particular Charles; he had dived into the reports, and attended the meetings in connection with Oxford House and Toynbee Hall; he had formed in his mind an idea of East London Church work, very different from that which he found at St. Titus." How different will be seen from this picture of the Vicar! "Dr. Bloose did not visit the sick, because he had a tendency to faint away if the walls of the room in which he might happen to be were less than fourteen feet high. He seldom rubbed up against his parishioners, for fear of receiving from them an addition to the liveliness of his person. He had once during a sermon seen what he at first thought was a Protestant miracle: one of the ink blots on his manuscript began to move across the page as if on legs, suddenly realising that it was no blot, but one of those marvels of the universe which owe more for the pleasure of existence to the carelessness of man than to the care of the Creator. The good doctor turned a deadly white, and, regardless of the fact

that he was in the midst of convincing his little flock of the absurdities of Pantheism, he fled down the pulpit stair and, gathering up the skirts of his Geneva gown, raced down the aisle and into the vicarage, nearly knocking over Mrs. Bloose, who was at that moment triumphantly carrying a pink 'shape' into the dining-room, which she had been coaxing all the morning to stand up straight in the dish. Mrs. Bloose was not a prepossessing person. She would have made a moderately successful monthly nurse. As the Doctor's wife she was a failure. She could not enter into the subtleties of her husband's sermons. To her it mattered little whether Evolution could be made to square with Christianity, or Darwin with Moses. But neither could she take a Mothers' Meeting, nor keep a servant. Thirty-three cooks had come and gone in twenty years, and now she managed the kitchen herself. The Doctor and the dinner suffered in consequence; but, as she remarked to the female pew-opener, 'Anything for a quiet life.'"

The responsibility of private patronage is just alluded to, when Stephen Remarx is given a valuable West End living. "Well, hang it," said the Marquis, with a levity scarcely consistent with the sacred duty of appointing a spiritual father for 12,000 souls, "hang it, I don't care who has the beastly living; all parsons are equally cussed in my eyes nowadays." His sense of responsibility is about equal to that of a patron we have met, who, on being told two clergymen were waiting to see him, because of a living in his gift being vacant, vowed to bestow it on either one who wore a beard!

Whyte Melville is an instance of an author who is delightful when he writes on subjects in which he is at home, but who flounders about terribly when he touches on others. We should suppose his idea as to a clergyman would be that if a parson rode straight he could not go far wrong, and he describes *con amore* Parson Dove and the pretty Miss Cissy. But the heroine in "Uncle John" is made to work impossible miracles, when, as a cure for disappointed love, she takes to going down to Smithfield periodically to visit the poor, and *within a few months* reforms the drunkards, saves the policemen from the brutality of fighting ruffians, educates the children, and reforms all the homes. More wonders still happen when her wedding takes place, as two hundred of her humble friends line the street in her honour on either side of the church door. How so many of the poorest of the poor can get away from their work is not stated. It is Whyte Melville who gives us a wicked parson, Abner Gale, in his Exmoor romance of Katerfelto. And yet Abner Gale, with all his schemes of murder and treachery, claims our pity as we more or less

know the demon of jealousy which possesses him, and we also feel for him having his deep-seated love rejected.

It is perhaps being behind the scenes in novels which in general prevents us making such harsh judgments as we do in real life. The axiom is always true that *savoir tout c'est pardonner tout.* Like the critic in art, so the author too ought to have a sympathy almost divine in its universality, and be able to show us the hidden workings of a soul, so that we should feel the temptations, and not only as in life see alone the fall or the conquest. The student of character ought also to perceive that what are narrowly called the defects of any kind of art that is really a genuine product of human nature are truly inseparable from its qualities, and if rightly considered will be found to be qualities themselves. So Hamerton remarks on art, and we believe the same regarding authorship.

The really bad cleric in fiction is rather conspicuous by his absence; sometimes one is just mentioned, painted very black to throw up by contrast the shining whiteness of his successor. Bute Crawley was a very common type of man of the early part of this century; it was a time when the ideal of what Church work should be was very low, or we might say, in most cases, non-existent. Even hard drinking was considered, if not exactly as a virtue, still hardly a vice, and Bute Crawley was often like too many of his cloth when he was "problematically pious, and indubitably drunk." Even in Miss Austen's books, which we mentioned just now, Edmund Bertram is the only one who regards Holy Orders as at all a sacred calling; the others seem to look on their livings simply as an aid to their marrying. It was during the Oxford movement and later that higher standards for the clerical life were held up in fiction, notably in books by Rev. W. Gresly and Rev. F. E. Paget. The "Owlet of Owlestone Edge," by the latter, is a series of sketches of clergymen's wives: there is the society woman, the hypochondriacal invalid, the fast and flirting wife, the learned one, and the too affectionate wife, who is always fearful of her husband doing too much for his health, and so succeeds in making him do far too little for his parish; lastly, there is the perfect wife, the true helpmeet, who, like Catherine Elsmere, had her heart and soul in her husband and her work, teaching, nursing, making herself the mother and friend of all around her. "The Curate of Cumberworth" is an amusing story of an over-zealous young man, who begins work in too much haste, but experience does it, as Mrs. Micawber would say, and though he flounders into many scrapes, eventually everything comes right. "The Vicar of Roost" gives us a contrast somewhat like Stephen

Remarx of a self-indulgent vicar, thoroughly careless of his parish and unfit for his post, and his self-denying and high principled curate, whose only fault is that he is *too* meek and unselfish.

We have spoken of the East End missioner; there are many more sketches of him than of a missionary to foreign lands, of whom indeed we only remember two: St. John in "Jane Eyre" and Norman May in "The Daisy Chain." Miss Yonge depicts Norman fresh from gaining honours at Oxford, and with every chance of great success in any career, political or other, that he should adopt, giving up all former ambitions, being ordained, to go as missionary to New Zealand, enthusiasm spurring him on amid the objections of many who thought such a promising youth wasted.

Miss Yonge has several good clerical sketches. Robert Fulmort takes Orders from mixed motives, unhappiness in love for one, but a stronger reason is to atone for the harm worked by his father's gin distilleries, by giving up himself and his money to try and stem some of the evils which had suddenly become known to him. Maurice Ferrars is another favourite character of ours, and Clement Underwood we regard with mixed feelings; he is a cocky, disagreeable boy at first, and then a priggish young curate, but real hard work conscientiously done, and the deepening experience of life, eventually make him a thorough-going earnest priest, able later on to worthily take Robert Fulmort's place as head of his clergy-house and London parish. We suspect, however, that Clement would always have the narrow-mindedness of one leading idea, and be unable to extend much sympathy to those who did not see things exactly as he did. There is a rather amusing incident when Clement is at his first curacy (a very High Church one), and goes to see some connections at a distance, and is asked whereabouts his curacy is. He tells, expecting to have the name received in horror, but all the party are quite out of reach of the thermometer of London churches. This, by the way, sounds ideal, but it was only that the party were ignorant of the differences, not that they rose superior to "high," "low," and "broad." The "Three Brides" has a good rector and curate; the latter goes madly in for cricket, but has a pull-up in time by the bishop deferring his priesthood, and he atones for previous carelessness by his self-sacrifice when the parish has a break-out of typhoid fever. The rector's bride when coming to her new home questions her husband about society round, but all he knows of it is that they will be within reach of Dr. Easterby, "one of the greatest lights of the English Church," which to her is scarcely an answer.

Of clergy like those on one page of Crockford, "who have

renounced their Orders," there is "George Geith" (Mrs. Riddell), who becomes accountant in the City, and Mr. Hale in "North and South," the novel which we think is the most charming of all Mrs. Gaskell has written. That she, in her tales of country-town society, of doctors, lawyers, land-agents, and country squires, should so seldom mention any clergy seems rather curious, but probably the reason lies in her family having been Dissenters, and she must have seen less of rectory and vicarage life than of ministers' households, one of which she describes in "Ruth." By the way, one of the most delicious bits in delightful old "Cranford" is when Aga Jenkins is taking in the pompous and Honourable Mrs. Jamieson with his traveller's tales. "Yes, my dear Madam, they were heathen—some of them I regret to say were even Dissenters!"

In "The Heart of Life"[1] we meet with three very individual characters in Canon Bulman, Dr. Clitheroe, and Mr. Godolphin; in all three the reader becomes immensely interested, and the tragic endings of two of them come upon him with quite a shock! Dr. Clitheroe, the D.D., not beneficed, but holding an important post (connected with Reports on Education) under Government. The reader, who like all his many friends, is taken with his unselfish, unworldly, serious, and beautiful character, is terribly taken aback in vol. 3 to discover in him a fraudulent speculator, who is justly condemned to seven years' penal servitude. "He *was* a genius," said Lord Wargrave. "Invalid ladies to whom he administered the sacrament were his principal clients. No one else that I know has managed to live of the Gospel in precisely the same way." "Mr. Godolphin was happy in the double consciousness of valid priestly orders and £3,000 a year. His voice had as many tones in it as an harmonium, and he was able, therefore, to modulate it in a beautifully sympathetic manner. In appearance he was like a statue of Dignity culminating in a bust of Beneficence." One of the most touching things in this clever book is the sermon which Mr. Godolphin preaches in the North Devon village where Dr. Clitheroe has lived, and been known and beloved, the Sunday after his disgrace has been made public; Mr. Godolphin, who is charitable but upright, shows both qualities on that occasion, when he makes evident he can hate the sin and yet love the sinner.

Canon Bulman had a different charity—he had the sort which *believed all things* when said in the way of scandal; he delighted so much in abhorring vice that he was always talking of it. He busied himself so much in pointing out the way they should go to others,

[1] *The Heart of Life* (W. H. Mallock).

that he comes to shipwreck himself. This is how he is described at the beginning of the book: "Canon Bulman had all the air of a sanguine and strenuous traveller on the road of duty, of hard work, and of preferment; his devotion to democratic principles was only equalled by his taste for aristocratic persons." It was the Canon's reading prayers which is mistaken by a listener for the equally monotonous sound of grinding coffee. Bishop Bloomfield's household devotions for each day in the week had been used at Glenlynn for more than half a century, and the aforesaid listener "could not suppress a smile when he heard the Canon, obviously much against the grain, constrained to prefer the following petition to Providence: 'Make us humble to our superiors; affable to our equals; kind and condescending to the poor and needy.' It was a petition, however, of which the Canon need have had no personal fear, for it was plain when he rose from his knees that in his case it had not been answered."

The best account of the construction of a sermon we think we ever met with is in "Thirlby Hall," by W. E. Norris. We will give it *in extenso* with the description of the church: "The next day being Sunday, my uncle and I of course went to church in the morning. The old square seat in which we sat, with its worm-eaten boards, its green baize curtains above them, and its shabby cushions and hassocks; the faint musty smell for which partly damp, and partly the remains of our decaying ancestors were responsible; the village choir in the gallery bawling out 'I will arise,' to the accompaniment of various musical instruments, which had always been dimly associated in my mind with King Nebuchadnezzar and his image of gold—all these things brought back vividly to me the days of my boyhood; days that seemed then far more remote than they do now. I am afraid my mind was a good deal more occupied with memories and vain regrets than with the prayers and the rector's subsequent homily. This, like all his discourses, was constructed on time-honoured and unvarying lines. Firstly—What was so and so? was it this? No. Was it that? No. Was it something else altogether improbable? Again no. What then was it which led to the agreeable discovery that after all it was very much what the untutored mind would have pronounced it to be at first sight? Secondly—How was this doctrine illustrated by examples from Holy Writ? Examples from Holy Writ numerous, and more or less apposite followed. Finally, brethren, how did this great truth come home to all of us? The unsatisfactory conclusion being, that it ought to come home to us all in many ways, but that, by reason of the hard-

ness of our hearts, it didn't. Then there was a great scuffling of hob-nailed boots, a great sigh of relief, and we were dismissed. This is an amusing and faithful sketch, but it is only a surface one, and cannot compare with that given in "Adam Bede" of the church and its service on the Sunday that poor 'Thias Bede is buried. That is a poem in prose; the description of the farm left to Sunday peacefulness, the family walk through the fields, the quaint old fashions in the church, the old clerk, the gallery, and the turning up; and lastly, the Vicar, Mr. Irwine, looking round on his people, "in his ample white surplice that became him so well, with his powdered hair thrown back, his rich brown complexion, and his finely cut nostril and upper lip; there was a certain virtue in that benignant yet keen countenance, as there is in all human faces from which a generous soul beams out."

Speaking of sermons reminds us of Becky suggesting that Rawdon Crawley might "go into the church," and of her preaching an imaginary sermon for him. No doubt she would have been able to do it with "forty-parson power," as Byron says!

The clergyman who takes to tutoring simply and solely to raise his income, without any natural aptitude for the work, is well given in the "Mill on the Floss." How many marriages we hear of on a very small living, with the *ignis fatuus* of pupils, and how many a poor couple find later that it is a sorry case of first catch your hare; but the poverty of clerical incomes is an increasing difficulty, more now than when the "Mill on the Floss" came out. We hear of clergy giving up livings, emigrating and taking to farming, as an alternative to starving in England. It seems almost as though the clerical status must be altered, and our clergy will have to become celibate, or work at some manual labour like some Dissenting ministers throughout the week, leaving their spiritual duties for Sundays. George Eliot speaks of the parson-tutor thus: "There are two expensive forms of education, either of which a parent may procure for his son by sending him as a solitary pupil to a clergyman: one is the enjoyment of the reverend gentleman's undivided neglect; the other is the endurance of the reverend gentleman's undivided attention. . . . In those less favoured days than these it is no fable that there were other clergymen besides Mr. Stelling who had narrow intellects and large wants, and whose income by a logical confusion to which Fortune, being a female as well as blindfold, is peculiarly liable, was proportioned not to their wants but to their intellect; there was but one way of raising their income; any of those low callings in which men are obliged to do good work at a

low price were forbidden to clergymen; was it their fault if their only resource was to turn out very poor work at a high price?

"Fathers cast their sons on clerical instruction to find them ignorant after many days. The state of mind in which you take a billiard cue or a dice box in your hand is one of sober certainty compared with that of old-fashioned fathers like Mr. Tulliver, when they selected a school or a tutor for their sons."

Men have various reasons for taking Holy Orders; among bad reasons are, *solely* because of a family living, weariness of some other profession, or as a means of a social rise, and this last view is spoken of in "Alton Locke," when the tailor-hero goes to see his cousin at Cambridge. The latter says, "I have chosen the right road, and shall end at the road's end; and I advise you—for really as my cousin I wish you all success, even for the mere credit of the family—to choose the same road likewise."

"What road?"

"Come up to Cambridge by hook or by crook, and then take Orders."

Alton laughed scornfully. "My good cousin, it is the only method yet discovered for turning a snob (as I am, or was) into a gentleman; except putting him into a heavy cavalry regiment. My brother, who has no brains, preferred the latter method. I, who flatter myself that I have some, have taken the former. If you are once a parson all is safe. Be you who you may before, from that moment you are a gentleman. No one will offer an insult. You are good enough for any man's society. You can dine at any nobleman's table. You can be friend, confidant, father confessor if you like to the highest woman in the land; and if you have person, manners, and common sense marry one of them into the bargain, Alton, my boy."

That character is fate is shown in the short after history of this despicable sneak, who had the tailor-soul ingrain, though he prided himself on rising so far above the tailor social scale; he succeeds in his matrimonial ideal, but soon after, bent on making appearances beyond what he could afford, he ordered clothes at a price which, as he well knew from his London parochial experiences, would entail the miserable makers being paid at sweating prices. His coat during the making is laid as the sole covering over the body of a poor woman who had died of typhus fever. The wearer catches the same disease and dies; the direct consequence of knowingly grinding the faces of the poor; truly a just Nemesis!

The intense interest in the "Silence of Dean Maitland" lies

mostly in the terrible lengths to which the hero carries on his self-deception. His moral cowardice had been shown in childhood, when he had allowed a friend to be punished in his place, just as later he allows him to be sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude. Cyril Maitland might have risen from his very fall, as the abasement of his own fall and the terrible sense of having wrought the ruin of another—he had led a young girl astray—stirred the yet unawakened depths of his nature, and kindled the first faint beginnings of deeper moral and spiritual life. Had he but possessed the courage and strength of will to accept the consequences, to confess where confession was due, and to atone as far as atonement was possible, he might have recovered moral health, and even happiness, and he might have led a noble, if not perhaps a happy life, deriving strength from his very weakness. As it was he lived on in unconfessed guilt, drugging his conscience, till when preaching as Dean in his own cathedral the sudden sight of his former friend, just released from prison, swept away all subterfuges. The next Sunday he preached again, and before an immense congregation, but it was to make a public confession of his sins. It is a curious psychological study, and a painful one. He is supposed to possess immense spiritual influence.

"There was something in Dean Maitland's way of regarding sin and sinners which opened the darkest recesses of people's hearts to him, and men had not feared to pour into his sympathising ear things which it froze the blood to hear. Very tender was the healing hand he laid upon sick souls—tender, but firm. No one knew better than he the remedies which alone can heal such deadly maladies, although like many physicians of the body he had not the strength of will to apply his prescriptions to his own case." A minor character in this novel is the Rev. George Everard, at first a strong Evangelical, and later an advanced Ritualist, whose glory is that he undergoes a year's imprisonment for contumacy to his bishop. It is a curious point in the book that, excepting the scene in court, all the most dramatic incidents occur in church; the young curate, Cyril's sermon on keeping innocency; the Dean's on friendship, interrupted painfully by the sudden sight of his injured friend; the next sermon, which is his confession and ends with his death; and the christening service which Cyril takes for his father, and unexpectedly baptizes his own child, to whom is given the name of the man he has murdered! All who are fond of Winchester will enjoy the pretty descriptions of the old cathedral town of Belminster, and the picture of the loving and cultured family home-circle of the

Maitlands, in their rectory a few miles away from Belminster, is most charming.

Charlotte Brontë, in "Shirley," tells us of a large north-country parish with three curates, the cheery, good-hearted little Sweeting; the pompous and stupid Malone; and Donne, with his stultified and unmovable self-conceit, his incurable narrowness of mind. Their rector, Mr. Helstone, had certainly missed his vocation; he should have been a soldier, and circumstances made him a priest; for the rest he was a conscientious, hard-headed, hard-handed, brave, stern, implacable, faithful little man; one almost without sympathy, as his lonely little niece found, ungentle, prejudiced, and rigid; but a man true to principle, honourable, sagacious, and sincere. You cannot, as Charlotte Brontë remarks, always cut out men to fit their professions, and he had one duty and pleasure *à la militaire*—he was commander-in-chief to his leash of curates, and to most of his parishioners. Mrs. Humphry Ward speaks of the old and new order of north country clergy, and says that the primitive clerical order in the Westmoreland and Cumberland valleys, who were of the same level as their parishioners, have disappeared, and that the change is emphasized by the disappearance also of the old parsonage houses with their stone floors, and their parlour lustrous with oak carving on chest or dresser in favour of new trim mansions designed to meet the needs, not of peasants, but of gentlefolks. Rejoice in it as we may, in this final passage of Parson Primrose to social regions beyond the ken of Farmer Flamborough, there are some elements of loss, as there are in all changes.

The scientist is very rare in our clerical picture-gallery; one of the few we recollect is the ardent botanist in G. M. Fenn's "One Maid's Mischief," who exchanges his living in England for a chaplaincy in the Straits Settlements, and when imprisoned by an angry rajah, forgets all dangers in the absorbing interests he finds in that part of a tropical forest where he is allowed to walk. One difficulty in the way of scientific study for clergy is of course lack of time; geology, for instance, means too often the very occasional reading of a new work on it, or exploring, with hammer and chisel during a brief holiday. Professor Galton somewhere remarks that in his experience of the councils of scientific societies, it is very rare to find clergymen thereon, and the pursuit of science he considers must be uncongenial to the priestly character. Another hindrance than want of time is that the training and habits of a mind devoted to natural science *may* render faith in some cases more difficult, and many minds shun a path which half unconsciously they believe to lead

into temptation. The scientific attitude of mind has been described as the patient refusal to attenuate or discard a fact because it will not fit into a system; the determined hope that whatever things are true have further truth to teach if only they are held fast and fairly dealt with.[1] The sincerely scientific mind shows such tenacity as that under every trial of its faith and patience, howsoever long and unpromising and unrelieved, for it knows itself responsible, not for attainment, but for perseverance, not for conquest, but for loyalty. It was the impatience in the perplexity of combining old faith with new knowledge which, when Darwinism first appeared, drove some Christian believers into atheism, some into agnosticism, and made others for fear of losing faith close their ears to science. There are more clerical scientists now, but they are few and far between, so we cannot be surprised that they are not much to the fore in our fiction. Robert Elsmere shows how useful even a smattering of science may be in a parish: "Outside his sermons and his school his Natural History Club had perhaps most of his heart, and the passion for science, little continuous work as he was able to give it, grew on him more and more. He kept it up as best he could, working with one hand, so to speak, when he could not spare two; and in his long rambles over moor and hill, gathering in with his quick eye a harvest of local fact wherewith to feed their knowledge and his own."

Robert Elsmere might almost be called *the* clerical novel, *par excellence*—we suspect a good many good people of orthodox views, in a narrow sense, will wish to dispute this—because it has the most perfect descriptions of an almost ideal life of a rector and rectoress, without leaving out the parochial troubles of agent, bad cottages, and the normal difficulties. The squire, of course, is a very *abnormal* one!

Clerical-scientific tastes are also touched upon in "Middlemarch:" Lydgate thus speaks of Mr. Farebrother: "I never heard such good preaching as his—such plain easy eloquence. He would have done to preach at St. Paul's Cross, after old Latimer. His talk is just as good about all subjects—original, simple, clear. I think him a remarkable fellow; he ought to have done more than he has done."

"Why has he not done more?" said Dorothea, interested now in all who had slipped below their own intentions.

"That's a hard question," said Lydgate. "I find myself that it's uncommonly difficult to make the right thing work; there are so

[1] *Life of George Romanes.*

many strings pulling at once. Farebrother often hints that he has got into the wrong profession; he wants a wider range than that of a poor clergyman, and I suppose he has no interest to help him on. He is very fond of natural history and various scientific matters, and he is hampered in reconciling these tastes with his position. . . . He is one of the most blameless men I ever knew. He has neither venom nor doubleness in him, and those often go with a more correct outside. . . . I don't pretend to say he is apostolic; his position is not quite like that of the apostles; he is only a parson among parishioners whose lives he has to try and make better. Practically, I find that what is called being apostolic now is an impatience of everything in which the parson doesn't cut the principal figure."

"A jest may catch him whom a sermon flies," and clerical readers may find a good many hints in fiction to account for their non-success in many things, of which otherwise they might remain ignorant. It is a great drawback to clergy generally that they so seldom hear the frank opinion of individual laymen. It was one of the surprises met by George Geith when, after renouncing Orders, he found himself with those who, ignorant of his ever having been a parson, criticised the clergy, church, and services with much greater freedom than they would otherwise have done. A parson friend of ours has told us that when he is in a railway carriage wearing an ulster, the conversation of the other men is much more unrestrained—we do not mean *bad*, but in the sense of more freedom of opinion—than it is if he displays his clerical garb. One thing which tends to keep the clergy rather narrow is that so frequently the majority of their friends are of their own profession, and in the clerical, as in all other professions, moving in one circle of thought and ideas tends to narrowness, and the talking of "shop." Clergy, more than any others, should feel bound if possible to have some interest quite apart from their parish, and some mind against which to rub, with quite a different stream of thought to their own. Adam Bede hits a nail on the head when he explains why Mr. Ryde, Mr. Irwine's successor, failed in his parish. "I believe he meant right at bottom; but you see he was sourish-tempered, and was for beating down prices with the people as worked for him, and his preaching wouldn't go down well with *that* sauce." And Robert Elsmere's sigh, when a friend calls him inventive, *à propos* of his relating stories from Shakespeare, Scott, and Dumas to his parishioners—"Inventive!—if we were inventive as a body, the Church wouldn't be where she is in the rural districts."

To comfort the fallen and help the helpless is, or should be, in the ideal scheme of every clergyman's life. Foremost as an example is Mr. Eden, the chaplain of the prison in Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend." He voluntarily subjects himself to the same torture, and the dungeon whose darkness may be felt, which he sees each day inflicted by the cruel gaoler upon the unhappy, hopeless prisoners. We read in a Devonshire paper last year the *true history* of those prison atrocities, and found that Charles Reade's novel, though very terrible, could never be termed exaggerated. Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie in her pretty fairy tales translated into modern life makes "Jack the Giant-killer" to appear in the character of an energetic enthusiastic young fellow, ever battling against abuses. He takes duty as a workhouse chaplain *pro tem.*, and there fights a successful battle against cruelty, carelessness, and inefficiency of master, matron, and Board.

At the time Anthony Trollope began to write about the clergy he had never lived in any cathedral city except London, never had known anything of any Close, and had never enjoyed any peculiar intimacy with any clergy. He had a genius for describing people as they are, and his strong imagination enabled him to throw himself into their surroundings. It was not so precisely with his political novels, as there he had more personal knowledge to go upon; he had been eager to enter the political world himself, and though he failed to secure a seat in the House of Commons, and never again tried for one, he had many political acquaintances, and knew all the ins and outs of political life, as is so well shown in "Phineas Finn," and all the history of Plantagenet Palliser. But, after all, it is nature which is the basis of a successful novel, and if an author can depict perfectly natural men and women, he will not find it impossible to imagine their environment, and substitute, say, the hopes and fears, loves and ambitions of rectory, deanery, and palace for those of Westminster. Perhaps also there are only a few characters really dissimilar, just as Balzac says there are but seven original stories in the world; and if the author has those few characters clear to his mental vision he can ring numberless changes by various influences brought to bear upon them, hereditariness, environment, and other modifications, only they must be true to nature, and it is in that point that Trollope succeeds. We hope the fashion for his books will revive; at present he seems very little known to many readers. We even heard someone ask recently, *à propos* of a picture of Du Maurier's in *Punch* of two clergymen discussing the Deanery of

Barchester,[1] "Have not I heard of Barchester somewhere? Where is it?" We must confess to never thinking it natural to read "Barchester Towers," "The Last Chronicles of Barset," "The Claverings," "Framley Parsonage," and others in any shape but the *Cornhill Magazine* or the old original editions, whose illustrations are indissolubly linked in our minds with the story; Mr. Crawley teaching in his school at Hogglestock, Lily Dale and the croquet hoops, Mr. Saul holding the umbrella over Fanny Clavering, but best of all Archdeacon Grantley riding, walking, reading the bill of sale of Cosby Lodge, always extra-archidiaconal, large and imposing in person as becomes one who, if not quite a county magnate, is at least a diocesan one, looking, in short, a real archdeacon down to the ground. He is always acknowledged to be one of Trollope's cleverest conceptions; occasionally we think of him at his worst, as a self-opinionated, pompous, disagreeable man; then we seen him at his best at his father's and his father-in-law's death-beds; we see him quick to appreciate the humility and holiness of Mr. Harding's life, and the beauty of Grace's character is very speedily observed by him; we see him yet again, arrogant and worldly, proud of his daughter as a marchioness, proud of heading the anti-Proudie party. His enmity to the bishop and his circle gives some of the most amusing bits in the book, but one is heartily glad when at last he buries the hatchet at the sight of the poor little bishop (still broken down from his marital troubles) coming to join in the universal regret and respect paid by all Barchester at the funeral of Mr. Harding. The testimony of the archdeacon to his father-in-law after Mr. Harding's death is touching both for the subject, and as coming from so worldly a man: "I have known him ever since I left college, and I have known him as one man seldom knows another. There is nothing he has done—as I believe, nothing he has thought—with which I have not been cognizant. I feel sure that he never had an impure fancy in his mind, or a faulty wish in his heart. His tenderness has surpassed the tenderness of woman, and yet when an occasion came for showng it he had all the spirit of a hero . . . the fact is, he never was wrong. He lacked guile and he feared God. And a man who does both will never go far astray. I don't think he ever coveted aught in his life—except a new case for his violoncello, and somebody to listen to him when he played it." The vigour of Archdeacon Grantley's hatred was showered upon Mrs. Proudie, even more than

[1] "What a shocking bad appointment to the Deanery of Barchester!" "Oh! I don't know. The usual qualifications: own brother to a peer, and a failure wherever he had been before."

on the "paltry little fool," as he terms his lordship. "I think you are a little hard upon Bishop Proudie," said Dr. Tempest.

"One cannot be hard upon him," said the Archdeacon; "he is so scandalously weak, and she is so radically vicious, that they cannot but be wrong together."

Certainly he would have merited Dr. Johnson's praise!

Mr. Crawley, the perpetual curate of Hogglestock, is a sad picture of the poverty-stricken side of clerical life. He is a good scholar, but has to confine himself to his few old classics; his pride prevents him from going amid other educated people with whom, from his penury, he cannot mix on equal terms; and he sees no one beyond his family except the farmers and labourers in his parish. "I have worked as hard as you," is his pathetic confession to the successful lawyer, "and yet I cannot get bread. I am older than you, and *I cannot earn my bare bread.*" His little quaintnesses of speech bring home to the reader how he has lived in a world of books, instead of in one of people. He would say he had not a "scintilla of memory," and use old classical phrases instead of those in modern use. Any scholar will feel for the bitterly-tried, sensitive man, when he goes to the Deanery as a last hope to borrow some money, and there sees the library overflowing with rich treasures of literature, and he has not touched any book beyond his well-worn few at home for years! He has not a large family, fortunately, to weigh him down more hopelessly; there are only three, a *quiver-ful*—as some of our scholars have lately discovered that a quiver was first made to hold three arrows, and no more; so Trollope's name of Quiverful for the other poor parson who has twelve children is really a misnomer!

His behaviour to Mr. Crawley is another point for which we feel an affection for the Archdeacon. Grantley! with all thy faults we love thee still!

The Claverings have some amusing conversations about a clergyman's position. They are an old county family of long standing, the squire and parson have always been Claverings, and anyone not mentioned in "Landed Gentry" is a rank outsider. Consequently, there is great commotion when the curate, who is, according to them, "a nobody," dares to fall in love with Fanny Clavering!

As we have kept to parsons of this century we omit several we might otherwise have mentioned—the Chaplain of the Fleet, our favourite Jack Brimblescombe, Dr. Tusher, Parson Primrose, and many others. We have not space either to speak of all the modern

ones, such as Frank Headley, Mr. Gilfril, Mr. Osmond (who was such a good friend to Donovan and to Erica Raeburn), or the Rev. Charles Honeyman, who would of all men least like to be overlooked, though he might find consolation in the *risqué* novel which he pushed under the sofa cushion at the entrance of his last visitor. Parsons, after all, are used to being overlooked, we believe : at least the scientific reason for the majority being bald is that so many contemporaries are passed over their heads ; they cannot all aspire to the Deanery of Barchester ! Matthew Arnold says we all catch the contagion of getting on ; it would be, perhaps, truer to say, the contagion of *wishing* to get on ! We never intended leaving our old friend Parson Dale[1] out in the cold so long. He was an inveterate whist-player. As a general rule the rubber was played by Squire Hazeldean and his wife, who were both bad players, against the Parson, "who played a good, steady, Parsonic game, with elevated voice and agitated gestures, laying down the law, quoting Hoyle, appealing to all the powers of memory and common sense against the very delinquencies by which he was enriched, with Captain Barnabas who had played at Grahams' with honour and profit. It was a waste of eloquence that always heightened the hilarity of Mr. and Mrs. Hazeldean." Mrs. Dale did not play ; if she had she might have vexed her husband, and been so vexed herself as to call him "Charles, dear," a term she always used when put out.

Bulwer Lytton pithily remarks that if that same "dear" could be thoroughly raked and hoed out of the connubial garden, the remaining nettles would not signify a button.

But how did Mrs. Dale employ her time? She had one talent in common with Mrs. Cadwallader and Mrs. Thornbrugh, *i.e.* match-making, and we may here remark that it always seems to us that match-making *pur et simple* is a rather laudable virtue, and generally unselfish when married people desire their friends to marry that they may be as happy as themselves, or the unmarried wish to prevent others from knowing the loneliness which has fallen to their lot. That marriages are made in heaven is a comfortable axiom for selfish people, as it saves them taking any trouble about their friends, but our three match-makers all thought they could help on Providence, so Mrs. Dale set herself to achieve a wonderful success in turning Jemima into Signora Riccabocca ; Mrs. Cadwallader, with clever generalship when one plan fell through, instantly tried another, and when Dorothea Brooke refused Sir James, suggests to him how

[1] *My Novel* (Bulwer Lytton).

much more suitable to him in every respect was Celia! And one of Mrs. Humphry Ward's most inimitable descriptions is that of a festal tea given by Mrs. Thornbrugh when she has decided to find a wife for Robert Elsmere. Mrs. Cadwallader's idea of wifely duty is, we think, quite uncommon—"I will go anywhere with you, Mrs. Cadwallader," Celia had said, "but I don't like funerals."

"Oh, my dear, when you have a clergyman in your family, you must accommodate your tastes; I did that very early. When I married Humphry, I made up my mind to like sermons, and I set out by liking the end very much. That soon spread to the middle, and to the beginning, because I could not have the end without them."

We have now reviewed various clergy, town missioner, foreign missionary, tutor, botanist, cathedral clergy, country rectors, and town priests, with all colours and shades of opinion, who would form quite a Church Congress if brought together. Most of the characters described have, or have had their prototypes in life; and, as it is one of the highest aims in art to present nature realistically, and yet with an appeal to our sympathy and admiration, so as we study some of these character-studies must we think highly of them, and yet more highly of the artists who have given them to us.

C. FORTESCUE YONGE.

# *SALINÆ OF WICH.*

THE termination "wich" in English place-names often points to ancient salt manufacture, the word "wich" having acquired a special sense in English usage.

Salt is widely distributed throughout the world. Rock-salt abounds in Bohemia, and Wieliċza in Galicia, and each side of the Great Carpathian Range; Catalonia in Spain; some parts of Russia, especially in the parched and undulating steppes of the Kirghis in the south. Salt-water lakes are numerous in the steppes of Asiatic Russia, Lake Inder alone containing such an abundance of salt that it would suffice for the supply of All the Russias, if the difficulties attending the carriage were not almost insurmountable. The richest, naturally, in salt of all Asiatic countries is Persia. All lakes, and indeed any and every collection of water, is impregnated with salt. Travellers assert that a striking feature of Persian scenery is seen in the salt deserts of the country.

Morocco, too, has its salt mines, but the product of these mines is red in colour, and very strong and coarse. Turning to Barbary we find that its lakes are almost as salt as the sea. During the summer months many of these dry up entirely, leaving the mineral incrusted on their beds. Near the Lake of Marks in the territory of Algiers is a mountain composed entirely of salt. In Southern Africa also abound numerous salt lakes. In the United States of America numerous springs indicate large deposits of rock-salt; which is also discovered in various parts of the southern continent of America.

Salt is found distributed in this country over a comparatively limited area, and as (*a*) rock-salt and (*b*) brine. The chief beds of rock-salt are in Cheshire, and the brine-springs in Worcestershire. The historian, Nash, writing of these springs, says of them that they are very ancient, "at least I suppose coeval with the town. In 816 Kenulph, King of the Mercians, gave Humilton and ten houses in Wich, with salt furnaces, to the Church of Worcester; and about the year 956, Edwy, King of England, endowed the same church with Fepstone, and five salt furnaces, or seals, there.

"From this last period I meet with nothing particular relating to these salt works till the time of Domesday Survey, when shares in them were annexed to many estates in this county, some of them at the distance of ten or even fifteen miles. The only fuel used for boiling the brine was wood, and the demand for it much greater than the neighbourhood of Droitwich could supply, especially as the brine was of a weaker quality in those days, and required to be boiled longer than it does at present. The owners, therefore, of such estates had salinæ, or phats of brine, given them in proportion to the wood their lands afforded. Yet I do not mean to say that when we read in Domesday of salinæ being annexed to a manor they were always so annexed in consideration of a supply of wood. And on the contrary, I sometimes find that the owner of an estate supplied the salt works with wood, without having any salinæ annexed, but on being paid for it in money or in salt."

Again he writes: "This town—the town and borough of Droitwich—was probably known to the Romans. It was probably Roman, by the name Salinæ. Mr. Habingdon, to show the greatness of Wich, under the Saxons, observes that it gave the name of Wiccia to the extent of country now called Worcestershire. If this be true, it is, without doubt, a strong circumstance in favour of the high antiquity and importance of Wich, and will almost confirm the opinion of its being of some note when the Romans were possessed of this kingdom. It was rather a populous town in the reign of the Conqueror; many houses here were annexed to various manors in the county. Mr. Leland," he continues, "presents us with the following account of the town as it appeared in his time: 'The Wich standeth somewhat in a valley or lower ground between two final hills on the left ripe of a pretty river that not farre beneath the Wyche is called Salop Brooke. The beauty of the town in a manner standeth of one street, yet there be many lanes beside, and there is a meane church in the chiefe street, and there is, once a week, a meetty celebrate market. The towne itself is somewhat foule and dirtye (when any raine falleth) with much carriage through the streets, being over ill-paved or not paved. The great advancement of the towne is by making sault; and yet, though the commodities thereof be singular great, yet the burgesses are poore, because gentlemen have for the most part the great gayne of it, and the burgesses the labour. Mr. Habingdon does not seem quite to have agreed with this, for he says there were many gentlemen of Worth then actually residing in Wich.'" Mr. Leland states that when he visited Droitwich there were three salt-springs only, "whereof two

be nere together; the third a quarter of a mile of. At these be made the finest salt of England." In the reign of Queen Anne the salt monopoly was destroyed, and a great reduction in the price of salt followed, six bushels being purchasable for the sum formerly paid for one. Previous to the year 1725 the brine procured to evaporate was comparatively weak, and afforded but a small proportion of salt. A certain Cheshire salt-worker made known to Sir R. Lane, the M.P. for Worcester, his idea that beneath the gypsum at the bottom of a pit was strong brine. Sir R. Lane ordered a boring, and the water gushed out with such violence that two men were thrown to the surface and killed. A second boring and a profusion of strong brine resulted. At first, and for some time, the springs overflowed at the surface, but now, owing to the constant drain upon them, the brine has to be pumped up several hundred feet.

It would appear that the highest bed of rock-salt is 120 feet, and the lowest 170 feet below the sea level.

The salt is situated upon a fine-grained calcareous argillaceous sandstone of the New Red, and "beneath it strata of marl and gypsum alternate, till the brine is met with at a considerable distance below the surface, flowing over a bed of rock-salt first penetrated in 1828."

It goes without saying that the principal feature of Droitwich town —by-the-by, the additional name of Droit was not used until the 14th century; it signifies right, and in this connection probably signifies the legal right to salinæ—is its brine baths. To the healing waters of these baths come the impotent and sick of all classes and almost all nationalities. It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that a greater amount of saline particles is held in solution in this brine than in any other known brine, and it surpasses in saltness even the waters of the Dead Sea. For twenty-four years these baths have been in existence, and it is entirely owing to the labours of Mr. J. Corbett, the "Salt-King," that their erection is due. Mr. Corbett has practically made Droitwich, and benefited thousands of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen.

A very interesting building, erected in 1618, is that known as the Manor House, and formerly inhabited by the historian Nash. The writer examined one of the apartments, which showed oak-panelling and plaster ornamentations of foliage and scroll work over the mantelpiece. The principal font has three gables, and there are two on the west end. The house is three storeys high. The house came into the possession of the late Earl Somers, through his grand-

mother, who was heiress of the Nash family. The Earl sold the property, and hence its present ownership by those unconnected with the Nash family. Another interesting and spacious building is the Salters' Hall, erected by Mr. Corbett. The canal, connecting Droitwich with the Severn at Hawford, was constructed in 1771 by Brindley; it is five and a half miles in length. By it Droitwich salt is conveyed to the Severn for transportation. The waters in the canal have a brackish taste. On its banks grow quantities of wild celery and kindred salt-loving plants.

The account of the discovery by Messrs. Fardon & Co., of rock-salt, about seventy years ago in the neighbourhood of what is now known as "Stoke Works Station" is somewhat entertaining. It would seem that it was considered desirable to obtain salt near to the Worcester and Birmingham Canal. Now none of the ordinary wells of the locality contained salt, "nor do brine springs flow on the surface as at Droitwich," so a "brine-smeller" from Cheshire was sent for. He came, set to work to examine the locality, and gave it as his opinion that mines might be sunk for salt upon a certain selected spot. His advice was followed; a communication was effected between the mines and the brine-spring, and the salt, instead of being brought to the surface in a solid state, is now pumped up in a fluid condition, from a depth of 160 feet lower than at Droitwich. The beautiful transparency of the Stoke brine, and its high specific gravity are distinguishing characteristics of the fully saturated fluid.

From very early times, as far back indeed as 640 years B.C., salt was an object of taxation.

It was also a tribute imposed upon the Britons by the Romans, who, tradition says, "worked the Droitwich mines and made salt a part of the salarium of the soldiers." It is asserted that the collections at Eton's Memorial Montem Festival, and known as "Eton-salt," were so called from this old Roman word "salarium."

The Stoke Prior Salt Works, belonging to the Salt Union, are considered by many the model salt works of Europe, and have cost more than half a million sterling. As exemplifying the large amount of fuel consumed in the evaporating furnaces, we may state that from one to two thousand tons per week are regularly used. There is ample storage room for eighty thousand tons of salt.

The importance of salt as a British mineral cannot be over-estimated. Chemically considered it is known as chloride of sodium. In the proportion of thirty-six parts by weight of chlorine to twenty-four of the metal of sodium, its constituents are united. If a piece

of sodium be heated and plunged into a bottle containing chlorine, it burns vividly, unites with the chlorine in the proportions mentioned and forms chloride of sodium, which may be made artificially by adding muriatic acid.

The crystals of salt take the form of a perfect cube. They are colourless and transparent, anhydrous, and soluble in about three parts of cold water, and scarcely more soluble in boiling water. It is inodorous, insoluble in pure alcohol, and has a purely saline taste, unmingled with bitterness, unless chloride of magnesium be present in it. At a red heat, fusion converts it into a transparent brittle mass. And here we would pass from a general consideration of salt, its location and its constituent parts, to a more particular consideration of the salinæ of Wich. That latter word must here be understood to apply to the locality occupied by Stoke Prior Works as well as to that of Droitwich. Stoke Prior is a village not far from Droitwich on the one hand and Bromsgrove on the other, and is best reached by the Great Western Railway.

There is decidedly no better way of journeying thither from England's metropolis than in a first-class compartment of the train leaving Paddington at about half-past one midday. The route covered is interesting, and pleasant to the eye, be the season spring summer, autumn, or winter. The spacious carriages, with their easy springs, make the run from London to Droitwich one of the most pleasing; but the pleasure is enhanced threefold when the various and beautiful country situated close to the Malvern Hills is reached. This central spot of England affords a glimpse of some of the gentlest and most undulating country to be seen in the softly scenic Midlands. It is here that every now and again one gets a sight of those rare skyscapes, produced by rich sunsets, that have engaged the brushes of several of our great masters in art and colour. Outside Droitwich station a pony and trap awaits us, and a venerable-looking coachman assists us to comfort in the little vehicle. A word to the pony is sufficient. "She don't want no whip, sir; you don't dare touch her with a whip. Lord! she'd break her heart at such an insult. She goes too fast, she do. She's nine years old, too, and trots against time. She's one of them that's got a spirit; she knows as she doos her work well and worries to do it well, and she don't want her faults no more than whispered to her. Why, if I was to touch her with the whip, or so much as to flick it she'd remember it against me for days and days and I should be able to do nought with her." On trotted the pony, and within an hour we alighted at the pretty quaint and historic home occupied by the manager of

Stoke Prior Salt Works and his family. Hard by the house stands an even quainter church, the pride of the village. This Norman building is of stone, save for the tower, which is oddly enough of brick. There is a tradition connected with the brick portion of this church ; it is to the effect that a certain squarson—a squire-rector—decided upon rebuilding the kitchen-chimney of his own house with the stone tower of the church. No sooner thought of than done! What had he to fear from a handful of ignorant rustics? The towerless church remained thus shorn for a long period, and it was not until years afterwards that he built up the bricks which had formerly constituted his kitchen-chimney into the church tower! Whatever truth there may be in this story receives colour from the fact that at the present time, as any visiting Droitwich may see for themselves, the church is of stone and its tower of brick, while the erstwhile squire's house is of brick and its kitchen chimney of stone. Surrounding the antique church is a graveyard, and in the quiet graveyard are many suggestive old stones, some inscribed with curious epitaphs. The feeling evoked is not wholly one of amusement while reading such lines as the following :

Pain was my portion,
Physic was my food,
Groans were my devotion ;
Drugs did me no good.
Till Christ my Redeemer,
As knew what was best,
Did ease me of my pain,
And took my soul to rest.

Another epitaph, but one which scarcely evokes pity, and with which fair Una must have had to do, in spite of the ugly story it conveys, is inscribed on the headstone of a one-time farmer, who died in the year 1820. After the name of the deceased occur these startling words, "Whose name was connected with the Oddingly Murder." It is said that a death-bed confession on the part of the farmer, to Archdeacon Lea, caused the prelate to decide that unless the farmer would agree to his crime being announced on his tombstone, Christian burial he should not have. The penitent—perhaps seeing no alternative—agreed that the epitaph, proclaiming to the world his crime, should be cut in the stone, to the defeat of Duessa, and the victory of the white-souled Una. If every gravestone, even in this little church of Droitwich, proclaimed the truth by its epitaph what a very helpful place the churchyard might be! The story of the Oddingly Murder runs thus. The farmers of Oddingly, finding

the tithes oppressive, determined to get rid of the rector, believing that take-away-the-rector-and-the-tithes-will-cease was at least sound reasoning. But then if it were discovered that foul play had been indulged the players would, in such a case, lose their heads. It will be safer, said they, to pay Jack Ploughman to do the deed. So Jack, to whom gold was an unknown quantity, entertained the temptation to murder the Lord of the Tithes! As the poor old rector was about to pass through a gap in the hedge on his way to conduct the usual Sunday evening service he received a blow on the head which stunned him. Jack made short work of the stunned man, and duly received his gold. He had scarcely had time to count it when the farmers, who had instigated the atrocious deed, called a meeting to consider the imminent danger they were in should Jack at any time feel disposed to turn king's evidence. They foresaw that he would get off scot-free, while they would probably be convicted and executed. There was no way out of the difficulty, they argued, but to murder Jack. This they did, and the mystery of the double murder remained with the people of Oddingly for many years. It might never have been cleared up had not the dying farmer, upon whose headstone the singular epitaph appears, made a clean breast of it to the Archdeacon. There is no record concerning the other members of the guilty party, so that whether they were ultimately brought to justice or escaped conviction, we shall never know.

Passing out from the churchyard, we returned to the house of our host, and there looked into some fine old books describing the county of Worcester and its historical associations.

The succeeding morning dawned bright and beautiful, touching up with an indescribable glory the sky and earth. The walk across the fields, beneath the budding trees, to the little station was thoroughly enjoyable.

A few minutes in the train and we stepped on to the platform of "Stoke Works Station." "Here we are in the very midst of the salt district. The roads are levelled with pan-scale, the atmosphere tastes brackish; the people earn their daily bread by salt-making, and anything and everything, either immediately or indirectly, is connected with the salt industry," said the manager. And now came full into view the works of Stoke Prior, planned by the millionaire "Salt King." Before us lay stretched the goodly iron-crowned towers of the numerous huge chimneys of the different factories constituting the works. The evaporating houses, the drying houses, the milling houses, the waggon-making shops, the carpenters'

shops, the fitting shops, and the box-making shops, all invited our attention and seemed to promise a reward to diligent observation.

"Before entering any of these workshops," said the manager, "we will visit the pumps, and then climb the grassy bank to the reservoir."

"And so learn something of the depths and the heights of it?" we queried.

"Exactly," and we proceeded pumpwards. These embrace a system of tubes below ground, and elevated, iron, boat-shaped see-saws above ground. Peering down below the trap-door which protects the excavation near the surface we saw a deep boring, running down to a depth of fully 400 feet below the surface, and apparently terminating in a twinkling star. This beautiful glistening twinkling diamond we soon make out to be neither more nor less than brine—that is, water impregnated with salt.

"The brine lies 400 feet below the surface," we were informed, "and it is pumped up by the machinery you are now looking at into an immense tank or reservoir for storage purposes. From the reservoir it rushes, by the force of gravitation, into an elaborate system of pipes, and so into the salt-pans, which you will presently see."

"If anything goes wrong with the pumping machinery sunk to such a depth is it not difficult to 'right the wrong' so far below the surface?"

"It is exceedingly difficult, and a work of worry and expense."

At a given signal the trap-doors were closed, and, turning our backs on the pumps, we crossed the grounds whereon are situated the various factories and workshops, and walking the length of a pleasant field reached a small wicket-gate. Unlocking this our guide, we following, mounted a flight of some thirty-five steps leading up a grass-covered embankment. Alongside the steps runs a large pipe, from the nozzle of which pours a perpetual stream of brine, clear as crystal, into the enormous reservoir supplying the huge salt-pans in the salt-houses beyond and below. Into the floor of the reservoir open innumerable pipes, through which the fluid finds outlet. The walls and floor of this giant water-tank are perfectly clean, and fair to look upon. The waters of the briny lake are perpetually moving, the movement being due to the continuous inflow and outflow of the contents. A little boat would not have an altogether smooth time of it on this billowy sea.

From the green grass, the fresh air, and the crystal brine to the fiery furnaces, glowing with unquenchable fires, offers a sharp contrast. The furnace doors are swung open for our inspection; the hot air and the incandescence affect us powerfully.

"These fires never go out day or night," we are told; "there are men always working here."

It does not do to spend longer than need be looking into consuming fires; and we pass on to the "evaporating" houses. Here we observe steel tanks—technically termed "pans"—of 150 ft. long and 28 ft. wide, from which a continuous steam is rising. Approaching one of these we stoop now and watch what is going on. Down at the bottom a continual movement is kept up. It is a movement of small crystals towards each other. It suggests to a casual observer a snow-storm under water. Close by is another tank which a man is emptying. The workman is stripped to the waist, for it is warm work he is doing. Raking up the apparent snowflakes, but really the deposit of "broad" salt, he removes it by means of a perforated circular ladle, almost flat in form, tossing it into a suitable receptacle, in this case a cart. Not far off is a third tank, but it is empty. On its bottom stands a man in two tubs, a leg in each. He is wielding a pick-axe, and his object is to clear away that bane of the salt-makers—"pan-scale," or, as it is sometimes termed, "pan-scratch." This objectionable earthy deposit consists largely of lime, which combines with the salt and forms a hard calcareous substance, in appearance not unlike an inferior enamel.

Crossing an intervening yard, we ascend a flight of stairs, and enter another "evaporating" house. In this, salt is being produced for chemical and industrial purposes. Here we note that the salt forms on the surface of the water, instead of at the bottom of the pan. It is curious to see the scum form at the top of the water, raise itself slightly, and then suddenly precipitate itself into the fluid, gradually sinking to the bottom. It evidently finds the sinking a matter of difficulty, too, to judge by the time it takes to become thoroughly submerged. This is accounted for by the buoyancy of the brine, as it is of great density. "An egg or any other small article would float on its surface," says our companion. The crystals in this tank are several degrees smaller than those formed in the broad salt tank. We remark upon this, and are informed that "the degree of heat, and the length of time of evaporation, determine the fineness of the salt produced. The quicker the evaporation the finer the grain, while certain varieties take a long time to produce. Ordinary butter salt and ordinary domestic salt are produced in about a day, while common or broad salt is drawn about every two days."

It may interest some to learn that a thousand gallons of brine produce about a ton and a quarter of salt. Undoubtedly the chief

cost in the production of salt is that of fuel. Five years ago the price of salt was driven up from 200 to 300 per cent. by the coal famine which at that time prevailed. Several ingenious processes for the evaporation of salt have been patented. In one of these, circular enclosed pans are used; the steam that passes from these pans being collected by the covering, and utilised for the manufacture of a coarser salt. All the steam is evaporated, and not a little economy is effected by this method.

Before following the salt into the moulding rooms we put a few questions relative to the special uses of coarse-grained salt, and ascertain that this quality of salt is used for fish-curing. The large white crystals of this salt when sprinkled evenly upon the fish dissolve very slowly, and are therefore particularly valuable. Great quantities of fishery salt are used on the east coasts of England and Scotland.

The brine is brought quickly to the boil in the manufacture of table salt, six hours or even less being sufficient to produce this fine-grained salt. Up to this point the salt is loose, and can be shovelled up as easily as snow. We have now to see it moulded. The moulds into which it is cast are of well-seasoned elm. They are rectangular in shape, 25 inches in extreme length, 8¾ inches wide at the top, 7¾ inches at the bottom; the slight taper facilitates the removal of the bar.

"How long do the moulds last?" we asked an old workman employed in making one. "They be very much like human natur, they be; if they're used well they lastes the longer," was his characteristic reply.

Ladling out the salt the workman presses it down, all moist as it is, into the mould, and when a sufficient number of frames have been filled, and the superfluous moisture has drained off through the perforations in the bottom of the mould, they are placed on trolleys, and run into the drying houses. Here the moulds are inverted, releasing their pillars of salt, which are even at the edges, with a "tapper"—a small wooden instrument suggestive of a butter-patter.

A curious effect is produced upon the visitor entering one of these drying houses for, perhaps, the first time in his life. White ceilings, walls, and floors serve to reflect and refract the glistening whiteness of the pyramidal pillars of salt. The temperature is a high one, over 100° Fahr., and to this the salt is exposed until perfectly dry. It is an easy matter to decide when the salt is really as dry as it should be, inasmuch as when the pillars are touched they emit a

metallic sound altogether wanting in moist or insufficiently dried salt.

From the drying house to a mill, by means of an elevator, the dried salt is transported. Once in the mill its pillar-form succumbs to the action of a double set of steel teeth, which reduce it to powder. The mills discharge it into bags beneath that are held in a circular iron band, actuated by machinery in such a way that they are raised slowly, but dropped on the floor every second or so, with not a little force, so as to shake down the salt in the bags. The table-salt passes through a very fine sieve, any coarse particles being extracted and shot out at the side of the machine.

The salt, when it is in the pillar-form, is fit for the table, but people nowadays like to have it ground up for them. It is thus ready to hand and saves time and trouble; hence the stone-ware and ribbed glass jars and the packages of "table-salt."

We peep into one of the packing-rooms at Stoke Prior Works and watch the simple process of filling the paper bags of salt—sold at a halfpenny and a penny respectively. The powdered and sifted salt is taken up by a bucket-elevator to a hopper, discharging into a series of spouts, at each of which stands a girl. Her work it is to place a previously distended paper bag beneath the spout, when the bag is very quickly filled. A second girl receives the filled bag, gauges it to see whether it contains the proper quantity, and passes it on to a third girl, who deftly secures the ends of the packet. The work of the fourth girl is to put on two tickets, or circular labels. The filled packets are transported to the other end of the packing-room, a hundred and fifty at a time, by a small vehicle running on rollers on an inclined table. The vehicle is unloaded and the packages carefully and securely packed in a box with a capacity for holding fifty 24-oz. packets or a hundred 12-oz. packets, as the case may be, 24-oz. being sold for 1½*d.* and 12-oz. for ¾*d.* Surely salt is cheap enough when these low figures give the market price of white, finely-ground, sifted salt. The filling of the packets is so dexterously done that 5,000 are readily filled in an hour by the female operatives. All the salt is packed by machinery, and thus perfect cleanliness is secured.

The manifold uses of salt are too well known to need detailing, although it may interest some people to learn something as to the many varieties of salt produced. There are, for instance, four different kinds of salt for fishery purposes, including XX., X., best, and second best. Then we find that there are at least ten grades of salt used for chemical purposes, and these vary in colour. Patent butter salt,

ground table salt, factory-filled salt, and "paletis" salt are other grades. Ordinary squares, of course, are produced, and marine, which is a lighter shade, as a rule, than most salts and leafy in character. Cheese salt, brisk, bakers', and bath salt are also made.

Among rock-salts we have such varieties as lump rock, amber rock, best Prussian, ordinary Prussian, half-inch ground rock, finely ground, rough screened, fine screened, and dust. The last is ground in a disintegrator as fine as flour.

*Apropos* of the subject, we come upon the following interesting paragraph in a brightly-written booklet upon the "Manifold Uses of Salt," published by the Salt Union, Limited: "It is anomalous, whilst the duty on salt has been repealed at home—less than a hundred years ago it exceeded threepence in the pound—and so much is being done by the Government to exclude disease from our shores, that a most onerous salt-tax is imposed on our Indian fellow-subjects. Consider what would be the feeling in this country if a tax of 2*s.* per lb. were levied on tea, 1*s.* on sugar, and 1*s.* per quart on milk; yet it is on this scale that taxation is imposed on salt in our Indian empire." Mulhall, in his "Dictionary of Statistics," published in 1892, says, as regards India: "The salt-tax is enormous, and weighs heavily on the ryots. In 1876 it was six millions sterling, rising in 1890 to eight millions sterling. Consumption of salt barely averages 10 lbs. per head, which tends still further to debilitate the inhabitants." This is certainly worth meditating upon.

It has been asserted that during the Great Plague of London salt was a very scarce commodity, and it is also stated that in Saxony, at the end of the last century, a terrible epidemic reigned solely through the want of salt. It would seem that during the last general outbreak of cholera in England both the vinegar brewers and the saltmakers enjoyed a remarkable freedom from its ravages, vinegar being a powerful disinfectant, and the inhalation of saline vapours acting as a preservative and preventive.

Some Russian peasants once saved themselves from a plague which was raging by putting salt in their milk, thereby proving the value of salt in rendering the physical condition fit to combat the disease.

Salt is quite as essential to a healthy condition of vegetable, as of animal, life. Thousands of agriculturists have proved that it serves admirably the purpose of a fertiliser. It is a powerful chemical agent for providing and preparing from the materials present in the soil soluble food for plants. As an absorbent, salt is valuable. It

not only absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, but retains such moisture in the soil, thus compensating for a deficiency of rain. In the purification and cleansing of the land by decomposing all inert matter, neutralising sourness, and assisting in the circulation of stagnant water, salt is a most valuable agent.

To destroy wireworms and deeply-rooted weeds, to improve grass land and renovate old pastures, to make grain and straw perceptibly whiter, and to generally benefit farmyards, gardens, and orchards, salt is highly recommended by the leading scientists of the day. The salt made at the Stoke Prior Works is chiefly sold under the brand "Black Horse." It is said that the "Black Horse" was the sign or trade mark of the salt trade in mediæval times, and it still appears on the premises of Messrs. Weston & Westall in London. At these premises the London salt trade has been carried on since 1732, and they are now the London depôt for the salt made at Stoke Prior Works.

There are many interesting traditions connected with salt, but it is obviously impossible to record any here, restricted as we are by our headline. We shall have accomplished something if, as a result of what we have already written, but one reader finds a keener relish than heretofore in his daily pinch of salt.

JAMES CASSIDY.

# NATIONAL HISTORY AND A VILLAGE LOG.

UPON the shoulder of an upland in the Peak of Derbyshire stands the village of Youlgreave. It is both very ancient and, from its physical situation, very interesting, but as it lies in the midst of a neighbourhood of great natural beauty and is just out of the course of tourists who pass from Chatsworth House and Haddon Hall to the higher moorland of North Derbyshire, it is left pretty much to itself. In former days, before we went abroad for our metals, Youlgreave, like many another settlement in the Low Peak, was made prosperous by its lead mines. Now, the covered-up shafts and moss-grown smelting cupolas attest the decay of the industry, and the scarcely less decadent industry of agriculture is the staple support of the diminished population. A road rises out of the southern end of Lathkill Dale and climbs up the flank of the hill. At the top, a group of rather mean looking cottage houses cluster around one of the finest churches in the county. Its lofty tower forms a conspicuous landmark in the country side, and standing on the verge of the wooded and fruitful domains of Haddon it serves as a pillar of demarcation between an expanse of smiling pastures and the bleak acres of that sometime *terra incognita* the Forest of the Peak.

The village is very old and ramshackle, and in it change comes but slowly. For that reason Youlgreave is an interesting place to those who love to linger over the evidences and traditions of the past. The nearest railway station is miles distant, and there is nothing to tempt the capitalist to settle down and begin to modernise. Youlgreave men generally marry Youlgreave women, and so the old style of life is maintained and the same old stories are handed down among the village chancings. The blacksmith works at his forge and the sparks fly into the street, as in the days of yore. The cobbler sits at his stall and chats with the gossips who lounge in the roadway or lean over the half-door, while the women and

children stare curiously at the unaccustomed sight of a stranger. Although, as we have stated, the lead mines are almost wholly disused, the old machinery of the Barmote Courts is still kept up, and outside the public-house at the proper time of the year are to be seen posted archaic lists, unintelligible to the ordinary person, of mine owners and miners liable or entitled to serve upon the juries of the mining courts.

In Anglo-Saxon times the uncouth heathenism of the Scandinavians found its "last ditch" in the Midlands. The stubborn sincerity of the last heathen king Penda, who hated and despised "those whom he saw not doing the works of the faith they had received," is characteristic of the Peaklander of to-day; for he is in many respects the same dogged, determined fellow, averse to change, undemonstrative and thorough. When William of Normandy became king, he found inaccessible Peakland with a sparse population eminently adapted to his favourite diversion, and a great part of it was converted into a royal chace known as the King's Forest of the Peak. Thenceforth, for centuries, while other portions of the kingdom were prospering in commerce and winning for themselves the advantages of extended civil liberty, Peakland lived on in what Carlyle would have called a state of "valetism," enjoying (or enduring) a peculiar jurisdiction, with special laws directed rather towards the preservation of game than of human life and property. The ecclesiastical parish was generally a vast area, with chapels-of-ease dotted here and there, chiefly for the benefit of the woodrangers and foresters. Gradually the rights of pasturage in the "king's field" (which had, to a greater or less extent, always existed for the benefit of the tenants) became widened so as to permit of inclosure, till in the middle of the seventeenth century, disafforestation took place, followed by an Act of Parliament in the reign of Charles II., which divided the larger parishes into townships.

Topographically, Sir Walter Scott is quite at sea in his "Peveril of the Peak," for he locates that famous inn the Cat and Fiddle in a hopelessly wrong quarter, while Martindale Castle, the home of the Peverils, is also totally misplaced. But the general idea of the inhospitable region over which Sir Geoffery held titular sway, and of the half-savage miners who were ready for any desperate undertaking, is very convincing to anyone acquainted with the bygone Peaklander and his home.

To return. The village of Youlgreave had an existence prior to the days of the first William, and—what is more remarkable—it maintained a sort of individuality for some time after he came. For

we learn from Domesday Book that half "Goilgrave" belonged to the Saxon thane Colle. Colle must have accounted himself fortunate that his possessions had not, like much of North Derbyshire, fallen into the hands of William Peveril, a left-handed son of the Conqueror. Doubtless, however, the Saxon thane or his successors found before long their influence declining, and so felt induced to "sell out," for we hear no more about Saxon proprietorship. A few years afterwards, we find the Norman there in characteristic fashion. A large and beautiful church is rising on the hill.

We in the Peak, in common with the people of Northumbria, have less cause than the rest of the English to admire William I. But it cannot be denied that with his many favourites he imported ecclesiastical leaders of the right stamp—men who possessed the energy and personal magnetism necessary to kindle a great and much required religious revival. Whatever may be said as to purity of motive, the fact remains that during the space of a couple of centuries after the Battle of Hastings the Normans had erected, throughout the length and breadth of the land, more church fabrics than have ever been reared since.

After the building of the church, Youlgreave disappeared into unrecorded obscurity for several hundred years. All the time, however, the village was doubtless keeping abreast with the slow national progress. The stately church, like many another Norman pile erected during the first flush of the revival, proved defective in workmanship. The parishioners had to renovate the structure, and at the same time the growth of the population demanded some enlargement, which was likewise carried out. At the present time it is big enough to accommodate every individual in the village.

At length the weary chaos of the dark ages came to an end and gave place to a new England of printed books and broader ideas. But a vast amount of energy had yet to be expended, and centuries elapsed before even the centres of life and activity were thoroughly stirred. In the country side and among the mountains of Derbyshire the old order died hard. The inhabitants remained isolated, and their doings unrecorded until very, very near our own time.

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The Poor! How the mention of that unfortunate and ever existent section of the community tempts one to fly off into the region of speculation! In pre-Reformation times Hodge was no more inclined to remain upon his native sod than his descendants have since been. The Statute of Labourers sought to provide a remedy for the evils of migration from the land to the towns. The

great idea seems to have been to keep everybody stationary. From the time of Richard II. down to the reign of Henry VII. the message of the law to the poor was "to abide in the cities and towns where they were born." This doubtless made it more practicable to organise some measure of relief for each community, and at the same time, by isolation, to keep within bounds the prevailing spirit of discontent. The "Mirrour of Justice" states that until the reign of Henry VIII. the poor subsisted entirely upon private benevolence and the charity of well-disposed Christians. But while recognising that the laity did something for the needy, it was, after all, the religious houses which were the poor houses of the period. This is demonstrated by the fact that immediately after the suppression of the monasteries and the confiscation of their endowments poor law legislation commences in earnest. It was no longer safe to rely upon the uncertain doles of "well-disposed Christians." In the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII. the churchwardens and two others were directed to make collections for the poor on Sundays. Experience soon proved that the good folks stayed away from church when these collections took place; so in the next reign another Act of Parliament provided that ministers and churchwardens were annually to appoint two or more able persons to be gatherers or collectors of alms for the poor. As time went on the necessity of this semi-voluntary relief became more obvious, and in the fifth year of Elizabeth's reign these collectors, instead of being nominated by the churchwardens, were to be appointed by the parishioners at large. Nine years later it was enacted that the appointments should be ratified by the justices, and the closing years of the same queen's reign witnessed the passing of the Poor Law which is in force to-day.

The Peaklanders of course participated in both the drawbacks and advantages of the various attempts to provide for the poor. Exceptions and modifications had to be made, as we were specially circumstanced. For example, the Statute of Labourers made certain concessions to inhabitants of the county of Derby in the matter of fixity of abode. Then, as some of our parishes were a couple of hundred square miles or so in extent, it was found expedient in the reign of Charles II. to substitute the chapelry or township for the parish.

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So much for general facts. When we come to details we reach something more interesting. But alas! how historians have to lament the paucity of material of that kind. Much of the writing of our village scribes has long since perished. If—if the Historic

Muse had but inspired more local Freemans and Greens of centuries ago, what a different history of England we should have been reading to-day! Nay, if that august personage, the parish beadle, could have been induced to bequeath to posterity a note of his impressions, how such a lucubration would have aided, say, Macaulay when he was compiling that wonderful third chapter of his great work!

Still, the researches which are going on year by year in the muniment chambers of our civil and ecclesiastical centres, and in the lumber-rooms of the great houses, are adding to our store of precise general knowledge, while at the same time the crude notes and skeleton entries which are constantly coming to light in our parish registers enable us to reconstruct in some degree the village life of the past. Youlgreave folks are deserving of the highest compliment for their full and ample records. A canon of 1603 enforces the keeping of a register by the parson, but our parson had been keeping a register long before 1603, and over and beyond he had found time and inclination to enter his reflections upon such events as great snows and great droughts and their influence upon the crops and the prosperity of the district. His churchwardens and their successors lacked the same descriptive faculty, but their accounts, together with those of the overseer and constable, run on for several centuries, forming a fragmentary history of prices, and providing numerous scraps of valuable reading.

The church rate was a comfortable certainty, and in that respect was analogous to the clerical stipend. The latter placed the incumbent beyond the reach of the antagonist in the pew; the former enabled the churchwarden to dispense with the matter-of-fact offertory-box. The little fund levied for the service of the church was sometimes applied towards objects which appear outside the province of the church, and occasionally a worldly-minded man of affairs would "blue" the money in the most audacious manner. We cannot, however, find any bad instances of misapplication at Youlgreave. If our village *can* be charged with an expensive "wanity," it is one which arose out of a consistent and honourable loyalty. We will explain what we mean. On the day that James VI. of Scotland placed the diadem of Elizabeth upon his sapient brow the ringers were paid the sum of *2s. 5d.* for a merry peal; and to further their efforts by perfection of mechanism, the bells were previously overhauled at the cost of *1s.* When the same monarch escaped unscathed from Lord Gower's petty plot in 1606 a thanksgiving was held, and the ringers drew from our

exchequer 5*s.* When those two "sweet lads," Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham, returned from their abortive embassy of love at the Court of Spain in 1623, the ringers received 6*d.*, followed, in 1624, by another 6*d.*, "for ringing November 23 at his M[ties] contract with the Lady of France." Both these events were apparently deemed of minor importance, and the bell-ringers were remunerated on the minimum scale. The peal would no doubt be correspondingly brief. In 1688 we find that 8*s.* was "given to the ringers for the Bishop's delivery forth of Tower."

The gallant doings of our soldiers and sailors were keenly followed by these remote mountaineers. The intelligence of Marlborough's victory at Ramillies, besides being days after the event, would be very meagre compared with the present day "special," wired direct from the battlefield; but its receipt was joyously heralded by our church bells. The ringers were paid 2*s.* 6*d.*, and a Thanksgiving Service was held later on (when the ringing would probably be kept up all day), the ringers receiving 10*s.* And so on and so on, throughout the great general's campaign. We did not, like little Peterkin, pause to inquire about practical advantages—we were content to exult over a "famous victory."

If we were enthusiastic jingoes, when Queen Anne revived with transient splendour the romantic and ill-fated line of the House of Stuart, we also proved loyal subjects of the commonplace, steady-going Electors of Hanover. The tender remembrances of the past, and the winning personality of Prince Charlie were alike insufficient to tempt us from our allegiance to King George. When the rout at Culloden was over, and the unfortunate leaders who escaped slaughter had perished on the scaffold, there was a great day at Youlgreave; the ringers received 5*s.*, and from the church tower there sounded abroad over the country-side an harmonious ding-dong, in token of our satisfaction at the "suppression of the late Rebellion."

In the Constable's accounts there are two other entries about the rebellion. The southward march of Prince Charles Edward's breechless forces was arrested at Derby in the beginning of December, 1745. This march is still a local tradition, and the villagers tell some amusing stories of the wild Highlanders. The writer has (or rather had) a friend who was well acquainted with an old man that remembered seeing the rebels as they went through Derbyshire. The clansmen, with their ragged kilts and wild locks streaming from under the Scottish bonnet, would be a fearsome sight to the Peaklanders. They passed along the London Road, within a mile of Youlgreave,

and as they disappeared behind the hills and were well out of the neighbourhood, the outlying farmers straggled into the alehouses and told queer tales about sacks of oatmeal and flitches of bacon which had been lifted. It was fervently hoped by one and all that they would never return again to plague the land. But, alas, only a few days elapsed and the unwelcome rumour got afloat that Prince Charlie had turned back! Consternation prevailed everywhere. Had King George shown the white feather; sent word that it was unnecessary for the Stuart to come up to London town with his merry men? Or had Prince Charlie, for some reason, decided to play further havoc among the farmsteads of the High Peak? Everybody was in doubt, and nobody could advise. But the emergency always begets the man. George Toft, like Horatius of old, stepped forth, and explained to the perplexed villagers that he was ready to take his life in his hand and go forth in search of the enemy. We have no particulars of his adventures, but it is clear that the information he brought back was both urgent and alarming. It is pleasing to note that the exigency of the crisis did not prevent a prompt recognition of the services of the gallant Toft, for on December 18, while red ruin was hanging over us, we paid the debt of public gratitude: "Paid G. Toft, when he went to enquire about the Rebells, 6*d*." The next entry (under the same date) shows that the emergency was fairly and squarely faced. This is it:. "For a new Watch Bill and repairing the old one, 4*s*. 6*d*." But the siege of Youlgreave has not to be recorded. We never struck a blow against Prince Charlie, for his horde swept by us in unheeding haste. But surely our stout-heartedness is vindicated by those two entries. Yet the tale of how Toft searched for and found the rebels is not, we are sorry to say, a familiar local story, for these are degenerate days, and penny novelettes and topical songs are the staple entertainment—

> When young and old in circle
> Around the firebrands close.

This glorious period, the Augustan age of British military achievement, had, too, its seamy side. Hogarth and Gillray and others have sketched some very unromantic scenes, wherein poor Hodge is depicted shambling out of his native village, wearing a high heart and a long smock-frock, and, alas! returning to it, after many days, with a broken constitution and a wooden leg. The Hero's Return is undoubtedly a creditable event, provided he can manage it with a sound body, or, in the alternative, with a satisfactory pension. Moreover, in the good old times, Tommy Atkins was regarded as

the "saviour of his country" only "when the guns began to roll." In the piping times of peace he was tied up by the thumbs and flogged and otherwise made to realise the broad distinction between a charger which cost Great Britain £30 and a soldier who could be procured for 1*s*. Here are a few extracts, which sufficiently explain themselves and indicate the modest part we took in the recruiting service :

| Year | Item | £ | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1710. | Spent in search for Souldiers | | 1 | 6 |
| | Given to Valentine Greaves, who received a wound by Jer Gregory when he was about seizing him for a Soldier | | | 6 |
| | Ditto Ditto Ditto | | 5 | 6 |
| | Spent in searching all Youlgreave for Bradshaw, Gregory, and Adams | | 4 | 2 |
| 1729. | Charges about ye two deserted soldiers : | | | |
| | For taking them up | 1 | 1 | 0 |
| | For a guard over them three nights | | 3 | 0 |
| | Pd to a man to guard ym between Nottingham and Derby | | 2 | 6 |
| 1744. | Spent for pressing 3 men for his Majesty's service | | 1 | 4 |
| | Pd two men for attending them one day | | 1 | 4 |
| | Pd three men for attending them that night | | 2 | 0 |
| | Pd the High Constable for the press warrant | | 1 | 0 |
| | Spent at several times going through ye township to press men | | 2 | 6 |
| 1756. | Spent with searching for Sealors at ye ale-houses | | 2 | 0 |
| 1759. | Spent on giving notice to the Head-borough of a warrant to impress Seafaring men | | | 6 |
| 1772. | Pd to seven men we took to offer themselves at the meeting to serve in the Militia | 1 | 11 | 0 |

We have already said something in a general way about the Poor Laws. At the risk of appearing prolix, we are tempted to go back to the subject by referring to some entries in our overseers' accounts. Idealists and philanthropists have at all times insisted upon the breadth of noble sympathy, which even the ordinary human heart can display. It would be very interesting if somebody would "grapple with the minimum," and show us how close it is possible for the heart strings to be drawn consistent with a reasonable standard of respectability. We have in the old Poor Laws, and in the old Poor Law officers, illustrations of the kind which it would hardly be possible to get beyond. Our village overseer was as fertile in stratagem as an Old Bailey lawyer. Did some misguided farm wench overstep the bounds of propriety? His eagle eye or open ear early detected the transgression, and she was quietly smuggled into another parish, lest a pauper infant should burden the rates by obtaining a settlement. Was there an uncared-for widow with a family of small children? She at once entered into his calculations, and it was not his fault if she did not find another mate. Did

witless Tommy, with his sound constitution and weak brain, threaten to drift into the "house," our overseer called a gathering of the clans, the result generally being that Tommy became a circulating medium at the disposal of anybody who would give him a meal's meat for doing an odd job. And if, in spite of every safeguard, our paupers saddled us with the education and advancement in the world of a helpless brood, we were prepared with a carefully selected choice of occupations. We sent the little mites to school till they arrived at the mature age of eight years. Then we probably either drafted them into the Navy, where they had an opportunity of making a grateful return for past favours by getting killed, or we retained them for our local benefit in the scarcely less hazardous calling of a chimney-sweep.

Our workhouse was not fitted up in luxurious style, nor indeed in anything like the fashion now insisted upon ; but it contained all that could not absolutely be done without, as is evidenced by a complete inventory (of about a dozen articles) which is still existing. We used to buy as much as 22 lbs. of beef at a time, giving three-halfpence a pound for it, and in the year 1741 "seeds and plants for the poorhouse garden" cost us 1*s.* 6*d.* Besides, there were "grants in aid"—extraordinary efforts called forth in special cases. Take, for example, Mary Bagshaw in 1742—hopelessly hard up, and in sore need of a new rig-out—we provided her with "a straight bodied coate and a quilt, three caps and 2 pairs of stockings," at an outlay of 5*s.* We grasped, too, the important fact that it was useless to place professions within the reach of the poor without doing something towards providing for the subsistence of the pupil—"1717 : Given to John Ward's daughter while she was learning to spin, 2*s.* Given to Mary Ward while her daughter learnt to spin, soft Jarsey."

There was one troublesome scrap of womankind, named Ellen (or Helen) Leey, who crops up from time to time in a rather sensational fashion. We have no certain knowledge respecting her, but it has been our fancy to connect her, in a way, with the glorious career of the great Marlborough. She leaps into prominence in 1713, three years after the fracas wherein Jer Gregory wounded Valentine Greaves, "when he was about seizing him for a soldier," and for which Jer, with Bradshaw and Adams (who were probably accessories), went into hiding. It may be that the valiant Jer himself, or one of his confederates, was dear to the heart of Ellen Leey. Admitting this much for what it is worth, it is a matter of record that in 1713 Ellen lost her reason, and—what was worse—the event told

seriously upon our finances. If she had been removed to the workhouse she very likely wrought considerable havoc among the parish pots and pans, for we had to resort to desperate measures. We

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Paid for fillicking to bind her arms | | 3 |
| Pay[d] for a Cord to bind her Down in Bed | 1 | 4 |
| Pay[d] for a Stable (staple) to lock her two | | 1 |

She was thus rendered powerless for further mischief, and in this plight she raved and screamed until exhausted nature gave way. The two women who attended to her claimed *2s. 4d.*

Her poor existence dragged on for another thirteen years without special expense to the authorities. During that time Jer and the other recruits would have grown into fierce, brown-skinned musketeers, with a taste for grog, and a soldierly contempt for weak sentiment. But Ellen would go on, nursing in her crazy brain the fond hope of seeing her loved one again just as he was years and years before.

Something occurred in 1726—we can't tell what it was—perhaps a one-legged hero, with a gruesome tale of piled-up dead bodies; or, perchance, the advent of the lost one himself with a fine lady of Flanders. At any rate, Ellen's patched-up intellect again fell in pieces, and this is how we find it recorded :

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1726. | Spent about Helen Leey being, Lunatick, On ye men that assisted George Clark to break ye door being fast bolted on ye inside supposing she had been dead | 1 | 6 |
| | For ale and meat for her yt night | | 6 |
| | For ale to make her a caudle when she fainted | | 3 |
| | To Dr. Wooley for bleeding Helen Leey | | 6 |

After that she drops out of notice; whether she died under treatment, or lived on a harmless maniac, or got better, we cannot discover.

Before writing the last word we should like to take a glimpse at the religious side of our Youlgreave forefathers. Everything that we can discover points to a favourable view of that phase of their character. As early as 1615 they possessed a fine sense of morality and propriety, for it was in that year the churchwardens paid Robert Cawlton *3s.* "for fetching one Finlinson agayne, and carrying him before a Justice for getting a Dwarfe with chylde." Certain other entries, as, for instance :

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1609. | For Wyne at A Communion on Whitsunday, 3 quarts | 2 | 0 |
| 1703. | Ale at ye Vicarage after evening service upon Palm Sunday | | 9 |

would suggest greater laxity in regard to the virtue of temperance; but it should be remembered that a public carousal, even in the

churchyard itself, was at one time considered a legitimate way of raising funds for ecclesiastical purposes, and that "Church Ales" were two hundred years ago as popular as Church bazaars now are. We were strictly orthodox. We spent money in the maintenance of orthodoxy. We spent fourpence "at Chapel-le-forth about recusants" in 1624, and "at a meeting at Bakewell about Papists and non-jurors" we spent 4*s*. 6*d*. We were zealous for the due and regular services of the Church, and the fact that our vicar was unwell or absent was no excuse for the non-performance of Sunday duty. There are numerous payments made to "strange preachers," who acted as "supply" under the circumstances, and these payments range in amount from half a crown to a shilling—not an extravagant sum for even an indifferent sermon. We were equally zealous for seemly behaviour and decency—parish clerk and churchwarden kept a watchful eye upon sleepy adults and noisy lads, while Thomas Walton and a long line of successors drew a stipend for "whipping ye dogges forth of ye churche in tyme of devyne service." Music, too, received its due share of attention. "Ye Bassoon" was constantly wanting a new reed, and the other instruments thrust themselves into notice from time to time. We are dealing with an age when there was but little subdivision of labour. Nowadays there are bands which play for dancing, and bands which interpret chamber music; vocalists who sing sentimental songs, and other vocalists who adhere to the comic line. The instrumentalists don't sing, and the singers don't play. In the last century your village musician was expected to play and sing at one and the same time, and also to adapt his melody to suit the circumstances. One day he would be scraping away at the "Old Hundred," the next he would be playing a hornpipe in the public-house clubroom. He might be drawling out a Psalm of David on Sunday, and trolling a drinking song on Monday. His versatility led him into many temptations, and if he suffered at times from over-indulgence, surely he deserved to be pitied, and his lapses palliated as much as possible. The parishioners of Youlgreave adopted a wise and sensible course when, in 1785, they purchased a new "Base voile." They sought to save the performer by limiting the use of his instrument, and resolved that the fiddle should be available for church purposes only, "and not be handed about to wakes or other places of Profaneness and Diversion," except the club feasts of Youlgreave, Elton, and Winster, these functions being presumably of unimpeachable respectability.

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Our gleanings are not yet exhausted, but our space is more than filled, so we must leave the rest over for some future time. Shortly after the passing of the Parish Councils Act someone suggested that the new village councils might do useful work for the historian of the future by starting a Village Logbook or Depository of current local *memorabilia*. There is at least one man in every place to whom the work of chronicler would, for its own sake, be congenial. The post might even present opportunities to the ambitious scribbler, for who knows whether some government of the future may not think it desirable to recognise the value of history by establishing a Bureau of Official Historians!

JOHN HYDE.

# THE STAGE HISTORY OF "KING RICHARD THE SECOND."

NOT since the days of the lamented Charles Calvert has the provincial stage been able to boast such an intelligent and enterprising Shakesperean producer as Mr. F. R. Benson. This popular young actor-manager's plan of campaign is not only well conceived, but is already fruitful of brilliant results. The cardinal principle of his system of Shakesperean representation is thorough elucidation of the poet's message as delivered by the poet himself, and not as misinterpreted by inferior minds, like Colley Cibber's. It is needless to say that for the perfect working out of this scheme careful acting is required from every individual member of the company. Hence painstaking in minor detail is the distinguishing note of the Benson organisation. Such a course—arguing of considerable self-abnegation on the part of the controlling mind—would have been impossible to the egotistic Shakesperean actor of the old school, whose insatiate lust for applause gave him the power to illumine a single character, but not to endow a play with its full movement and vitality. With the abandonment of the inartistic starring system much of Shakespeare that has been long considered impracticable for stage purposes bids fair to renew its acquaintance with the boards. As an instance, Mr. Benson has recently been presenting with signal success an ornate revival of "King Richard II."; a play which, in its pristine condition, has not been more than three or four times reproduced since it first saw the light about the year 1594. This early effort of the poet's—written at a time when his 'prentice hand was still somewhat under the thraldom of rhyme—was fated to labour under two ever-recurring misfortunes. Time and again it has suffered from its curious topical allusiveness; a mysterious quality which permitted interpretations appropriate to the moment to be made from many of the scenes and passages by an alert audience. Possibly this may have seriously militated against the play. It is beyond the purpose of acting for the player to

become the mouthpiece of political propagandists. Then again, "Richard II." seems to have had peculiar attraction for that not inconsiderable body of poetasters who hugged the delusion that their chief mission was to improve upon Shakespeare.

These misfortunes began early. It is noteworthy that when a third edition of the play was published, in 1608, it was announced as "with new additions of the Parliament Scene and the deposing of King Richard"; that is to say, lines 154–318 in Act IV. Sc. 1 were then printed for the first time. There can be little doubt that these lines formed part of the original play, but had been omitted previously in dread of their application to a matter then agitating the mind of England—the strenuous endeavour of the Pope and his princely satellites to induce her subjects to dethrone Elizabeth.

After lying on the shelf for well-nigh a century, "Richard II." was condescendingly taken in hand by Nahum Tate, the Poet Laureate, in 1681, its period, location, incidents, and language metamorphosed, and the perversion brought out at Drury Lane as "The Sicilian Usurper." No one cared a penny then about the desecration of Shakespeare, but the authorities could not brook the mimic presentation of successful rebellion, and stopped the performance on the second night. In 1718, Lewis Theobald (who, as a sound Shakespearean scholar, might have been expected to possess more reverence, if not more common sense) made a version of the original, which not only maltreated the poet, but seriously outraged historical truth. This was produced at Rich's Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and held its place for seven nights. A score of years later—or on February 6, 1738—the famous harlequin manager, as if to make amends for his former sin, revived Shakespeare's "Richard II." at Covent Garden. According to Davies, the author of "Dramatic Miscellanies," it had not been played for forty years. The same chronicler tells us that Delane, who personated Richard, was good in parts, but "could not exhibit the tender feelings of the king's distressful situation; his voice was too loudly extended for the desponding and almost effeminate grief of this unhappy prince." Rich's revival was marked by a very elaborate presentment of the Lists at Coventry, with Bolingbroke and Mowbray arrayed in real armour. At the first performance, Walker, who played Mowbray, was unfortunately laced so tight in his helmet that he was unable to articulate with any distinctness, and occasioned a laugh among the audience. It was the only one heard throughout, for the play differs essentially from the majority of Shakespeare's histories in possessing no comic relief: that grateful and comforting element

which the New Critic, in his superiority, affects to deride. It is hardly necessary to say that had there been a Falstaff in "Richard II." its stage production would have been a matter of more frequent occurrence. It is noteworthy, also, that in 1738 the audience, in listening appreciatively to the play, persisted in applying many of the lines in Act I. Sc. 2 to current political events, and to the measures and character of the ministry. Furthermore, someone sent a letter to the *Craftsman* in which the passages thus significantly underlined were culled and levelled against the Government generally, and Sir Robert Walpole in particular, with the result that Haynes, the printer of the journal, underwent a prosecution in the Court of King's Bench. During the next three-quarters of a century "Richard II." reposed upon the shelf. It was natural that Garrick should ignore it, for great as was the modern Roscius he was still the mild exemplar of the self-absorbed tragedian of later times. Is it not recorded that he—the manager of the foremost English theatre—refused many a brilliant drama because the leading female character happened to be better written than the part intended for himself? For one sensible act, however, Garrick deserves our praise. He did not believe in producing mutilations of Shakespeare—unless the mutilator were himself—and so declined having anything to do with a perversion of "Richard II." proffered him by a certain Mr. James Goodhall. Nothing remained for the disconsolate literary tinker but to print his concoction at Manchester in 1772.

Macready, while in his novitiate, acted Richard II. at Newcastle-on-Tyne with some success. This was in 1812. Three years later he again appeared in the rôle during a visit to Bath; but the play failed to win popular acceptance. Henceforward Macready retained but a poor opinion of its drawing powers, and never saw his way to revive it during his memorable reign at Covent Garden and Drury Lane. It is undoubtedly strange to find that his first appearance in London as the dethroned king was delayed to the period of his farewell engagement at the Haymarket in 1850–51. Although acted at that time with great fidelity to the text, "Richard II." failed to attract, and was only performed twice. And this, too, in face of the fact that the rôle of the melancholy sensitive-minded prince was one in which Macready's rich gifts were utilised to the full! Indeed, George Henry Lewes considered that in it Macready had demonstrated his fitness to be ranked among the tragic, rather than among the purely melodramatic, actors.

Meanwhile, in March 1815, Edmund Kean had appeared at Drury Lane in a vilely garbled version of "Richard II." by

Wroughton, the stage manager of the theatre. "Strangely fantastic," writes J. W. Cole, "were the tricks which this playwright was allowed to play with his subject. The touching and naturally flowing rhymes, so characteristic of the early compositions of the author, were laboriously and pedantically altered to halting blank verse; scenes were interpolated bodily from the *disjecta membra* of several other plays; new speeches were written, in justification of which Colley Cibber on 'Richard III.' was pleaded as a precedent; Bolingbroke delivered a panegyric on thriving ambition, from Aaron the Moor in 'Titus Andronicus'; and the queen, who had been despatched by Shakespeare to France, in accordance with historical fact, was made to rush in frantically to the dungeon at Pontefract, and expire on the body of her murdered husband." Notwithstanding all the defects of the piece, Kean is said to have done wonders with the part of the deposed king, particularly in the third act. But if Barry Cornwall is to be believed, he had wofully misconceived it. "The grandson of Edward III. was not fierce or impetuous, but weak and irritable, and in his downfall utterly prostrate in spirit. We did not recognise these qualities in the acting of Mr. Kean, who was almost as fiery and energetic as he used to be in 'Richard III.' He threw out bright sparks and flashes of genius (as in the scene with Bolingbroke and Northumberland, where the catalogue of his 'grievous crimes' is presented to him), but they did not irradiate the whole character." Wroughton's hash was tolerated for twelve nights, and then laid by for ever. Curiously enough, it remained for Kean's moderately-gifted son Charles to gain for Shakespeare's play the most respectful hearing it has obtained since the time of Elizabeth. This was brought about mainly by dint of superb stage mounting, although the younger Kean gave a fine and thoroughly Shakespearean rendering of the part of the injured monarch. As produced by him at the Princess's Theatre early in 1857, "Richard II." had a surprising run of eighty-five nights in its first season, and proved an attraction for twenty-seven more in the season following. Like Sir Henry Irving, Kean was a master of stagecraft, and the revival had one inspired moment that largely accounted for its unparalleled success. Between the second and third acts Kean introduced an elaborate pageant, expressing in dumb show the incidents of the entry of the two cousins into London, according to the account afterwards given by their uncle York in the play. Although unwarranted by the text, this cleverly arranged interlude had its use in preparing the spectator for the solemn abdication to follow. One of the most remarkable facts in connection

with the chequered stage history of "Richard II." is that Samuel Phelps never produced it. This is all the more strange, seeing that Phelps, when manager of Sadler's Wells, steadfastly laid himself out to present the entire round of the actable Shakespearean drama, and, in accordance with his principles, did not even blink at "Pericles." In this Mr. F. R. Benson, who is now doing for the country at large what Phelps did for North London, has excelled his distinguished prototype.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

# *WORKING MEN'S INSURANCE IN GERMANY.*

MUCH is being said at the present time about the dangers arising to English trade from German competition. "Made in Germany" have become almost household words. That the rivalry is keen, and that German trade has in recent years made very rapid strides, are indisputable facts to which British traders are too apt to submit with a sullen resignation, instead of making serious efforts to grapple with the evil. That the success of the Germans may be due to some superior energy and knowledge they are very reluctant to admit. Yet wages in Germany are very little lower and the hours of labour not much higher than at home, so that a lower wage bill is not the reason why our neighbours can cut the English trader out. One reason is, no doubt, the great advance which in Germany has been made in technical education. And may not something, perhaps, be due to superior energy as well as greater skill in the German working men? It is at least not impossible that it is so. And if it is, may not the superior energy be due to that wonderful system of working men's insurance of which the foundation was laid about eleven years ago? Better treatment in cases of accident and sickness means in the long run more rapid cures, a more complete return to health, a longer term of active life; and this, again, brings with it a greater power of work in the mass of the labouring population. In a word, the German race with improved vitality has, perhaps, become industrially more productive. Looked at from this point of view some account of the German system of insurance, and of the results which have already been achieved, may at the present time be of some interest and value.

The insurance system is divided into three parts, which though distinct are interdependent, and hang together as a whole. They are sick insurance, accident insurance, and old age and invalid insurance respectively. We propose, first, very briefly to describe each of these in order, and then to say something as to the results which have ensued from their actual operation. We have not as yet the

experience of many years to guide us, but still such experience as we have may be of use.

I.—*SICK INSURANCE.*

The Sick Insurance Law was passed in June 1883, but did not come into operation until December 1884. This statute is the root-law (Stammgesetz) of the whole; and it has been subsequently amended and enlarged, so as to embrace those classes of workmen which at first were outside the scope of its operation. It may therefore now be said, in general terms, that all workmen in receipt of regular daily wages, even amounting to as much as 2,000 marks (£100) a year, are brought within its meshes. The keystone of the principle is compulsion. Voluntary insurance existed in Germany as elsewhere, but the field it covered was comparatively small, and it was thought that no system could be thorough which was not supported by compulsion, which, as will be seen, applies both to masters and to men. The machinery employed for the purposes of the Act consists in the formation of sick clubs, in one or other of which every workman must insure. Some such clubs, however, previously existed, and these it was determined to make use of. It is not easy to find precise equivalents in English, but the most important of the sick clubs, which at the time of the passing of the Miners' Act already were existing, were: the miners' sick clubs, the guild sick clubs, and the voluntary sick clubs. All these have been maintained, with some alterations in their rules, to meet the novel state of things. But for the vast majority of workpeople it was imperative that some new sick clubs must be formed; and the principle adopted was to form local sick clubs, the members of each trade in a locality being as far as possible grouped together; so that numerous factory sick clubs and building sick clubs have been formed. In addition, communal sick clubs have been created for such workmen as are not otherwise provided for; so that in this way the whole country is covered with a network of sick insurance institutions. So long as every workman is insured considerable latitude is permitted to particular localities and trades in the formation of the clubs. Here, then, is the machinery provided. The funds of the sick clubs are raised by the joint subscriptions of the masters and the men in the following proportions:

1. For members of the communal and local sick funds the subscription is 1 per cent., or 1½ per cent. at the highest, on the customary local rate of wages for ordinary day labourers.

2. For members of other sick clubs the subscription is 2, or at

the most 3, per cent. on the average rate of wages of the class of workmen for which the club is formed. To the subscriptions in both cases the employer is bound to add a third of the whole sum which is required; so that the insurance premiums are paid jointly by the employers and the employed in the proportions of two-thirds and one-third respectively. It is a peculiarity of this arrangement that, as far as the workmen are concerned, the operation is perfectly automatic. The mere fact of his employment subjects him to insurance, for the employer is responsible for seeing that the Act is carried out. He pays the whole of the subscriptions himself in the first place, and deducts the sums payable by the workpeople from their weekly wages; he is also bound to keep accounts which are open to the inspection of Imperial officials. The clubs are managed by committees elected by the members, and upon such committees the employers have a right to sit. As regards the cost of management, the clubs are self-supporting, but in the case of communal sick clubs the cost of management is thrown upon the local rates.

The relief to which an insured person is entitled is as follows: For a period of thirteen weeks he receives (as a minimum) free medical treatment, medicines, and bandages and spectacles, where necessary; and where there is inability to work, sick money to the extent of half the wages earned by ordinary day labourers in the place where the insured resides, to be paid from the third day of his sickness.

Or, as an alternative, free treatment in a hospital.

In case of death, a sum of money, equal to twenty times the average daily wages of workmen in the deceased's trade, are paid as funeral money to his survivors.

At the end of thirteen weeks the sick person is thrown upon the poor rates for relief. It should be added that double insurance is allowed, and that the amount of the relief may be increased.

### II.—*ACCIDENT INSURANCE.*

Still more interesting is the system of accident insurance. The Act which brought it into force was supplementary to that of sick insurance, and, having been passed in July 1884, came into operation in October 1885. It will have been seen that the burden of sick insurance falls upon both the employer and the employed, but in the case of accident insurance it falls upon the employer only. So that the Gordian knot of employers' liability has been cut in a very drastic fashion. Speaking roughly, it may be said that, as in the

case of sick insurance, all workpeople are subject to the law. And, moreover, it applies to all cases of accident whatsoever, with the single exception of those where the injury has been intentionally caused. The machinery for carrying out the Act consists in the creation of corporate trade unions (Berufsgenossenschaften), to one or other of which every employer must belong, and which are formed out of the employers engaged in the same industry, or in industries of a like kind. These unions may be confined to a single State or may extend over the entire Empire. As is the case with the sick clubs, they are self-administered; and decentralisation and devolution of duties to sections and trust representatives are permitted. At the head of the system is placed the Imperial Insurance Board (Reichsversicherungsamt), which is composed of a president and two members, appointed by the Emperor for life, four members of the Imperial State Council, and two representative members each for the employers and the employed, elected by them to guard their several interests. The money required for compensation claims is raised by the subscriptions of the employers, who belong to a particular trade union. Nothing is contributed either by the workmen or the State. The subscriptions payable are fixed yearly upon the basis of the amount of money paid in wages and the degree of risk incidental to a trade. The various trades are divided into classes according to the degree of risk of accident in each, and upon this foundation a regular tariff of subscriptions, sanctioned by the Imperial Insurance Board, has been formed. Since the law has been in operation, sixty-four of such corporate trade unions have been established. With regard to the claims for compensation it is a notable provision that the claim does not arise until the close of the thirteenth week of illness; for during that period the case is taken in hand by the sick insurance clubs. So that in this way the burden on the employers is considerably lightened.

A workman who has met with an accident in the course of his employment receives, by way of compensation, in case of complete incapacity, during the time that he is absent from his work, two-thirds of his average daily wages during the past year; and in case of partial incapacity some smaller varying amount. In addition he receives the cost of maintenance and medical attendance. If death ensues, a sum equal to twenty times the deceased's average daily wages is given to his relatives, the minimum sum being thirty marks (£1 10*s.*) as well as an annuity payable monthly. These annuities are, for a widow, 20 per cent. of the wages of the deceased; for his children 15 per cent., and for motherless children 20 per cent. But

the annuities must not exceed 60 per cent. in the aggregate. An annuity of 20 per cent., moreover, is allowed to the aged parents or grandparents of the deceased when they are deprived of the means of their support. A widow who remarries is paid a lump sum equal to three times her annuity. The payment of these annuities is greatly simplified by the making use of the agency of the Post Office, where the amounts due are paid out monthly on the presentation of the warrants of the Unions, the latter repaying the Post Office at the close of every year. The means provided for the settlement of claims are as follows: A preliminary inquiry is first held by the police in the presence of the parties, and thereupon the Board of Management of the Union fixes the amount of compensation, if any is allowed. If the claimant is dissatisfied, an appeal lies within four weeks to the Court of Arbitration (Schiedsgericht), which is composed of two representatives of the insured and two of the employers, presided over by some public official of a disinterested character. A further appeal is allowed in serious cases to both sides, within four weeks, to the Imperial Insurance Board.

### III.—*OLD AGE AND INVALID INSURANCE.*

The crown of the insurance system is that of pensions for the old and the permanently infirm; for that unfortunate class whom Shakespeare calls the "indigent faint souls past corporal toil." This portion of the system is of peculiar interest at a time when an English Commission is engaged upon the work of considering the best means of providing pensions for the aged. The Germans have the merit of being the pioneers in this kind of legislation, and it may be safely said that, whatever system is ultimately adopted in England or elsewhere, the German plan will be, to some extent, a prototype. The Old Age and Invalid Insurance Law was passed in 1889, and, like the Sickness and Accident Insurance Laws, it applies to almost the whole of the labouring population, or, in round numbers, to about eleven million persons. The obligation to insure begins with the completion of the sixteenth year of age, with the exception of those who are physically or mentally incapable of earning wages. The principle of compulsion is adopted. For the carrying out the purposes of the Act the machinery is necessarily of a very complicated kind; but the outlines of the scheme can be very shortly given. Various insurance institutes have been formed throughout the land to the funds of which both masters and workmen must contribute, and they are managed by representatives of both. The amount of the subscriptions is arrived at by dividing the workmen into four

classes, according to the amount of wages that they earn. The four classes and the corresponding subscriptions may be tabulated as follows:

| | Wages | Contributions |
|---|---|---|
| 1st Class. | 350 marks (£17 10s.) | 14 pfennig weekly, 3·29 marks yearly |
| 2nd Class. | 550 marks (£27 10s.) | 20 pfennig weekly, 4·70 marks yearly |
| 3rd Class. | 850 marks (£42 10s.) | 24 pfennig weekly, 5·64 marks yearly |
| 4th Class, over | 850 marks . . . | 30 pfennig weekly, 7·05 marks yearly |

It will be seen that the lowest weekly subscription is only 1¾*d.*, and the highest only 3¾*d.*

Of the subscriptions the employers and the employed pay each a half. In order to qualify for an Old Age Pension a workman must have paid his subscriptions for thirty years at least; and as forty-seven weekly subscriptions are payable a year, he must have paid 1,410 such subscriptions in all. Allowance is made for the time that a man is out of work from accident or illness, or is engaged in military service. An Old Age Pension may be claimed at the beginning of the seventy-first year; and an Invalid Insurance Pension, on account of permanent infirmity arising from illness or accident not caused in the course of the work of the insured, at any time after a person has been paying his subscriptions for five years. A person is deemed to be permanently infirm when he is unable to earn one-third of his average daily wages for the past five years; and an injured person who has been unable to work for a year is entitled to an allowance during the further continuance of his incapacity. Special provisions have been made for the equitable treatment of cases of permanent infirmity arising within the first five years after the passing of the Act, and for those who have attained the age of seventy-one within the first thirty years. The amount of the pensions to be given is arrived at by the following calculation:

First, in cases of old age, a State subsidy of fifty marks (£2 10*s.*) a year for every pension granted is taken as the basis; and then to this is added a sum made up according to the number of weekly contributions. If the insured is in Class I., the pension payable is reckoned at four pfennig for every contributory week; if in Class II. at six pfennig; if in Class III. at eight pfennig; and if in Class IV. at ten pfennig. So that the Old Age Pensions payable to the insured work out as follows:

In Class I. the pension is 106·80 marks (£5 6*s.* 5*d.*)
In Class II. the pension is 135 marks (£6 14*s.* 7*d*).
In Class III. the pension is 163·20 marks (£8 2*s.* 10*d.*)
In Class IV. the pension is 191·40 marks £9 11*s.*)

The pensions for the permanently infirm are calculated in the following manner. First, a sum of sixty marks (£3) is taken as a basis; to this is added a State subsidy of fifty marks (£2 10*s*.); and further a sum which is made up according to the amount of the weekly contributions. If the insured is in Class I., the pension is reckoned at two pfennig for every contributory week; if in Class II. at six pfennig; if in Class III. at nine pfennig; and if in Class IV. at 13 pfennig. So that after five years' subscriptions the pensions would be as follows:

In Class I. a pension of 115·20 marks.
In Class II. a pension of 124·20 marks.
In Class III. a pension of 131·40 marks.
In Class IV. a pension of 141 marks.

That is to say, the pensions would vary in amount from £5 14*s*. 9*d*. in the lowest class to £7 0*s*. 2*d*. in the highest.

In the case of those who have subscribed for as long as fifty years the pensions are as follows:

In Class I. a pension of 162 marks.
In Class II. a pension of 266·40 marks.
In Class III. a pension of 344·40 marks.
In Class IV. a pension of 448 marks.

That is to say, the pensions would vary from £7 17*s*. in the lowest class to £20 15*s*. in the highest.

It should be noticed that, as it often necessarily happens that the insured person must move from class to class, the highest contributions are those which are taken into account; so that in this way the most favourable terms are given to the insured. A person cannot claim at the same time for an Old Age and an Invalid Pension; and if the insured dies before he comes into the receipt of his allowance, the amount of his contributions is repaid to his widow and orphans. A woman who marries may also claim the restitution of her subscriptions. The difficulty of collecting the weekly contributions has been met by means of four different kinds of stamps, corresponding in value to the weekly contributions in the different classes, and by providing every insured person with a card. The employers buy the stamps, and upon every pay-day they affix the proper stamps upon the cards, and deduct the employé's share of the subscription from his weekly wages. Each card contains forty-one spaces, one for every contributory week of the year; and upon each space a stamp must be affixed. The cards are held to be receipts for the payment for subscriptions, and are collected and placed within the archives of the Imperial

Insurance Board; so that when a claim is made, the receipt cards of a claimant are examined in order to discover whether the proper subscriptions have been paid. The magnitude of the operations involved may be gathered from the fact that a calculation has been made that at the end of seventy years after the passing of the Act the number of cards collected will reach the appalling figure of 2,760,000,000. It should be added that, as in the case of accident insurance, the medium of the Post Office is made use of for the payment of the pensions, and that the amount of the pension is decided by a board of management, from which an appeal lies to a Court of Arbitration and the Imperial Insurance Board.

Such, in general outline, is the threefold scheme for insurance against sickness, accident, and old age and permanent infirmity. The most important features that the scheme presents are these. First, the law is universal and compulsory; though already existing voluntary insurance institutions are left untouched, so long as their rules satisfy the conditions that are laid down by the law. This is an important consideration for social reformers in England, where so many benefit societies are now in operation. Secondly, some self-sacrifice is demanded from the workmen, except in the case of accident insurance, so that the scheme does not tend to pauperise, but rather to encourage thrift and self-respect. Thirdly, in the case of old age and permanent infirmity, the principle of a State subsidy is admitted; and, lastly, in the case of accident, the whole burden is placed upon the masters. It is claimed that the system offers many great advantages; and from the workmen's point of view such really seems to be the case. In the case of accident, in particular, the workman is in the best possible position; for, except where the injuries are proved to have been intentionally caused, a claim for compensation is invariably allowed, even where the accident is caused by his own gross negligence. In cases of sickness, old age and permanent infirmity, the workman becomes entitled to substantial allowances at a cost which is trivial to himself. To earn an Old Age Pension, for example, he need only contribute sums varying from less than twopence to less than fourpence a week, according to his rate of wages; a burden which cannot be deemed exacting. As regards the employers the case is rather different, for in all three cases they are compelled to pay some portion of the premiums, and in case of accidents the whole. Moreover, they have the responsibility and the trouble which the carrying out of the system must involve. As regards accidents, certainly, the burden seems to be particularly heavy; but by means of co-operation it is probably made

to be less than what appears. And as it was originally calculated that at the end of eleven years the interest on the reserve funds would be enough to answer any claims that might be made, it is probable that the burden has already been considerably lightened. On the other hand, the employer is freed from liability from annoying actions in the law courts, and disputes which serve only to embitter his relations with his men.

It remains to say something of the results which are said to have already been achieved; and, thanks to the labours of Dr. Bödiker, the indefatigable President of the Imperial Insurance Board, we are enabled to present some interesting facts.

First, as to the extent of the operations of the system and the progress it has made. How great this is can be gathered from the following statistics:

*Sick Insurance*, 1893.

The sick clubs number 21,226.
The insured number 7,106,804.
The cases of sickness number 2,794,027.
The income reaches 132,137,396 marks.
The expenditure reaches 126,018,810 marks.

*Accident Insurance*, 1894.

The number of corporate trade unions number 497.
The insured number 18,660,000.
The cases of compensation number 266,400.
The income reaches 78,000,000 marks.
The expenditure reaches 64,200,000 marks.

*Old Age and Invalid Insurance*, 1894.

The insurance institutions number 40.
The insured number 11,510,000.
The pensioners number 295,200.
The income reaches 109,580,000 marks.
The expenditure reaches 25,560,000 marks.
The Imperial subsidy reaches 13,920,000 marks.

From the above some conception can be formed of the vastness of the system, and the field of operations rather tends to be enlarged. Already the sum of £12,520,000, which was thought would be required to be paid yearly to Old Age Pensioners, seems to have been exceeded; and in the recent German Budget, which was placed before the Reichstag, an additional subsidy for Old Age Insurance

has been asked for. That the system is comprehensive and far-reaching is evident, though how far it has been heartily accepted by the people it is difficult to say. As to the results which have so far been obtained, we have the authority of Dr. Bödiker[1] for saying that they are of a very beneficial kind.

1. The number of the poor who have come upon the local rates for relief has, as might have been expected, been considerably reduced. This is a great gain, not only to the public, but also to the poor, who are saved from falling into the humiliating position of a pauper, and enabled to retain their self-respect. The experience of Mannheim, for example, proves that this result has happened. There formerly the average expenditure on poor relief amounted yearly to 3·20 marks per head of the population. In the year 1890 this sum fell to 2·70, and in 1893 to 2·30 marks. Moreover, the State contribution to the hospital at Mannheim, which in 1884 amounted to 64,000 marks, fell in 1890 to 38,700 marks, in 1892 to 6,500 marks, and in 1893 ceased altogether; and in various places throughout Saxony, where inquiries have been made, a similar state of things has been found to have been experienced. This is surely a very encouraging result.

2. The number of severe accidents resulting in death or prolonged and permanent infirmity has shown a marked tendency to diminish. Since 1887 the number of fatal accidents has fallen from 0·77 per 100 workmen to 0·67; and the number of accidents resulting in prolonged and permanent infirmity from 0·73 per 1,000 workmen to 0·3. In the report of the South German Textile Trade Union for 1894 it is reported that the number of accidents resulting in permanent infirmity has fallen from 32 to 19 per cent.; and that the cost now of treating 320 cases is no greater than was that of treating 190 cases formerly.

3. The injured receive better treatment than they used to do, for it is the interest of every one concerned that the cures should be rapid and effectual, in order to keep down as far as possible the expenditure and the number of pensions to be paid.

The part of the system to which most objection has been taken is that of accident insurance, on the ground that it is unfair to the employer, and likely to cause great negligence among the working-men themselves. It was asserted that accidents would become more numerous than ever. As a matter of fact the number of accidents *reported* has increased, but Dr. Bödiker has been at great pains to demonstrate that this increase is due, not to negligence,

[1] See Dr. Bödiker's *Arbeiterversicherung*.

but to other causes. He accounts for the increase in several different ways.

1. The increase is not in the number of accidents that have actually occurred, but in the number of which information has been given to the corporate trade unions. This is due in a large measure to the greater watchfulness of the employers. Formerly small injuries were unreported and neglected, but as this neglect often produced serious results it was to the interest of the employers, as well as to the men, to see that every injury, however small, was immediately attended to.

2. Increased industrial activity.

3. The gradual introduction of machinery and its consequent increased use by the unskilled, especially among the agricultural population.

4. Fraudulent attempts on the part of workmen to ascribe injuries otherwise received to the course of their employment.

These reasons, in Dr. Bödiker's opinion, are quite sufficient to account for the increase of accidents reported, and it is probable that such is actually the case. Moreover, he affirms that the employers now take much greater precautions than they did to prevent accidents occurring. It is, indeed, their interest to do so. For the members of a corporate trade union keep an eye on one another, and if it is discovered that in a particular factory or workshop accidents are constantly occurring, the proprietor of that factory or workshop will be called upon to increase the amount of his subscription.

In one respect the insurance system has greatly disappointed the hopes of its promoters. It was intended as an antidote to Socialism, but from this point of view it has been entirely ineffectual. It was expected that when the labouring population found that they were receiving such manifest benefits from the State, they would rally round it and cease from their Socialist agitation; that they would perceive that they had a stake in settled order and the maintenance of the existing constitution. That expectation has turned out to be a pure delusion. That no gratitude is to be looked for from electors is almost a commonplace of politicians. In Germany, certainly the Socialists have gathered strength, and it is probable that legislation so Socialist in type as that of old age and invalid insurance has only whetted their appetite for more. But for all that the German system is well worth consideration. The principle of compulsion involved in it is no doubt obnoxious to English habits and English ways of thinking. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that

in the English poor-rate system compulsion is applied, and applied, too, in many cases in the wrong direction. The late Earl of Derby described the present poor law as being very Socialist in character, and so indeed it is. No one can say that it is anything like a perfect system. That the relief of the poor should be thrown upon the shoulders of the occupiers of real property, and in the long run upon the owners, does not seem consonant with reason. And when we add to this that there is no distinct provision for the aged and deserving poor, it becomes evident that the English poor law still stands in need of a good deal of amendment. In Denmark the treatment of the old and deserving poor seems to be greatly in advance of our own, and the system there in operation will well repay consideration.[1] The German plan is much more comprehensive, with its vast and intricate machinery. But its success seems well established.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

[1] See in the *National Review* for September 1896 an article on "The Working of the Aged Relief Law in Copenhagen," by Miss Edith Sellers.

# TABLE TALK.

## Autograph Letter of Henry of Navarre.

On the nobler branch of collecting, for as such, I suppose, it is regarded, that of autographs and unpublished MSS., I know next to nothing. One hobby is enough for a man's delight or ruin, and my own collecting has never extended beyond books and book illustrations, those especially of Eisen, Cochin, Marillier, and other artists of the last century. One or two questions present themselves to me in connection with historical MSS. I have before me the "Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission upon the MSS. of Mr. J. Eliot Hodgkin, F.S.A., of Richmond, Surrey." This (Fifteenth Report, Appendix, Part 2, 1897) deals with a collection that is due to the knowledge and taste of an individual by whom it has been made, and not like some previous reports with the accumulation of MSS. in the houses of the Cecils, the Herveys, and others connected for generations with the conduct of affairs. In houses such as these treasures may naturally be expected, and it was specially with a view to the exploration of such that the Historical Manuscripts Commission was founded by Lord Romilly and Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy. Among Mr. Hodgkin's treasures—into the general nature of which I cannot enter—I find a letter from Henri IV. of France, dated from La Rochelle and addressed to James VI. of Scotland. This letter of the Sovereign of Navarre—he could not at that time have been King of France—to the King of Scots begins "Monsyeur, mon frere," and ends "Vostre byen humble et tresaffectione frere a vous obeyr et servyr." Its contents consist of a promise in answer to a petition of James to send him "le S[r] du Bartas lun de mes servyteurs domestyques." This is, of course, Guillaume de Salluste, the author of "La Semaine," who took to himself the name of Du Bartas, who was singularly patronised by James, and whose works were translated by Joshua Sylvester.

GUILLAUME DE SALLUSTE, SIEUR DU BARTAS.

THIS letter is dated April 10, but has no year. It must necessarily have been previous to 1590, in which year Du Bartas died, and was certainly earlier than the Battle of Ivry, which secured ultimately for Henri the possession of Paris. Most probably it was some years before. The date of Du Bartas's visit to Scotland I cannot ascertain. Though a wretched poet, Du Bartas seems to have been in request among the Protestant monarchs, and was employed by the King of Navarre on many diplomatic missions. This, however, is a matter of comparatively little importance, though it might throw some light on a literary point whether, which is scarcely probable, he and his imitator and translator Sylvester ever met. I seek, however, to know how a document of this kind between two monarchs came into private hands. There has been, so far as I am aware, no dispersal or destruction of Scottish papers such as occurred in France during the Revolution. When James ascended the English throne he may have left much of his correspondence behind him. It is possible that private papers were then taken. I should like to know if any information on the subject exists.

CHARLES I. AND THE EARL OF ESSEX.

I ONCE had in my own hands for some time an historical document apparently of more interest and importance than that of Henri IV. of France with which I have dealt. Unfortunately I kept no copy of its contents, of which I can consequently speak but vaguely, but I thought at the time I had come upon a *trouvaille* of great value. The circumstances attending it were picturesque, I may almost say romantic. A dear friend of mine now many years dead, an antiquary and a man of eminence in letters, was shown over the cathedral of Lichfield by the then dean. As a souvenir of his visit he was presented by the dean with a curious and handsome cane which some years previously had been dug out in the course of some alterations. For years my friend used this, until the top came off, and the revelation was made that the cane was hollow. Thrusting down a finger the owner brought out a vellum missive. This proved to be a letter to the Earl of Essex signed by Charles I., asking him to bring over his army to the Royal side, and promising in recompense for so doing his own gratitude and the

richest reward that monarch could bestow upon subject. After the death of my friend I was permitted to show the treasure, for such in fact it was, at the British Museum. Alas! for the hopes that had been formed. Mr. Warner brought me out a practical facsimile, and told me that others were in existence. Copies had been made, and several had been despatched by different hands in the hope that one might reach the Earl. The copy I held had obviously failed to reach, though the ingenious plan of concealment prevented its detection until the days of Queen Victoria.

### Popular Ignorance concerning Books.

A VERY remarkable proof of national indifference to books is the ignorance, genuinely crass, displayed as to what is an old book. I have myself been known as a collector, and have had the pleasure of showing now and then a few rarities to a genuine appreciator and of gloating over his jealousy. For the baser as well as the nobler instincts of our nature come out in book-loving as in other things. More frequently a man of education shows himself pardonably indifferent and unpardonably ignorant. I am afraid to speak of the experiences of this kind that I have had. A man, now dead, with a European reputation as an artist, sent me, with a charming letter, as a present, after seeing my library, an odd volume of an Italian history of the latter half of the eighteenth century. I have been asked to give an opinion as to the value of books which one of my friends in Holywell Street—I beg pardon, I mean Booksellers' Row—would not throw into the fourpenny box. I do not expect a man occupied with commercial affairs to be able to detect a Caxton by the smell, but there is a certain amount of ignorance concerning even books which is discreditable.

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# *BLACK WILL.*

BY SIR GEORGE DOUGLAS.

IT was by no means an easy thing to make Will's acquaintance. He was a fisherman of the Greenses, and I a visitor there; there was in his opinion a gulf between us, and he would have been the last man in the world to hold out his hand to me across it. Nor was he less difficult of approach from other quarters. As a fisherman among fishermen, his position was somewhat exceptional; in fact, he was a man of mark in his calling. He had worked hard and well, and—what was far more uncommon—to excellent good profit, so much so that, though a youngish man still, he owned a house, a boat and nets, and held, or at least was supposed to hold, his head higher than his fellows. Thus it was all very well for me to say to the girl, on a Saturday night, when my friends and I were seated over our glasses in the parlour of the little inn upon the quay, "Run round and ask Mr. Steenson to give me the favour of his company." Steenie Steenson, fond of a glass and not over prosperous in the world, would joyfully drink with any man, even a visitor, provided always that there were others of his kind present to keep him in countenance. But with Will—or Mister Windram, as some of them called him—it was different. I was gently given to understand that his company was not to be had for the asking. "It's for no use," said my friend Seabreeze (I give him his by-name, of course), one night when I had proposed inviting Windram to join us, "it's for no use; he wouldna drink wi' the likes o' huz." This was a revelation to me; for though I knew that all men were not equal, I had never guessed that all fishermen were not. But so it is.

Perhaps it was Windram's appearance which had first attracted

my attention; for he was a striking-looking fellow. His by-name—every Scotch fisherman has a by-name—was derived from his black hair and beard; and he had also the dark rich complexion which is usually described as Spanish. But there was nothing repellent or austere about his countenance. On the contrary, its expression, in the lower parts especially, was kindly and humorous, readily breaking into a smile; whilst, as for his figure, it displayed a tendency to stoutness which I was told rather unfitted him for the more active parts of a fisherman's work. But as helmsman and skipper of a boat he had no equal; and it was when I heard him spoken of as the "perseveringest fisherman in the Greenses," that I became anxious to know him.

Well, of course the more difficult it seemed to be to make his acquaintance, the more interested did I become in doing so. Having some knowledge of his father, who years before had gone gunning with my own father, I had occasionally passed the time of day with Will, when I happened to see him seated at work in an entry, with a creel containing lines between his legs. On these occasions he would answer civilly enough, but he gave me no further encouragement, and I hope I am not the sort of man to conclude that, because he wore a blue sleeved-waistcoat and I a grey shooting coat, I had therefore a natural right to intrude my company upon him. No; I had my bit of pride as well as he, and I passed on. Yet, in the end, we *did* become acquainted, and, though that was years ago, there are few men whom at this day I am prouder of having called my friend.

It happened simply enough. It was the custom at the Greenses, on Sabbath afternoons during the summer and autumn months, for the several Ministers of the town to unite, or to take turns, in holding an open-air service. These meetings were held sometimes on the quay, and sometimes, when the weather was particularly fine, on the Point beyond the town. I happened to attend one of them, held in the latter place, and I remember at the time thinking it a moving sight.

The season was early autumn, and the morning had been frosty, but later in the day the air was mild, and the sky clear and blue, whilst the sun shone fair on the grassy cliff-heads and the blue sea beyond. The black-coated Minister stood with bared head in the midst of a circle formed by the more devout among his hearers, who were seated on the ground. Behind these stood others—who would have described themselves as less "Gospel-greedy"—who arrived, tarried awhile, and then pursued their way, for the path along the cliffs was the favourite Sunday afternoon's walk of the

inhabitants of the Greenses. It was among the latter that I took my place, and presently, chancing to look round, I noticed that I had Windram for neighbour. A hymn was sweetly sung, which to my fancy seemed to mount direct to heaven, for there was no Church to come between; and, that concluded, the Minister began to speak. I have forgotten his text; all I remember is that, in the course of his preaching, he came to speak of children. What he said seemed to me commonplace enough. But not so to my neighbour. For, my eye falling upon him at the moment, I observed a single tear roll down his cheek and drop upon the ground.

When the meeting was over and the people dispersed I found myself, in what seemed the most natural way in the world, walking back to the town side by side with Windram, in friendly converse. I don't know how the conversation began, but, as we were both of us Scotchmen, it may safely be inferred that it was with criticism of the sermon. And I don't know who began it. But I know that we stayed together long that evening, and that from that day we were friends.

Our acquaintance ripened, and ere long I learnt enough of Will's life to gather the cause of his emotion at the sermon. It appeared that, a few years before, he had lost his eldest child, a little girl who had been his darling, and, as he assured me, a favourite with everyone who knew her. And in proof of the latter, he told me what follows. One evening she had gone with him and her mother to a concert in the town. She was standing leaning against his knee as he sat in his place in the "reserved seats"—for, as became a man of substance, he liked to do things in style—when the lady sitting next him, a stranger, began to take notice of her. The little maiden responded graciously, without shyness, and soon she was seated on the lady's lap. But that was by no means all; for in a little while the lady next again was won by her demeanour, and nothing would satisfy her but that she, too, in her turn, must have her on her knee. This attracted attention, and presently the next person—man or woman—was asking, "Will you let me have her? Will you come to me?" And so, to the pride of her father's heart, the child was passed from one person to another in this fashionable assembly, right along the bench, winning hearts wherever she went. And it was only a week or two after this childish triumph that the little creature had sickened of some child's malady and died. So her father fondly cherished the remembrance of the scene. He had other children; but it was easy to see that, despite the lapse of time, his first-born still held the first place in his heart.

As I got to know Will better, I am afraid that I behaved rather shabbily to my older friends—Breeze, Steenson, and the others. Of course I kept a warm side for them still; but Will—Will was the man for me, and when I could have his company the rest were at a discount. But, as bad luck would have it, Will seemed to have less time at his disposal than any of the others. Their occupations, whatever they might be, short of actual "going *off*"—their phrase for going a-fishing—seemed always to admit of being indefinitely deferred. "Where are you off to?" I might inquire of one of them, meeting him on the quay. "To seek bait," was perhaps his answer; but he was always open to come and have a glass with me first. The glass sometimes took an hour or two to absorb; but that seemed to make no difference. But with Will it was quite another matter. I believe he liked my company well enough; but so long as a turn of work remained undone, it was vain, as I soon learnt, to seek to persuade him to go with me, even for five minutes. So, though we had some good hours together, I never saw enough of him to satisfy myself. But, needless to say, the knowledge that his heart was so entirely in his work did not lessen my admiration for the man.

Gentle and kindly, however, as he seemed to me, I soon learnt that Black Will was not without ill-wishers at the Greenses. And, curiously enough, the worst of these ill-wishers were women. It was not that they had any direct personal cause of offence against him, for he was as quiet-living a man as could be wished. No; the head and front of his offending was his venturesomeness. In the pursuit of his vocation as a fisherman, he was apt to dare too much; and by so doing to lead husbands, fathers, brothers, and friends to risk their lives. For, among fishermen, the universal tendency to follow another's lead is developed to an unusual pitch. Sometimes, on rough evenings in the herring-season, I have known a crowd of them to debate an hour at a time the question of going off or not. Yet should *one* amongst them once make up his mind independently for himself, then, ten to one that those who five minutes before had been most opposed to him would follow his example. Now it took a good deal to keep Will at home from the fishing, and no doubt in his case daring was justified by the confidence bred of admirable seamanship. The drawback of it was that others, lacking his justification, sometimes followed his lead to their cost. Hence it arose that, under stress of deep anxiety, wives and mothers among the fisher-people had been known to exclaim that it would be a good day for the Greenses when it knew Black Will no more. The words had a singularly ominous significance.

But, quiet and gentle as I found him in his hours of ease, Will was a very different fellow when put upon his metal.

One day he played the rest of the fishermen a fine trick. But, in order that you may understand its nature, I must tell you that the Greenses harbour is formed by the mouth of a small and shallow river. The river mouth is tidal, and the harbour labours under this disadvantage—that the bigger boats can only enter it at certain states of the tide, and that, once inside, at low water they are left high and dry in their places alongside the quay. The rule is that the first boats to return from the fishing take the upper places, and so on; but, of course, the boats which occupy the lowest places rémain the longest afloat. Well, to resume, it was in the white-fishing season; there had been a longish spell of rough weather, and for several days in succession none of the boats had been out.

In the grey light of a winter morn, a company of fishermen was gathered on the sea-wall to debate the question "to go off, or not." Inducements to the former course were strong; for, as no fish had been landed for several days past, prices would naturally be unusually high. On the other hand, the weather was still blustering, the sky rainy and cheerless, and the sea running strong. So the group of bearded, shaggy-headed men stood in grave discussion. Whilst they talked, the mercury in the weather-glass was found to have risen, indicating that the gale had reached its height. Still the stake was a heavy one, and though few of the fishermen would have recoiled from any risk within reason, it so happened that there was none among them to-day inclined to take the initiative in a bold move. On the other hand, there were present two or three of those garrulous "weaker vessels" who, had it been left to them, would have stayed at home from year's end to year's end. Whilst the men hesitated, the tide was fast ebbing, and in time the boats were high and dry. The men felt that another day which they could ill afford was lost, and when at last they turned away most of them wore rather a disconsolate air.

But who is this who at that moment comes in sight, making direct to the boats? It is Black Will, and he is followed by his crew, all in sea-going order, wearing their oil-skins, and carrying their provision-bags in their hands. Manifestly they are bent on "going off." But how about the tide? The boats are aground, are they not? In which case the men may go back the way they came. But it is not often that Will is out in his calculations, and on the present occasion he has reckoned correctly enough. With one exception the boats *are* aground, but that one exception is Will's boat—quaintly

named the *Flowery Land.* The sly fellow knew the advantage of occupying the lowest station, and, having deliberately secured it, he now meant to steal a march upon his friends. And, now they saw him set the example, many of them would have been glad to follow it, had it still been in their power to do so, which it was not. And so, with a good-humoured laugh and a few words of cheery banter, Will gets aboard and shoves off, while the others regard him, some with jealousy and dislike, some merely with the air of men who, their hearts being really in their work, feel that they have lost a valuable opportunity. Does the reader condemn Will's ruse as "sharp practice"? What would he have? Will at least took on himself the risk of his own act, and is not the world for most of us a battlefield on which every man must fight as best he can for himself and for his own? If he could but get his lines shot, Will might make his own price with the dealers upon his return, for there would be no fish but his in the market to day.

Throughout the day, the gale had continued to blow with almost unabated force, and it was with considerable anxiety that, towards nightfall, those who had friends in the fishing-boat awaited her return. At last, however, they descried her afar off, running for the harbour under a close-reefed sail. Even thus, her progress before the gale was astonishingly rapid, and the watchers on shore strained their eyes, whilst they held in their breath, to see her pass the ugly chain of detached rocks which makes entrance to the Greenses Bay, when the wind blows strongly from the sea, a work of difficulty and danger. Their suspense did not last long. On board the boat, Black Will was, of course, in his place at the helm. He had chosen what is known as the southern passage into the bay, and, with unerring judgment, was seen to jamb his boat through the narrow channel upon the back of a long sea, which carried her (as it appeared to the spectator) within an inch or so of the long reef called Hincar. Still a miss is as good as a mile any day, and the worst danger was now past. But the next moment it became evident that all was not right on board the boat. She seemed to hesitate perilously in her greyhound course; then, as though having recovered herself, rushed on again towards the pier and the harbour mouth.

Now among the onlookers, who from various points of vantage watched the boat's approach, was one little group who were stationed on the beach, in front of the rocket-house. All at once—as I have been told by one who was present—a cry burst from the lips of one

of these. The man pointed seaward, and following the direction of his finger, the spectators beheld, in the midst of the boiling surge, and not more than thirty yards from them, a patch of bright colour. It was a fisherman's scarlet night-cap, and the next moment the form of the man to whose head it still adhered appeared confusedly tumbling in the green water. The man was Will! Less heedful of his own than of others' safety, at the moment when he had so deftly entered the bay, he had been struck by a sea and knocked overboard. And, mingled with his shape as it appeared, there were now seen glimpses of a long spar to which he clung. (It had no doubt been flung to him from the fishing-boat as she fled forward before the fury of the gale.)

"A line! a line!" was the instant cry of those by the rocket-house as they saw this.

Folly! as well have striven to fly a child's kite as to throw a line in the teeth of such a tempest. But ere as much could be stated in words, the mad waves had rushed shoreward once more. When they retreated, the form of Black Will was exposed to view, left behind upon the rocks. He seemed not greatly the worse for the terrible handling he had undergone—only breathless and stunned—and he still grasped the spar. But this vision was revealed only to be obliterated. A mountainous wave overwhelmed the fisherman, and no one present ever thought to see him again. But—miraculously, as it seemed—when the waters again rushed back, there he lay, still in the old place, still clinging to his spar. And now a very curious circumstance was remarked, namely, that in striking upon the rocks, the piece of wood had somehow or other got wedged between them, so as to have become a fixture. There was, then, a ray of hope for poor Will yet! By this time he had partially recovered himself, and swiftly realising his situation, as the second wave swept back, without loosing his hold of the spar, he began to crawl like a monkey along it towards the shore. Another deluge fell, and he threw himself flat, and clung for dear life again. The process was repeated amid breathless excitement, and he now seemed close at hand, and could evidently see and recognise the onlookers. They in their enthusiasm shouted words of comfort to him; and he, to their surprise, responded by coolly taking the red cap in his hand and waving it above his head. Was he fey, poor fellow! that he should act so at such a time; or had he lost heart, feeling that his strength was exhausted and that he would never reach the land? This was never known. At any rate, that wave of the cap was his adieu to his friends. Near to the onlookers as he was, he might as

well have been alone upon the bosom of the deep. For though, like a beast of prey, she may play with her victims ere she devours them, the sea knows not mercy. A wave, bigger than any that had come before, rushed on; the spar was lifted from its place, and Will was seen no more. And, about the same moment, the *Flowery Land*, her perilous voyage past, brought up alongside the quay, bearing her dear-bought ocean spoils.

# *POETS' AND ROMANCISTS' TRIBUTES TO WORTHIES.*

GRACEFUL memorials of the historic families of our country are richly enshrined in poem and romance. It may be worth while to extract from such works some passages which illustrate the subject. I do not include among the families in question sovereigns or princes. Of authors the name of Shakespeare naturally suggests itself to us first. "King John" commemorates the illustrious names of William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, and of Hubert de Burg, Earl of Kent, who after John's death became the loyal and eventually ill-used supporters of the boy-king Henry III. on his tottering throne, undermined by the suzerainty which John had stooped to acknowledge as belonging to the Pope, and menaced by the attempt of the French Crown Prince Louis to seize it. The earldoms of both these patriotic nobles have become extinct; their baronies, however, are still extant, but in abeyance.

The character of Sir Philip Fauconbridge, bastard son of Richard I., and the daring, rollicking adherent of King John, has been surmised to have been taken from Sir John Perrott, reputed to have been an illegitimate son of Henry VIII.

"King Richard II." and the first part of "King Henry IV." enshrines one of the many glories of the House of Percy, in the person of the gallant Harry Hotspur, eldest son of Henry, first Earl of Northumberland. Hotspur was drawn into revolt against Henry IV. by his marriage with Elizabeth (not Kate, *pace* Shakespeare), daughter of Edward Mortimer, Earl of March, by his wife Phillippa Plantagenet. Phillippa was the daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, elder brother of John of Gaunt, Henry IV.'s father, who transmitted to her posterity the fateful claim to the Crown which caused the dire civil wars of the Roses, and eventually bore Edward IV. to the throne.

It is curious and almost comic to note the rage which the assumption in George II.'s reign of the surname of Percy by Sir Hugh Smithson, in consequence of his marriage with the heiress of

the Percies, excited in the breast of Mr. Freeman. Its effect upon him was like that of a red flag on a wild bull. Singularly enough that minutely accurate historian never, so far as I am aware, adverted to the fact that the surname of Percy had been borne only by assumption since Henry II.'s reign, in which Josceline, brother of Adeliza, Henry I.'s second wife, and son of Godfrey Barbatus, Duke of Lower Brabant, married Agnes Percy, the heiress of the Percies, and the last of her family entitled by birth to bear its name.

Again, Sir Hugh's wife, the eventual heiress of the Percies, was Lady Elizabeth Seymour, daughter of the proud Duke of Somerset, and did not bear the surname of Percy until her husband's assumption of it. Sir Hugh, too, himself descended in the female line from the Percies.

"King Henry V.," and the first part of "King Henry VI.," celebrate those great captains of war, Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, ancestor of the present Earl, and Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, "mirror of all martial men," ancestor of the Huntingdon, Northampton, Egmont, and Lowndes families.

> In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
> Henry the Fifth he first trained to the wars;
> Whilst any trump did sound or drum struck up,
> His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.[1]

In the second and third parts of "Henry VI." Salisbury's grandson, "renowned Warwick," the king-maker, also ancestor through the marriage of his daughter Isabel with George Duke of Clarence of the four last-named houses, figures conspicuously.

"King Richard III." commemorates those two brave Howards, the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Surrey, as also De Vere, Earl of Oxford, a collateral ancestor of the St. Albans' family, and Lord Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.

Drayton's "Polyolbion" is less rich in the chronicles of families than might have been expected. Many illustrious names figure in it, but generally in the fashion of a Homeric catalogue. The eighteenth song, however, celebrates the warlike Earls of Salisbury and Shrewsbury; the twenty-second, the king-maker, Lord Stanley, soon to be Earl of Derby, and his nephew, Sir John Savage, who on Bosworth field, fighting for Henry of Richmond,

> with the power of Lancashire
> And Cheshire (chief of men) was for the left wing placed.

The Earl of Oxford held the middle force, Gilbert Talbot,

[1] First part of "Henry VI.," Act. i. Sc. 4.

leading the retainers of his nephew, the minor Earl of Shrewsbury, the right wing.

Ben Jonson has sung the praises of the graceful ancestress of the House of Bedford (Lucy Harington), and he and Waller, too, those of the Sidneys, in the persons of Mary, "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," and of "Sacharissa," Lady Dorothy Sidney, wife of the gallant Earl of Sunderland, who fell, fighting for King Charles, at the first battle of Newbury.

Milton, in his "Comus," has celebrated the Egertons, of the Earls of Bridgewater, ancestors of the present Duke of Sutherland. In his sonnets both "Cromwell, our chief of men," progenitor of (amongst other numerous descendants) the Earls of Morley, Chichester, Rothes, Cowper, Clarendon, and Lytton, the Marquis of Ripon, Sir John Lubbock, and last, not least, the distinguished historian, Professor Gardiner; and "Vane, young in years, but in sage counsel old," judicially murdered by Charles II.'s judges. He is ancestor of the present Lord Barnard, of Raby Castle.

An early panegyric of Dryden had for its subject one widely different from the courtly personages whom he afterwards celebrated, being no other than the Protector Oliver Cromwell. With this early effusion the future Poet Laureate was frequently twitted. His "Absalom and Achitophel"[1] contains many interesting portraits. First, Absalom himself, the ill-fated James Duke of Monmouth and Buccleuch, eldest of the many illegitimate children of Charles II. Dryden treats the character of this spoilt darling of his father with tenderness. He celebrates, too, the Duke's beautiful, virtuous, and neglected wife Anne, heiress of the Scotts of Buccleuch, and Dryden's early patroness:—

> Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
> In him alone 'twas natural to please;
> His motions all accompanied with grace,
> And paradise was opened in his face.
> With secret joy indulgent David viewed
> His youthful image in his son renewed;
> To all his wishes nothing he denied,
> And made the charming Annabel his bride.

The English dukedom of Monmouth was forfeited by the English Act of Parliament which attainted the Duke, but the Scottish dukedom of Buccleuch remained to his heirs. In fact, his wife had been created Duchess of Buccleuch in her own right, and an Act of the Scottish Parliament, passed in the reign of William and

[1] *Dryden's Works.* Ed. Scott & Saintsbury, vol. ix.

Mary, rescinded the forfeiture incurred by the Duke so far as related to the Scottish dignities and estates of "James, sometyme Duke of Buckleugh and Monmouth."[1]

Sir Walter Scott says that the Duchess, after her husband's death, "was resolute in asserting her right to be treated as a Princess *of the blood.*" I venture, however, to doubt whether she claimed more than the style of Princess proper to her as a Duchess; to have done more would have been inconsistent with the moderation and prudence of her character. Sir Walter himself speaks of "her aversion to her husband's political intrigues," and in her last interview with him she disclaimed all participation in his rebellion.

"Barzillai, crowned with honour and with years," is James Butler, last Duke but one of Ormond, whom Sir Walter designates as being "as illustrious for his talents as for his rank, and distinguished by virtues superior to both." Nor does Dryden forget to commemorate the gallant Ossory, the duke's heir-apparent.

> His eldest hope, with every grace adorned
> By me, so heaven will have it, always mourned
> And always honoured, snatched in manhood's prime,
> By unequal fates, and Providence's crime:
> Yet not before the goal of honour won,
> All parts fulfilled of subject and of son;
> Swift was the race, but short the time to run.

Both father and son displayed conspicuously the hereditary loyalty of their illustrious house, which derived the blood of the Plantagenets from the marriage of James Butler, Earl of Ormond, with Alianore, daughter of Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, Lord of Brecknock and Constable of England, and his wife, Elizabeth Plantagenet, daughter of Edward I.

> First write Beraliel, whose illustrious name
> Forestalls our praise and gives his poet fame.

With these lines Dryden begins his panegyric on the first Duke of Beaufort, whose family alone continues the male line of the Plantagenets.

Matt Prior devoted to the honour of the Harley family several pieces. Of these the most pleasing is the playful letter addressed "To the Honourable Lady Margaret Cavendish Holles Harley, when a child":—

> My noble, lovely, little Peggy,
> Let this my First Epistle, beg ye,

[1] See the record edition of the *Scottish Acts of Parliament*, vol. ix. No. 26, p. 164, b. and p. 166, b.

At dawn of morn, and close of even,
To lift your heart and hands to heaven.
In double beauty say your prayer,
Our Father first, then Nôtre Père:
And dearest Child, along the day,
In ev'ry thing you do and say,
Obey and please my lord and lady,
So God shall love, and angels aid ye.
If to these precepts you attend,
No Second Letter need I send,
And so I rest your constant friend.

The "child," who was daughter of Edward, second of the Harley Earls of Oxford, lived to become the heiress of the Harleys, the Holleses, and the Cavendishes of the younger line. She married in 1734 the second Duke of Portland, and from her the present Duke descends. Though Prior died (in 1721), whilst Lady Margaret was still young, she always cherished his memory.[1]

Pope's pen, which was steeped in gall for his enemies, could also be dipped in honeydew for his friends. Chief among the latter was the celebrated philosopher and statesman, "aspiring Bolingbroke." Again and again the poet addresses this object of admiration, most notably perhaps in the lines—

Why rail they, then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all-accomplished St. John! deck thy shrine?[2]

John, Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, is extolled in the well-known lines—

Argyll, the states whole thunder born to wield
And shake alike the senate and the field.[3]

Charles, sixth Earl of Dorset, conspicuous in the long line of his illustrious family, is commemorated in an epitaph of no common merit—

Dorset, the Grace of Courts, the Muse's pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died.
The scourge of pride, tho' sanctifyed or great,
Of fops in learning, and of knaves in state:
Yet soft his nature, tho' severe his lay;
His anger moral and his wisdom gay.

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[1] I extract this poem from Mr. Austin Dobson's *Selected Poems of Matthew Prior*, see p. 122 and notes, (M) p. 232, and (O) p. 234, and Introduction, pp. xlviii. and lxix. I have searched in vain for it in several professed collections of Prior's poems, some published long after his death; the Aldine Edition, however, contains it.

[2] He is a collateral ancestor of the present Viscount Bolingbroke.

[3] Epilogue to the *Satires*.

Blest satirist! who touched the mean so true
As showed, Vice had his hate and pity too.
Blest courtier! who could king and country please,
Yet sacred keep his friendship, and his ease.
Blest peer! his great forefathers' ev'ry grace
Reflecting, and reflected in his race;
Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine,
And patriots still, or poets, deck the line.[1]

Pope, too, has invested with poetry even so unpromising a subject as a lawyer, in the person of William Murray, eventually Chief Justice of England, and Earl of Mansfield.[2]

The lines inscribed on Murray's monument in Westminster Abbey are too well known to be repeated here. The following from the Ode to Venus are less familiar:—

Mother too fierce of dear desires
Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires,
To Number Five direct your doves,
There spread round Murray all your blooming loves,
Noble and young, who strikes the heart
With every sprightly, every decent part;
Equal, the injured to defend,
To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend,
He, with a hundred arts refined
Shall stretch thy conquest over half the kind. . . .

Again, Pope, in his mention of Sir Robert Walpole, a great statesman to whom our country owes so much that we may well forget the blemishes of his career, has happily chosen that side of his character which he was most free to praise, and depicted it in a supposed dialogue between Pope and a friend:—

*Friend.* Go, see Sir Robert.
*Pope.* See Sir Robert! hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill-exchanged for power;
Seen him, uncumbered with a venal tribe
Smile without art, and win without a bribe,
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.[3]

Allen, first Lord and Earl Bathurst, during his long, charming, and honourable life, enjoyed the friendship of the chiefs of literature,

[1] He is an ancestor of the Sackville-West family, whose head is the Earl de la Warr.

[2] He is a collateral ancestor of the present Earl of Mansfield.

[3] Epilogue to the *Satires*, Dialogue I. Sir Robert is a collateral ancestor of the present Earl of Orford.

from Pope to Sterne. He was father of the Lord Chancellor Bathurst, and ancestor to the present Earl Bathurst. Pope's tribute to him is embodied in Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors"[1] as follows.

To him was inscribed Pope's epistle on the use of riches, and in which he is thus addressed :—

> The sense to value riches, with the art
> To enjoy them and the virtue to impart,
> Not meanly, not ambitiously pursued,
> Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
> To balance fortune by a just expense,
> Join with economy magnificence;
> With splendour charity, with plenty health;
> O teach us, Bathurst, yet unspoiled by wealth!
> That secret rare between the extremes to move
> Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

Burke, too, eulogised him in prose, which, as Lord Campbell justly remarks, was more poetic than Pope's verse.

Addison's delicate tact and fine judgment showed how a modern captain of war should be most fitly depicted. In his poem of the campaign he duly honoured our great General, John Duke of Marlborough, whose military genius humbled the pride of Louis XIV. in the great battle of Blenheim won by the forces of the kindred races of England and Germany. His admired simile of the Angel of Battle, as of Storm, is well known, but I think that the lines introductory to it are needed to its full appreciation, and therefore transcribe them :—

> But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
> To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
> Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound,
> The victors' shouts and dying groans confound:
> The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
> And all the thunder of the battle rise.
> 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was proved,
> That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
> Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
> Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
> In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
> To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
> Inspir'd repulsed battalions to engage,
> And taught the doubtful battle where to rage,
> So when an angel by divine command
> With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

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[1] Vol. v. pp. 432 and following. He and his family owed to the Chancellor their earldom.

> Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
> Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
> And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

In connection with the fame of the great Captain of Anne's reign we may not inaptly advert to Lord Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, in honour of him who delivered his country from the all-gifted unscrupulous Corsican, a greater tyrant even than Louis, that Napoleon who dominated Continental Europe, and menaced our own country, happily in vain. The noble poem is too accessible to need to be quoted here at length. But we cannot omit the glorious lines of the 8th stanza :—

> Lo! the leader in these glorious wars
> Now to burial slowly borne,
> Followed by the brave of other lands,
> He, on whom from both her open hands,
> Lavish Honour showered all her stars,
> And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn,
> Yea, let all good things await
> Him who cares not to be great,
> But as he saves or serves the state.
> *Not once or twice in our rough island-story,*
> *The path of duty was the way to glory.*

With fine appropriateness Tennyson has mingled with his tribute to the Great Duke one to England's darling, Nelson, a name that will never be forgotten whilst Englishmen are worthy of their name :—

> Mighty seaman, tender and true.
> And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
> O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
> O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,
> If aught of things that here befall
> Touch a spirit among things divine,
> If love of country move thee there at all,
> Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!

One who in boyhood had seen the funeral of Nelson, and saw in advanced age that of Wellington, told the author of this paper that although, as a pageant, the Duke's funeral was far grander than that of Nelson, yet, as the car that bore the sea-hero's mortal remains passed through the vast crowd all—men, women, and children—were sobbing their hearts out. Each tribute was appropriate, that to the sea-captain who fell in the hour of victory, and that to the land-captain who consummated the work of his comrade in arms. May our country never forget those two great saviours of her sea-girt isles, or fail to aspire to their example.

The "sweet poet of the year" decorated the Grafton and Seymour families by dedicating his "Spring" to an accomplished and amiable body who adorned both houses :—

> O Hertford, fitted or to shine in courts
> With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
> With innocence and meditation joined
> In soft assemblage, listen to my song,
> Which thy own season paints ; when Nature all
> Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.

Thomson paid also a deserved tribute to the memory of the excellent Lord Chancellor Talbot, lineal ancestor of the present Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot.

Byron did honour to himself, as well as to the Howards, in his fine lines on the death at Waterloo of Frederick, son of the Fifth Earl of Carlisle [1]:—

> Their praise is hymned by loftier harps than mine ;
> Yet one I would select from that proud throng,
> Partly because they blend me with his line,
> And partly that I did his sire some wrong,
> And partly that bright names will hallow song ;
> And his was of the bravest, and when showered
> The death-bolts deadliest the thinned files along,
> Even where the thickest of war's tempest lower'd,
> They reached no nobler breast than thine, young gallant Howard.

The magic name of the Wizard of the North, poet and romancist alike, may not inaptly conclude the list of the authors from whose works these extracts have been made.

The descendant of the Scotts of Harden naturally devoted his first-fruits to the House of Buccleuch, whose head, though descended from the Earls of that ilk in the female line only, he always recognised as the chief of his family.[2]

"The Lay of the Last Minstrel" is dedicated to Charles Earl of Dalkeith, afterwards Fourth Duke of Buccleuch.

The Minstrel is courteously received by Ann Duchess of Buccleuch, widow of James Duke of Monmouth :—

> For she had known adversity,
> Though born in such a high degree ;
> In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,
> Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb.

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[1] *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.* Canto iii., Stanza 98.

[2] Lockhart, however, in his life of Sir Walter, mentions the profound respect with which his father-in-law received a gentleman of reduced circumstances, whom he recognised as heir male of the Scotts of Buccleuch.

Surely since the day when "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" first came to delight our nation, each youthful Earl of Dalkeith must have felt his heart thrill as he repeated the lines :—

> Yes, I am come of high degree,
> For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch.

But Scott had to share with poignant grief in the sorrows of his chief's family.

Before the second canto of "Marmion" was written George Henry, the youthful heir of Buccleuch, was (in 1808) snatched away at the untimely age of ten. And then in 1814 the good and beloved Duchess Harriet, wife of Duke Charles, followed her son.

In the Introduction to the second canto of "Marmion," Sir Walter thus embalms their memories :—

> No youthful Baron's left to grace
> The Forest Sheriff's lonely chase,
> And ape, in manly steps and tone,
> The majesty of Oberon ;
> And she is gone whose lovely face
> Is but her least and lowest grace ;
> Though if to Sylphid Queen 'twere given
> To show our earth the charms of Heaven,
> She could not glide along the air
> With form more light, or face more fair.
> No more the widow's deafened ear
> Grows quick the lady's step to hear ;
> At noontide she expects her not,
> Nor busies her to trim the cot :
> Pensive she turns her humming-wheel,
> Or pensive cooks her orphan's meal ;
> Yet blesses, ere she deals their bread,
> The gentle hand by which they're fed.

In the "Heart of Midlothian," that noble tale dedicated to humble virtue, Scott has added to the illustration of the House of Buccleuch by the fine portrait which he has drawn in the story of John Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, whose daughter Caroline married Francis Earl of Dalkeith, son of the second and father of the third Duke of Buccleuch.

I cannot part from the Lay without quoting the lines, some, I think, of the most impressive Sir Walter ever wrote :—

> Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
> Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven
> Around the screened altar's pale ;
> And there the dying lamps did burn,
> Before thy low and lonely urn
> O gallant chief of Otterburne

And think, dark knight of Lidderdale!
O fading honours of the dead!
O high ambition, lowly laid![1]

Scott, too, in "Marmion"[2] bears a generous tribute to the victorious English leaders on Flodden Field, Howard and Stanley, and their kinsmen:—

Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or victory and England's lost.
. . . . . . . .
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering swelled the gale,
And Stanley was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade,
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! on, Stanley, on,"
Were the last words of Marmion.

"Anne of Geierstein" gives us noble portraits of John Earl of Oxford, and of his son Arthur de Vere. Although Earl John, according to the history of the family, left no issue, and Sir Arthur does not figure in its genealogy, yet their characters represent the unswerving loyalty which the de Veres showed to the House of Lancaster, and which culminated on the field of Bosworth, where John Earl of Oxford commanded the centre of the force of Henry of Richmond, acclaimed on the field of his victorious battle Henry VII. The interview in Strasburg Cathedral between Margaret of Anjou and the two de Veres seems to me one of the finest scenes that even Sir Walter depicted.

Nor must we forget the hero of the "Legend of Montrose," the chivalrous ancestor of the present Duke, or his gallant kinsman, the Earl of Monteith, whose peculiar position as heir of the second marriage of Robert III., and consequent pretension to the Scottish Crown, involved him and the Earl then, afterwards Marquis of Montrose, in the suspicion and menaces of Charles I.

Another gallant Graham, Thomas of Balgowan, eventually Baron Lynedoch, is sung by Sir Walter in the epilogue to his "Don Roderick." Mr. Graham married a daughter of Charles, ninth Lord Cathcart, and was, after eighteen years of happiest wedlock with her, left a childless widower. Her portrait by Gainsborough remains in

[1] *The Last Minstrel.* Canto ii., Stanza 10. [2] Canto vi.

the Scottish National Portrait Gallery to attest the charm of face and of mind shining through it. The bereaved husband sought death in the Peninsular War, but in vain. He lived to a great age, constant to the memory of his idolised wife.[1] He is, perhaps, best known to his country by the title of Lord Lynedoch, conferred on him for his brilliant services in the Peninsula. But let Sir Walter speak for himself :—

*Stanzas* 16 *and* 17.

Nor be his praise o'erpast who strove to hide
  Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
Whose wish Heaven for his country's weal denied ;
  Danger and fate he sought, but glory found,
From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
  The wanderer went ; yet, Caledonia ! still
Thine was his thought in march and tented ground ;
  He dream'd 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
And heard in Ebro's roar his Lynedoch's lovely rill.

O hero of a race renown'd of old,
  Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
  Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell !
By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
  Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber, own'd its fame,
Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
  But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
That when wild Ronda learn'd the conquering shout of Graeme !

The mine from which these few bunches of ore have been dug is almost inexhaustible, and capable of being worked for a long period to much profit.

ALFRED BAILEY.

[1] There is a story that this portrait could not be found after Lord Lynedoch's death, and was only traced to a room in Wardour Street by some receipts for rent, when it appeared that the ever inconsolable husband, too proud to exhibit his grief in his own house, would repair to this obscure retreat to spend hours of unavailing sorrow before the likeness of the ever-loved wife.

# *A GENEVAN FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.*

Remember, remember, the fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot,
I don't see the reason why gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!
A stick and a stake, for King *George's* sake,
*Wull* ye *plase* to gie me a faggot?
If ye don't gie me one, I'll take two,
The better for me, and the worse for you!

SO ran the doggerel rhyme which saluted our youthful ears time after time in the blissful, far-away period known as "childhood's days." How well one remembers it all! The picturesque, ivy-covered walls of an old Oxfordshire rectory; the group of rustics without, clad in now almost obsolete white smock frocks, gaiters, and heavy boots, come on their thrice-yearly pilgrimage to Squire's house, Rectory, the humbler neighbours, for "May Day," "Fifth o' November," and "Christmas mummers." How we children would peer into the wintry darkness, gathered in a laughing group within the porch, telling them to "sing it again," and then, out of our superior schoolroom knowledge, protesting to their spokesman that "it was not King George at all, but King James," whose Scotch canniness stood responsible for the discovery of the "Guy" whose effigy they carried; a huge, straw-stuffed figure, in somebody's old hat and jacket, raised on two poles on the men's shoulders, and destined to crown a bonfire at the end of the evening. No! King *Garge*, for some reason or other, was firmly fixed in our rustics' brains, and as they departed after due libations of beer and chinking of coin, we would hear their rough, hearty voices shouting

A stick or a stake
For King Garge's sake,

all down the drive as they departed. The idea of any religious or controversial demonstration in connection with the events thus commemorated did not, at that period, enter either our minds or that of

the performers. Like Michaelmas goose and Shrove Tuesday pan-cakes, the symbol had remained, its signification forgotten. Happily so, in these days of larger toleration and more just historic knowledge.

Some years afterwards—last December, in fact—we chanced to find ourselves partakers in a national anniversary festival, which struck us, while reading its history, as being in somewise the Genevan counterpart to that old English "Fifth" of childhood's days. A plot, a winter midnight meeting, a tale of Catholic conspirators and of Protestant triumphs; and then the long following years of suspicion, persecution, and fraternal hatred. Let our readers judge of the likeness as we tell the story. Like many frontier cities, Geneva, down to the time of its final independence, was the scene of very various changes and fortunes, both military and controversial, into which we need not enter here. Suffice it to say that, as is the case with many near neighbours, whether individual or national, there existed a kind of hereditary feud between them and the next country, the little Duchy of Savoy, which, strong in the consciousness of its own fidelity to "the old sovereign and the old faith," nourished a semi-political, semi-religious resentment against the turbulent and heretical Genevese, which was returned in kind. Its Duke, Charles Emmanuel, son and successor of the warlike Emmanuel-Philibert, when signing a treaty of peace with the French King, Henri IV., expressly omitted the town of Geneva from those territories to which he renounced all pretensions; and it was an open secret among his fellow diplomats that he only awaited a favourable opportunity for restoring simultaneously his own and the Church's rule over that independent and heretical city.

Towards the end of 1602 all seemed favourable for the accomplishment of his design—a design secretly favoured, if not openly applauded, by fervent Catholics in all parts, who naturally hoped and prayed for the downfall of one of the chief strongholds of Protestantism. The Duke of Savoy, then, with his military provincial governor, the Comte d'Albigny, had massed together and stationed at La Roche and Bonneville a small mixed army, composed, according to some accounts, of one thousand Spaniards, one thousand Neapolitans, eight hundred Savoyards, and some other irregular troops. Half a dozen devoted Seigneurs and chieftains, who were in his confidence, waited, at the head of these retainers, the word of command, and all was ready for a *coup de main.* Every measure appeared to have been taken to insure success. We are told, among other things, that a number of scaling ladders of peculiar pattern, covered in black, unfolding noiselessly, and of special

strength, had been made at Turin and sent for the use of the expedition. Moreover, Duke Charles had managed to open up secret correspondences and understandings with some of the Genevan *bourgeois*, notably with one of the town Syndics, Blondel by name; who was directed so to distribute the sentinels on guard by night that the point destined to be attacked by the Savoyards should be either left undefended or guarded as weakly as possible. For the plan of campaign was simply to scale the walls in the dead of night on a given date, enter the town, and take swift and sure possession while its inhabitants were wrapped in sleep—a *ruse de guerre* by no means unknown to history, and which hardly deserved all the execration poured on it hereafter.

All being ready, the soldiers quartered in their various forts in the country round about Geneva were massed rapidly and noiselessly round the central point of departure, the Château de Bonne; and one dark winter's night—it was the evening of the eleventh of December—some small detachments having been quietly despatched to right and left to cut off communication with the threatened town, the main body, drawn up in marching order before the castle, were harangued by their immediate leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Brunaulieu, and learned, for the first time, their destination.

Brunaulieu exhorted his men to show bravery, promised large recompenses in the event of victory, and assured them that the success of the enterprise depended entirely upon their own exertions. "Good people," he cried, "it needs but one hour of goodwill to take Geneva!" Added to these assurances, the Savoyards and Neapolitans are said to have received special assurances from their confessors and chaplains, that in this "holy war" death itself would but be the gate to Paradise: so, full of enthusiasm on all sides, the little army set forth. The Spanish contingent, however, were always, as it appears, the weak point in Duke Charles's very mixed army. Over and over again already had they refused to face the Swiss, whose hardy endurance baffled their somewhat spasmodic zeal; and even their officers had been wont to demur at taking part in any attacks against the homely mountaineers of whom they appeared to stand in considerable awe. In was in fact from mistrust of the Spanish element among them that so much secrecy was observed over the expedition, the Savoyards on the other hand being only too anxious to face their ancient foes.

The little army, with all its divers elements, moved swiftly up to the walls under cover of the gathering darkness, mail-clad and armed to the teeth; while Duke Charles, who had quitted Turin

secretly, accompanied only by his secretary, awaited at Etrembières, a station not far off, the course of events—waited, as he believed and hoped, for one short night of conflict to yield him possession of the town of Geneva. He came—he waited—but he did not conquer; for although, relying upon a too sanguine report which one of his generals despatched almost at the outset, announcing the capture of the first outpost, he, unluckily for his own dignity, sent off couriers to France and Italy declaring Geneva taken: the alarm had meanwhile been opportunely—or inopportunely—given within the city at more than one point, and the assailants were triumphantly repulsed with great slaughter.

According to the popular account, told in patois, sung in ballad, recalled in picture and story down to to-day, it was a woman who, boiling her *marmite* or soup-pot full of rice or soup (some say boiling rice and some cabbage soup), in preparation for the morrow, looked out of her window, set in the city wall, saw the ascending soldiers, and poured the pot and its contents over the foremost, overturning one, scalding others, and giving the alarm to the town. In a few seconds all Geneva had risen; men and even women rushed to arms; every corner was bristling with defenders; and Brunaulieu, who had incautiously lingered near the spot of his first brief success, instead of pushing on his men, now found himself caught in a kind of *cul-de-sac*; the raging Genevese before him, and behind him a yawning gulf, wherein a cannon, discharged almost at random by the affrighted townspeople, had most opportunely cut down his scaling ladders and left him at the mercy of the foe. D'Albigny, the Commander-in-Chief, in the plain below, striving vainly to lead his reluctant Spaniards to the support of their comrades, was met by a point-blank refusal. "Our dignity," they assured him, "does not permit us to enter this town otherwise than *by its gate*!" a *mot* which afterwards ran through diplomatic circles, and made them the laughing-stock of Europe.

The rout was complete and ignominious. Surrounded on all sides, brave Brunaulieu held his ground desperately before the besieged, turned victors in their turn; and, with a chosen band of knightly nobles, fought on, while their soldiers, half mad with panic, leaped pell-mell over the wall, and were picked up dead or dying by their comrades below, d'Albigny himself and his energetic chaplain, Père Alexandre, foremost among the horror-stricken spectators, unable to stem the panic-maddened tide. Finally they saw Brunaulieu and his twelve companions surrender their swords and yield themselves prisoners of war; and then the miserable and shame-stricken com-

mander turned back towards Bonne, with the remnants of his little army.

As they rode slowly and wearily along the road of their unpursued retreat, leaving their dead and their braver leaders prisoners behind them, they met their Duke at the head of his guards, careering joyously forward in the grey dawn of morning, to take part in what he believed to be an already achieved victory. "Back! your highness, back!" cried the miserable general, "the affair has collapsed!" "Ah, wretch!" shouted his sovereign in reply, "you have made me . . . commit a great folly!" (the exact words he used being unsuitable to the present page). And so, in truth, he had; for the boastful tidings borne by the first Savoyard couriers to "the Courts of Europe" were closely followed by others to the effect that the burghers of Geneva had held their town, repulsed the army of Savoy, taken one of its leaders a prisoner of war, and—to their disgrace—hanged him and his knightly companions ignominiously upon gibbets set against the walls of the city.

Such was the famous Escalade; an event which, like the equally unfortunate gunpowder plot, roused burning Protestant sympathies everywhere against their Catholic neighbours, and laid the foundations of a religious animosity and fraternal bitterness which has lasted to the present day. All the neighbouring Protestant States were up in arms at once, and profuse with offers of sympathy and more material help, even to Henri of France, who, Protestant at heart as he had ever been, laughed over the discomfiture of his brother sovereign with a jovial "Ventre Saint-Gris!" and sent 6,000 livres to "help his good friends of Geneva to keep up their garrison." As for the Genevese themselves, they seem to have awakened to a sense of their own prowess with a burst of "Homeric" laughter. They feasted, they sang, they celebrated their victory in a series of songs, or hymns, which present a curious mixture of pious thanksgiving and savage glee. One example, "sur la délivrance de l'escalade, fait le troisième jour après," runs in psalm fashion, as if to be sung in their "temples."

Peuple Génevois,
Elève ta voix
Pour psalmodier
De Dieu l'assistance
Et la délivrance
Que vis avant-hier.

Rompant le dessin
Trop fier et hautain
De ce Savoyard
Qui, plein de bravade,

Donna l'escalade,
Posant le pétard.

Another, in forty-nine verses, tells us that

Le Duc veut les maisons,
La poudre et les canons,
Pour aller faire la guerre
Au royaume d'Angleterre.

But,

Notre Oie ayant bien ronflé
Donna un si grand soufflet
Que l'une de ses deux ailes
Mit à bas les trois échelles.

Cinquante-quatre tués,
Que Genève a dépouillés,
N'iront pas faire la guerre
Au royaume d'Angleterre.

This is an allusion to the Boulevard de l'Oie, where the cannon was posted which destroyed the besiegers' ladders. Another song makes mocking allusion to the traditionary tale that as the Savoyard army advanced through the darkness towards the silent city walls, a white hare ran across their path, filling the more superstitious among them with fear, as an "evil omen":

Il s'avancait à pas de loups,
Conduisant les plus braves ;
Ils eussent mieux fait, ces matous,
D'aller croquer leurs raves ;
Car, lorsque leur troupe approcha,
Un lièvre seul les effraya
Déjà.
Oh ! oh ! oh ! oh ! ah ! ah ! ah ! ah !
Les bons p'tits hommes que c'étaient là !
La, la.

We may infer that the turnips referred to alone formed the staple food of the Savoyard peasant in those days, from the frequent mocking invitations of their enemies to "go back to their turnips," or, as they sang,

Qu'avez-vous gagné, Savoyards,
D'être venus mettre aux hasards
Une partie de vos braves ?
Ne les pouviez-vous pas nourrir ?
N'aviez-vous pas assez de raves
Pour les empêcher de mourir ?

and the chorus to another song of twenty-one verses runs

Vous auriez mieux fait de cuire
Chacun dans vos pots
Vos raves au barbot !

Most of these cantiques describe with derisive triumph the principal Savoyard leaders: poor young de Sonas, who had attached himself to the expedition for the purpose of avenging his father's death, killed by the Genevese some time since; Picot, who died by his own petard; d'Albigny, who retreated; Brunaulieu, who fought to the death as we have seen; de Sonas, hung on the city wall with his companions, and the rest, not forgetting their Jesuit chaplain, Père Alexandre, who though his sole crime was the spiritual encouragement of his Savoyard sons, was held up, of course, to special execration by the Calvinist victors.

From the first anniversary onwards, all those who had taken part in the engagement—the wounded, and those who had distinguished themselves in the fray, specially honoured—joined in a grand commemorative banquet, whose cost was shared by the town, to celebrate their "délivrance." As time went on it grew into a collection of family feasts, for every member of the households wished to take part in it; and their meetings on these occasions somewhat resembled a Jewish passover, according to the following description of them.

> The whole family stood round the table, with heads uncovered; the head of the house invoked a benediction; all took their places round the board, *where the traditional food was served* (we are not told the nature of this food, but perhaps the following lines describe it truly):
>
> Que l'on remplisse les flacons,
> Que l'on rince les verres!
> Signons de cinq ou six dindons
> Les extraits mortuaires.
> Pâtés et chapons,
> Morue et cardons,
> Carottes en salade,
> Tout comme jadis,
> Soient engloutis
> Le jour de l'escalade.
>
> and then, from some old chest were brought forth the great sheets of songs which never saw the light save on this night. They were handed round from one to the other, and then some youthful voices would strike up the *Ce qu'è laino.*

This was a long hymn or chant, in patois, beginning—

> Ce qu'è laino, le maître dé bataille
> Que se moqué et se ri dé canaille,
> A bin fai vi pè on Desande nai
> Qu'il étivé Patron dé Genevoi.

Which we may roughly translate as "He Who is above, the Lord of battles, Who derides the multitude, has shown well, one Saturday evening, that He is the Patron of the Genevese."

They proceed, with great gusto, to describe how

> Lou Savoyar vito priron la fouita
> Quant i viron ranversa la marmita

"The Savoyards took flight when they saw the soup-pot overturned;" and so on for sixty-eight verses, in which every smallest detail is duly discussed, ending with Charles Emmanuel's lament—

> Que dera-tai celi gran rai de France,
> Lou Hollandai et le Prince d'Orange!
> Que deron-tai ancora lous Angloi!
> I se riron du grand Duc de Savoi.

"What will be said by the great King of France, the Dutch, and the Prince of Orange? What, too, will the English say? They will laugh at the great Duke of Savoy!"

On which he resolves to do penance for thirty days, and fast on Savoyard *turnips*! while all present rose and touched glasses as they sang the last verse.

The second hymn *de rigueur* on this occasion begins with the usual pious sentiments, and goes on—

> N'y venez plus, Savoyards,
> Aux hasards
> Aspirans à nos conquêtes;
> Vous nous laissez pour butin
> D'un matin
> Soixante-sept de vos têtes.

After which boastful sentiment, the local singers or budding poetlings of the town were free to try their wings with some new verse or declamation, or more ambitious tragedy, written for the occasion, some of which, running to five acts, are still extant.

Early in last December, we, dwellers for the time being in that bright, gay, worldly modern Geneva which has developed out of the high walls and gloomy streets of Calvin's erstwhile stronghold, were struck by the curious uniformity apparent in every *pâtissier* or confectioner's window. Cakes, sweets, or ornaments had disappeared in one night, to give place to rows upon rows of three-legged pots or *marmites* wrought in chocolate, in all sizes, some plain, others ornamented in white sugar, with inscriptions of "Escalade" and "December 12, 1602," on their sides. We asked, and learned for the first time, the still popular legend of "la femme et sa marmite"; as the townspeople told with pride how every family on that day would have its chocolate commemorative tripod upon the dinner table, large or small, from huge life-sized objects to the tiniest doll's saucepan, some garlanded with flowers, some sugared in devices, but

all filled with the most exquisite sweets shaped as vegetables of all descriptions : carrots, turnips, tomatoes, green peas, peas in the pod, cabbages, potatoes, and so on, till the humblest shop window glowed with luscious colour. Representations, too, of the "Escalade" were not infrequent : high city walls, miniature soldiers on their scaling-ladders, and at some conspicuous window the woman who "leur accueilla su la testa una marmitta qu'on assomma ion é qu'en echauda ben lous autres."

On the evening of the anniversary, more surprises awaited us. The whole town was filled with a singing, laughing crowd, masked and dominoed—a southern carnival suddenly developed, as it seemed, in the streets of this cold northern capital! All through the night they romped, they sang, they danced, gay night butterflies in every brightest hue, flying hither and thither, now circling round some belated wayfarer with merry laughter as the imprisoned one sought vainly to pierce his way through the whirling circle; now one and another pursuing some mysterious disguised figure, who ran and stopped and coquetted with the pursuer. Now and again a boisterous yet peaceable raid would be made upon some confectioner's window, piled to overflowing with *fondants* and other dainty and costly sweets; so that by midnight these heaped counters had become empty, dishevelled remains of a willing pillage, and one stood aghast at the recollection of the *mountains* which had disappeared. So, gracefully joyous and unmindful of past evils, is the Genevan "Escalade" of to-day.

T. L. L. TEELING.

# *NATURE IN A SCOTS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.*

IT is now several years since an Industrial School was removed from the stifling streets to the sweet outlying district near the base of the hills. An intervening ridge now shuts out the city, with all its associations. The sea glimmers in the distance at the end of a pleasant strath.

The annual examination of the boys was proceeding in the great schoolhouse of the institution. This was in the December of 1886. The audience was limited, because of the wild weather.

The boys read and wrote and counted in the usual way, neither more nor less mechanically than boys elsewhere. As the slates and copies were handed round, visitors were expected to wonder, and did wonder that they could do so well. Really it was very good of the country to teach these children of the gutter so many useful things, and to give them regulation diet, which they could scarcely have depended on, with any measure of regularity, where they came from.

Together with the food and the learning, went a good deal of discipline and espionage, which ordinary boys are free from; doubtless with the usual hardening effects. And it is difficult to see how this can be avoided: at least any attempts at amelioration have not been an unqualified success.

One was called upon to speak, and having nothing particular to say, began chatting with the boys in an offhand way about their country mansion, with its many advantages. How pleasant it was, even in winter, to walk through spacious and airy, yet heated corridors; and to sleep in the open! How much pleasanter it would be when the summer mornings came round, to waken up in a room flooded with sunshine, and musical with the song of birds, and commanding the green fields and leafing trees even from the bed!

They had no idea how many interesting and beautiful things there were around them, and if they would try to go about with their eyes open, it would make them ever so much happier and better. The

speaker had a certain guilty consciousness that he was talking about his own experiences, half forgetful of what materials his audience were made up. Moreover, this was rank heresy, something unprovided for in the rules.

Contrary to all reasonable expectation, the chance hint was taken. A seed, thus casually let loose on the breeze, shot down tender rootlets, and up tiny leaves; and in course of time became a considerable tree, in which the birds of the air built their nests.

The spring of that year was long in coming. April had its bitter north-east winds with driving snow showers off the German Ocean. The district itself, besides being on the east coast, was by no means an early one, and wanted a good deal of coaxing. But fairer conditions came at length.

It was part of the routine of the school that every fine Saturday the boys turned out for a march round the country side to music. Certain of them were now detached, as they went along, to collect the flowers by the way. And when all were let loose on some piece of greensward for a romp, many volunteers joined in the search, for the fun or love of the thing.

When the sound of the band announced the return of the boys, I crossed from my house to the institution, to find the spoils of the day already spread out on the table of the superintendent's room.

The work of the year began modestly enough; a handful of colt's-foot followed by a handful of celandine. But, as if nature were making up for lost time, each succeeding Saturday brought new forms in increasing numbers and variety, until quite a large and lovely heap, of varied hues and shapes, greeted me as I entered.

How bright their room looked on those Saturdays, and how charming the work of disentangling was, I shall not soon forget. Flesh coloured spikes of butterbur, pale cuckoo flower, and fiery marsh marigold, pink anemone, white meadow saxifrage, purple violet, and yellow primrose. There were no cowslips or daffodils, except where they had been planted in the park round a mansion house.

Cool buttercups made their appearance, as the weather grew hotter; the bulbous sort, with its pale reflexed calyx first. Azure veronicas, darker blue forget-me-nots, and more than I have space to talk about, followed hard upon.

Sprigs of flowering shrubs came in their order. Early blooming furze, blackthorns flowering before the leaf, broom and barberry, pink dogrose and sweet-briar, white hawthorn and trailing rose. Of the many climbing plants which make English hedgerows delightful, Scotland is almost confined to the woodbine.

The clover scented summer Saturdays yielded yellow lotus, big and small, purple and blue hedge vetches, pink and crimson geraniums, white catchflies and campions, and last, not least, the great oxeye daisy.

Within the cool shadows of the trees were found the fair-flowered but vile-scented garlic, the blue wild hyacinth, the crimson day catchfly, the woodland geranium. On one of these days, when the sun was high at noon, the boys were transported to the hills in carts kindly lent by the surrounding farmers, and came back late at night, for there is no June or July dark in those latitudes, with bronzed faces, bunches of heather, and vascula—with which the more intelligent were furnished—filled by moorland and sub-alpine plants. The ripening corn yielded the yellow chrysanthemum, which is the true gowan or golden, the pink corn-cockle, the pale blue bonnet, the dark bluebottle, and, brightest of all the fair sisterhood, the great scarlet poppy. Through the later autumn, the few remaining stragglers were brought in—stout pink and purple thistles, and knapweeds, slender harebells, yarrow, and scabious.

Whether all these bright days and new friends did the boys any good or not I cannot say, any more than I can tell whether the visits of so many angels would have done them good. But it pleased us to think sometimes that we saw curiosity awakening in their faces, with something rarer still, and they were not bad faces; a trifle dulled perhaps by the reception life had given them, but a fair average notwithstanding: some of them even with certain delicate lines, suggestive of refinement. When at the end of a bright and busy season, a leisure time came for looking over what had been done, we found quite a big pile of carefully preserved flowers, many of them retaining the colours of life, waiting attention. These were all properly named and arranged. And on a never-to-be-forgotten evening we had them spread out to the best advantage, and called in the neighbourhood to rejoice with us, and had a real live professor of botany to give an address.

Then the winter set in. Many gaps were yet apparent. Flowering plants of the less common species had been overlooked, or their season allowed to slip past before the oversight was noticed. This was to be expected with inexperienced workers in the rush of summer life. Nor was it altogether to be regretted, since it left some more bright days ahead. To fill these gaps became part of the work of the second season. Keen eyes were on the watch for missing flowers, and favourable examples were secured. Still uninvaded was the great domain of flowerless plants with a beauty

less obtrusive indeed, but all their own. These were chiefly mosses and ferns.

Unhappily, no lowland district or scene within easy reach can now be trusted to yield many ferns—the craze for them is too widespread. The common polypody looked out from every crack cf every old wall. In moist and shady places the male and broad buckler ferns abounded. A strip of rough timber, with a flooring of heather, yielded the scented mountain and the hard ferns. For the lady fern, a journey had to be made to the more distant woods, for the beech fern to the waterfall, for the oak fern to the mountains which formed the horizon to the north.

Of mosses, however, there was no end ; sharing old dykes with the lichens, carpeting woods with the male fern, dipping down into the currents, or cushioning boulders in the centres of streams. Tree-like mosses, feathery mosses, fairy mosses, which, though looking nothing particular in the hand, opened on the paper into forms of exceeding delicacy. One boy made a tasteful book from the leaves of trees, which was sent to an exhibition, and awarded a prize.

Round the local nucleus was gathered the flora of the county; but that phase may be passed over, as having nothing to do with the work of the boy. So sped the second summer, and closed the first chapter.

In nature there is never reason to weep for want of a second kingdom to conquer. The insect world opened before us in all its infinity. Vascula and drying papers were put aside as having served their purpose, and nets for capturing, with grooved boards for drying, took their place. The first bee that buzzed round the opening clump of yellow crocus ; the first butterfly tempted from its winter shelter by the treacherous April sunshine, were secured.

The paradise of the British insect is the South, where it stretches out larger and lovelier wings, glowing with brighter metallic hues. It loves not our grey Scotch skies. We had no Camberwell beauty or purple Emperor, or swallow-tail or peacock even, and could reckon all the gayer sorts of the neighbourhood on the fingers of the hands. Loveliest was the small tortoise-shell. Earliest, too, because it had spent the winter in its full state of insecthood, simply in hiding, and ready on the slightest encouragement to come forth. And so common that, like the flowers, it was brought in till we cried "Halt !" More leisurely came the three whites, because they had to be hatched out of the chrysalis. Over the ripening fields zigzagged the large meadow-butterfly. On the hot July air floated the blues, and on dry dusty roads lighted the painted lady. To net a

painted lady was like catching a weasel asleep. The small heath and the brighter copper, an occasional red admiral and fritillary completed the list.

On the slopes of the hills the emperor moth attached his singular cocoons to the heather, and raised his brood of heather-tinted caterpillars. Limes and poplars yielded their several hawk moths, and the willows more sparingly the "Puss." Shadow-like, some of the boys haunted the grounds in the deepening twilight, skirting the bushes in pursuit of the brimstone; or crossing the dewy grass whenever the shifting gleam of the ghost moth attracted them. Great bar-tailed humble-bees were brought in, together with freshly-painted wasps; and these wasp-like creatures, which in the breathless summer noontide hover and dart like so many insect humming-birds; and flies of ever bright metallic hue. Pools were searched for the great water-beetle, and for the smaller species which carries down with it the silver bell of air. All these, and many a legless, wingless creature beside, from behind leaves, beneath grass blades—anywhere, everywhere—appeared on the table, until even those of us who had been much abroad on summer days were astonished at the abundance of life, and fain to beg the searchers to be a little less busy. So the third and fourth seasons passed, and once more our hands were idle.

The grounds were many acres in extent. Kitchen produce, and even grain, grass, and root crops were pleasantly bordered by broad flower-beds. Might we not get a corner where we could keep the plants alive?—have a little garden of wildlings. This was the first modest scheme. The "corner" grew into a strip of some two hundred yards in length, which the boys dug up and divided into as many plots as there were natural orders. We approached Professor Balfour, who was good enough to send us cratefuls of plants from the Edinburgh gardens. Encouraged by our first success, we made a no less bold experiment in begging.

Visitors to Edinburgh must be acquainted with "Charles Jenner and Company," as one of the Prince's Street names. Mr. Charles Jenner's hobby—that is what we call everything in a business man's life that has not to do with money-making—was the love and pursuit of wild flowers. Delightful days of leisure were spent in visiting them in their native haunts. The knowledge of their ways thus acquired taught him how to deal with them in captivity, and was carried into practice with infinite skill and patience. We told him that we were trying to instil a saving love of nature into boys who needed all the help they could get to keep them right, and found that we

had touched the right key. An enthusiast himself, and perhaps feeling his own indebtedness to the same source for keeping him unspotted from the world, and pure and fresh amid the choking dust and the scorching glare, he thought we were taking the surest way. "But how am I to know," he wrote, "that this is not a passing whim: and when you have time to get over it you will let my plants die?" How was he to know that we had spent as many unforgettable days on the hills as ever he had, and loved what grew there fully as well? "Before I can help you I must send over my gardener to see what you are doing."

The grounds looked their best; the boys were smartly dressed, and the band was playing merrily on the day of the gardener's inquisitorial visit. The impression was favourable, and in due time the plants arrived. A glance at the many rare forms, breathing of breezy heights and places far from the madding crowd, was sufficient to show that he had not made a fool of us, or given a grudging aid. "It would be a good thing," he now wrote, "if other institutions throughout the country tried to influence the young people under their charge in the same way." Plainly the work had interested him. The original plants, many of them mere cuttings or parings, which hesitated for awhile before they consented to make themselves at home, have now broadened into clumps, or risen into profusely flowering bushes. So that a scene which from the first was full of interest is now also overrun with beauty. And the garden, which some universities with a chair of botany might envy, is still maintained by the labour of the boys. As the outcome of our five summers' work, we had thus an exhaustive collection of the plants, and a typical collection of the insects, of the neighbourhood, together with a large botanic garden. But our ambition still kept pace with our achievements, and the question arose afresh, What next? If our long and pleasant labours were not to be represented by so many interesting fragments we must aim at a general collection, in which each thing would fall into its proper place. There was a step even beyond that. If shameless begging, to which we were now getting pretty well accustomed, would help us, we resolved to crown the whole with a library.

One of the advantages of removing the institution to the country was, that it opened up another and healthful industry. Certain of the boys had to keep the grounds in order, and when not needed at home, helped the surrounding farmers with summer turnip thinning, autumn potato lifting, or in other times of stress. It seemed fitting that these incipient gardeners and farm servants should be taught

some of the elementary truths of soil formation. Half a mile away was a "crag and tail," locally known as a giant's grave, that is, an igneous ridge, precipitous on one side, but gradually sloping until it loses itself in the surrounding country. Decomposition had eaten into the face of the rock, forming rounded bullets, which in the course of time rolled out and down the slope. These bullets are surrounded by peel on peel of decomposing rock, whence the name "Onion Stone."

A chip with the hammer gave a section, with the sound kernel in the centre, and the layers of advancing decomposition toward the circumference. A handful of the red soil around represented the final stage. A second handful at a greater distance, where plants had grown and faded, wore the darker organic hues. For those who wished to know more, the various phases were represented by chemical symbols. The object lesson for the lads was that the different soils are formed by the crumbling of the subjacent rocks and the changes through which they pass in the process, and that these soils receive the familiar reddish-brown to black hues from the remains of plants and animals which die upon the surface. All of which, though well known to the expert, is a good beginning. Other rocks, with their soils, were treated in the same way.

Next in importance to the soil are the animals that graze upon it, and far exceeding the rest in numbers and importance are the Ungulates. Legs were macerated in the institution, to show how, from an original five-toed ancestor, four toes remained functional in "the pig, two in the cow, and only one in the horse." The simple stomach of the horse, the very slightly complex stomach of the pig, and the four-chambered stomach of the sheep, or ruminant proper, were blown and preserved. Impressions thus produced could scarcely ever again wholly fade. Details might become confused, but the more essential general truths would remain indelible.

From several private cabinets a tolerably complete collection of eggs was formed. This part of the work affects me with qualms of conscience, from the reckless way in which it is often done. No part of it could be entrusted to the lads, who would only have been too glad to be sent out to the byeways and hedges. They did venture in with a few house sparrows' and starlings' eggs which they had found about the building; and, as these species are not likely to become extinct just yet, the robbery was condoned, though not encouraged. Classification is a comparatively simple process. The white eggs are put to one side. And, for the rest, something in common serves to distinguish the crows, the thrushes, the buntings,

the tits, which are brushed into separate heaps. The birds were to have been added. Nor would we have rested until, with due precaution and a rigid parsimony, we had compassed all the bright life of the air, the wood, and the water. But at this stage I left the district, and could take no further share in realising the dream. "Cui bono?" says the practical person.

Let Her Majesty's Inspector of Industrial Schools, who is not supposed to be a person given to fits of enthusiasm over aimless schemes, be the first witness. In the report dated June 13, 1895, he warmly comments on the general intelligence of the boys, and traces it mainly to the interest excited in natural science. The Botanic Garden, he goes on to say, is a special feature of the institution in which the directors may pride themselves! Further, I would recommend the critic to address his objections to higher quarters. We are only imitators, shell gatherers. Others besides these boys are indebted to the many bright and interesting things placed around. It ought to be plain to us that if the world had been less lovely we should have been less lovely too; and that we are unlovely just in proportion as we are inattentive and unimpressed. I am profoundly convinced that we were on the right path, and should remain so even if I held the faith alone. I, for one, will be satisfied, and so I am sure will my fellow-worker, the superintendent, if but the flash of wings, the song of birds, the rustle of leaves, the hue of flowers, or any impression or memory of the six bright summers we worked together haunt the lads through their after life. And, were I once more placed as I then was, I should willingly begin over again, and do for another generation what I did for the last.

As I was walking along a country road not long ago a tall young soldier—such an one as we are all proud of—wearing the kilts of a famous Highland regiment, overtook me, and fell into step.

"You don't remember me?" he said at length.

I had to confess that I did not. "You used to know me when you came about our Industrial School." This was one of the old boys.

J. H. CRAWFORD.

# *MINOR EPISODES OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

PROFESSOR S. R. GARDINER has rendered knight's service for the Verney family, and the side-light his researches throw on home-life under a condition of things difficult for an age of peace and prosperity to imagine is more than vivid. In the story of a family we realise the hideous disintegration consequent on a fratricidal struggle, when father and son, brother and sister, adopted different sides. My own people were intimate friends, and narrowly escaped being related by marriage to, the Verneys, while with us as with them the Civil War introduced to the home circle a demon of discord. In collaboration with the late General Meredith Read, U.S. Minister at the Court of Athens, I have devoted all the resources at my disposal to verifying what had hitherto been a tradition, and possibly the results may prove of some interest to students of the most fascinating epoch of English history.

For the sake of perspicuity I must revert *in limine* to the Reformation period, wherein lay *perdu* the germs of the terrible war fever that burst forth a century later. At the dissolution of the monasteries, I blush to record that we figured among the spoilers. The nemesis which befell these beneficiaries has been related by Spelman, who, however, spared us, because we bought, for what Fuller terms "an old song," and did not absorb Church lands without rendering some equivalent. Neither is Spelman's case quite made out, albeit as a general principle the plunderers of the Church failed to gain in the long run; while what appears to the devout Catholic as divine retribution, to the scientific intelligence represents no more than coincidence, and to the fatalist Kismet. Call it what you will, the result remains the same—in our own instance emphatically so.

It was in the last years of Sir William Rede, of Beedon, who had wedded a rich heiress in Dorothy, niece of the Viscount De Beaumont, who fell fighting for Henry VI. at the battle of Northampton, that the great Benedictine Abbey of Abingdon was dissolved. Audelette, the receiver, was a friend and his wife godmother to Sir William's

granddaughter, Katherine. In brief, a provisional contract was made for the purchase of the Abbot's Palace, a huge Norman structure, whose ruins cover several acres, with the adjoining manor of Barton and the manors of Ipsden in Oxon, these latter for "the comfort" of granddaughter Katherine. The old knight died before the contract was completed, but it was ratified in favour of his son, who further purchased other parcels of Church lands, including the manor of Dunstew, Oxon, from the disestablished Abbey of Merton, Surrey—inasmuch as this gentleman had married a cousin of Anne Boleyn, no doubt he purchased at an advantage. The palace, however, like those of Reading and Hinchingbroke, granted to the Vachells and Cromwells respectively, was held on condition of entertaining the sovereign—an onerous embargo; and these palaces were styled the "King's Houses," a small allowance being made from the exchequer to cover repairs. I mention this detail because it bears on the sequel.

Although not germane to my present subject I may mention that the *pœna sacrilegii* did not advance *pede claudo.* Katherine Rede, with her manors of Ipsden, wedded Vachell, son of the receiver of the Abbey of Reading, who was living *en prince* at Coley Park, and by a strange paradox, was a devoted Catholic. Until the accession of Elizabeth all went smooth, but presently Vachell was declared a popish recusant, and his and his wife's estates escheated. In the Ipsden muniment chest is an agreement with one of her tenants wherein he covenants to accept poor Katherine as a lodger in his farm-house—in short, the unfortunate lady lived and died in extreme poverty. A text for another Spelman!

Katherine's brother, who inherited the palace, renamed from the manor Barton Court, had the honour of feasting his third cousin, Queen Bess, who knighted him on the occasion, and his son and heir, Sir Thomas Reade, married the daughter of a gentleman who had been a warm friend of that sovereign in the days of her adversity at Ashridge, Sir John Brocket, of Brocket, in whose park was an oak styled the Queen's Oak, it having been her favourite resort.

It is necessary to emphasise these dry facts, because they serve to show the social environment of Sir Thomas Reade—as he elected to spell his name. He was a man of opulence, holding manors in Berks, Oxon, Herts, Northants, and Herefordshire; a scholar withal, being an M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, and a courtier. Knighted by James I. at Royston, July 21, 1619, he travelled as far as Scotland, and was made M.A. of Aberdeen. I can discover no record of King James having been entertained at Barton Palace,

but it may have been so. On the accession, however, of Charles I., that monarch with his consort *en route* for Oxford, and also on their return, slept at Barton. Gutch thus records this event: "An. D'ni 1629, the King and Queen came to Oxford from Berton (Barton Palace) by Abyndon, but making no stay went to Woodstock. They left Woodstock on the 27th, and were met at Greenditch (Summertown) by the Mayor and Corporation, who presented the King with a fair gilt bowl and the Queen with a pair of rich gloves. After dinner at Merton College his Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood on William Spencer of Yarnton, Esqr., and he then returned to Berton." This William Spencer was a nephew of Sir Thomas Reade's wife and also of Sir John Spencer, of Althorp. It should be mentioned that of Sir John Brocket's six co-heiresses, Lady Reade was the favoured one, for to her share fell Brocket Hall. By Helen, daughter of Sir Robert Lytton, of Knebworth, with a son who died *s.p.*, Sir John had: (1) Margaret, wife of Sir John Cuttes, of Childerley, concerning whom the Spanish ambassador jested that he had the shortest of names, but gave the longest of dinners; (2) Anne, married to Sir Alexander Cave, of Bargrave; (3) Elizabeth, wife of George Carleton, of Holcombe, ancestor of the Lords Dorchester; (4) Helen, who became the wife of Sir Richard Spencer; (5) Mary, who married Sir Thomas Reade. By his second wife Sir John Brocket had one daughter, Frances, who married Lord North. We have thus apparently evidence of partiality. Mary was the youngest child of his first love, and in the disposition of his estates he assigned her priority over her sisters. This is all the more noteworthy because Mary inherited her father's partial temper.

To drop a corner of the family veil, this particular royal visit must have been anticipated with some anxiety. Sir Thomas, if he may be judged by his friends Bodley, Pope, Teesdale, White—all Oxford founders—must have been a High Churchman, and his courtly disposition may be assumed from the incidents of his career, but his wife's relatives, the Lyttons, unlike their namesakes of this era, were strongly Puritanical, if not republican. Now in 1625, according to a document presented by Sir John Newport to the British Museum, a number of Hertfordshire gentlemen were summoned to contribute a forced loan to King Charles, among others, as owning Brocket Hall, Sir Thomas Reade. He appears to have paid under protest, and of this doubtless the king was aware; indeed, Sir Thomas could hardly have dissembled his distaste for the king's financial methods, inasmuch as in 1636 we find him joining hands with Sir William Lytton and Lord Falkland in a

successful resistance to ship-money. This decided attitude of a man pre-eminently loyal may serve to show the feeling of the nation.

Two years later, 1638, the king paid another visit to Barton Palace, and in the corporation accounts of Abingdon the following entry of that date occurs: "To the ringers when the King came to Bartoun 16 shillings; to the ringers upon the King's return 16 shillings." At that moment the struggle between Charles and his Parliament was imminent, and upon the issue hung the fate of the Church whereof Sir Thomas was an attached member. Charles for his part strained every nerve to confirm the loyalty of the well-affected. Hence his visit was in character diplomatic, and terminated with the offer of a baronetcy to his host.

The response must have surprised the king. To us of to-day it seems unaccountable. Before discussing it we will review the family circle.

It consisted of five sons and five daughters. These latter had found husbands in Sir Gilbert Cornewall, Baron of Burford, Sir William Russell, of Strensham, the heroic Cavalier who volunteered to sacrifice his life rather than prolong the siege of Worcester, Sir Robert Dormer, Sir Francis Russell, and Richard Winwood, of Ditton Park, the son of King James's Prime Minister. Of the sons, Thomas, the heir, within six months of his matriculation at Magdalen married Sir Gilbert Cornewall's sister in contravention of his sire's wishes, and by her had a family of six, the elder being Compton, in 1638 a schoolboy. Thomas, the heir, had passed away before 1638; hence if Sir Thomas accepted a baronetcy, his successor would be young Compton.

It happened however that Lady Reade, in the same spirit of favouritism that distinguished her father, Sir John Brocket, had focussed her affections on her third son, John, on his marriage with Susanne, daughter of Sir Thomas Style, of Wateringbury; not only had she and her husband surrendered to this son Brocket Hall, a moiety of their joint fortune, but the rich manor of Dunstew also. To crown all, Sir Thomas, in declining the honour of a baronetcy for himself, requested it for his son John, in contrast with whom his other sons appear to have been negligible quantities. The king gave no immediate response, but in 1639 the said John was knighted, and in 1641 created a baronet. Partiality won the day.

What Sir John Reade's special recommendation may have been we know not; he may have excelled in looks. He certainly reproduced the Lytton characteristics, being a zealous Puritan, who in virtue of his authority as justice of the peace commenced a crusade

in the county of Herts against ale-houses—a detail which transpired to his advantage, when later on he was summoned to compound for his estate on the score of having accepted an honour from the king. Be his merits more or less, it seems tolerably certain that in many particulars, and especially as regards political and religious principle, he was a contrast to his father. The event accentuated the points of dissimilarity.

The patent of baronetcy was scarcely dry when the war broke out, and every man was expected to take sides. Young Compton, who had entered at Magdalen Hall, flung off his academic gown and raised a troop of horse for the king. Cornewalls, Russells, Dormers, and Winwood all were Cavalier, and the only relation on the other side was Bulstrode Whitelocke, the nephew of Sir Thomas's sister, who had married Bulstrode, of Bulstrode—albeit the Lyttons and Spencers were Roundhead. Sir John temporised; at last, however, when he found himself ranked with malignants, he made a bold plunge, and joined Sir Rowland Lytton and Sir Brocket Spencer, who with Lord Salisbury formed the Parliamentary Committee for Herts.

It was in 1644. Charles, with Essex, Robartes, and Waller advancing on Abingdon, felt that Oxford was too risky a place for his French consort, whom the Puritans had dubbed Jezebel. *En route* for Exeter, Henrietta Maria slept at Barton Palace, and from that moment Sir Thomas joined the suite of the king at Oxford. We can only surmise the venerable Cavalier's feelings on learning that his favourite son had ratted to the Parliament. They took a practical shape, for he point-blank refused to hand over the rents of Dunstew Manor, whereby Sir John found himself considerably impoverished. But that was not all. The nemesis of favouritism had yet to descend, and in a form which can only be termed dramatic. In this instance, however, it was not Absalom who had to suffer humiliation but David.

Early in 1645 the king being cooped up in Oxford, while the Titanic energy of Cromwell forged that terrible weapon the New Model, the Royal cause seemed well nigh desperate. Lord Northampton, young Compton's godfather and Sir William Spencer's uncle, commanded the Royal cavalry, and lay quartered at Islip, when the news arrived of great Oliver's rapid march across the Chilterns at the head of the New Model. The very name of Cromwell inspired terror, and the situation was critical in the extreme, for the king knew well enough that Oxford could easily be captured by a *coup de main*. Islip lies to the north of Oxford, and as Cromwell was advancing from the south-east Charles apparently wished his

cavalry to protect the side of Oxford which was immediately menaced. He therefore despatched Sir Thomas Reade, under escort of a Lieut. Denton and a troop of horse, to bear letters to Lord Northampton. Verging on seventy, the venerable knight was an old man for such service, but he none the less undertook it with the zeal of a junior, with the following result, narrated by all the newspapers of the day, including "Perfect passages of each day's proceedings in Parliament," the official organ, which under date Monday, April 7, reports thus: "A letter came from Lieut.-General Craford [Crawford], his head-quarters at Culworth, dated April 5, which certifie of a noble exploit performed by Major Thomas Sheffield. Here followeth a copy of the letter It-self. Sir,—These are to certifie you that we had a tedious march, and some action with the Earl of Northampton's horse. Major Thos. Sheffield fought with a party last night. We have Sir Thomas Reade and one Lieut. Denton. We took this night two letters, one from the King, subscribed by Secretary Nicholas, calling us rebels, another from the L. Hatton to the Earl of Northampton of great consequence."

Whitelocke adds that these letters were found on Sir Thomas Reade's person, and inasmuch as he was the incriminated gentleman's sister's nephew, his information was doubtless accurate.

Major Sheffield handed over his prisoner to the general in command at Abingdon, who arranged to send him off to London under escort of the notorious Major Hurry, who had 'verted from the Royal to the Roundhead camp.

On April 12 ("Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series"), the Committee of both Kingdoms met. Present: The Earls of Northumberland, Manchester, and Loudoun, Sir H. Vane, sen., Sir A. Haselrigg, and Messrs. Pierpont, Browne, and Barclay. Ordered: To write to Major Hurry to carry Sir Thomas Reade in custody to the Committee at St. Albans, who are to examine the whole business and report to this Committee."

It is conjectured that this action was due to Speaker Lenthall, a connection, a near neighbour at Bessilsleigh, and a warm friend, who moreover countersigned a deed of conveyance for the family a little later. Be that as it may, we have before us the spectacle of an aged gentleman being remitted for trial before a committee, whereon sat his own son, Sir John Reade, of Brocket, and that son a spoilt child, whom he had loaded with benefits. The circumstance of Sir John being supported on the bench by his cousins, Sir Rowland Lytton and Sir Brocket Spencer, added to the irony of the situation; but, after all, the interest must have been intensified when the silver-

haired knight confronted a son whom he regarded, and who regarded him, as a traitor. It was almost parricide, for the old man after a spell of duresse in gaol retired to Dunstew, a total stranger to his much-loved son, to languish and to die.

At the risk of anti-climax the narrative shall advance one step further. Mention has been made of the young Cavalier, Compton Reade, Sir Thomas's legitimate heir. Up to this moment the Palace of Barton, crenellated and capable of defence, had not been garrisoned either by Browne for the Parliament or by Sir Thomas for the king. It stood outside the fortifications of Abingdon, but within range of such ordnance as Browne could muster. The garrison of Abingdon was barely sufficient to provide against surprise, and withal in arrears of pay, while Browne confessed that had Rupert blockaded the town for forty-eight hours hunger would have necessitated surrender. A blockade, however, never occurred to that hot-headed prince, who already, under Grymes and Gage, had hazarded two abortive attempts to capture the town; Browne having proved a veritable thorn to the king's command at Oxford. Sir Thomas, his grandsire, being incarcerated, Compton, "the zealous Cavalier," as he was subsequently styled, felt that he held a free hand respecting the palace, and accordingly volunteered to pioneer another assault on Abingdon. Rupert drew up an elaborate plan of attack, which was entrusted to Sir Stephen Hawkins, and narrowly escaped success. The moment was propitious, the indefatigable and resolute Browne, who had been a faggot-seller in Whitechapel, being absent from his post, as also the officers of Rainsborough's red-coats. Perhaps the reports contained in the Civil War Tracts will tell the story sufficiently without comment on my part—*e.g.* Colonel Payne to General Browne: "Hon. Sir,—I had not occasion to send my letter formerly written, but our God hath afforded an occasion to speed away this message on purpose to let you know that last night the enemy drew out of Oxford with a strong party of 1,000 horse and all the strength they could make of foote, and notwithstanding all our parties abroad and our Horse Guard they came between Thrupp and Norcot to Barton House (Palace), and kept covert till daylight and lay still after the Ravalue was beaten and our out-centinells called in, and then suddenly arising out of their ambushment, taking advantage of our works being called out at The Spurr and other places, forced our Guards, beat them all from the works, entered above 300 men, possest themselves of Abby-guard, Spurr-guard, and Wayne-guard, and Barne, pressed hard towards the prison, by which time we had taken the alarm, and our men were got together and made good the

passage, and then fearing least they should possess themselves of Bore bridge and so let in their horse, which they had in great numbers about our works, I commanded a party towards the bridge and lodged them in the old Redoubt at Bore Lane end, which was of much use to us, for by keeping that we kept the Town." The narrative, dated March 2, 1646, concludes with an account of the dispersion of the Cavalier forces by Colonel Blundell. In a letter contained in the Tanner MS. the writer states: "The enemy about six o'clock this morning, as soon as the Ravaley had beat, appeared in a full body both of horse and foot, from Barton House, where it is conceived *they had long before lodgèd*"—in short, the palace was made the pivot of the venture. It was the last attempt on Abingdon, but in anticipation of another and better-executed raid, Compton garrisoned the palace, and ultimately held it until, the Norman walls defying the nine-pounders of the period, it was fired, or, as the chronicles have it, burnt over his head. For these and other services in the Civil War, at the Restoration he was placed first on the list of Berkshire gentlemen selected for the Order of the Royal Oak, and created a baronet, thereby obtaining the very honour which his grandfather's partiality had secured for his uncle, Sir John, of Brocket.

Of Sir John himself it remains to be recorded that during the Protectorate his zeal for the temperance cause, plus his connection with Sir Bulstrode Whitelocke, brought him into high favour. The Parliament in its wisdom had declined to recognise any title conferred by King Charles, so he dropped down to be plain "Esquire," but in 1656 Oliver granted him a fresh patent of baronetcy, made out to his "heirs," neither "in tail male" nor "general" being specified; so that, if the few Cromwellian honours conferred by patent, viz., two peerages and nine baronetcies, should ever be called out of abeyance, it would be open to the Crown to make a selection among Sir John's heirs. In the direct line none exist. His grandson, the third baronet, was converted to Jacobite principles by his uncle, Almericus De Courcy, Lord Kingsale, who, after having been pardoned by Dutch William, appeared in the Royal presence with his hat on, in virtue of a prescriptive right conferred by King John. At this hat trick the Deliverer took umbrage, neither was he pacified when with a ludicrous excess of effrontery, the impecunious nobleman appealed for a pension. "If your Majesty be well advised," laughed a wit of the Court, "Lord Kingsale's petition will be refused. He will then lack the funds to buy a hat!" The refusal exacerbated the Jacobite nobleman, who on his nephew, Sir John, leaving Oxford,

obtained for him a post in the suite of the Pretender at Rome. Thither the poor youth travelled on his twenty-first birthday, to be stricken with small-pox and die after but three weeks of the Eternal City. In the subdivision of the Brocket estates, Brocket Hall went to his sister Love, wife of Winnington, Secretary at War in Walpole's administration. To him she bequeathed it, and the Winningtons sold the demesne to the father of Lord Melbourne, who erected the existing mansion, which has since been the home of two premiers—Lords Melbourne and Palmerston.

COMPTON READE.

# THE TEACHER AS PROVIDENCE.

THERE are at least three significant books in English pedagogy which bear the name of Schoolmaster. These are: Ascham's "Schoolmaster," Edward Coote's "English Schoolmaster," and James Talbot's "Christian Schoolmaster." Of Ascham's book, it is unnecessary to speak, because it is so well known as a literary production. Coote's book, published about 1590, was the first popular book to teach English grammar and spelling. But Talbot's "Christian Schoolmaster" had wider scope. It proposed nothing less than to state fully the duty of those who are employed in the public instruction of children, especially in the charity schools. When it is remembered that in the eighteenth century over 120 of these schools were established in London and some 2,000 in England altogether, and that Mr. Talbot's book was recommended to the notice of all the teachers in these schools, it will probably be agreed that in the history of actual education in England it is a document well worthy of consideration.

Talbot undertakes to lay down the "whole compass of the duty" of teachers. To begin with, he enumerates the desirable qualifications. The first is: "The religion of every English schoolmaster ought to be that of the Church of England as by law established."

Talbot quotes the seventy-seventh of the Canons Ecclesiastical, which, as it is not generally known at the present day, may be quoted: "No man shall teach, either in public school or private house, but such as shall be allowed by the Bishop of the diocese, or ordinary of the place, under his hand and seal; being found of merit, as well for his learning and dexterity in teaching, as for sober and honest conversation, and also for right understanding of God's true religion." The Canon goes on to require subscription to the King's supremacy, and to the Book of Common Prayer, and to the Thirty-nine Articles. So far the Canons Ecclesiastical; and anyone presuming to teach without such license, to this day in all probability, is liable to be presented to the Ecclesiastical Court by the churchwarden of the parish. But there was a legal sanction as well, in the

reign of James I., requiring that every schoolmaster not in a public or free grammar school, or in a nobleman's or gentleman's (not being a recusant's) house, should be licensed, on pain "as well the schoolmaster, as also the party that shall retain or maintain any such schoolmaster, shall each of them forfeit forty shillings for every day so offending."

In Charles II.'s reign it was decided "that it shall not be lawful for any person or persons who shall not frequent Divine service established by the laws of this kingdom, and carry himself or herself[1] reverently, decently, and orderly, then to teach any public or private school, or take any boarders or tablers that are taught by him or herself, or any other; upon pain for every such offence, to forfeit the sum of forty pounds." More direct still is the statute of 1700 (in William and Mary's reign), "That any Papists who shall keep schools or educate or board youth within these realms or the dominions thereunto belonging, and who shall be convicted thereof, shall suffer perpetual imprisonment within this kingdom."

The first qualification of the schoolmaster, then, is to belong to the Church of England.

The second is with respect to his morals, "which, *next to his religion*, must be chiefly regarded." Then, in a subsidiary position, the following are desirable virtues: (1) Patience and humility, (2) sagacity and judgment, (3) justice and equity, (4) manners and forbearance, (5) candour and sweetness of disposition, (6) diligence and application, (7) a pious and devout frame of mind.

The schoolmaster must be free from the desire of receiving any "by-profits or perquisites over and above those which are appointed or allowed by the orders of the foundation. His scholarship should extend to 'The Grounds and Principles of the Christian Religion,' to writing a good hand, and one who understands the grounds of arithmetic." For the rest, "he should be one who has a genius for teaching." He is not to be under twenty-five years of age, and to have no deformity or defect.

It is not to be supposed that Dr. Talbot[2] fails to make points which could with advantage be observed even to-day. He gives one of the orders (issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge) to a newly-elected schoolmaster: "To consult with several of the present masters of these schools concerning the best

[1] This reference to women teachers does not appear in the statutes of Elizabeth and of James I.

[2] He is described as Chaplain to His Grace the Duke of Somerset and Rector of Spofforth, in Yorkshire. His book is dated 1707.

means of performing this office. And it is recommended to them to communicate to every such newly-elected master their art, and the divers methods of teaching and governing their scholars according to the different capacities, tempers, and inclinations of the children. And, moreover, *it will be convenient that he should have liberty on certain days to see and hear the present masters teach their scholars, and upon occasion to assist them in teaching; that he may thereby become yet more expert and better qualified for the discharge of his duty.*"

But, good as this advice is, Talbot soon spoils the impression he makes on the modern reader by his bad psychology. Here is about as perverse a piece of child psychology as could be got into the number of words used: "As to the business of instruction, it must be considered that the minds of children, like blank paper or smooth wax, are equally capable of any impression. . . . In this tender age the mind seems to be purely passive and susceptible only of such notions as it receives from others by the means of the outward senses, which, as the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews observes, must be exercised by use to discern between good and evil. And therefore, as it is the chief concern of our life to know what is of the greatest importance to our happiness in this and the next world, so 'tis necessary that those things should be proposed as the first objects of our knowledge which are most directly conducive to this great end."

Accordingly children must learn the Church Catechism. Even if they cannot as yet read, they can be taught to say the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. They can also *learn* explanations of these by frequent repetition. For this sort of work, Talbot points out, the elder scholars can be brought in to teach the younger ones, "both the teacher and learner in this case being made accountable to their master for the progress that is made." Moreover, all can learn a short grace to be said before and after meat. When reading is attained, children's "morning and evening prayers may be enlarged in proportion to their capacity." Then comes instruction in moral duties. These are duties to God the Father, to God the Son, and to God the Holy Ghost, the duty of public prayer, of observation of the Lord's Day, and other Holy Days. Then came duties to their neighbours, which are described at great length. It will be sufficient to speak of Dr. Talbot's view of the treatment of truthfulness and of stealing. He would have children told that though untruthfulness "should happen to pass undiscovered and unpunished in this world, yet (which is the worst of all) its punishment is inevitable and intolerable in the world to come, where all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone." On the other hand, truth-

fulness "entitles us to the everlasting happiness of Heaven; which God (who cannot lie) hath promised to him that speaketh the truth from his heart."

As to stealing, Dr. Talbot observes that "the eighth commandment requires them to keep their hands from picking and stealing; a vice to which some children are very prone, especially those of the poorer sort, whose wants, together with the eager and craving desires which naturally attend that age (and which are too often inflamed, even when necessity does not prompt them, by the suggestions of the Grand Tempter and Enemy of Mankind), are apt to betray them into that vile sin of pilfering and purloining what belongs to another. But as those very desires are disallowed by the tenth commandment, so is this way of gratifying them expressly forbidden in the eighth. And the thief, whether he steals for hunger, or want, or wantonness, whether he does it secretly or by open violence, seizing and snatching from others whatever he has a mind to, is liable to the shame and punishment which attends so base a fact even in this world and to the just condemnation of an offended Judge in the world to come, where neither thieves nor covetous shall inherit the kingdom of God."

All this is very severe, but it is an intelligible view. Dr. Talbot is not satisfied. He needs must add, "unless they take care to prevent this judgment by a timely repentance and full restitution." The whole paragraph, read in the light of ethical thought, is about as grossly immoral teaching as could be suggested for the consideration of children.

To pass on from the "moral" teaching to instruction "in learning." The subjects are to be such as are "most suitable to children's conditions and capacity," and are therefore determined as (1) reading, (2) writing, (3) arithmetic. The whole school is divided into four classes, as under:—

The first, consisting of those that learn the alphabet and the first rudiments of reading in the horn-book, primer, and spelling-book.

The second, of those that read the Psalter and the New Testament.

The third, of those that read the Bible and such other useful books as the master or governors of the school shall appoint, and who do likewise learn to write.

The fourth, of such as can write well and are fit to be instructed in arithmetic.

Should the children in charity schools learn Latin? "By a

vulgar error," says Talbot, "scarce any husbandman will venture to take his son from the school to the plough till he has got some smattering in this language." This apparently must refer to grammar schools, and is an interesting piece of indirect evidence that the lower classes made use of them largely. His position, however, seems sound. In the "petty" schools (*i.e.* schools for children) instruction does not go beyond the barest rudiments of Latin, which would not fit children for the lowest degrees of any profession that requires a competent skill in it. "To what purpose therefore should these poor children puzzle their brains to con over and learn by heart (or, rather, by rote) a senseless jargon of hard words, which must of course be laid aside and forgotten when they shall be put out to such trades or employments for which they are designed, or which, if they happen afterwards to retain some little scraps of it, will only serve to make them vain and conceited pretenders to the knowledge of what they do not understand?"

But school-life does not consist in instruction only. The schoolmaster has also to maintain discipline. Master and scholars must be punctual and regular. School-hours, it is interesting to note, in the summer half-year were from seven to eleven in the morning, and from one to five in the evening; whilst in the winter half-year they were from eight to eleven in the morning, and from one to four in the evening. That is to say—eight hours a day in the summer, six hours in the winter. On Saturdays or on the eve of holidays the master has to appoint the children, according to their capacity, some exercise. This was to consist in getting by heart some part of the Catechism, or some Psalm, or practical chapter of the Bible. Or they might be required to write it out fairly. Or else some question in arithmetic. These exercises are to be set "so as to employ their minds at vacant hours. The vacations in each year were not to be more than three in number, viz., three weeks at Christmas, a week at Easter, and the like share at Whitsuntide—"at which seasons their task must be enlarged proportionately to the time of their absence from school."

Rules and regulations are liberally given as to meals and games and prayers. After meals the children may be regaled with stories from an older scholar; but these must be chosen, on Sundays and holy days, "out of the Holy Scriptures or some parable of our Saviour's. On other days some fable of Æsop with the moral belonging to it."

Of course, church-going was a compulsory subject. "The master shall bring the children to church twice every Lord's Day and upon all holy days, at which time they must walk thither before him by

pairs." They are to join in the responses and psalms and hymns and saying Amen. None are to be heard to speak louder or faster than the rest. None, Talbot adds, must be heard to speak at all in those parts of the service which are proper to the minister alone. After their return from evening service the children have to give an account of the sermon—each child according to his capacity and memory—and to state "the principal doctrines and duties contained in it," all being required to repeat by heart the text. Are schoolmasters to inflict corporal punishment? Talbot insists that they must do so. Why? "There are many faults (to which even children by the bent of corrupt nature are very prone) which require" corporal punishment. These are "chiefly such as are a direct breach of any precept in the Decalogue." Talbot then cites the following commandments as being especially difficult for children to obey, viz., the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth; violation of these requires chastisement. In addition, loitering, truanting, and wilful neglect of their daily task. Still, there should be moderation in the use of chastisement. Moreover, "care must be taken to convince the offender that he has deserved what he suffers." But Dr. Talbot can hardly have been serious when he suggests that chastisement should be inflicted with sedateness as well as severity, "*intermixing admonitions betwixt each blow.*" And again, in a case of defiance, he would have blows "*laid on by pauses*, and with some intermission, *that the offender may have time to consider between each for what reason and to what end they are inflicted.*"

Great leverage is to be made out of the subscribers, trustees, and governors. At least four times a year the rules and regulations are to be read through in their presence as well as that of the children, so that a solemnity may attach to them. In addition, a monthly or weekly bill is to be laid before visitors showing distinguished merit and any faults. There is a table of faults, but none of merits. This table puts down the name of every child, with columns for each workday of the week, in which offences are entered with the following abbreviations:—C. signifies church; P.C.,[1] playing at church; Curs., cursing; L. signifies lying; Sw., swearing; St., stealing; T., playing truant. There are other indications for absence, lateness in school, and absence from church.

Children's duties have been defined. There yet remain the schoolmaster's. He has duties to parents and benefactors, to the children, and to the commonwealth. On all of these Dr. Talbot dwells with steady unctuousness. But he surpasses himself in his

[1] Could anything be more naïve?

denunciation of the neglectful teacher: "If through the neglect of their teachers they shall miscarry hereafter, for want of those seasonable instructions, admonitions, and restraints which, by God's grace, might have preserved them in that way; the case of such teachers will be like that of the careless watchman, to whom God speaks thus under the person of His prophet: 'When I say unto the wicked, Thou shalt surely die; and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way, to save his life; the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity [because thou hast not given him warning]; but his blood will I require at thine hand.'"

Who does not see, on reading such views as Dr. Talbot's, that the 2,000 schools which were directed by this manual were ministered to, not by the principles which they thought they were carrying out, but by that "touch of nature" which springs up in the man, even when the master is tied by rules, regulations, and all the paraphernalia of system? The proper study of the teacher is not so much his own duties, as Dr. Talbot thought, but the duties of the child. To understand what is to be expected of the child means the study of the child's mind. Mind can only be studied in its manifestations. So that we are led to the conclusion that only by observation and experience of children can we judge how to deal with them—what their mental needs are, how to satisfy those needs, and how to proceed to anticipate future mental wants. Yet such a point of view was impossible to Talbot. Nothing is calculated to give more courage and strength to the teacher than the certainty of modern progress in the attitude of the teacher to his work. We *have* made progress. Dr. Talbot's method of teaching by rules and regulations was but a swaddling-clothes method, which not only cramped children past their infantine days, but also brought even the teachers to their pristine long-clothes. It is a world of babydom, and reads like Lewis Carroll.

FOSTER WATSON.

# *DUCK-SHOOTING ON THE BLACKWATER.*

BLACK is a very good fellow, so when he proposed a joint duck-shooting trip to the Blackwater, I was taken with the idea and agreed to it at once.

Black said: "You know it's a capital place for all kinds of wild fowl, and lots of wild geese, too, if it's hard weather."

So it was settled that we should go, and we began our preparations by using enormous quantities of paper and ink in list-making. I was to superintend the victualling department and the ammunition; and Black was to secure the boat, crew, and arrange the plan of campaign. He also furnished me with a list of clothing I should require on the trip, which included a pair of long waders. I bought these at the Stores, and they looked so like part of a diving costume, that I longed to purchase a brass helmet to make the suit complete. I could not resist trying them on in the bath the same evening, and they were most successful; although unfortunately the housemaid caught me in them on the stairs, and, as I fear, has looked on me as a lunatic ever since. The provisioning was a simple matter, consisting merely in a large investment in tinned meats, condensed milk, and tea and coffee. At last, all our preparations being completed, we started on a Saturday and drove from Colchester (the nearest station) to the inn at Mersea Island, where we were to sleep over night. It was quite dark when we arrived, and we had not then an opportunity of admiring the picturesque little village, still quite uncivilised, although less than sixty miles from town. In old days Mersea was a great centre of smuggling; and though that is now quite an extinct trade, there is still a large force of coastguardsmen kept there, who apparently have nothing to do but march up and down the beach, and have a very dull time generally. Everyone on the island seems to be oyster fisherman or owner. The only topic of conversation seems oysters, and (much better) the chief food is the same. The finest natives in England at one shilling and threepence a dozen! We chuckled as we ate them, and came to the conclusion that they

alone would compensate for the journey and the rough time in store for us during the next week. The inn-keeper informed us of many facts concerning oysters: how carefully they are reared; and that none of them are eaten till they are nearly seven years old. This is owing to their slow growth, for at three years they are but the size of a shilling.

He also told us of the sad effect the typhoid scare was having on the trade. It has fallen by 40 per cent. during the last two seasons. The "spat," or very young oysters, fix themselves to the old and empty shells, which, when dredged up, fetch a price according to their quality. As many as five hundred young oysters have been known to fix themselves to a single old shell; this is, moreover, very good "spat" indeed.

The same evening we had an interview with our skipper, a small wiry man, with rather a poaching look about him; but we found him a very good fellow nevertheless. He told us that owing to the mild weather there were not many wild fowl about, but he had got us a good "goose," and thought we might still have some decent sport.

Having turned in and dreamed all night of wild duck and oysters, we woke up fresh and keen to be off. We embarked after breakfast on the little vessel that was to be our home for the next seven days. She was an oyster-boat of about fourteen tons, and we found her a good deal more roomy than appeared at first sight. She was completely decked, and possessed a large hold amidships (the men's quarters), and a tiny cuddy forward where we were all to mess, and the two of us to sleep. It was impossible to stand, or even for a tall man to sit upright in it, but we were prepared to rough it, and did not mind that. The cabin contained a fine large grate, so we were in no fear of the cold; rather the opposite, for the extreme corner was only about six feet from the fire. The "Siza" carried two boats—a dinghy, and a punt for the gun. Except for their flat bottom, the latter rather resemble a Canadian canoe, for they are pointed at the ends, and very, very cranky. Once in them, there must be no joking, no quick movement; or you will find yourself in the water at once. Having weighed anchor, we were soon gliding down the creek to the sea, getting a rifle shot at a heron, or "frank," as the natives call them, on the way. He gave a ridiculous jump as the bullet struck the mud at his feet, splashing it over him; and sailed away in the most dignified and offended manner. These birds, when wounded, are dangerous to tackle; they make very efficient use of their powerful bills, nearly always attacking

the eyes of their enemies. Our mate Jim had only lately had his dog killed on the spot by a wounded one which the poor animal had attempted to retrieve.

We soon chummed up with our crew of two men and a "boy" (the last was six feet high, and broad in proportion). Good, honest fellows they were, sailors, oyster-fishermen, and naturalists too, for they knew every bird by its flight, and also, which was more important, the best way of bagging them. Indeed, from their conversation, I fear more than a few partridges and pheasants have taken refuge in their coat pockets; but of course that was no concern of ours. Bill (our skipper) drew my attention to what was apparently a small cloud moving with immense swiftness across the sky—"Geese!" he said, as we watched them disappear in the distance. In answer to my question, he replied there were only about a dozen acres of them. Fancy numbering birds by acres. When Bill told me he had seen as many as 150 acres of them together, I could only gasp and try to believe him. It was now time to get our duck-gun into position. "She," as the men call it, is about ten feet long, and weighs over 200 pounds. The charge is five ounces of black powder, and one and three-quarters of 3A shot for geese or 2B for duck. There is no regular mounting, but the gun is placed on a pad, and rested on the chocks of the bowsprit, pointing right ahead, and then securely lashed with ropes; for "she" is a great kicker, and unless all precautions are taken there is a chance of the gunner's head being knocked "clean off," as Jim cheerfully observed. Everything now being ready, we had nothing more to do till we came in sight of the first flock of birds. We had only a short time to wait, for the sharp eyes of our skipper soon detected some on the water about a mile off.

We headed right for them, all, steersman included, crouching down on the deck, and keeping silence, except for the gunner's directions to the man at the helm—"Luff her," "Steady," &c. We were soon within 250 yards; another 180, and we should be within shot. The geese, however, were getting suspicious, and raising their heads; a sure sign of their approaching flight, so I whispered to Bill to "risk" it. Bang went the gun with an ear-splitting report, and we saw the shot go splashing and ricochetting along the sea—alas!—right under them. Up rose the birds with a great flapping of wings, and poor Bill turned to receive the sarcastic remarks at his bad aim. The loading of the gun was a laborious task, taking some time; for it necessitated a man climbing out on to the bowsprit, and also unshipping the gun, for "she" was a muzzle-loader. However

another flock of geese—and a large one—appearing in sight, we bore up for them, and were this time more successful; two of them remaining on the water when the others took fright. Number one was quite dead, and we picked him up without difficulty; but with number two it was a different matter. He had only got a broken wing, and did not intend to surrender without a struggle. We tried to sail by and "pot" him as we passed, but he was a capital diver, and plunged at the flash, so that he was safe under water before the shot reached him. We had to launch our boat, and after many fruitless attempts eventually managed to knock him on the head with a stick, and haul him on board. They were both fine fellows in their grey plumage, and scaled, I should think, about six or seven pounds apiece. There is not much skill required in this kind of shooting on the sea, for one seldom gets a sporting shot; but there is plenty of excitement.

We were now nearing Shoeburyness, and it was getting time to put up one of the creeks and land for "flighting." Twice daily, at dawn and dusk, the wild duck come in from and leave for the sea for food. This is the time for the gunner to post himself in the mud, and wait patiently for whatever comes over his head. He must keep his ears wide open, for it is nearly dark, and usually the first sign of a bird coming over is the whirr of its wings. The creek we put up was quite narrow, the mud banks being close on either hand. What mud it was, too! Soft, brown, slimy, and rather smelly; not a tree or blade of grass, nothing but mud; not even a stone for miles around, for anything heavy is at once absorbed by it. Having anchored, we set forth in the boat. The mud was usually soft where we landed, and I had the greatest difficulty in preserving my balance. Up to the knees in the ooze every step, I clung to Bill's arm for safety. Bill was wearing "splashers," and got along all right in consequence. "Splashers" are boards of wood fastened to the feet, and enable one to "skate" along the surface of the mud without sinking in. They are, however, awkward things for a beginner; one is liable to trip up in them, and if they once get under the mud, one must be hawled out with a rope. They are also bad for weak ankles, so I determined not to use them. Black, however, was more ambitious; and after a brilliant ten yards' start, tripped and went headlong into the mire. He was a pretty sight when he scrambled to his feet, not in the best of tempers, and returned to the boat to get cleaned and dried. Meanwhile I was getting along fairly well, the ground becoming rather firmer, and at last reached my post, and began my hour's vigil. Bill left me and went on, promising to call for me on

his way back. "Flighting" is not good for the spirits. In a very few minutes I got cold. My feet were sinking into the slime, and I felt a queer sensation of solitude. Nothing in sight, and all around the vast expanse of mud. No sound except now and then some sea bird's scream broke the silence. Two little stars appeared in the horizon; they were lightships off the Gunfleet Sands—sands as dangerous to shipping as the Goodwins. It was nearly dark, and I could just hear the sea as the tide came up over the mud-flats. I began to get nervous, thinking what would happen if Bill should not be able to find me. A night in the wet mud would not be pleasant or healthy, but I didn't even know the direction of the mainland, and there would be six feet of water where I was at high tide. These rather unpleasant thoughts, however, were cut short by the sound of rushing wings, or a soft continuous whistling. Widgeon! I knew them by their note, but I could not see them at all. Almost directly afterwards there was a "Quack! quack!" right over my head, and I saw two shadowy forms flitting away. Duck! I let drive at the nearer one, and a dull "flop" in the mud told me I had got him. I thought it best to pick him up at once, and floundered off in the direction of the sound. Utterly useless! The exertion was great, I was streaming with perspiration, and could find nothing. Worse still, I had lost what little bearings I had, and couldn't even be sure of the direction of my original station. The sea was much nearer now, and in my dilemma I began to holloa for Bill. Almost as I shouted I saw a jet of flame quite close, and heard the tremendous bang! bang! of his rusty old muzzle-loader. He must have eyes like a hawk, for he secured a couple of widgeon out of three that came over him.

It was now too dark to stay longer, and we returned to the boat —Bill's wonderful knowledge taking us straight to her. How snug and cheerful our little cuddy looked as we dived below. The toasting fire, the little swing lamp, and best of all the steaming tea and cocoa, for we have both drinks going. We told our adventures as we ate, and poor old Black, whose temper had not quite recovered itself, was rather glum at our good luck. He did not say anything, but I knew what he felt. It *was* annoying to sit scraping mud off one with a table-knife when one might be so much more happily engaged in killing teal in the dark. After our meal we started dominoes, not for money, of course, for the poor sailors would not stand a chance with us. Curiously enough, Black and I got saddled with about fifty pips each time, and we then learnt that dominoes was a *spécialité* with the fishermen, who apparently spend most of their leisure time at the game.

Our quarters were a little warm, for there were five of us and a fire (all smoking), and the cabin was not too roomy, only about six feet long and five broad, so we went on deck for a last blow before turning in. What a difference in the scene to when we anchored in the afternoon! Then we had run up a little creek and the open water was a great distance off. Now we were apparently in mid-ocean; there was no land in sight, and a bit of sea on, for the breeze had freshened considerably. As there was every prospect of a rough night we hauled the boat on board after getting out our "Ridge" in addition to the main anchor. We saw a curious flash on the horizon, answered directly afterwards by the nearest lightships. "A ship ashore on the Gunfleet, and the lightships signalling for the Brightlingsea lifeboat; lucky we're close in here," said Jim, and I for one echoed his sentiments. When I thought of the poor fellows on the wreck, and compared their lot with ours, snug and safe, I could not help expressing my sympathy with them. "Lor', sir," said Jim, "this ain't half bad weather, and the lifeboat 'll have 'em off very quick. I do remember, though, a Swedish schooner goin' ashore there last year and every one being drowned. My mate and I got ten shillings for picking up one of the bodies." Black and I soon after went below and prepared for the night. We closed the hatch, made up a roaring fire, and cleared the two lockers we were to sleep on. Very hard they were, too, for we had no mattresses, and two cartridge-boxes wrapped in coats had to serve for pillows. Of course we did not undress. On the contrary, in spite of the fire we found it necessary to put on our great-coats. Black dropped off to sleep and snore at once, and I think it was chiefly this that prevented me doing the same. Anyhow, I was wide-awake, and the gentle rocking of our boat and the lapping of the water against her sides, instead of soothing, seemed to have a contrary effect. I tried the sheep-counting dodge—counting an endless procession of imaginary sheep passing through a gap in the hedge—but without success; and at last in desperation resorted to perhaps a rather selfish but never-failing method. I reached for my cleaning-rod and gave Black a vigorous prod with it. He was broad awake in an instant, and, rather startled, asked me if I were asleep. Of course I did not reply. I simply breathed stertorously. Poor old Black! I could hear him grunting with vexation, and turning about on his hard resting-place in vain endeavours to return to dreamland. I watched him through my nearly closed eyelids and chuckled to myself, for now he was wide-awake, and I could feel myself sliding down that delightful hill that ends in nothing—or rather sleep. And what did Black do? The villain!

*He* reached for the cleaning-rod and gave *me* a dig with it. Of course I started up, and Black at once began to snore in the most ridiculous manner. That was no use, though, for he had forgotten to drop the cleaning-rod, and it was still grasped in his hand. I gave him a long lecture on his brutality, and succeeded in reducing him to a state of the most abject penitence. It was 1.15 A.M., and we started piquet as a last resource. At last we got drowsy and turned in again, sleeping soundly till breakfast time. I shall always envy a dog in the morning. He gets up, gives himself a stretch, and his toilet is complete. This is what we did. Washing was out of the question. Our supply of fresh water was too limited, and a futile attempt at a "lather" we had made overnight showed the impossibility of washing in salt water. It does not even refresh, and makes one dirtier than ever.

The weather was very bad that morning, blowing hard, and heavy showers of sleet, and I preferred to keep dry and warm on board; but Black, still keen as mustard, started off in the boat along the shore. He managed to bag a few redshark, a curlew, and also a dabchick, a queer little chap, with tiny wings and feet doubled up over his back. While he was away I amused myself watching two oyster boats which had come in during the night dredging. The boats anchor, and then drift down stream, paying out the cable as they go. The nets on them dropped over the stern, and the boats work up the creek by hauling on the anchor rope till they reach their original starting-point. It seems cold and monotonous work—but I understood the man gets good wages. Each boat carried an old rusty gun of some kind, and there was a continuous popping at the numberless gulls soaring overhead. The birds are not, as is generally supposed, uneatable. Some art is required in cooking, but this once learned, they form a welcome change to the dried herring and cheese which form the fisherman's diet. The gulls should be skinned, then half boiled with an onion inside, and after that baked or roasted. Having lunched we weighed anchor and stood out to sea, for the wind showed signs of shifting round to the east, in which case we might be kept unwilling prisoners in the creek for some days. Even our crew continually took soundings on each side by means of a long oar, but in spite of this precaution we grounded twice. It is a serious thing to take the ground on an ebb tide, for as the sea goes, the boat heels over on the mud, until the floor becomes nearly vertical and all the fire falls out into the cabin. This of course means some hours' misery in cold and darkness, but fortunately no such horrors occurred in our case, our united efforts getting the "Siza"

off each time. The wind soon afterwards dropped entirely, and a thick fog enveloped us so completely that we had to anchor again. We were in luck, though, for as we were at tea we heard a rushing of wings, and directly after a great splashing of water as a flock of birds settled close to us. With as little noise as possible we launched the punt, got the duck gun on board, and Bill and I clambered into her. The punt was only meant to hold one, so I got in first, lying at full length with my head just behind the gun, and Bill settled himself right on the top of me in the same position. We pushed off gently, Bill paddling with a "scoop," or tiny paddle in each hand. How heavy he was! He nearly crushed the life out of me, and his heavy sea boots were cutting into my heels like a knife. However, the punt was too cranky for us to move now, and I had to suffer in silence. We could only see for about fifty yards owing to the fog, but we went in the direction whence we had heard the birds. "There they are," whispered Bill at last, and I distinguished a number of black specks almost right ahead. They were not close enough together, though, for a successful shot, and we had to wait patiently till they "bunched" a bit. The suspense was rather trying, for if they noticed us, or got alarmed, we knew they would be off at once, and all our trouble would be for nothing. I almost wished they would take fright, for every minute's waiting squeezed a little more breath out of me! At last about a dozen of the birds clustered together, and Bill turned the punt's head according to my whispered directions. Off she goes! I took a careful sight, aiming just over the birds and pulled the trigger, at the same time dodging my head to one side, for the breach of the gun was not more than three inches off my nose. "For heaven's sake shift off me a little, you are killing me," I yelled, for there was no longer any need for silence. Five of the birds were still floating on the surface, and the rest were out of sight in the fog. We picked up four, and the fifth being a strong "cripple" escaped. Unfortunately they were only black duck or "Scotars," a corruption of Nova Scotians I think. They were big, glossy fellows, but poor eating. We had some difficulty in finding the "Siza," but our friends on board at last answered to our hails, and we reached her in safety. As we approached her we replied to their inquiries as to our luck with "Only twenty-three mallard!" but they would not be "drawn," for the duck had flown right over them after our shot. I was so stiff and numb that I could hardly get out of the punt, Bill's boots having left two marks on my heels as a souvenir of our adventure. We slept well that night, being more accustomed to our quarters, and the next morning being fine and cold we prepared

for a long day's work. The tide being nearly down we started about nine o'clock, Black in the punt in quest of some geese we could hear a long way off, and I along the "Saltings" in search of whatever fortune might favour me with. Brent geese have an extraordinary note, sounding like "Crouk ! Croo-uk" ; very unmusical, but having the advantage (to the gunners) of travelling a great distance.

The birds we heard were nearly eight miles off, and Black had a long paddle to reach them. By good luck they were feeding, and he managed to get close enough to kill three. Unfortunately he forgot the ramrod, and had to return after the one shot, of course, meeting with two flocks of duck on his way. He had his 12-bore with him though, and got a bird out of each lot with it. For my part, I managed to secure half a dozen redshank, after an enormous percentage of cartridges, alas ! The redshank or "tuke," as they are called locally, is a hard bird to kill. His flight resembles that of the snipe, zigzaggy and swift, and as he seldom rises within forty yards, he affords a sporting shot. I am told, however, that if you can wing one, his cries attract all the others within hearing, and they fly round over him as if to inquire what is the matter, giving the gunner easier shots in consequence. I killed all mine outright, or nearly so, and so could not test the truth of this statement. I also secured twenty-one stint at one shot, by "browning" them. They flew in a flock close by ; I was wise enough to wait till they were about fifty yards off before firing. They are plump little birds, and gave us a savoury meal ; toasted in a row on a skewer. The professional gunners send them to town, where they are sometimes sold to the unwary housekeeper as snipe. On our way we fell in with a brace of hares, caught on the saltings by the rising tide. The poor brutes loped up and down, keeping together on their fast diminishing island ; till, seeing us approaching, they plunged into the sea, and swam manfully for the mainland. I ran like mad to intercept them, and got them both right and left, for they had to pass me within comfortable shot. A teal got up at my feet almost immediately afterwards, but I missed him beautifully with both barrels. We "flighted" that evening with unusual success, bagging four couple of duck between the four of us. Our remaining days passed in much the same manner, and when at last we returned to civilisation, or, rather, West Mersea, it was with genuine regret. What a state we were in though, not a wash, brush, or change for a whole week. We had to have two baths each ; one merely gave us a feeble idea of how dirty we were. Our first meal ashore, with a *tablecloth*, a knife *each*, and actually a real glass tumbler to drink out

of, was delightful ; and when we turned in—I mean went to bed—it was a glimpse of paradise to us. Sheets ! and a pillow ! No, no ! we didn't go to sleep at once ; we were much too comfortable. We lay awake thinking over our trip, and almost wishing ourselves back on our dirty little ship among the birds and the mudbanks.

NEVILLE PAYN.

# *THE GREAT PESTILENCE:*

## *A NEGLECTED TURNING POINT IN ENGLISH HISTORY.*

THE Venerable Bede dismisses in a few words, and as unworthy of detailed notice, a pestilence which devastated the land some 250 years before his own time. "Meanwhile on a sudden a severe plague fell upon that corrupt generation, which soon destroyed such numbers of them, that the living scarce sufficed to bury the dead. Yet, those that survived could not be withdrawn from the spiritual death which their sins had incurred either by the death of their friends or the fear of their own."

So runs his scanty notice of the calamity that befel the ancient Britons. He goes on to tell how their King Vortigern had to obtain from "the parts beyond the seas" the help of the Saxon nation in order to repel the incursions of the Picts and Scots; but fails to see how the Pestilence, leaving the Britons helpless, was the chief cause of this, and contributed materially to that great revolution of turning Britain into England. And in unconscious imitation of this contemptuous treatment of the Plague of the fifth century writers deal both with the mortality and the lasting results of that of the fourteenth century. They squeeze it in, like a pocket handkerchief packed into a lady's over-full travelling trunk, in company with sundry trifles, between the stirring incidents of Crecy and Poictiers, and in some such way as this: "In the same year Edward III. founded the chief of the English orders of knighthood, that of the Garter. This year was also marked by the first great visitation of that terrible disease the Plague, which was said to have originated in the north of Asia. Its victims in London alone were more than 50,000. The truce with France expired in 1355," &c., &c.

A disregard of proportion and perspective so misleading is all the more unaccountable in respect to the Great Pestilence of 1348–49, as we have sufficient evidence to show its unique importance

amongst the events of the Middle Ages, and that it produced results that last to this very day. The documents of that time have been abundantly used for different local histories, as well as by writers like Professor Thorold Rogers and Dr. Jessopp; and, in particular, Dr. Francis Aidan Gasquet, searching like a true student amongst the diocesan registers, the court rolls, the *Inquisitiones post mortem*, and other contemporary sources of information, has collected a large mass of material; and from his facts and figures, added to others obtained elsewhere, we may arrive at a just estimate of the relative importance of this terrible scourge.[1]

Its origin was Oriental. Reaching Bagdad, the caravans and their commerce took it with them, some up the Tigris valley, either round by the eastern side of the Caucasus to Caffa—a Genoese port in the Crimea—or to Trebizond on the Black Sea, others across Syria to the ports of Lycia on the Mediterranean. By an alternate route from India goods were sent across the desert from the Persian Gulf to Koos, on the Nile, a nine days' journey, and thence down the river in another fifteen days to Cairo, whence by canal they reached Alexandria. And so this important seaport also became a fruitful forcing house. In due course the infection reached Constantinople, where it carried off Andronicus, the son of the reigning emperor, John Cantacuzenus.[2] Trading vessels took it with them from these eastern ports to Genoa and Venice in 1347, whence it spread over the whole Italian peninsula. Petrarch, then a canon of the cathedral of Parma, wrote to his brother: "Will posterity ever believe these things when we, who see, can scarcely credit them? We should think we were dreaming if we did not with our eyes, when we walk abroad, see the city in mourning with funerals, and returning to our home, find it empty, and thus know that what we lament is real. Oh! happy people of the future, who have not known these miseries, and perchance will class our testimony with the fables."

On the Continent, whenever there are records, we find the visit of the Pestilence of 1348, and know that in the western half of Europe neither town nor country was spared. Of the remaining parts of course we know nothing. Matteo Villani—brother to the

[1] *The Great Pestilence.* By Dr. Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., O.S.B. Simpkin, Marshall, 1893.

[2] Gibbon refers to the biography of Cantacuzenus, chap. lxiii., as the "prolix and languid story of the times." Why does he then omit the Plague altogether? I am not sure whether this Andronicus (there was more than one prince of the name) was the son of the usurping Cantacuzenus or of some ex-emperor or future emperor.

historian Giovanni, one of the victims—indeed assures us that Milan and some Alpine districts of Northern Lombardy escaped; but inhabitants of Milan died, and travellers on the highway to St. Gothard Pass spread the contagion right and left. In Spain the Queen of Aragon died, followed by her king, Alphonso, while engaged in the siege of Gibraltar. All Saints' Day, 1347, saw Marseilles stricken—the commerce with Genoa the immediate cause; and two months later Avignon was reached. The Pope, Clement VI., isolated himself in his country château of Stella, on the Rhone, keeping large fires alight throughout the house, notwithstanding the heat of the weather. He was fortunate enough to escape, but so was not Laura de Noves, wife of Hugues de Sade, better known as Petrarch's Laura, who died on Good Friday, 1348—the solitary name that has come down to us from the dead of that huge charnel-house, the papal principality.[1] The scourge was evidently approaching England with sure and measured strides. Lyons and the province of Burgundy came next; and at the beginning of June Paris was assailed, among the victims being Joan, daughter of Louis X. and Queen of Navarre, and Joan of Burgundy, wife of the reigning king, Philip VI. At the end of the next month Normandy was smitten; and not later than August of this same year, 1348, the French coast was reached. Calais, the previous year surrendered to Edward III., now surrendered to the Pestilence; and John Clyn, a Minorite of Kilkenny, is probably correct in stating that the truce that was patched up between England and France was caused by the Plague. The fell monster only awaited the first favourable breeze to waft him across the "silver streak." While he is still waiting let us pause to see of what manner he is, premising that as abroad so in England. Before the special symptoms were detected by the victim himself, the neighbours noticed that his face had turned pallid, and often read his sentence of death while he, poor man, was still unconscious of anything at all serious. Fever quickly supervened, accompanied by one of two distinct Plague tokens or symptoms: (*a*) External lumps or large spots, called by various writers carbuncles, buboes, abscesses, imposthumes or pustules, appeared on the thighs and under the armpits, and within five days the disease, when fatal, had run its course. Occasionally, also, swellings in the glands appeared, and smaller spots or pustules, black and general, over the body; but, as a rule, lumps of a size varying from a pigeon's egg to a hen's egg were alone observed—few and even but one in

[1] Dr. Gasquet gives good authorities; and I am at a loss to understand how she is said to have died "bowed down by domestic affliction."

number. (*b*) But there was a worse form. These external lumps were then wanting, and the central point of attack was the lungs. Gangrenous inflammation of the throat and lungs, violent pains in the chest, vomiting and blood-spitting, all combined with a sickening odour from both body and breath. No recorded instances of recovery from this, the more violent form, are at hand; and a few hours to three days saw the fatal end of the sufferings of the patient.

It must be left for the medical specialists to discuss amongst themselves whether or no the Great Pestilence in reality comprised two distinct diseases acting on the populations concurrently—ours is the humbler task of noticing the symptoms and results. Some died walking in the streets; others fell, mercifully, into a deep sleep never to awake again. But a few did awake; and when they tried to speak their tongues refused to move, the nerves having become paralysed. The patients were racked with thirst, and whether they drank much water or little made no material difference. It is uncertain whether the strong or weak suffered the more, but abroad the poor seem to have been more liable to attack than the rich. When the external lumps were cut, recovery often took place after much suffering, and there was no second attack; but the large majority of the stricken died. Those who retained consciousness were exceedingly depressed. All climates seemed alike favourable to propagation.

In days when the laws of health were but little understood, we need not wonder either at the malignant or the universal character of the disease. Good food and drink, fresh air and personal cleanliness, were too often as unknown as the New World. People ignorantly consumed unwholesome victuals and drank impure water; and indoors and out of doors as ignorantly inhaled poison with every action of their lungs; whilst clean clothing—linen or woollen—either at night or during the day, was an effeminate and unheard-of luxury. In a word, many circumstances favourable to a rapid and vigorous spread were at hand, whether abroad or at home.

Various methods were attempted to avoid the contagion. Some lived freely, eating and drinking even to excess; others sparingly. Some shut themselves up; others left the plague-stricken localities. It seemed to make little or no difference. "Cities," writes a doctor of Montpelier, three years afterwards, "are now depopulated; thousands of houses are locked up, thousands stand with their doors wide open, their owners and those who dwelt in them having been swept away." We may appropriate to Western Europe generally the lines:—

A lazar-house it seemed wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased; all maladies
Of ghastly spasm and racking tortures, qualms
Of heart-sick agonies, all fevrous kinds;
Demoniac frenzy, moping melancholy
And moonstruck madness . . .
. . . Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch
And over them triumphant Death her dart
Shook.

But even yet our sketch is not complete, for the lower animals shared with their masters the affliction of this dread visitation. It was at once a cattle plague, a sheep murrain, and a dog distemper; and even the humbler cats and fowls were attacked. All this abroad as well as in England.[1]

We need not be surprised that the English looked with alarm at the steady approach of the fell monster. So early as July 1348, Archbishop Zouche wrote from his palace at Cawood to a chief official at York: "It is common news that a great mortality and infection of the air now threatens different parts of the world, and particularly England, so that one cannot ignore it; and the sins of men, forsooth, cause this, who, when smiled upon by prosperity, fail to remember their Supreme Benefactor." And the prelate goes on to give directions for processions, litanies, and intercessions to appease the Almighty, and grants an indulgence of forty days to all who so do.[2] As he wrote, the rain, perhaps, was falling heavily, for this summer and autumn were as wet as in 1860 or 1879; and from the Festival of St. John the Baptist, on June 24, up to Christmas, night or day, it rained with that persistence with which this island is so familiar. And if to that normal unhealthy condition of things already referred to we add the abnormal dampness of the air and dwelling-houses produced by the rains and flood, we have a most unhappy combination of circumstances in every way favourable to the progress of the pestilence.

Some chroniclers say that the North was attacked first. Capgrave declares, "First it began in the north cuntre; than in the south; and so forth, thowr out the reme." But contemporary accounts point to Melcombe Regis as the port, and July 7, at the

[1] The other evidence points to the animals suffering at the same time, but Capgrave says, "After this pestilens folowed a moreyn of bestis, which had never be seyn."—*Chronicle*, *Rolls Series*, p. 213. He was, however, born forty-eight years later.

[2] *Raine's Northern Registers*, *Rolls Series*, p. 395. The archbishop, considering the age in which he was educated, wrote very good Latin.

earliest, as the exact date. For the siege of Calais, Melcombe or Weymouth had supplied twenty ships and 264 sailors; and as this siege was now at an end, it becomes a reasonable conjecture that either the sailors returning home with their ill-gotten plunder or other communication between the two harbours first brought over the Plague already raging at Calais. At the same time a study of any existing archives at Dover, Rye, and other Cinque ports, might show that Melcombe is not entitled to this highly questionable honour. Poole had furnished four ships and ninety-four men to the same siege, and was only a little later in its experience; and as with these, so with Bridport. Dr. Gasquet has been at pains to prove that the course of the epidemic clung to the riversides, since by the end of the year four parishes adjacent to the Stour had lost their pastors, and one of them, Spettisbury, thrice. Here I would suggest that travellers on the high road from Wimborne Minster to Blandford and the Somersetshire boundary took it with them from the Dorsetshire seaports.

Meanwhile, mariners and merchandise were busily employed in carrying contagion to other parts of the West. The turn of the towns and villages on the Exe and of the port and cathedral city of Exeter did not come before November; but with regard to those on the Bristol Channel it was earlier, and we may again fix on an exact day, August 15, when the first appearance was noted to the terrified citizens of Bristol. "The living," says an old city record, "were scarce able to bury the dead. . . . The grass grew several inches high in High Street and Broad Street. It raged at first chiefly in the centre of the city." The burial-grounds were soon full, and the priest of Holy Cross de la Temple added half an acre to his own cemetery without royal license, and accordingly had to sue for pardon afterwards. The road from Bristol to Bath, and that from Bath to Wells, conveyed the pestilence, which by the end of January 1349, from this cause or from that, had acquired a firm foothold amongst the different towns and villages throughout the West and South-West, from Salisbury to the Land's End.

London and Westminster appear to have escaped a little longer than Bristol, until October. One can only wonder, for the city was overcrowded to a degree; the pedestrian constantly trod upon rotting refuse, the streets were gutters, and the river the common sewer, into which butchers cast the offal of slaughtered animals. The city churchyards soon became insufficient, and others were consecrated. Within three months of the first outbreak the Bishop, Ralph Stratford, purchased a piece of ground, called "No Man's

Land," and to this Sir Walter Manney, one of the first Knights of the Garter, added thirteen acres adjoining. The site of this huge new cemetery, in which, with the usual exaggeration of round numbers, 50,000 corpses are said to have been buried, is now occupied by the picturesque buildings and cheerful courts and squares of the Charterhouse. The Abbot of Westminster and twenty-seven of his monks were amongst the victims in the adjoining city, and their dead bodies found a last resting-place in a common grave in their own cloisters.

All the brethren and sisters of the adjoining hospital of St. James, also in Westminster, were carried off, with one solitary exception. Parliament, appointed to meet in January, was twice prorogued, and the sittings of the Courts of Justice suspended.

I have searched in order to find out any part of England and Wales that eventually escaped, but the sad story is the same from Carlisle to Dover; and it is a safe statement that by the beginning of March 1349 (using our modern reckoning for the beginning of the year) throughout the whole country East and West hardly an accessible hamlet remained unvisited. The correspondence of Archbishop Zouche suggests February for the city of York. Hereford and the Marches were probably a little later. Hampshire, with the Plague on both sides, remained free during the autumn and until attacked simultaneously from London and Southampton. Leaving out Scotland and Ireland as beyond our scope, let us try to apply the statistics we have for England and Wales.

Our great difficulty lies in the absence of any such figures as the Registrar-General now supplies. Hence we are left to a dangerous extent to conjecture, inference, and surmise; and it need cause no surprise that distinguished writers should have formed very different conclusions both of the population of England and of the number of the victims. What appear to be trustworthy figures are given about Norwich. The population is said to have been 70,000, and on the authority of an ancient record the death-roll is fixed at 57,734; and in support of this it is contended that ten parishes disappeared altogether and fourteen more were found to be useless. But who counted the dead with such precision, and in a time of panic and despair? Of this we know nothing.

We possess, however, some ecclesiastical figures of real value. In each diocese a record was kept of the institution of every incumbent to his benefice, generally with the cause of vacancy, whether by death, preferment, or otherwise, and some of these are still extant. We require to know either the sum total of the

benefices in a given diocese, county or district, or else the normal number of vacancies in a given period, and put either of these figures side by side with the abnormal number of vacancies filled up during the period in question. We can then at once grasp the extent of the mortality amongst one particular class of the population—the beneficed clergy.

| Diocese or District | Total of benefices | Institutions, generally through death |
|---|---|---|
| County of Derby | 108 | 82 |
| Deanery of Doncaster | 56 | 30 |
| County of Dorset | 211 | 110 |
| „ Hants | 357(?) | 228 |
| Diocese of Hereford | 352(?) | 225 |
| County of Northants | 281 | 135 |
| Diocese of Norwich | 1,300(?) | 903[1] |
| County of Notts | 126 | 65 |
| „ Somerset | 577(?) | 228 |
| „ Surrey | 170(?) | 92 |
| „ Warwick. | 175 | 93 |
| „ Wilts | 424(?) | 176 |
| „ Worcester | 138 | 70 |
| Total | 4,275 | 2,437 |

In some instances I have been compelled to estimate the number of benefices in a given district, and where I have so done, the mark shows. Generally, and where the average annual sum of institutions in normal times is given, I have simply multiplied by seventeen; but it is unnecessary to inflict on the reader by what comparison of other averages I have hit upon this figure. In one or two instances, where this average of normal times is not given, but where the absence of modern industries has left the ancient parishes practically undisturbed in number, I have adopted the modern figures. The diocese of Hereford is a case in point. A second difficulty is the deduction of institutions caused not by death but by resignation or other cause. In Derbyshire and elsewhere this is easy; but in other places a factor of some uncertainty, tending to exaggeration, is introduced. Also vacancies unfilled, of which there were numbers, are ignored; and in turn this tends to an undue minimising. I have included every diocese, or part of a diocese, where the figures are to

[1] The figures for the diocese of Norwich are enormous. For the institutions, however, Dr. Gasquet quotes the figures of Dr. Jessopp, derived from the diocesan registers. (*The Coming of the Friars*, pp. 166–261.) Dr. Jessopp has made a special and careful study of his own diocese. The normal average of institutions was 77 a year, and multiplying by 17 I get the sum total of benefices, 1,309.

be arrived at; and, after making allowance for miscalculations, we find that something like one-half of the beneficed clergy died during the plague period. So much for the whole or part of thirteen different counties.

A second summary of ecclesiastical figures comes from the Patent Rolls, and some of the previous cases are of necessity included, but the area is more general throughout the country. In these Rolls presentations to all benefices in the royal gift, whether permanently so or only for that turn, are recorded, giving instances from almost every county in England and Wales. In normal times the King seems to have given away or presented to the different bishops 111 livings a year on the average. Accordingly from September, 1348, to the end of January, 1350, had there been no unusual cause for vacancies, exactly 150 appointments would have been registered on the Patent Rolls. The actual number for the nineteen months amounted to 975. As the livings in the gift of the Crown were about 1,900, we have a striking corroboration of our former figures, demonstrating that one-half of the incumbents died during the prevalence of the Pestilence.

We have but to compare this with our more certain knowledge of later visitations, notably with that of 1665, to gauge the wholesale devastation.

On each occasion the parish priests were exposed in an equal manner. They did not run away from infection in Charles II.'s time, but we do not meet with the same mortality among them; and if we can draw any inference in round numbers, and assume that this one class shared equally with the general population, we arrive at the conclusion that something like one-half of the living were swept away in the course of eighteen months.

It may here be mentioned that we have no means of ascertaining the number of the monastic and unbeneficed parochial priests; and, as is usual in such cases, figures differing very materially from one another have been suggested. The throne of Canterbury was twice emptied of its occupant.

Before leaving our ecclesiastical sources of information it will be of interest to glance at the religious houses, then constituting an item of much importance in the religious and social life of the country. St. Albans lost her abbot, prior, sub-prior, and forty-four monks out of a total of about sixty; and the daughter houses or "cells" suffered in a like way. At Meaux thirty-two monks and lay brothers died out of forty-nine. Bodmin was left with but two monks. Amongst the remaining heads of houses carried off were the abbots of Jerveaux,

Ribeaux, Roche, and Welbeck, and the prior of Cartmel. At Newenham twenty-three out of twenty-six perished; the ranks of Glastonbury were thinned by one-half; and of the seven abbesses or Ladies Superior of the convents of Norfolk five died. Our knowledge, so far as it goes, certainly more than bears out the inference already suggested.

Besides these ecclesiastical returns, there remain a few sources of information of a civil or legal character. In the City of London wills were proved in the Court of Hustings, and the normal yearly average was twenty-two. In 1349, which covers but part of the period during which the wills of the Plague victims were in court, the number went up exactly tenfold to 222. This represents at least one-third of all who made wills at all; and by adding to our calculations those proved afterwards, we arrive by corroborative evidence truly striking to something like the same round number of one-half. To be on the safe side let us say a little less.[1]

The documents of certain London companies confirm the extent of the mortality amongst the mercantile classes. Four wardens of the Goldsmiths, the whole six of the Hatters, and the whole eight of the Cutlers died, and it is curious that, contrary to the customary use, the cause of death is not mentioned, every one already assuming it.

Next, let us take those records of manors or estates, the Court Rolls. These affect farm-tenants, who then formed a much larger proportion of the whole populace than now—but how large we do not know. Amongst other information we get reports of the proceedings of the Courts Baron of these different properties. Once a year the tenants rendered an account to their over lords; and upon the death of a tenant a successor, usually a son, was appointed or a new life added to the lease.[2] We notice at once that special courts were held, called Courts of the Plague.

At one of these, held on a manor in the centre of Norfolk, we learn that in some families no adult males were left to be appointed to the vacant tenancies. On a second, in the same county, twenty-one families had been swept away. In the parish of Hunstanton 172 tenants, or nearly the whole, died, of whom seventy-four had left no heirs male, and nineteen no relatives of any kind, and these figures, obtained from the researches of Dr. Jessopp, are fully supplemented by the Court Rolls of England generally. Glancing at

[1] *Calendar of Wills in the Court of Hustings.* Edited by R. R. Sharpe. Quoted by Dr. Gasquet.

[2] *How to Decipher Old Documents* By E. E. Thoyts. London: Eliot Stock. 1893. P. 72.

haphazard at the village of Chedzoy, near Bridgwater, the proceedings of a court held in 1349 fill up two long parchments closely written on both sides. From fifty to sixty new tenants are admitted. A case affecting the ownership of cattle was called on, and neither plaintiff nor defendants appeared, for all four had perished since the case had been put down two months previously.

There remain the documents called *Inquisitiones post mortem*, inquests held by the royal authority at the death of each lord of a manor to ascertain the Crown dues payable by the estate or incoming holder. Returns made into the Court of Chancery show a normal yearly average of 115. In 1349 alone the number of writs issued for these "inquisitions" was 619, and in some instances several properties are included in the same writ.[1] By making allowance for these two points—that the whole time is not included, and that whatever the number of landlords who died in the same neighbourhood, and at the same time, one writ sufficed—we arrive at the conclusion that the mortality amongst tenants-in-chief was almost as large as amongst the beneficed clergy; and the supposition that, so far as England is concerned, the well-to-do enjoyed a comparative immunity would seem to be in a great measure groundless.

These same inquests incidentally furnish particulars about the vassals. At Wilmacott, in Warwickshire, no tenants could be found for more than half the land. On a manor in Oxfordshire eight tenants out of eighteen died, on another three out of six, on that of Whitchurch none were left at all. It is to be regretted we have so few trustworthy returns, either of the Court Rolls or *Inquisitiones*, for the tenants holding under the lord with the villeins and labourers together formed the large majority of the population of two and a half or three millions. Had these two classes of documents been but preserved from damp and destruction, we might have obtained a fairly accurate census of each village and manor both before and after the fatal visitation. As the records have come down we have no such sure basis. We know, from the great demand for labour afterwards, and from the independent and often unruly conduct of the labouring and artisan classes, that they had decreased to a very great extent. We also find from these documents estates without adult males, farms taken over by entire strangers, and guardians appointed for young children left without relatives, and we do not find any one single part of England that escaped scot-free.

[1] Record Office. Chancery *Inquisitiones post mortem* and *Originalia Roll* for 1349. Writs sent out to the Escheators were entered upon the *Originalia Roll*. Quoted from Dr. Gasquet.

Can we then arrive at the actual mortality? No less than three chroniclers say "hardly a tenth" survived, a pardonable but enormous exaggeration; another says "barely a third were left alive." The more exact figures, as we have seen, point to a full half of the beneficed clergy, and to almost the same fraction of the London middle-classes, and to a third at least of the landholders; whilst the labourers and artisans in London, Bristol, and other centres, together with the under-tenants and villeins of the country, perished in multitudes none can number. Mr. Gardiner says: "Half of the population certainly perished, and some think that the number of those who died must be reckoned at two-thirds."[1] Dr. Gasquet sums up: "Those who, having examined the records themselves, have the best right to form an opinion, are practically unanimous in considering the disease swept away fully one-half of the entire population of England and Wales." I have myself endeavoured to point out that our trustworthy records are few, and that they refer too much to particular classes and isolated districts; but, taken as a whole, they certainly do demonstrate that the conveniently round number of one-half is about correct, the landowners, or tenants-in-chief of the Crown, suffering a little, but, according to the figures of the Court of Chancery, not much less than the general public.

And what, then, was the sum total? Professor Thorold Rogers reasons that the land could never have supported at this time a larger population than two millions and a half, while Dr. Cunningham by a different system arrives at the same conclusion; but taking into account the large number of villages in several of the counties, I should hesitate at adopting so small a proportion as fifty to the square mile all round. Let us say three millions. Taking the former estimate the mortality must have reached at least one and a quarter million, and it may have been anything between this and the second million. Of the number of patients who recovered we can know nothing.

"In Hertfordshire manors," says Professor Rogers, "where it was specially destructive, it was the practice for thirty years to head the schedule of expenditure with an enumeration of the lives which were lost and the tenancies which were vacated after 1348." Throughout the length and breadth of the land almost every home was visited. Numbers breathed their last unattended, their corpses long remaining unburied. "Men and women," writes a monk, William Dene, an eye-witness of what he describes, "bore their own

[1] *Student's History of England*, vol. i. p. 248.

offspring on their shoulders to the church, and cast them into a common pit. From these there proceeded so great a stench that hardly anyone dared to cross the cemeteries." The Bishop of Bath and Wells was compelled to give permission for the Sacrament of the Eucharist to be administered by deacons, a flagrant breach of episcopal discipline deemed to be necessary because of the evil times; and even laymen were permitted to hear confessions. And thus did this loathsome and painful disease strike at every family affection, and, even where it spared, often wreck the dearest hopes and sadden the remaining years of bereaved survivors—

> Matres atque viri defunctaque corpora vita
> Magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptæque puellæ
> Impositique rogis juvenes ante ora parentum:
> Quam multa in silvis autumni frigore primo
> Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
> Quam multæ glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
> Trans pontum fugat, et terris immittit apricis.

The first and immediate effect was a revolution in prices. A fat ox went down to 4*s.*, and a fat wether to 4*d.*, a pig to 5*d.*, and a lamb to 2*d.* On the other hand, a dearth of corn in counties so remote as Cumberland and Kent illustrates the havoc wrought amongst the humble tillers of the soil, and the chaos as well as disorder into which active farming had been thrown.

This paralysis of industry, also left its mark upon architecture, notably in its chief expression, the churches. When the landowners and cathedral bodies were without means, and masons and workmen so few as to be able to command high wages, building operations were suddenly interrupted. The nave of York Minster, a typical instance of the later Decorated style, and the choir of Gloucester, a typical instance of the earlier Perpendicular, were already finished, two worthy examples of our culminating period as it flourished up to the middle of the fifteenth century. From that date a change, and for the worse, is noticeable. Sometimes, as with the two western towers of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth, the original idea of the builder stands arrested, half finished, an object lesson in the break in our architectural continuity. Sometimes, as in Bishop Grandisson's contribution to Exeter, either the new builder or the new mason add in slovenly and discordant fashion to the geometrical stonework of the decorated conception of their predecessors. While often the church is in the end completed in a way, but only after the old fashions have for ever gone out, and new ones taken their place. The Perpendicular style, newly coming in, might have held its own

in point of beauty with the Decorated it was called upon to supersede had it not been handicapped by the misfortune of its time of introduction; but these later conceptions of later architects seemed in general more debased. And although it is true that after years, as in the designs of William of Wykeham, here and there display a handiwork of which for nobility of conception any time and country might well be proud, yet, as a whole, a decadence in architecture, and more particularly in church architecture, may be assigned to this cause; and a more philosophical classification of our ancient Gothic buildings would probably be the division into two chief classes, and 1350 the main dividing line. The Great Pestilence found the church architect at his zenith, assisted by an abundance both of skilled and compulsory labour; but from that rude and sudden shock there was never any complete recovery.

The accounts of different manors tell a tale of a serious deterioration in the value of land. In the smaller number of cases where the land was farmed by customary tenants, they refused to pay the old rents, and reductions had to be made to keep them to their holdings. In the larger number of cases the system of farming was by bailiff. Villeins were tied to the land by law, and compelled to perform farm work for their lords; but already the custom of commuting had grown up, so that these serfs were at liberty on a specified payment in money or kind to transfer their services elsewhere, hired labour taking their place.

The Pestilence, leaving the acreage undiminished in quantity, had decreased by one-half or more than a half the amount of labour, and immediately these tillers of the soil wanted a better wage; and the old dues of villenage, supported by only an inefficient executive, were unable to be enforced. Owing to the smaller market caused by the decreased population, combined with the steadily increasing demands of tenants and villeins, the manor lords had difficulties to meet on all sides. At least one-third of the cultivated land was abandoned, and the rents and dues of the remainder proportionately decreased. And at the same time the cost both of farming and of living went up with a bound, the various details varying from 50 to 200 per cent.

The consequence was that new methods of farming and land tenure began to supersede the old. The bailiff in the employment of the lord began to give way to the leaseholding tenant. A great deal of the land, although cultivated, had been held in common. There can be no doubt that even corn was extensively tilled by some adaptation of the communal system; and at the same time the

use of pasturage for sheep had been by no means appreciated. The drastic change, producing landlords and tenants who wanted both cheaper and more productive cultivation, caused sheep to take the place of corn, and enclosures to be formed. The former broad areas, such as meet the traveller so frequently on the Continent, began to be divided into fields, and enclosures and hedgerows to be planted, first giving the rural landscape that peculiar appearance it retains to this day.

The Statute of Labourers, in reality directed against high wages, was passed even before the disappearance of the Plague, and fixed the price of labour on the scale that had previously been in vogue. As an instance of Parliament endeavouring to regulate so delicate and complicated a matter, this Act, followed as it was by later Acts and proclamations, has an interest of its own. These measures were sufficiently sweeping, punishing both employer and employed. "The King," says Knighton, "levied heavy fines upon the abbots, priors, and the higher and better lords, as well as upon the greater and smaller landowners in the country, because they had not obeyed his orders," as in truth they could not without sacrificing their crops. "The King also arrested very many labourers, and put them in prison; and many fled and hid themselves in forests and woods for the time, and those who were caught were fined more severely still." William Dene complains that "labourers and skilled workmen became so rebellious that neither the King, nor the law, nor the justices, the guardians of the law, were able to punish them."[1] The villeins and the employed, both in the country and in towns, learnt the value of combination, and began to practise it, and the preamble of a later Act aimed against them runs, "Villeins withdraw their services and customs from their lords by the custom and procurement of others, their counsellors, maintainers, and abettors, which have taken hire and profit of the said villeins and land tenants, by colour of certain exemplifications made out of Domesday, and affirm that they are discharged and will suffer no distress. Hereupon they gather themselves in great routs, and argue by such a confederacy that everyone shall resist their lord by force." These efforts of the legislature and of the executive caused a great amount of friction and discontent. A large number swore the required oath not to take any wage higher than the customary, and promptly went and broke it. The servile troubles that were so

[1] William Dene's account in the Rochester Cartulary is in the British Museum, Cotton MSS. Faust B. v. ff. 96 *et seq.* It has been abstracted in Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, vol. i. pp. 375 *et seq.*

prevalent during the second half of the fourteenth century demonstrate that it is easy enough to fix an irreducible maximum or an irreducible minimum by Act of Parliament, and absolutely impossible to enforce your Act when you have it.

In a well-known passage at the commencement of his history, Macaulay says of the extinction of villenage that it "struck contemporary observers with no surprise, and has received from historians a very scanty measure of attention; and that it was brought about neither by legislative regulation, nor by physical force." Now let us compare this with a passage or two further from contemporary and sub-contemporary observers. King Edward was given to understand that "workmen, servants, and labourers publicly disregarded his ordinances."[1] "The King sent into each county of the kingdom orders that harvesters and other workmen should not obtain more than they were wont to have, under penalties laid down in the Statute made for the purpose. But labourers were so elated and contentious that they did not pay attention to the command of the King; and if any one wanted to hire them, he was forced to pay them what was asked, and so had his choice either to lose his harvest and crops, or give in to the proud and covetous desire of the workmen."[2] The fact seems to be that owing to the influence of the clergy a beginning of manumission had already been made; that owing to the Pestilence a great demand for labour was created; that the executive was too weak either to keep the villein to his village or to make him work under the old system; that the villein combined with other workmen to advance his own interests—as this system of mediæval trades unions is called in an old statute "the malice of the servants in husbandry"—and that the total extinction of villenage, thus hastened by the Pestilence, was only a work of time.

To sum up this part of our inquiry. Ancient houses sank to rise no more or became impoverished, while the population throughout all classes so decreased as to snap asunder wonted use and custom. Tenants-in-chief of the Crown, although they failed to see how or where things were tending, soon experienced that their former relationship with their Sovereign on the one hand, and their vassals and villeins on the other, was changing, and, with the rest, it was becoming difficult to exact the old military service. Accordingly, from the Great Pestilence we date the causes which led to the decay of that old method of land tenure and service we call the Feudal

[1] Record Office. *Originalia Roll*, 26 ed., iii. m. 25.

[2] Knighton. Ed. Twysden, col. 2699. Knighton wrote shortly afterwards. The three last references are from Dr. Gasquet.

System, and the birth of that other system of freehold settlement which in substance obtains to this day.

Concurrently with these the new forces at work were steadily effecting a revolution in our language and literature. In the Middle Ages the tongue of Parliament, of the Court, of the Law, was French. The higher classes conversed in French; and such youths as went to school construed their Latin lessons into French. But the continued struggles with France on the one hand and with the Popes at Avignon on the other were rapidly creating a national spirit sufficiently wide and popular to dominate all classes and all interests. And the dearth of the teachers and scholars of the old school, caused by the havoc wrought amongst the clergy, both regular and secular, gave an irresistible impetus to this patriotic craving of England for the English. It was left for a schoolmaster named Cornwall to be the first to teach his pupils in their own mother tongue, and within forty years this new departure became general. In 1362—we have, again, an exact date—not only did English supplant French in the law courts, but for the first time Parliament heard their King use the language of the people in his speech from the Throne. And if at court members and courtiers continued to converse in French, it was as though in a foreign language, spoken with an incorrect and impure accent, a use destined soon to die out.

Again, the mother Latin was the rival of her daughter, the French. Latin was the language of the learned and of literature. The old "Chronicle," commenced under the auspices of Alfred the Great and continued until the middle of the twelfth century, together with Layamon's "Brut" of the times of King John, were almost solitary exceptions in respect to the use of written English. But, curiously enough, this same year, 1362, saw William Langland's "Vision of Piers the Plowman," written in English, soon to be followed by the inimitable "Canterbury Tales" of Chaucer, and, of still greater importance, Wycliffe's Translation of the Bible. These things are more than coincidences. The old men were going or gone, and the old ways and ideas with them, and the result, the dawn of English literature.

It could not be otherwise than that the change from Latin to English should be gradual. The language of Cicero and Tacitus was the international tongue of civilised Europe, and for an English writer or scholar to use his own in its stead was to cut himself off from much sympathy of his learned brethren. No wonder the old state of things fought hard. It was not till 1366 that the first State paper was written in English. Two centuries later Bacon

was as much at home in the one as in the other, while Camden preferred the older for writing history, although the Authorised Version of the Bible, the Prayer-Book Version of the Psalms, and the splendid genius of Shakespeare all proved what a channel was at hand for the expression of the loftiest thoughts and ideas. The Universities still continued their old practice. Up to recent times, and even after it had been dropped for purposes of instruction, Latin remained in use for examinations; and the quaint old ceremonies of Commencements are still performed as in the brave days of old. People are living who were first taught Greek by the help of grammars and lexicons written in the Latin tongue, and the annual sermon now preached before the Convocation of Canterbury might, so far as the manner is concerned, be delivered by the wraith of Winchelsey or Stratford. The use of the two tongues implied two different conceptions. The one the better for international purposes, since all scholars learnt it; the other for expressing faithfully the exact ideas of the writer of English birth and training, as the language in which he spoke and thought; and the Black Death powerfully assisted the latter of these two.

We have left to the last the most important movement of all which this calamity set going. The enormous loss of the clergy has been already pointed out; serious results could not but follow. The benefices still remained, and, rightly or wrongly, it was considered best to fill up vacancies; but to supply efficient priests for every second parish was quite impossible.

The regular clergy could not meet the want; their ranks had been equally decimated. The Universities held out no hope for the future. Oxford, with its army of 30,000 scholars, had decreased in numbers to one-sixth of that figure, and had deteriorated in manners by the turbulent and riotous conduct of the students. "The city of Oxford, the fount and source of clerical knowledge," complains the King five years after the Pestilence, had become "like a worthless fig-tree without fruit." So far as the roll of students was concerned, the sister University declined in a like manner.[1]

How were the vacancies of the present and the supplies of the future to be made good? Those quite unfit were hastily ordained, that Divine

[1] Dr. Gasquet's authorities for Oxford are Wood's *History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford*, p. 449; *Hadleian MS.* 1900, fol. 2; Gascoigne's *Loci ex Libro Veritatum*, edited by Professor Thorold Rogers, p. 202; and *Reg. Trileck*, fol. 163. The plague raged at Cambridge, and the decrease of students is a safe assumption. If we are to trust the figures at all, the Oxford of the days when England had but a small population, and that devastated by the Plague, completely puts to shame the scanty roll of 3,000 undergraduates of our own time.

service might be continued. Married laymen, provided they agreed to separate from their wives, were held to be eligible. Candidates quite unlettered, who did not understand five sentences of the Latin offices they recited; candidates with no vocation of any kind, unless for the farm and the workshop, were recklessly admitted in every diocese of either province. The monks and the friars likewise deteriorated. The clergy of the first half of the fourteenth century had their faults, but not as their successors, and the result has lasted to this day in a manner that was never anticipated.

It is significant that demands for Church reform, both in government and doctrine, soon began to be raised, and, amongst others, by two writers already incidentally referred to. John de Wycliffe was twenty-four years old at the time of the plague, and seven years after published his "Last Age of the Church" against the prevalent corruption. The "poor priests" he succeeded in sending forth as missionaries likewise, when on their itineracies, found fault with the parish clergy, monks, and friars; and to the pen of Wycliffe was added the pen of William Langland, who in the "Vision of Piers the Plowman" denounced the increasing abuses, and called aloud for a higher standard of life and truth. To search for the origin of the Reformation it is necessary to go back to the rupture produced by the Plague, when the gaps in the ranks of the clergy were filled up with ignorant and unsuitable men, often corrupt, and sometimes immoral. Geoffrey Chaucer was trained as a boy under the old *régime*, and had just entered manhood at the time, and in his old age and retirement at Woodstock produced, like a *genre* painter, different classes of the second half of the fourteenth century, and amongst them the clergy. In "The Canterbury Tales" the poor town parson who

> Cristes love, and his apostles twelve,
> He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve

is more than counterbalanced by the priests who spend their time in hunting, and grant absolution to all who will give money enough, and refuse it to those who have none. The sudden extinction of so many of the older and better class of parsons, monks, and friars, and the succession of so many worse than useless in their places, inflicted grievous wounds, which, remaining unhealed, contributed to the Reformation.

Dr. Liddon has thoughtfully remarked, "So vast a system as that of the Mediæval Church would never have been shattered as it was in the sixteenth century unless there had been deep-seated and widespread corruption both in belief and practice, and a corresponding

alienation of the higher conscience of the people from the hierarchy. The Papal jurisdiction was theologically and historically vulnerable; but it might have lasted on in England if it had not been long associated with memories of ambition and avarice which Englishmen could not forget."[1] Certainly the corruption in the manners of the clergy caused by the revolutionary change in their *personnel* first led to the challenge by the legislature of the righteousness of the claims of the Roman Pontiffs; and amongst the remaining causes was the removal of the seat of the Papacy from Rome to Avignon in 1309, with the accompanying submission to France; and still more the subsequent scandal and distress of the Great Schism of the West commencing in 1379, when two and sometimes even three rivals at Rome and Avignon each claimed to be the true vicar of Christ, and denounced as an impostor and a scoundrel his rival or rivals.

The assaults by the legislature upon the Roman outposts were steadily and successfully carried out. On behalf of himself and his successors John had agreed to pay to the Pope a thousand marks a year as an outward and visible sign of vassalage. One hundred and twenty years passed away, and no sooner did Edward III. get the reins of government into his own hands than he declined to be bound by this any longer. Then came the Pestilence. Shortly afterwards a fresh demand from Avignon was promptly repudiated by Parliament. In point of time, a little before this repudiation the first Statute of Provisors was enacted to stop the bestowal by the Pope of English benefices in the presentation of English patrons, as well as the first Statute of Præmunire to stop law-suits being carried to the court of Avignon. Additions to these, as also to the older Statute of Mortmain, were made from time to time before the end of the century. The path was being cleared of the brushwood and the brake in order to discuss the purely doctrinal and spiritual claims of the see of Rome.[2]

[1] Translation of Rosmini's *Five Wounds*. Rivingtons. Editor's Preface, p. xxiii.

[2] The following list is by no means complete:—(*a*) Against the bestowal of English benefices by the Pope; *i.e.*, Statutes of the "Provisor" class. Edward III. 25, cc. 6 and 22 (c. 6 being the original and not very successful Statute of Provisors); Richard II. 13, c. 2, and 16, cc. 1 to 5 (?). (*b*) Against carrying suits to Avignon, and against English ecclesiastics acting under Papal authority; *i.e.*, Statutes of the "Præmunire" class: Edward III. 27, c. i.; Richard II. 7, c. 14, and 16, c. 5 (this last usually called the Statute of Præmunire, from the use of the term at the beginning of one of the clauses). (*c*) Against transferring lands to the Church by will; *i.e.*, additions to the Statute of Mortmain passed in 1279. (7 Edward I. c. 2.) 15 Richard II. c. 2. Not only is this not complete but nothing short of a study of the Statute Books is likely to produce anything

If we take the England of the days of Crecy, and compare her with the England of any given date subsequent, say with the days of the Armada, we find the same country and the same race differing materially in religion, in language, in literature, in laws, in manners and customs, and architecture; and we further find the causes which led to this development often difficult to seek. On the one hand, there is a tendency to narrow the inquiry by assigning some one single sufficient reason, and one only, for each alteration, as on the other an alternate tendency to confess that no adequate reason at all can be traced. What has been written is an attempt to throw fresh light upon an obscure subject, and to show that one elementary factor in the connected chain of cause and effect has been neglected. I have made no attempt to prove that all things that followed are due to this one disturbing incident alone and to nothing else, but merely that the Great Pestilence occupies a unique position amongst the episodes of the Middle Ages, and that the development to Modern Times is more intimately joined to ensuing consequences than is generally understood.

like infallibility. The list is taken from well-known sources in order to illustrate the anti-papal legislation of the second half of the fourteenth century. In this it succeeds, although figures may be here and there wrong.

ARTHUR DIMOCK.

# *THE SWALE AND ITS WATERFALLS.*

THAN Swaledale, in Yorkshire, there is no dale more wildly scenic in the kingdom. Those Nature-lovers who are familiar with both the Swale and the Yore will agree with me that the former turbulent and rapid river deserves all the praise it has got for scenes of continental grandeur. The valley is deeper, more rugged and confined, than that of Yore: the hills which overlook it are steeper; and gorges, waterfalls, and lofty scars are among its sublime features. Indeed, there is nothing of the ample and luxuriant character of the much-visited Wensleydale in Upper Swaledale. A great crescent of stern hills overlooking moorlands but rarely trodden by human foot is the nursing mother of the infant river. Its baby-voice is first heard in some collateral cat-o'-nine-tail becks which issue from the moorland waste. When the spongy ground gets sodden with rain these begin to whip up the expanding young river in the valley into mighty and almost inconceivable proportions. From the steep slopes of Brownber Edge and Nine Standards, from the sombre ridge that flanks the remote gorge of Mallerstang, from Lady Pillar to Great Shunnor Fell, large reinforcements of water descend sometimes in angry torrents, tearing still more deeply their own sunken beds, to form in the neighbourhood of Keld river-scenes of surpassing grandeur. And I wonder why the hills, to say nothing of the valleys, have not a greater enchantment for our people; I wonder why nobody cares to exert himself to climb such sky-soaring solitudes as Great Shunnor Fell, and Rogan's Seat, and Water Crag, and Wild Boar Fell, and Lovely Seat! There should be sufficient magnetism in these names alone to draw one into a state of familiarity with them. Yet who before has ever heard anything about these Yorkshire's sternest children? or who could tell, without referring to the map, the exact localities allotted to them by the forces of Nature? Some day it will be better known that the fells and the moorland heights are no more dead, implacable, objectless matter than the verdant

valleys and the flowing waters. As the author of "Romantic Richmondshire" says, "they all abound in their living vigour with noble lessons of God's own choosing."

Few dales in the kingdom are invested with so many grand waterfalls and overhanging scars and clints as this one of Swale. For miles and miles the air is resonant with the voices of cataracts, cascades, and hurrying waters. In quick succession (or, occasionally, on a tributary stream) we have the Ovenmouth Fall, High Bridge Fall, the Waindwath Rapids, Park House Force, Currack Fall, Rainby Fall, Hoggart's Leap, the Catrake Falls, East Gill Fall, Kisdon Force, Scar House Force, Ivelet Force, and the Yew Scar Falls. Of these falls—which may be all visited in one day—the most important are Park House Force, the Catrake Falls, and Kisdon Force; this latter being often considered by those very few Yorkshiremen who have visited all the chief natural displays of water in their own county as the noblest and most impressive. The average tourist whose destination is Keld will not care to explore the Swale much higher than the Waindwath Rapids, which are situated under Cauterley Scar—an escarpment of perpendicular limestone cliffs running for about 1,000 yards along the north bank of the Swale. The layer of grit beneath the Scar forms the ledges over which the Waindwath Rapids often rush and swirl with torrential force, though they never follow the character of the rapids of America. Standing at the foot of the current, on the dog-tooth rocks which project into the stream, narrowing it up to several "strids," the view is beautiful and awfully grand—enough to thrill any spectator, be he Impressionist or no. In autumn the hard outlines of the rocks are softened by the gorgeous hues of the ripe foliage. Elms and ashes overhang the water, briars and alders squat by its side, and flaming bannerets of foliage lift themselves from almost every nook and cranny.

At Park House Force—the next in the series—the Swale is propelled over a river-bed scar in three parallel columns. Here, again, the autumnal leaves are a most magnificent sight in themselves, and the ferns glow with triumphant shades glossed by cataractal spray. This is a scene of compound interest; for close at hand the West Stonesdale beck empties itself over a shelving rock into the same bed by means of a tripartite fall known as Currack; this and its more august neighbour being in full view at one and the same time. Mr. Parrington, of the Cat Hole Inn, at Keld, says that the Currack Fall took a prize in an exhibition at Darlington. To anybody except the artist and the exhibitor this statement may read a little ambigu-

ous; but I think we may safely conclude that it was art and workmanship that took the prize, rather than mere subject.

Rainby Fall and Hoggart's Leap are not more than half a mile lower down stream. If these two leaps of the Swale had been in Nidderdale or Wharfedale they would have attracted the attention of every passer-by; but, as it is, there are finer displays of water both on their upper and lower sides, hence the silence to which it is summer after summer their lot to be left. Hoggart's Leap is a weird name, suggesting to the uninitiated some connection with a local tradition and a boggart or a barguest of Swaledale renown; but I believe that Hoggart is really a family name, there being Hoggarth's Farm about two miles further up the Swale. The river cuts through a ocky defile which suggests a cañon, and sometimes the human foot can traverse it only with difficulty. Tree-boles spring out of narrow crevices between the rocks, or lock them together with a dead, clumsy, but inevitable grasp, and wave out their branches over the pool-mirrors which lie below. What a fairy-scene must this be in the rejoiceful spring-time, when the blue veronica, sweet cicely, pink lychnis, starry white ox-eye, yellow primrose, and modest violet are all astir on the scars and by the waterside; when these living gems are interlaid among and garnished with purple-tipped fox-tail and the drooping brome-grass, and the waters alongside carolling to them as though they were children at a feast!

From Rainby Fall and Hoggart's Leap a sequestered green glade leads on to the Catrake Falls, which are situated behind Keld village. In flood, these cascades remind one very much of the well-known Aysgarth Falls, in Wensleydale. In dry summer weather they are almost of a happy-go-lucky character, hopping down broadly and loosely for some twenty feet over a series of ledges in the river's rocky bed. They are approached by a rude staircase formed by some sixty steps to the deep hollow. From the centre of the rocky amphitheatre may be viewed three distinct leaps of silvery water diffused over a wide surface, the river being here about ninety feet across. The scenery of this rugged limestone channel, although so much secluded by the hanging foliage, is yet grand in the extreme. One feels far away from the world when surrounded by the tangled thicket and beetling riparian cliffs, whose jagged projections are graced with the foliage of the mountain ash and shadowed by the pensile branches of the birch. When the falling waters hush up every sound, compelling everything and everybody to listen, here man feels as small as the elusive trout which finds sanctuary in the roots of yon overhanging willow. Sometimes the river dashes over these rocks torrentially,

with the ire and deafening roar of a demon, only to be precipitated over another precipice into another deep basin at every two or three hundred yards, until it reaches the calmer depths at Gunnerside. In 1883, the upland streams ran so voluminously down into the river one day that it rose upwards of thirty feet at Keld, and lower down its course more than 500 cattle were swept away from the banks. A flood-scene at Richmond must be awfully grand, for the Swale falls from an altitude of 1,050 ft. at Keld to about 300 ft. at Richmond, a distance of twenty-two miles; this being equal to a fall of about thirty-four feet per mile.

Why does at least one directory turn Catrake Falls into Cataract Force? It is, I suppose, some misunderstanding on the part of the compiler. But why do polished authors attempt to corrupt Catrake Falls into Catrigg Force? Perhaps because they have some contempt for what they consider to be pure vernacular, and because they are ignorant that the true Catrigg Force is out Settle way. Some writers will tell you that the name points to the fact that this district was at one time infested with wild cats. But the word "catrake" is better explained in another way. At the time Sir George Denys's lead-level was worked in this hollow it used to be said that only cats could rake up the hill-sides from it. Sheep-rakes are sheep-walks, cat-rakes are cat-walks, and peat-rakes is an expression indicating a straggling tendency of the peat-fumes.

It would be unpardonable to pass on without paying some little tribute to the most graceful mount in Yorkshire. Detached from all the rest of its kind, set in the very midst of the dale with silent impertinence, and forcing the river half-way round its rotund base by a deep gorge, the delicately-lined Kisdon rises to a height of 1,636 ft. It is to the Keld and Muker folk what Rosebery Topping is to the "Cannie Yatton" and Stokesley folk—an eternal presence of which they are proud, and some of them would, I dare say, rather forfeit their lives than have it removed, were that by any vandal piece of contract possible. Both real and ideal is this bastion below Melbecks Moor, this exquisite green and silver mount—neither hill, nor mountain, nor fell—chased at the base in perpendicular columns, and rounded symmetrically above. But surely the artists need not be quite so faint-hearted. When some adventurous spirit is tired of the Swale waterfalls and the beauty-spots of Richmond, let him make an effort to reproduce the contour, purity, and brilliance of this immovable denizen of the Swale's mid-stream. Were Kisdon absent, one might see Muker from Keld, but the river and a foot-track twine round one side of it through a deep ravine, the high-road

twines round the other side past Angram and Thwaite; and the country-folk, not content with these two means of passage, must needs cut a cart-road right over Kisdon's summit. Not that they would deface the mount for worlds, but because they love its prospects and its breezes.

At Keld Bridge is the sheeny, silvery, East Gill Fall—companion in style to the Currack Fall—and, as you watch it from the hill-side, you hear its music rise and sink in impressive cadences. I followed a narrow and rough bit of road into a region growing at every step more wild and Alpine-like in its grandeur, until at last I was quite beneath the bulk of Kisdon, on whose sides the isochromatic yew and juniper may be seen flourishing. The birds chirruped in the tangled autumn hedgerows, where now and then a robin redbreast or a tiny crested wren was heard piping. Here and there appeared the scarlet-berried spike of the wild arum; in every hedgerow the sinister beauty of the black briony; everywhere the broad flat tufts left by the wild guelder-rose. But many very rare plants, such as the Andræa alpina, Gymnostomum commutatum, and Dicranella Schreberi, have been found between the Catrake Falls and Kisdon Force.

Kisdon Force—though perhaps unknown to Turner, who painted Hardraw Force—is, owing to its surroundings, the noblest waterfall in Yorkshire. The Swale here does its best to bring its grandeur to a culminating point, and to give a memorable finish to its series of plunges. The cataractal booming sound falls on the ear while afar off, but the narrow tree-clad gorge conceals its treasure until one has scrambled down the steep sylvan flank of Mount Kisdon to its very foot. I came to a detached platform-like mass of limestone, which, during some great convulsion, has evidently become disconnected from the Mount and slidden down into the middle of the valley, leaving scarcely room for the angry river to pass through. After heavy rains it is impossible to stand here, for the torrent with lightning velocity then swirls over this spacious rocky floor, sets all the higher rocks shivering, thunders into its misty cauldron, and rushes off again in violent vortices. Geologists say that Kisdon Force has cut back more than half a mile since the close of the Glacial Period, the rate of retrogression having averaged some 3½ inches per annum. But Nature is here at once stern and sublime. The river-bed is a chasm, the Force is a broad arc of living silvery crystal, its roar is perennial and profound, the surrounding rocks are dappled with brilliant colours, and there are all the fairy-land accompaniments of abundant foliage, fern and flower. On the brant-sided hill

opposite, which rises to the height of 1,000 ft. almost perpendicularly, hangs a miniature forest. And from this phenomenal platform of rock the yew and juniper-sprinkled Mount Kisdon may be seen rising terrace upon terrace, with, in the visual middle distance, a road cut through the rock on its well-rounded breast.

Scar House Force is situated on the Cliff Gill beck, near to its confluence with the Swale. After having brought down its message from the famous Buttertubs Pass, this beck is suddenly precipitated over a semicirque of limestone rocks into a narrow ravine picturesquely clad with elm and fruiting ash; while foliage auburn and isabelline hangs from the opposite side and meets in an arched canopy over the vitreous top of the fall. But there is none of the magnificence of Kisdon Force here to appal a child or dwarf the stature of man. In a word, Scar House Force belongs to that type known as the essentially pretty waterfall. On the verge of the basin may be seen a great rock on which is deeply carved in large letters, "God is Love." Even such an admirable text as that does not lend additional interest to the scene, nor create any particular sympathy with the faddist of the chisel, nor preach half so eloquent a sermon as the waterfall itself; or what the worth of those familiar words in "As You Like It" uttered by the exiled Duke in the Forest of Arden?

One day a Westmorland stag strayed as far as Muker Moor, when it was seen and chased by a number of Swaledale men with their dogs. The stag, more nimble than they, bounded off and led them a pretty dance; but, after clearing an hedge or two, it landed in the bottom of this Scar House Fall, and was maimed. A bold dalesman who sprang after the animal got gored through the hand. The stag was seized at last, and put in quod for a term. The landowner, however, released it as soon as it was well and capable, and, along with several gentlemen friends on horseback, gave it chase in the direction of the hills.

Let us see how the rapid-falling Swale is affected by melting snows on the fells and by rain-charged thunderstorms which not infrequently burst above them. The thunderstorm of Wednesday, September 9, 1896, will long be remembered by the good folk of Keld and Muker. The morning was soft—a decent fishing-morning, in sooth—and made no signal of the coming storm. But about two o'clock the heavens opened, and abruptly discharged a straight fusillade of rain. Presently the hills were ablaze with lightning-forks, and the thunder detonated from Nine Standards to Shunnor Fell. In a few minutes, as it seemed, the road was a troubled sheet of

water, crossed at every angle by a boisterous flood. It hurtled headlong down the hill-sides, burst through the stone fences, bored and burrowed in the road, swung open and wrenched down the gates in the pastures, and spread destruction wholesale among the fields and farmsteads. Huge stones, tons in weight, came crashing down the becks like cannon-balls; you could hear them grinding together as the spate hurled them over the augmented cataracts. For an hour or more Nature's orchestrion rendered the craziest music imaginable. Fences and even bridges collapsed as though battering-rams had been levelled at them, and now and again a drowning sheep or a barrow waltzed round and round in the watery pandemonium. Anxious farmers might have been seen retreating from the melting banks, where pole after pole of the best pasturage was yielding to the corrosive torrent. And, two or three hours hence, scores of farmers beheld with dismay their acres strewn with sand and stones, their fences nowhere, their roads dripping morasses—as though some Killarney bog-slide had passed that way—and all the work and wage of a year or more gone to hopeless ruin.

From Keld, the first important village in Swaledale, a long and interesting course lies before this very ancient river, in which history says St. Paulinus baptized above ten thousand men, besides women and children, in one day; past Muker, and more ancient Grinton, and proud, lordly Richmond; past towers of barons and cloisters of monks, to the broad, peaceful, pastoral vale; till, calmed by experience, it flows at Myton gently into the Ure, whence soon, as the yellow Ouse, it laps the ancient quays at York.

HARWOOD BRIERLEY

# *ST. CRISPIN AND HIS SUCCESSORS.*

THE Emperor Charles V. being curious to ascertain the opinion of his subjects regarding himself and his government often departed incognito to public and other resorts to glean information. His boots needed repairs, and one night at Brussels he wended his steps to the establishment of a cobbler. Unfortunately it was St. Crispin's Day, and instead of discovering the cobbler engaged in his work he found him with his acquaintances celebrating his patron's festal day. The Emperor, however, stated his wants, and for the performance of the duty offered a tempting gratuity. "Know you not, my friend," said the hilarious cobbler, "that this day is sacred to the pious patron of our art, St. Crispin? For the nonce I have renounced work. Were you the Emperor Charles V. himself, I'd not do a stitch; but if you will come in you shall drink with us to the health of St. Crispin. We are as merry as Charles V. can be." The stranger accepted the offer of hospitality, and while he was contemplating their rude pleasure instead of participating in the same, the jovial host accosted him thus: "I suppose you are some courtier, politician, or some other personage in the State, but whoever you be you're heartily welcome here. Drink about, sir. Here's Charles V.'s health." "Then you love Charles V.?" queried the Emperor. "Love him?" echoed the son of St. Crispin, "aye, aye. Certainly I love him. I love his long noseship well enough, but I should love him much better were he to tax us a little less."

Shortly after this conversation the Emperor departed, by no means displeased with the bluntness of his host. The next day the Emperor sent for the cobbler, and in answering the summons he feared that a terrible reception was in store for him. The cobbler was ushered into the presence of the Emperor, who, observing the man's anxiety, hastened to appease his dire forebodings by promising to grant any reasonable wish he might express. Crispin took heart and requested that his sovereign and late visitor would permit in future the cobblers of Flanders to bear for their arms a boot with

the Emperor's crown upon it, and that in all processions the Company of Cobblers should take precedence of the Company of Shoemakers. The request was conceded by the Emperor, and these high and honourable distinctions are still held and cherished by the cobblers of Brussels.

The shoemakers of Scarborough were, and may be yet, in the habit of holding a dinner on St. Crispin's Day (October 25), and afterwards burning flambeaux on the sands.

St. Crispin and his brother Crispinian (always associated together in the calendar) were two natives of Rome who, having become converts to Christianity, set out for Gaul to preach the faith about the middle of the third century, along with St. Quintin and others. The brothers settled at Soissons, where, in imitation of the Apostle Paul, they preached publicly in the daytime and worked with their hands at night, earning their own subsistence by making shoes, though nobly born. They supplied the poor at a low price, and a legend tells us that an angel supplied them with leather. The heathen listened to their instruction, and were astonished at the charity, disinterestedness, piety, and contempt of glory displayed in their lives; and many were converted to the Christian faith. After they had been thus engaged for several years, the Emperor Maximianus Herculius came into Belgic Gaul, and a complaint was made to him against the brothers. He, desiring to gratify their accusers, as well as to indulge his own savage cruelty, gave orders that they should be brought before Rictius Varus, the most implacable enemy of the Christians of that time. The saints bore with patience and constancy the most cruel torments, and at length finished their course by being beheaded with the sword about 287 A.D.

According to a Kentish tradition, their remains being cast into the sea were washed ashore at Romney Marsh. In the sixth century a great church was built in their honour at Soissons, and St. Eligius richly ornamented the shrine.

From their martyrdom to the present time they have been regarded as the patron saints of shoemakers, who were accustomed to honour their day (and are yet in some towns) by great festivity. One special ceremony was a procession of the brethren of the craft with banners and music, while various characters representing King Crispin and his Court were sustained by different members.

In *Time's Telescope* for 1816 we read that "the shoemakers of the present day are not far behind their predecessors in the manner of keeping St. Crispin. From the highest to the lowest it is a day of feasting and jollity. It is also, we believe, observed as a festival with

the corporate body of Cordwainers, or shoemakers, of London, but without any sort of procession on the occasion, except the proceeding to a good tavern to partake of a good dinner and drink to the pious memory of St. Crispin." Again, Hone's book tells us that on July 29, 1822, the cordwainers of Newcastle held a coronation of their patron saint, and afterwards walked in procession through the several streets of that town. The coronation took place in the court of the "Freemen's Hospital at the Westgate at eleven o'clock. Soon after twelve the procession moved forward through the principal streets of that town and Gateshead, and finally halted at the sign of the Chancellor's Head in Newgate Street, where the members of the trade partook of a dinner provided for the occasion. A great number of people assembled to witness the procession, as there had not been a similar exhibition since the year 1789."

At Tenby it was customary for members of other trades, chiefly the carpenters, on the eve of St. Crispin's Day to make an effigy of the saint, and suspend it from the steeple on some elevated place. In the morning it was formally cut down and carried in procession through the town. The procession halted in front of the residence of each member of the craft, when a document purporting to be the last will and testament of the saint was read, and, in pursuance thereof, some article of dress was taken off the effigy and left as a memento of the noisy visit. At length, when the effigy was stripped, the stuffed body was made into a football, and kicked about by the crowd till they were tired.

In revenge for the treatment thus accorded to St. Crispin, the shoemakers hung up on St. Clement's Day (November 23) the effigy of a carpenter, which they treated in a similar way.

St. Crispin's Day has become the anniversary of one of England's grandest battles—viz. Agincourt. Shakespeare says ("Henry V." act iv. scene 3):—

> This day is called the feast of Crispian:
> He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
> Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
> And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
> He that shall live this day, and see old age,
> Will yearly on the vigil feast his friends,
> And say, To-morrow is St. Crispian:
> Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars,
> And say, These wounds I had on Crispin's Day.

The Knights of the Awl can boast of men who, breaking the chains of circumstances, have climbed the steps where "Fame's

proud temple shines afar." Linnæus, who founded the science of botany, was a shoemaker. Wincklemann, who disclosed the beauties and the marvels of antique sculpture, was a shoemaker. The mainstay of the Society of Antiquaries, John Bond, was a shoemaker. Bloomfield, the shoemaker, wrote the "Farmer's Boy." Gifford, who established the *Quarterly Review*, was a shoemaker. George Fox, who founded the Society of Friends, worked in the same humble sphere. Dr. Morrison, Hans Sachs, the poet of Nuremberg and the friend of Luther, Sir William Reed, Sir Simon Eyre, Hans Christian Andersen, Dr. Marshman, Dr. John Kitto, and Richard Savage were all sons of Crispin before they adopted vocations of a higher order.

There was a cabin-boy on board Admiral Narborough's ship during the naval war between England and Holland. Narborough was lost unless he could get a word to a portion of his fleet, which was near, but out of sight behind a high piece of land. No boat could have lived in the fierce fire of the fleets, and there was no possible way of communicating an order except by swimming. The admiral called for volunteers, and among those who sprang forward was his own cabin-boy, a vigorous, handsome lad of eighteen. He had been a cobbler's apprentice, and had run away to sea. "What can you do, my fearless lad?" asked Admiral Narborough. "I can swim, sir," replied the youth; "and if I am shot I can be easier spared than anyone else." This answer, with the look that accompanied it, settled the question. In another minute or two, with the order in his mouth, the lad swam out of sight into the dense smoke of the battle, followed by the cheers of the crew. He brought the reserve fleet into action in time, and won for himself a lieutenant's commission. His remains now lie in Westminster Abbey, with a monument over them bearing the name of Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

It remains to this day an unsolved problem as to who was the first shoemaker. Benedict Saddouth, one of the most learned men of the sixteenth century (a shoemaker by trade), wrote a treatise on the shoemaking of the ancients, in which he traced the art to Adam. "Adam," he says, "was a shoemaker, and Eve a 'tailoress.'"

The sons of Crispin then can "smile at the claims of long descent."

The shoe is coeval with history, for as soon as humanity took to clothes it took to shoes. Both originated in the same compelling necessity, which is said to be the mother of invention, and, at all events, dictated the manufacture of pedal gear. For men soon found

it to be imperative to protect the foot equally from the burning sands of the desert and the frozen surface of the Arctic icefields. And here we come to a beautiful illustration of the law of development. That principle of growth or progression which we trace in all continuous human efforts we perceive to be at work in the evolution of the shoe —in its three principal and clearly defined stages—first, the sandal; second, the shoe; third, the boot—reminding the philosophic observer of the three stages in plant growth—the seed, the leaf, the flower. A sole of wood or leather shaped to the size of the foot, and fastened to it by straps or strings, was the earliest form of the sandal, as you may see depicted on the ancient Egyptian monuments. This is the shoe of which such frequent mention is made in the Old Testament.

The Portuguese shoe to-day has a wooden sole and heel with a vamp made of patent leather, fancifully showing the flesh sides of the skin. The Persian foot-gear is a raised shoe, and is often made a foot high. It is made of light wood richly inlaid, with a strap extending over the instep. The Algerian shoe in appearance is not unlike the light English wooden clogs. This shoe is made entirely of leather, in the simplest form, and usually without any ornamentation. The Armenian shoe is a leather shoe or heel, without a counter or back quarter. The vamp is made of felt, and is beautifully ornamented with needlework done in coloured silk thread. The Muscovite shoe is hand-woven on a wooden frame, and but little attention is paid to the shape of the foot. Leather is sometimes used, but the sandal is generally made of coloured silk cordage and woollen cloth. The Siam shoe has the form of an ancient canoe, with a gondola bow and an open top. The sole is made of wood, and the upper of inlaid wood and cloth, and the exterior is elaborately ornamented in colours, and with gold and silver. The sandal worn by the Egyptians is composed of a sole made by sticking together three thicknesses of leather. This is held to the foot by a band passing across the instep. The only ornamentation is the fastening of two feather plumes on the right of the sharp toe. The Russian boot is composed of many pieces of morocco in several colours, put together in a shape to please the taste of the maker or wearer. The foot of the boot is made of heavy calf. The whole boot is beautifully embossed by thread in bright colours. The Hungarian shoe, or moccasin, is made of raw hide, prepared by a sun-curing process. It is bound together with many thongs of raw-hide. Loops or thongs extend upward around the ankle, and through these loops is passed a strap which is buckled at the side. The Grecian shoe is made

almost entirely of leather, and has a thickly padded sole, with a sharp turned-up toe, which is surmounted by a large ball of coloured wool or hair. The shoe is fleece-lined, and is gorgeously decorated with beads and ornamental stitching. The clog worn by the Japanese is of wood, and as viewed from the side is the shape of a boy's sledge. It is fastened to the foot by a string, which passes between the great and second toe and across the former; a strap an inch in width and lined with linen is carried across the instep. Chinese shoes have no fastening or string, buckle or strap. The upper is made of felt, velvet, or other cloth. The sole does not extend to the end of the shoe, but curves upwards beneath the ball of the foot. The sole being very thick, it gives the wearer an unsteadiness of gait, as though a pair of rockers were fastened to his feet. In the everyday life of the Eastern nations the sandal played an important part. When two traders completed or confirmed a bargain they plucked off their sandals as a sign, just as a couple of Englishmen shake hands. It was loosed as a mark of reverence or respect. A slave when recently purchased removes and carries his master's sandal. The traditional sign of inferiority was not unknown to the Western nations. The host took off his guests' shoes. The bride's father handed her shoe to the bridegroom, as part of the marriage ceremony, and the bridegroom asserted his authority by touching her head with it.

The custom of throwing one or more old shoes after the bride and groom, either when they go to church to be married or when they start on their wedding journey, is so old that the memory of man stretches not back to its beginning. Some think that it represents an assault, and is a lingering trace of the custom among savage nations of carrying away the bride by violence; others think that it is a relic of the ancient law of exchange or purchase, and that it formerly implied the surrender by the parents of all dominion or authority over their daughter. It has a likeness to a Jewish custom mentioned in the Bible. Thus in Deuteronomy we read that when the brother of a dead man refused to marry his widow, she asserted her independence of him by "loosing his shoe." Also in Ruth, when the kinsman of Boaz gave up his claim to the inheritance of Ruth and to Ruth also, he indicated his assent by plucking off his shoe and giving it to Boaz. It was also the custom of the Middle Ages to place the husband's shoe on the head of the nuptial couch in token of his dominion.

With the Norman Conquest came a great change in feet covering. The good old soft shoes of untanned leather, which must have been

deliciously comfortable, were set aside, and then came vagaries in scarlet and green and blue, embroidered in gold and precious stones —some with a golden lion in each square, some with large rose windows, some stained, some of one simple colour bound in black, some parti-coloured, others with one foot blue, the other red, one white and the other black. The shapes were as odd as the rest. From honest shoes, close fitting to the foot, they suddenly abandoned their natural intention and lengthened out into peaks, fashioned like a ship's prow ; then they grew into the likeness of a scorpion's tail, and then came the preposterous peaks, called by some devil's claws, which were sometimes fastened to the wearer's knee. King Richard, the Lion Heart, had his boots stamped with gold. John Lackland, his brother, wore boots spotted with golden circles; while Henry III. wore boots chequered with golden lines, every square of which was enriched with a lion. Matthew Prior tells us that when Henry was buried at Fontevraud he "was arrayed in the Royal vestments, having a golden crown on the head and gloves on the hands, *boots wrought with gold on the feet*, and spurs." In an illumination on a grant made by Edward III. about 1350 to Thomas de Brotherton, we find that his Majesty's shoes are long and pointed, without heels, and having a square opening over the instep. According to Chaucer the clergy even adopted the habit of the laity, for Absalom, the young priest, had "Paul's window carved on his shoes!" that is to say, a device analogous to the pattern of the rare windows in the transept of St. Paul's. Cardinal Wolsey's shoes were

> Of gold and stones precious
> Costing many a thousand pounds.

And, indeed, these were the days when gallants

> Wore a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold
> And spangled garters worth a copyhold.

Under the House of Tudor no shoes could be fashionable that were not fastened with a full-blown rose. These shoe-roses were sometimes very costly, three, four, and five pounds being no uncommon price to pay, while one gallant of that time paid £30 for his, to the distraction and envy of all beholders. But James I. objected to the custom prevailing in his time of placing roses on the shoes, which, he said, made him look like a "ruff-footed dove." Charles I. still continued the fashion, but under the Protectorate of Cromwell they were mentioned with other "gewgaws innumerable" by that authority of abuses, Philip Stubbs.

The Elizabethan shoe was a really artistic affair, and, when powdered with gems and worn on the foot of a Sidney or a Raleigh, was a thing to look upon. When Leicester received his Queen at Kenilworth he wore shoes of white velvet. The Queen herself was a connoisseur in shoes. The shoe had developed into the boot about the middle of the fifteenth century; and in stout boots, with tops and spurs, Yorkists and Lancastrians rode against each other on many a bloody battlefield. Then boots were so heavy that their removal fell to the lot of squire or page or any other attendant. After the Revolution (1688) the immense roses on shoes were replaced by buckles and large wide strings. At first these buckles were not unlike beans in shape and size. Since that period the buckle has undergone every variety of form and dimensions, and in the year 1777 buckles and buttons on the coat became so enormous that they gave birth to many ridiculous caricatures. High-heeled boots were worn by ladies for three parts of the eighteenth century. They raised their fair wearers some inches, and rendered walking difficult and running out of the question. Boots and shoes of all kinds have been worn in England: shoes made of leather, wood, and reeds; brass-bound, iron-bound, gold-bound; with wide blunt toes, with narrow-pointed toes a foot long, but the right shoe and the left shoe exactly the same shape. About fifty years ago a young surgeon lost his election as resident surgeon for a country infirmary, in spite of first-class testimonials, because he wore button-boots and a flat watch in his waistcoat pocket instead of his breeches fob. "Have you seen Haydon?" asked Sir Wm. Allen of David Bridges, a well-known character of a set and a good hearty fellow. "Yes!" "And how d'ye like him?" said the other. "Why," returned David, "there is a good deal of genius in the toes of his boots," alluding to the square toes he wore to avoid corns.

The wearing of boots reminds us of the wearing of spurs. For several centuries past and until comparatively recent times persons wearing spurs in any sacred edifice in England were accosted either by choristers or beadles, who demanded a fee by way of fine for thus entering a cathedral, minster or church, and thereby interrupting the service. Two or three centuries ago, when spurs were commonly worn, the amount received for "spur money" was considerable, and singing boys and beadles were ever on the alert for the ringing of the spurred boot, often to the neglect of their more legitimate duties. Sometimes the choristers lost their perquisites because of their inability to repeat the gamut on the demand of spur-wearing persons. From the cheque-book of the Chapel Royal Dr. E. F. Rimbault

gives the following extract of an order made by the Dean in 1822: "That if anie Knight or other persons entituled to weare spurs enter the Chappell in that guise he shall pay to the quiristers the accustomed fine; but if he command the youngest quirister to repeat his gamut and he faile in so doing, the said Knight or other shall not pay the fine." This rule was not enforced until about the year 1830. Quoting a note in Gifford's edition of the work of Ben Jonson, Mr. Markland says, "In the time of Ben Jonson, in consequence of the interruptions to Divine service occasioned by the ringing of the spurs worn by persons walking and transacting business in cathedrals, and especially in St. Paul's, a small fine was imposed on them called 'spur-money,' the exaction of which was committed to the beadle and singing boys."

Under the title of "The Children of the Chapel Stript and Whipt," there was published a curious tract, in which the following passage bearing upon the subject of the spur-money occurs: "Wee think it very necessary that everye quorister shoulde bring with him to church a Testament in Englishe and turne to everie chapter as it is daily read, or some other good and godly Prayer book rather than spend their time in talking and hunting after spur-money, wherein they set their whole mindes, and doe often abuse dyvers persons if they doe not bestowe somewhat on them."

Spur-money was exacted in Westminster Abbey from Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who handed over an eightpenny token as the fine. The penalty was also imposed about the same time on the Duke of Cumberland (afterwards King of Hanover) for entering the choir of the same abbey in his spurs, but his Royal Highness, who was installed there, excused himself with great readiness, pleading his right to wear his spurs in that church, inasmuch as it was the place where they were first put on him. About 1847 or 1848 a party of sappers and miners were stationed at Peterborough engaged in the trigonometrical survey, when the officer entered the cathedral with his spurs on and was immediately beset by the choristers, who demanded money of him for treading the sacred floor with armed heels. One of the dignitaries was ignorant of the practice.

EDWIN WELLINGTON KIDD.

# *TABLE TALK.*

## PIERROT.

DURING the last summer or two the London playgoer has acquired a close intimacy with Pierrot. Until Mlle. Jane May was seen as Pierrot, the prodigal son, the conception which prevailed concerning that character was derived from his appearance in ballet or at masked balls, and notably from pictures such as Gérôme's famous "Duel in the Snow." During the present season we have seen Pierrot under many different aspects, comic or serious, principally the latter. We have watched him commit a murder having some points of resemblance with that of Mathias in "The Bells," and, haunted to the point of suicide by the ghost of his victim, die, like Mathias, a victim of joint remorse and hypnotism. These later developments of Pierrot, like the earlier, we owe to France. Though mostly seen on the stage, they are not confined to it, but influence other forms of art and literature. I have read, this summer, an account in an English poem of a Pierrot beloved or mocked of the moon-maidens, whose kiss inspires unquenchable and unrealisable desires, and have seen the picture of the disconsolate wanderer designed by the quaint pencil of Mr. Aubrey Beardsley. So prominent is now the part played by Pierrot that some explanation of his origin and significance, neither of them very well known in England, may be of service to some at least of my readers.

## ORIGIN OF ITALIAN COMEDY.

LIKE Harlequin, Columbine, Pantaloon, Scaramouch, and other characters, Pierrot took his rise in the Italian Commedia delle Arti, that is to say, in the impromptu comedy of mediæval and renaissance Italy. A subject being selected, the comedians of Bergamo, Florence, Venice, or Naples, who undertook the performance, improvised as they proceeded dialogue suited to

the action to be supported, and the characters they had to present. These characters themselves went back to what were known as the Atellan rhymes, comedies, or fables, and thence to the most licentious exhibitions of the Greek satirists. I spare my readers particulars, more interesting or amusing than edifying, concerning the cinédologues and phallophores of these primitive entertainments, premising only that from the masks of bark or leather which they wore came the mask of Harlequin and other personages of the Italian comedy, and even, it may be believed, though I have never seen it so stated, the floured face of Pierrot. When the Italians, who, as Montaigne says, could always laugh without being tickled, took to these characters, they altered and travestied them so as to make them representative of the chief vices or attributes of Italian provinces or cities. Harlequin, as he was at first seen, with a black mask, said to have been designed by Michael Angelo, sprang from Bergamo, and was supposed to illustrate the indolence and stupidity of the inhabitants of the lower part of the city. Milan supplied Scapin, Venice Pantaloon, Naples Pulcinella and Scaramouch, Rome Calandrino, and so forth. There are scores of others typifying various forms of braggadocio, sensuality, arrogance, or paltroonery. Female characters, such as Isabella, Columbine, and Harlequina, come directly from Terence and Plautus, and represent the courtesan or the soubrette. They have no physiognomy of any special district of Italy. Lastly, Pierrot, for which many derivations have been suggested, seems to have passed from Pulcinella through many transfigurations before assuming the shape he now wears. The clown, who in England is the most popular figure in pantomime, is supposed to be a variant of Pierrot. He at least goes far away from his original.

### Character of Pierrot.

THE name Pierrot is, of course, French, not Italian, and the features assigned him are French also. The land of his adoption has become his home. His late developments and the immense popularity he has enjoyed are due to the genius of Deburau, an actor at the Théâtre des Funambules. In a fine passage, Baudelaire, the author of the "Fleurs du Mal," contrasting with the clown or English Pierrot, the Pierrot of Deburau, speaks of the latter as pale as the moon, mysterious as silence, supple and dumb as the serpent, erect and long as the gallows. Stupidity and imbecility were his principal characteristics when he was first intro-

duced into the comedy of Molière. The costume he now wears was even then given him, white to the soles of his shoes except for the tight-fitting black cap, with large loose-fitting pantaloons, and with a linen cassock with huge buttons. Marvellous vogue was assigned him after Deburau had restored him to favour. The history of the theatre in which he played was written by Jules Janin and Champfleury, Jal and Théophile Gautier sounded his praises. Pierrot was at this time the type of carelessness and improvidence. Without a sou in his purse, without any dress other than that he wears to face the winter cold or the summer heat, he is always cheerful, animal, licentious, childish, irresponsible. He is a coward, a baby without a conscience or a sense of responsibility. He disputes with Harlequin for Isabella or Columbine, and is always worsted in the fight. Such is the Pierrot of Deburau, and after him of Paul Legrand. Now that the part is taken by women he has been greatly sentimentalised. M. Willette, the eminent artist, has published a delightful volume (undated), entitled "Pauvre Pierrot," in which he is revealed in a thousand fantastic shapes. The title-page shows him a diminutive fairy on his knees to a rose, and having for rival a bee.

### A Painter of Pierrot.

FROM this work of M. Willette have been drawn indirectly most of the shapes in which during the past summer Pierrot has appeared among us. The cover of the volume presents Pierrot, with a silver nimbus round his head, hanging from a lamp-post, a position in which he is discovered when the curtain draws up on "'Chand d'Habits." M. Catulle Mendès, to whom this ghastly work is ascribed, has certainly been to some extent inspired by M. Willette in it, as in a previous farce, in which he shows us Pierrot haunted for the murder of his wife. Mlle. Jane May has set before us Pierrot married, doubtless to Pierrette; and, playing with some ingenuity both characters, has treated us to a domestic interior, with a justifiable exhibition of jealousy on the part of Pierrette. A pretty fancy, revealing in poetical language the inherent childishness and silliness of Pierrot, is the Pierrot Posthume of Théophile Gautier. Pierrot has been persuaded that he is dead and bewails himself. In the fact of his death he finds the reason why his face is white. He wears mourning for himself, throws flowers upon his own tomb, laments his loss of enjoyment, and writes his epitaph, in which he concedes that he is an

idler and a good-for-nothing who has spent his life in frivolity, and worse.

### PANTOMIME TYPES IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

ONE reflection suggests itself when I compare the slow domestication of Pierrot in England with his more direct acceptance in France, to which country also he is an importation, but whence also he draws his principal features as well as his name. It is that even in the acceptance of comic types national tastes and influences prevail. Pierrot, sensual, vicious, childish when pleased, and capable of the cruelty as well as the charm of childhood, had much to commend him to the French, little that would take root in England. We took Harlequin and Columbine, the pantomimic Romeo and Juliet, because without a love interest pantomime even is not easily conceivable. We were not content, however, with their delicacy and grace, but converted Harlequin after a while into a gymnast. It was not so originally, and Rich, otherwise Lun, as harlequin, was said to be as great in pantomime as his associate Garrick was in acting. Garrick himself rhapsodized over the performance of Lun. Now Harlequin is expected to perform feats of agility and to jump through windows. Our favourite character, however, is clown, who is but Pierrot further travestied. He has lost all that is childish and most that is licentious, but is unsurpassably mischievous, dishonest, and brutal. When he smothers a baby, or upsets all the world with a butter-slide, our hilarity is as unchecked as when he steals any unlikely object and puts it in the pockets of his trousers, which are those of Pierrot. We preserve pantaloon also to be the victim of his tricks. Clown represents, however feebly, the brutality and proneness to horseplay characteristic of a British rough in his enjoyments. If there are even worse traits in our nature we reserve them for Punch, a type still more characteristically British. Punch, too, springs from the Commedia delle Arti, his name being, of course, but an abridgment of Punchinello. His darker traits have, however, been added to him in England. He is, it is said, the Don Juan of the populace, winning pardon for his murders and other crimes when he slays the hangman first and afterwards the devil.

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THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## *COLONEL PARGITER'S LAMP.*

BY W. B. WALLACE.

### I.

COLONEL PARGITER was an old Anglo-Indian. He had entered the service of "John Company" when a lad of sixteen, and had witnessed the eventful days of the Indian Mutiny, which had been such an extremely touch-and-go business for the British Raj. At that period he was stationed on the North-West frontier, not far—as distances in India go—from Peshawur, in command of some native troops, who, although they did not openly raise the standard of revolt, were—with good reason, as subsequent revelations proved—suspected of holding treasonable communication with the rebels, and punished accordingly with a barbarous rigour which only the frightful exigencies of the situation could have justified. The military executions at which he was compelled to preside made an indelible impression upon John Pargiter, although he was by no means a sensitive or sentimental man.

History—which is not yet ancient—can tell how the threatening outburst was quelled by the indomitable pluck and endurance of a comparative handful of British officers and men, and how the honour of England was vindicated, and her supremacy maintained, on many a foughten field, where the treacherous sepoys fell before the charge of the British bayonet and the avenging sweep of the British sabre.

By the time India was *India pacata* once more, Pargiter had wearied of garrison duty and field service, and the utter loneliness of a frontier station. Moreover, the fierce dazzling glare of the Eastern

sun on the flat, monotonous sandy soil and the white and dusty roads had sadly impaired his eyesight; and he sighed, with a longing quite as keen as that which Tennyson felt for "the palms and temples of the south," for the invigorating breezes, the salt spray, the tossing waves of the Western Ocean, and the green hedgerows, the golden kingcups, the purple clover, and the scented may-blossom of England.

On his way home, however, he purposed to visit a friend and distant relative in Bombay—one Edwin Wood, a shipowner in a large way of business, generally reputed to be as rich as a Parsee, and, like Pargiter himself, a bachelor. The resemblance between the two men did not stop there, for both were what our American cousins emphatically, if not euphoniously, term "cranks."

It has already been said that Colonel Pargiter was neither sensitive nor sentimental; it may be added that he was a man of routine, a martinet—in fact, a modern edition of Miles Standish, the worthy governor of Plymouth Town, minus, *bien entendu*, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden. Like him, he was, in a limited way, a student of history. The wars of the Jews, indeed, he eschewed—he had no great love for the chosen people—but he pored with delight over the stirring records of Xenophon, the Greek, and Cæsar, the Latin captain. In a word, he was a plain man, an unromantic man, a reserved man—a Comtist, although he had never studied the system of the great Frenchman; for he only believed in what he saw and knew, a *répertoire* fairly covering the unmetaphysical philosopher's "phenomena of co-existence and sequence." And yet there was an unsuspected flaw in the armour of this man of steel: he was an insane lover and an omnivorous collector of *bric-à-brac* and curiosities of all kinds—from the monster cats-eye, stolen from the shrine or person of a Cingalese idol, to the murderous yataghan of some Afghan chief or tribesman of Nepaul. This weakness was the "touch of nature" which formed the strongest link in the friendship existing between the kinsmen; for Edwin Wood also had his fad, was a numismatist, and would gladly have crossed the Styx with a return ticket—were such a feat possible—with the hope of obtaining in change for the omnipotent and ubiquitous English sovereign a few of the *oboli* or *quadrantes* which Charon received as fare from his ghostly passengers. This, then, was the common ground upon which two natures met which might otherwise have been hopelessly antagonistic; for when a man is dimly yet uncomfortably conscious that he is making a fool of himself, but cannot for the life of him refrain from indulging in that questionable and unprofitable manufacture, it is a source of un-

speakable delight and self-gratulation to him when he meets with another who is engaged at the same occupation, albeit using a different process. He immediately hails him as a man and a brother, and takes him to his heart, and to his home if necessary. Enthusiastic, therefore, were the greetings interchanged between the collector of *bric-à-brac* and the collector of coins, and hearty and genuine the welcome given by the latter to his cousin, at whose service he placed himself and his palatial Bombay residence.

One day Colonel Pargiter, in his wanderings through the splendid capital of Western India, strayed somewhat from the beaten track affected by Europeans, and found himself in the quarter where natives most do congregate. The streets here were narrow, quaint, and purely Eastern of aspect. All traces of the conquering Sahibs of the Occident were conspicuous by their absence, and things looked pretty much as they might have looked when the mighty Akbar was monarch in the land. The English officer had quite lost his bearings, but he strolled on contentedly, for his time was his own, and he had not much to do with it at present. With an *insouciant* air of superiority he slightly and condescendingly returned the demonstrations of respect which attended his lordly progress.

All at once he halted in an obscure street, resembling in its exiguous dimensions a London court or alley, before a booth, low-browed but apparently possessed of a sufficiently deep interior. At the door of this warehouse, for such it was, sat an aged man cross-legged upon a mat. The aspect of this venerable personage was most peculiar, not to say sinister, and he would infallibly have reminded a reader of Balzac of that mysterious dealer in out-of-the-way goods whose establishment Valentin, the hapless hero of the *Peau de chagrin*, visits with such memorable consequences on the day of his intended suicide; for there was the same puzzling and changeful expression, bestowing upon him the air, now of a saintly anchorite, now of a jeering Mephistopheles; while his dwarfish, shrunken form, emaciated limbs, and huge head, surmounted by a dome-like forehead, might have recalled no less vividly to anyone acquainted with Guy de Maupassant's last *bizarre* story the ghastly trafficker in auto-motor furniture who figures in that weird production of a powerful but perishing brain.

Colonel Pargiter, however, knew nothing of the author of the "Human Comedy," and the last spasmodic flash of Guy de Maupassant's genius had not yet startled and saddened the literary world, so that all the Englishman saw in the merchant before him was a very old and a very ugly native Mohammedan, who only acquired interest

and importance in his eyes by being, as it were, the gnome who guarded treasures to him more precious than gold or rubies.

In truth, the den of this human spider, even at the cursory glance which he was able to obtain from the street, presented a regular *embarras des richesses* to the astonished eyes of the military collector of *bric-à-brac*, and he was only too glad to respond politely to the profound salaam of the proprietor, who had arisen to greet him, and accept his eager invitation to inspect his wares.

I do not pretend, most exalted and warlike Sahib," said the old man, with a deprecatory shrug of the shoulders, "to deal in the antiquities of the West, but I can boast with truth that you will find stowed away in this old shop of mine more relics of every age of the Orient than are contained in all the bazaars of India, Persia, and Egypt. Deign to follow me."

Without the least thought of the nursery rhyme—which would have assigned him rather an undignified *rôle*—the Colonel boldly walked into the spider's parlour. Closely attending the footsteps of his ancient guide with the large head and black basilisk eyes, he was somewhat surprised to find that a certain spot of cavernous darkness which, when standing outside the shop, he had noticed at its back, marked the entrance to a long gallery lighted from the top, through which his conductor now courteously led him, directing his attention from time to time to the rare and costly articles which lined the walls.

"Here is a necklace," he said, pointing to one composed of pearls of Oman, each as large as a pigeon's egg, "which once graced the neck of a lovely Sultana of Delhi. As a warrior you will admire this jewelled scimitar—notice how the golden scabbard and handle are incrusted with rubies and diamonds, and with what deft art gems have been inserted in the very blade—which was once wielded by no less a personage than Nadir Shah, the conqueror of India. Yonder unsightly monster, with the grinning mouth, pointed ears, numerous arms, and eyes of superb moonstone, is an idol from Seringapatam."

Such were a few of the wondrous sights which Colonel Pargiter saw with eyes of admiration and, it must be confessed, a certain amount of disappointed cupidity; for he knew that to purchase one, and the least costly, of these treasures, he would need a prince's revenue, and he was by no means a wealthy man. His cicerone, however, as if he divined his thoughts, hastened to show him other objects of *vertu*, rare and quaint enough, but more within the reach

of his purse; and here he managed to console himself, and secured what he considered some splendid bargains.

Time thus pleasantly spent slipped rapidly away, but at last Colonel Pargiter, having made all the purchases he could afford, was on the point of bidding the complaisant merchant—Abdullah was his name—farewell, when a small bronze lamp, standing in a niche, attracted his attention. It was evidently of great antiquity, and was much spotted with verdigris and mould. Ornamented with grotesque and fanciful arabesques and traceries, it bore at its foot an inscription in minute characters of some ancient and presumably Eastern tongue, with which the Englishman—who, however, was no linguist—was unacquainted.

The article was insignificant enough, yet somehow it seemed to take the Colonel's fancy. "I don't suppose you would mind throwing this in with the rest?" he said, with assumed carelessness. "Or, stay," he added, fancying that he saw a peculiar look in the other's eyes, "what is the price?"

"That lamp, Sahib," said the merchant gravely, and in measured accents, "is worth the body, life, and soul of a man."

Colonel Pargiter, generally the model of stiff and starched propriety, laughed loudly and boisterously, a laugh of rude and mocking incredulity. "I warn you, my good friend," he observed, when his merriment had somewhat subsided, "that you have come to the wrong quarter if you expect me to swallow stories of Eastern superstition. I am an old soldier, and have spent the best part of my life in this India of yours, the ancient home of giants, enchanters, and wonders, and yet I can conscientiously aver that, far from my having ever had any supernatural experiences, my whole career has been unmarked by a single romantic incident."

The old man, in his turn, laughed—in his sleeve—but made a very profound obeisance as he replied, with a malicious twinkle in his dark eyes: "Most warlike Sahib, pardon your servant, who in wisdom, as in valour, is far your inferior. I will not sell this lamp; but I have such a regard for your race, your religion, and your noble self, that I will bestow it upon you as a gift. Take it: it may one day remind you of your unworthy slave, the poor merchant Abdullah."

Colonel Pargiter thanked the generous, if eccentric, vendor of curiosities, and, after an interchange of civilities, left the shop, and with some difficulty, and by dint of numerous inquiries, found his way at last to Mr. Wood's mansion.

## II.

SHORTLY after his return to England the old Indian officer installed himself in a comfortable flat in Chelsea. Rossiter Mansions, which contained the flat in question, were, in house-agents' parlance, pleasantly and conveniently situated. They were within a stone's throw of the Embankment on the right; Battersea Park was not far off; and if you turned to the left you found yourself in a few moments in the very midst of the traffic, bustle, and rowdyism of King's Road, forming an inconsiderable item—especially at night—in a motley crowd of shopkeepers' assistants, male and female, roughs, costermongers, and soldiers from Chelsea Barracks, with a fair sprinkling of men about town of the baser sort and noisy and obtrusive *demireps*.

Colonel Pargiter did not affect—his age and tastes alike forbade it—the fierce fervour and boisterous Bohemianism of King's Road at, say, eight p.m., nor was he enthusiastically devoted to the sylvan shades and mild delights of the Embankment and Battersea Park; but—after India—he enjoyed the cool evening breezes from the river and the refreshing sight of the swelling tide, and thought, with reason, that there were many worse places than Chelsea for a sexagenarian, of no very pronounced proclivities in the direction of either virtue or vice, fond of his club, his theatre, his newspaper, and his cigar, but fondest of all of a life free from the worries and entanglements which beset the career of a family man. And was he not within a few minutes' ride by rail of Kensington? And does not Kensington mean the West-end and all its attractive potentialities?

The Anglo-Indian was, as we have already hinted, a confirmed misogynist, and eschewed both frowsy cooks and pretty housemaids. He had, however, been fortunate enough to secure the invaluable services of one John Bilson, an army pensioner, who, like himself, had been in India, and who, in his own person, united and efficiently discharged the rather incompatible offices of *chef*, butler, valet, and maid-of-all-work at a modest wage and with exemplary fidelity to his master.

Since taking possession of his flat, our elderly hero had found occupation and amusement in unpacking in a leisurely manner and arranging to the best advantage in his rooms the contents of sundry cases containing the numerous articles of *vertu* which he had picked up during his protracted sojourn in India. One evening, while thus engaged, he came across the gift which the merchant Abdullah had bestowed upon him in Bombay under the rather remarkable circum-

stances already narrated. The sight of the lamp, by virtue of the association of ideas—a law which has such power and scope in the mental life—brought back with startling distinctness to Colonel Pargiter's mind the whole scene: the mysterious old man, the long dark gallery with all its wealth, all its treasures of Oriental art, and all its mementoes of Oriental superstition, extravagance and crime. He remembered, too, the ominous and inexplicable words in which the dealer had appraised the value of an apparently trivial and certainly shabby article, whose only recommendations were its great age and its curious inscription and ornamentation—recommendations which would have carried weight only with an enthusiastic collector of *bric-à-brac.*

The Colonel told honest John the story, and was surprised to note the impression which it produced upon him. But the old soldier was a Cornish man, and had his full share of that peasant superstition which dies nowhere so hard as in the Cornubian peninsula.

"I don't like that lamp, sir," he said; "I don't, indeed. To my mind it has a 'wished' look. And as for the old gentleman who gave it you, I dare swear he would be afraid to set foot in Cornwall."

"Why so, John?" inquired Colonel Pargiter, much amused at his old servant's remarks, and the evident earnestness and good faith with which they were uttered. "Why should he be afraid of Cornwall, of all places in the world?"

"Because, sir," replied John Bilson, very gravely, "'tis my firm belief that he was the devil himself; and you know the saying is that the devil keeps clear of Cornwall for fear they might put him in a pasty. You see the Cornish are so fond of pasties that they make them of most anything. Much if they would not make one of the old boy himself."

This quaint superstition and John's naïve version of it tickled the Colonel exceedingly. "You Cornish folk are certainly lucky," he laughed, "to be in possession of an infallible recipe for keeping the devil out of your county. But if he did happen to stray across the borders and get clapped into one of your pasties, I fear he would have his revenge, for you would find him confoundedly indigestible. Ah, John, John!" he continued, "all your campaigns have not knocked the Cornish lore out of your head yet, I see."

Having delivered himself of these sage and witty reflections, the Colonel retired in triumph with his much-maligned lamp.

At ten o'clock, when, according to custom, Bilson appeared in

the study with the whisky and soda, his master said, "You can go to bed when you like, John. I shall probably sit up late to-night, and shall not want you again."

The servant having placed the salver on the table and retired, Colonel Pargiter fell into a reverie, and, for the second time that day, his adventure in the native quarter of Bombay formed the theme of his solitary meditations. With it, however, this time, by some strange mental freak, were interwoven the fortunes of Prince Assad of the "Arabian Nights"—the old merchant Abdullah figuring as that hoary humbug, the fire-worshipper, who, under the guise of friendship, had enticed the hapless sprig of royalty into his house, with the amiable intention of sacrificing him, when the appointed season arrived, on the Mount of Fire.

"Pshaw!" he ejaculated at last, "what an old fool I am to compare or associate myself in any way with the son of Camaralzaman. I was a boy when I read the fantastic rubbish, and I wonder I have remembered it so long. As a rule, such things don't linger in my mind. I suppose that Bombay incident is at the bottom of all these melodramatic fancies. It is haunting me to-night—partly because I have just unearthed the lamp, and partly because the affair was the one solitary romantic episode of my very uneventful life. I certainly never met with even an approach to one before that date. Hang eventful lives, say I. The man, like the nation, who has no history is happiest; and I suppose the same may be said of women, although I know very little about them."

Colonel Pargiter, having thus relieved his mind by taking what he called a common-sense view of the situation, as well as by a few reflections which were rather thought-coincidences than deliberate plagiarisms on his part, now rose, went to the mantel, and took down the lamp. He examined it narrowly, and carefully scrutinised the mystic characters at its base, but, as before, failed to decipher them.

"By Jove!" he suddenly exclaimed, "here is some asbestos-like substance projecting from the nozzle which may be a wick, and I declare"—moving the lamp gently from side to side—"there is some liquid in the antique piece of goods. Let me see if it will burn. For aught I know, the last time it was alight it may have illuminated a feast of ghouls."

Suiting the action to the word, he applied a match to the wick, which at once caught the flame and burnt with a starry radiance, as bright but not so cold and searching as the electric light, diffusing at the same time a subtle perfume resembling ambergris. The Colonel's

reading-lamp showed yellow and wan amidst the glorious effulgence which flooded the apartment, while the Anglo-Indian, willingly surrendering himself to the pleasurable sensations which were stealing over him, threw himself back in his easy chair with a sigh of enjoyment, and fixed his fascinated gaze upon the wondrous light. He remained thus for some moments, and then, as if impelled by some mesmeric influence, approached the lamp, and, drawing forth his handkerchief, essayed to rub off the green stains upon the bronze. He had hardly passed the cambric more than once or twice vigorously over the discoloured surface, when a vivid flash of lightning athwart his eyes made him stagger backward, dazed and almost blinded. When vision and full consciousness returned, he found himself confronted by a shadowy and terrible presence, whose head towered to the ceiling, and whose malignant eyes gleamed with a green phosphorescent light. Colonel Pargiter could not identify the hazy waving outlines of the menacing shape as those of any living creature he had ever seen, or any monster he had ever read of. What he saw was not beast, nor bird, nor reptile, nor one of the giant growths of the primal earth. The Colonel, although a brave man, trembled in the presence of the dread visitor, for he was as grim, as vague, and as generally uncanny as Milton's phantom Death.

"Dog of a Giaour," he cried, "hast thou dared to summon to thy presence—thou, the accursed one—the Slave and Guardian of the Lamp? I obey but the servants of Allah and Mohammed. Know that this holy thing was fashioned for Solomon Ben Daoud, that the incommunicable name of Allah is graven upon it, and that I, one of the Fallen Intelligences, am bound to its service. And now prepare, for verily thou shalt die the death."

So saying, the mighty afreet seized his victim. The walls of the chamber appeared, as it were, to melt—to become impalpable—to merge in the surrounding night. The Colonel's terrified eyes beheld the dark swirling tide of the Thames rushing headlong beneath its bridges, flecked here and there with yellow lights like the spots that mark the black coils of some huge snake; then he was faintly conscious of a mad, breathless flight over land and sea; and then earth and ocean, sky and stars, lights, colours, and shadows became blended and blurred upon the palette of sense, and combined to form the indistinct greyish black of unconsciousness.

When Colonel Pargiter recovered from his swoon he lay within a vast rocky cavern—one of Nature's mighty basilicas—where the afreet had flung him upon the ground at the foot of a stone column. Similar columns, rude and cyclopean, whether the work of art or of

chance, extended on either side, and apparently reached from the floor to the summit of the gloomy hall. This place of mystery somewhat resembled—surpassing it, however, in extent—one of those rock temples of Ellora which the Colonel had visited during his stay in Bombay; but the momentary view which the awful light from the fiery eyeballs of the afreet shed around, while revealing much and suggesting more of the horror of the place, failed to enable him to grasp all the particulars of his surroundings.

"Here await thy death!" thundered the afreet as he vanished.

Colonel Pargiter was now in total darkness. He was chilled to the marrow by the icy air which pervaded the hall, and he felt only too surely that he was encircled by unknown dangers. He waited and watched with that sickening apprehension which is worse than a thousand actual perils tugging at his heart-strings. Every sense was stretched to the utmost tension. He listened eagerly, and fancied that he detected somewhere in the distance a dull sullen roar like the sound of a far incoming tide or the chafing of a mighty volume of imprisoned waters against their barriers.

In the midst of this vigil of torture he was startled at seeing on the floor at his feet a pale ray of light, as if cast there by a watery moon, and, raising his eyes, he beheld a faintly luminous cloud far above him. As he looked steadfastly upon it the semblance of a head, then of a human face, lit up by dark, diabolical eyes, grew out of it. That countenance, that glance, struck fresh terror into the Colonel's soul, for he recognised Abdullah, the merchant of Bombay. Presently from the cloud there issued the mocking voice which he so well remembered: "Did I not truly tell the Sahib that the lamp which I gave him was worth the body, life, and soul of a man?" Colonel Pargiter groaned and hid his face in his hands; when he removed them darkness reigned around him once more.

All these things had given a rude shock to his philosophy of nescience. Late in the day, and threatened by the unseen sword of destruction, he had become at last a thorough and sincere convert to the Koran of the supernatural, although the Fates, who in his case played the *rôle* of the conquering Saracens in the subjugated East, less merciful than the rude sons of the desert, were not, as it seemed, going to spare him on this account.

A new horror now roused him from his stupor. The monotonous and distant roar which he had heard all along was now growing rapidly louder, was approaching. All at once an earthquake shook the rocky hall to its foundations, and the gloom was riven by tongues of electric flame, frequent as the fire-flies in a tropical forest. By

the fitful glare of these wild torches of the night, he saw that the mighty pillars on either side of the vast basilica where he lay were rocking and swaying to and fro. And then, at the end of the hall, came a crash—the collision of two worlds could scarcely be more awful—as though the ocean had precipitated itself in all its fury into the subterranean hall; and then—chaos!

Dashed hither and thither, the plaything of tremendous agencies, against fragments of rocks, broken columns, hurtling *débris*, as of a ruined sphere, amidst the howl of racing, seething waters, panting, breathless, despairing, Colonel Pargiter struggled on with the tenacity of a bulldog towards a faint grey light in the distance, which he managed to reach at last, and found to be—the dubious glimmer of a London dawn!

Yes; morning was breaking over Chelsea and the river, and a few faint rays had made their way through the Colonel's venetians. The whisky and soda lay untouched on the salver, and the orderly bachelor appointments of the study bore no trace of the storm and stress through which their owner had passed. Stay! There was just one article missing—the wonderful lamp had vanished!

That day marked an important epoch in the Colonel's life. He passed over boldly and uncompromisingly to the camp of the super-naturalists, and the words *body*, *life*, and *soul* never failed to exercise upon him a startling and spirit-stirring effect, something similar to that which the magic formula *Senatus Populusque Romanus* used to produce upon the author of "Revelations of an Opium Eater."

# *A LITTLE ISLAND BAY.*

## I.

HOW terrible sometimes the storm-cloud looks as he creeps steadily upwards over the hill! We were settled in what I may call the only farmhouse in the district, though there were several cottages near and a hamlet within half a mile. The farmhouse was situated on the lower slope of a hill just above a steep descent to the beach. For the hill on this side of the little valley—I can jump across the tiny stream, but they call it a river nevertheless—and another opposite are in reality bold headlands which stand out into the sea, and hold between them a little bay which looks up to the north. They are wonderful hills in August, for they blaze with colour, and are remarkable even among others of the same kind for the exquisite way in which the amethyst of the heather is enamelled into the gold of the gorse, and set in their flowing robes of bracken and turf.

We were climbing one of the steep fields below the moor one evening, bent upon an innocent hunt for mushrooms, when the terrible storm-cloud which I have mentioned came upon us. The wind blew from the north-west, and had been bringing up sharp squalls all day long. Suddenly, on looking up, we beheld Mephistopheles Titanesque appearing above the hill. His bust only was to be seen, but he sent out his white, tapering, almost claw-like fingers nearly across the bay. His magnificent but fierce countenance glared down over the whole expanse about us. His locks were torn upwards by the force of the air, which seemed like the activity of his own fiendish energy. The sun caught in the folds of his being seemed his passion, the wind his rage, and his fury was the yet unfallen rain which shortly burst upon us in a terrific storm.

And now, across the valley stands the more brilliant foot of a glorious rainbow arch. The deep clouds in the distance bring out its colours, and the massed ones rolling up make, as it seems,

for the entrance of the arch. But one by one they fail to gain admittance, and retire sullenly and in disgrace across the world, outside the arch of heaven, led by the louring glories of the spirit of the storm.

If we scale the moorland hill-top over which we have just seen the storm-cloud pass, and look down upon the bay, it presents the appearance of some deep-set precipitous inland loch, for the headland of which we have nearly reached the summit cuts off the ocean from view, leaving visible chasms only with water at their base. The bay has been formed by time and by the elements out of what is known as Skiddaw slate. Sand is said to lie at the bottom, but the tide never went so low that I might see it while staying there. The pebbles of the upper shore which make such music with the waves give place to boulders at low tide, from among which it is not easy always to launch the boats. The pebbly beach is flanked on both sides by rocks which are matted by seaweed, and wherein may be found aquarium tanks and small swimming baths. Here the twisted contorted rocks of the hills are divided by a fissure which forms a narrow cave running into the cliff a hundred feet. The formation which above looks altogether refractory becomes at the base, near the floor of the cave, smoothed and hollowed as if the sea had been assisted by the boulders in the work of chiselling. This smooth lower portion of the cavelet is now exquisitely spangled by myriads of tiny limpets, which decorate it with a beautiful rendering of point lace. If we look round the bay at low water we shall see a yellow band drawn accurately between high and low tide levels. Limpets are the cause of this band, too, and we must admire the way in which these little beings appear to have solved the problem of distribution of property; the allotments appear to have been very fairly made. Returning to the cave we note that the floor and its margin are finely carpeted and tasselled with bunches of brown and amber seaweed, which, further in, are replaced by a soft covering of green sealskin flung down upon the rocks. In the pools is every variety of growth; flaunting banners, miniature trees, coral-like branches and colours. Pendant from the lowest rounded rocks hang richly coloured anemones, whose tints, however, scarcely rival that of the interior of the cave beyond the point to which the limpets have penetrated. Both sides are washed with a pigment of the deepest carmine, which, owing to the differences in the stone itself, becomes now chocolate, now crimson, now orange. For in wonderful knots and lumps and nodules a white marble with green veins crops out, and in the upper portion this is seen in all its unpainted purity.

Above these fierce, gleaming, ensanguined teeth of white the cave ends in a roof of twisted slate with a cap of soft long grass, but just beneath the crevices are filled with spots of a damp growth like duck-weed, which corresponds with the dotted broidery of the limpets at the base.

It is a wonderful mass this slaty rock with which we have here to deal. The jagged ends which project from its twisted side without the cave have the appearance of a black pumice stone, wavy and comblike and toothed; whereas the quartz, which is rolled up with it in its folds, presents a flat smooth face.

After a night of storm from the west the bay itself is still fairly calm, but the deep, pushing waves, which take back with them a sharp rattling shower of large pebbles, tell of the agitation outside. The wind has blown across the mouth of the bay, and a distinct line shows its progress over the waters. The lower rocks of the western headland are standing in the midst of a white churning volume, beyond which the great breakers out to sea are marching upon the eastern coast. There is something remarkably like individual self-will in the masterful way these great crested waves defile before us to storm the cliffs. On they go, gathering energy apparently among the outlying rocks, until they reach the main defences of the land, and appear to rush madly up them, only to climb slowly down again, baffled, but shaking their white plumes. Above this glorious turmoil still glow the slopes of heather and gorse. The grass reaches down to meet the invading waves—a stout defending line of turf making good the claim of the land, as against the ocean, to this territory down to the very brink of the tide.

On Sunday, when the boats are hauled up, and the bay is filled with a human quiet, we may study the waves in peace. They are hard to catch; their thin edges, drawn out and hollowed like shells for the sun to pass through, take pearly and sapphire tints too delicate to bestow upon the eye for long; but our interest is always kept up, for we do not know what jewel splendour may be presented next. We soon find out where to look for the richest forms and colours. One mighty breaker succeeding another wraps up in its breast all the foam and opacity of its powerful forerunner; but a series of gentler waves, leaving almost no mark of excitement on the beach, prepares the way for the lovely cavern of salt water, upon whose bright dark walls and translucent arching roof but little of anything that obscures is cast.

## II.

Two artists are at work here this morning, and have become the cynosure of neighbouring eyes ; so much so, that I must studiously keep aloof from them. But for a few moments they desert their canvases and wander to the other side of the bay. They are friends, and sitting side by side ; but what sets me musing is the great difference in colour of the leading feature in their pictures—the sea. I suppose it will not matter to their patrons, and perhaps the colour more unlike Nature may please the better ; in fact, I admit that it might be the better work, but there is surely something curious in this evidence that two friends cannot come to some mutual understanding about a definite colour before them. Colour sensitiveness is clearly a thing of degrees, and it appears to me that it would have been valuable to one at least of these artists to have secured his keynote first.

The little boats in the bay take us into many a charming cave, and among many shoals of fish, and lively work it is at times when a stiff breeze is blowing from the north-west. We have not as much leisure to notice that fine bird on the rocks—stone colour with black wings—as he has to notice us.

If from the waves we rise to the upland region we have many things to see. Having passed this cottage in which the click of the hand-loom weavers' shuttle is heard, and having emerged from the little dell, a severe wall has to be encountered before we are upon the open moors. The distant view of some of the slopes discloses a chocolate and gold expanse, and an analysis of this gives us the following elements. The surface is made up of an immense number of small conical mounds of vegetation of exquisite symmetry, but unending variety of detail, fit burial mounds for a thousand enmities. The cones are due to the beautiful island gorse, which does not grow in large branching bushes, but swells up from the ground like a cushion, giving evidence of no arms or branches—the myriad flowers and inevitable spines being the only portion of its structure which it presents. The gorse by no means grows alone. If one side of the cushion is entirely gilded, worked into the other side are the elements of the chocolate tint. Cheek by cheek, and hand by hand grow the stalks of the ling and the heather. Touching each other are the spire and the whorl, so that we might almost fancy the chime of the heather bells floating from the spires of the ling. Of the latter there are two developments—the little rods of blossom, of which the stalk is made up, shoot out at the base of the larger stems into separate spires, which form themselves into a pad-like result of a

deeper hue than the single spire. It is impossible to suggest adequately the charming surface effect of these different blossoms and plants. They do not grow in separate or isolated tufts, but are woven into a uniform, undulating surface upon which the varying but harmonious colours are needleworked or embroidered in. In other portions of the hilltops the ground is broken by masses of white rock; again, others appear a ruddy brown without the gold. This effect of masses of several colours combined confirms an artistic lesson that has long been learned. As William Hunt gained purity by placing side by side two different colours, so there is here a sense of purity and brilliance by the juxtaposition of heather and gorse and ling ; the broad bright space before us could not be obtained except by these separate tinted points lent by each individual blossom and bell. The little blaze of the tiny sundew as it strives anxiously to assist its fellow colourist the gorse, the pale soft grey of the lichenous plant, have also their influence, no doubt, which our eyes are too dim to see.

If we now lift up our eyes to the distant hills in the south of the island, standing over the ocean, we shall be struck by the beauty of the silver-green film which passes over the face of the dark precipitous cliffs : and, pouring between these cliffs from the heathery slopes above, green glaciers of turf seem to be working their way downwards to the sea.

A bridle-path leads us under a rocky corner. Immense slabs, which would well personate cromlechs if they were lying flat, are sloping upwards, and are twisted crosswise. Other rocks, like miniature aiguilles, thrust their points out of the hill—the white stripes sparkle near the top. On every shelf, in every hollow, and in every niche, are bunches of bell-heather, and against it the brick red of the fading stonecrop, gorse, and seeding grasses. The short grass fills in the other spaces, and bracken grows out of it in front. A little further on the vegetation which I have noted overwhelms and obliterates all the rocks.

A stream of light flooding the opposite hill, where it can get past the headland upon this side, calls us across to see the sun go down. When we have traversed the little road to the cottage, and found our way along a path into a large field, we are met on the further side by a very stiff wall. But this having been crossed, we are straightway in the midst of the moors. The heather is dying in patches now, and has become orange in small masses ; but the ling is taking its place most pluckily, and with delight we pounce upon roots of it as white as snow. The jealous sun has withdrawn its blaze of light, and means

us to be content with the white heather, and the distant phantom clouds merely rimmed with gold. There is more gold on the hill-side than in the sunset now, for the gorse is gleaming still on the steep bank. This hillside looks as if we might safely confide in it, but just below it breaks down to an evil face of rock, which would carry us too quickly to the sea.

With our prize we return by a wider détour through the lanes. The stony walls alongside are surmounted by vegetation of all kinds. During the day there may be nothing specially striking to attract us; but, looking back between the darkening cliffs against the pale colour of the twilight sky, these short thistles and grasses seeding in sprays and knobs—not black, but of a subtle gold too shadowy to properly discern—clear of outline, yet melting into the soft azure background, upon the surface of whose liquid depth they float—if surface we may call the plane of their growth—these are common things spiritualised by the ordinary course of nature. The early religious painters have in like manner spiritualised human nature by simple means. The same simple, but effective, methods are at our command to make exquisite pictures out of the common things of life.

GEO. RADFORD.

# *WHAT IS "THE SCENE"?*

THE system of scenery that is now in vogue, aided as it is by discoveries in electricity and mechanism, is no doubt thought to have almost reached perfection; or, at least, to have left behind all attempts of preceding ages. It may be admitted that nothing can be more resplendent, or even dazzling, than the effects now presented on the stage—whether in lighting, scenes, changes, dress, grouping, and the rest. This, however, is no more than a spectacle and an entertainment for the eyes. But it has always seemed to me doubtful whether our stage show has been worked out on proper *scientific* lines, whether it may not be subject to rules which are capable of development or application. It would seem to be more a brilliant show that competes with the drama itself, rather than a subsidiary method of illustration, subordinate as it should be to the play. What should give us pause, and suggest reflection, is the feeling that the more sumptuous and ambitious the effort, the more it seems to be limited; and the more triumphal and astonishing the effort, the more a necessity arises that the next attempt shall be greater still, or "go one better." The spectator takes it as "a matter of course." The novelty, its main strength, being past, it ceases to astonish or surprise. Thus, the extreme of magnificent show seemed to be reached in the recent displays at Olympia, where the enormous size of the stage and the vast scenic constructions brought the whole as close to the effects of real life as it could be brought; yet the ingenious contriver had spent himself in the attempt. There was no getting, or going, further. And what was the curious result?—that every novelty seemed to the jaded spectator but a *repetition*, the same thing over again. It used to be the same with those transformation scenes that wound up the pantomimes some twenty or thirty years ago, in which ingenious artists exhausted their imagination in contriving fresh changes. The limit was speedily reached: there were, indeed, changes, but it was the same thing—*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

The standard of modern scenery is imitative or realistic, that is,

the production of a copy of what is outside in real life, say a street, or building, or enclosure. But what is always forgotten, and what frustrates such attempts, is that the human figures, crowds, groups, armies, are bounded by the space generally some thirty or forty feet square. Nothing can enlarge this fixed quantity. If you have a crowd addressed by Mark Antony, you should have a space about the size of Trafalgar Square, or a great piece of street; whereas here they are enclosed in a sort of box with one side open, into which you must contrive to fit your "square," your "great hall in the palace," your "room in a cottage," your "market-place," your garden, bridge, &c. This Procrustean necessity suggested to my friend Professor Herkomer the device of a movable opening which could be made larger or smaller according to the scene.

To meet this difficulty it has long seemed to me that all the modern improvements, expansions, remedies, &c., are wholly in the wrong direction, because scenery, as was said at the beginning, has not been treated on any scientific principle. The existing system does not even pretend to such a thing; but no one questions it: it is assumed to be, as I said at the beginning, nigh to perfection, and all that is wanted. An artificial standard has been created and accepted. No one, for instance, pauses to think whether an exquisite garden, which actually dazzles by the blaze of electric light (Medium) in which it is steeped, is like anything in nature. It is like stage nature, the artificial standard to which every playgoer has been brought. Yet if shown to a person introduced for the first time into a theatre, it may be doubted if he would recognise it at all: or for anything but what it is—a number of painted pieces of linen hanging as if from clothes-lines, profiles cut out as it were from cardboard, boxes covered with painted linen, which he is assured are "banks," and so on. The first principle of true scenic effect is that no power of imitation or simulation, however ingenious, can contrive that a limited area like the stage will exhibit the effect of large spaces, structures, atmospheres, &c. These latter cannot be transferred to such an enclosure, though of course a reproduction in miniature and on a very reduced scale may be attempted. It is, in short, an impossibility to simulate or imitate exactly outside nature on the boards. Were it possible to have a whole street or building constructed—an exact copy in scale and size—the result would be what we saw at Olympia, that the figures are dwarfed into mites, and it would require hundreds of them to fill the stage at all. The dilemma, in short, is, where the stage is small, the construction is disproportioned to the figure, *i.e.* a man's head is on a level with the

first storey of a house; and where it is large and of the proper size there can be no acting, for nothing can be heard or seen. It is plain, therefore, that reproduction will not do, and that in this direction we are on "the wrong tack altogether." The more gigantic and daring our efforts, the more we shall fail.

The true principle we have long since abandoned, for we once had it. Strange as it may seem, in the last century there were more correct ideas as to the limits of scenery. The notion was to *suggest* rather than to imitate, and to set the imagination in motion, a principle that directs all the efforts of poetry, music, and the arts. On the stage it amounted to this: that the spectator shall not actually see with his eyes the scene before him in which the performers are engaged, but shall be *persuaded* that such is the fact. In real life such is really the case. Suppose we find ourselves in some room or open place that is strange to us, and an exciting incident occurs, say a quarrel, a conflict, an accident, the dramatic character of the action will absorb us; we shall take no note of the surrounding details—the decorations, the furniture—save in the most general way. We recall that it was a large room or a small one, that the characters were near the window or the door; but what pictures were on the wall, or whether there were pictures at all, we cannot recall. This is shown again and again in trials and judicial investigations, where a sort of general notion of the scene is retained. The fact is the details are altogether unimportant, and add nothing to the dramatic elements of the situation.

Now this, we may hold, should be the principle of scenery. What is shown should be just so much as to complete the situation; just so much as should be seen at such an exciting moment, and just so much as would indicate generally the character of the scene. This, of course, is a merely negative principle. Of course the value of it lies, as Captain Cuttle would say, in the application. But once we have a clear principle, the thing is easier than one would fancy. As I said, the stages of sixty or seventy years ago were in possession of the true principle, owing to their use of the "flat" scenes and wings. As many may recollect, exits and entrances were not always through doors, but *between* the wings. The performer came on, or went off, but *how* was left indistinct. The literal precision of our day requires that his every movement should be accounted for. So that, as in real life he must pass through a door, he must do the same on the stage. But, on the principle we have been explaining, the dimensions become bounded by three sides and an imaginary fourth, and we are obliged to

*construct* the room wholly and exactly. Now in real life, after a dramatic situation, who thinks of the act of leaving the room, whether the door was open or shut? He simply *gets away somehow* from the situation. He "goes off the scene."

It will be said, however, that this system of flats and wings is rude and clumsy, that to the eye it has an unnatural *invraisemblable* look, a flat screen in the centre and a screen at each side. There can be no illusion with such an arrangement. But I am speaking of the principle, which needs developing and contrivance to supply illusion.

It must have often struck people, when reading of the old performances in the last century, how it was that the lighting was contrived. The power of oil-lamps was limited enough. Theatres like Drury Lane and Covent Garden were of enormous size; there were no foot-lights, at least until about the middle of last century, and they were the humble "floats," dim enough. Yet there was ample light to observe expression and play of features, so necessary in interpreting the fine old comedies of character. Nowaday, the stage is one blaze; it is literally bathed and suffused in light. There are no shadows; and yet it might be said the amount of *necessary* light is no more than there used to be, and is not nearly as satisfactory. How was it then?

In the theatres of Garrick and earlier days the stage was really lit by four great chandeliers, which hung directly over the heads of the actors, from the arch of the proscenium and just outside the curtain. When the play was over these were lowered slowly, a signal for the audience to depart. These chandeliers furnished a goodly amount of light on a circular zone immediately below them; the actors' faces and figures were lit in the natural way, as the sun would light them; but the rest of the stage was comparatively dark or gloomy. This furnishes us with the principle of a scenic system which I shall now explain, and the explanation is found in the answer to this simple question—

### WHAT IS "THE SCENE"?

The answer of the moderns is either that "the scene" is the whole stage, which is to represent the area, or an imitation of a corresponding area outside; or it is the pendant cloth behind on which a picture is painted; or it is the whole enclosure before the spectator. As I have shown, that area must be the same for every situation, and the imagination is capriciously compelled to assume that the cottage interior and that of the

palace have different dimensions of "a collapsing or expanding" sort, though they nearly correspond in size. In this, as every portion and corner even is to be seen, it must be furnished with the suitable details, and to see these the light must be made to reach the remotest recesses. It may be asked, Is this the case in real life? Shadows hang over corners; the back and distant portions of a room are always obscure. Further, there are awkward attempts at perspective. The lines are made to converge to a central point as in a drawing, and the elevations are disproportioned. This is absolutely necessary, or it would be impossible in a space fifty or sixty feet deep to convey the idea of a vast area three or four times the distance. The result, however, is that these dimensions do not correspond with the figures of the actors when they "go up" the stage. It is astonishing, by the way, considering the perfection to which, as it is boasted, scenery has reached, what rude, clumsy devices are accepted as parts of the illusion. Thus we often see bits of painted cloth hanging here and there, filling up corners, say, in some elaborate presentment, fluttering and pretending to be nothing more than what they really are. Gables and perches, palpable wooden screens, are "stuck on" right and left, with other makeshifts of the kind. Now this shows that these modern definitions of "the scene" will not hold, and are unsatisfactory. What is wanted is a fixed and certain "quantity," which will be the same under all conditions. But under the old dispensation a truer system was the answer to the question "What is the Scene?" It seems to me they gave the real one; and that with that answer all embarrassments and difficulties disappear.

The system of the four chandeliers helps to explain it. The "scene" was, not the whole area of the stage, but "the zone of dramatic interest," as it may be called, which is found in the centre of the stage, where the performers carry on the action. Of course, in the days of legitimate comedy, where mere acting was the only interest, this zone was constant. But there the scene, and all adjuncts of actual scenery, were subsidiary to that notion. It will be easily understood how this was regulated. As the rest of the stage was but dimly illuminated, there was no need to accentuate anything that was not included in the zone of interest. All in the background should be in keeping—that is, it should not distract or be inconsistent, but be of the most general misty kind. This treatment used to be in much vogue at the Français, where the colours of the background were kept very low, though rich, suggesting those on a tapestry. We could quite understand a system of scenery elaborated

on this general principle, which should indicate a background that conveyed a general notion of a street; the details indistinct, as details are when seen at a distance, or scarcely noted at all. And this is really the true subsidiary place of all scenery, which should be protective as it were—that is, should exclude anything inconsistent with the situation, but not assert or emphasise anything that is consistent with it. Further, all accurate archæological details—as it seems to me—are quite unimportant, and though acceptable to the curious eye do not contribute to the dramatic interest; in fact, the more minute and laboured they are, the more assertive they become, and take off from the general effect. It is the same with costumes. In my own experiences I never see those rich old Italian dresses designed from a Moroni portrait, without a sort of conviction that the player is wearing a fancy dress.

Again. The actor leaving this "zone of interest" "goes off the scene," or exits—not passing through a formal actual door, with which the spectator has nothing to do. All *he* cares about is that the performer withdraws for the time from the action. The force of this abstract departure we always feel strongly when reading a French play, where, as we know, the exits and entrances are not noted as with us, but simply the list of characters remaining on the stage is given; and this is considered a new scene. There is something dignified, and even mysterious, in this.

In this connection it is now thought that it is impossible to produce a real effect without the aid of elaborate "built-up" scenery. It has become almost indispensable. There is, for instance, an opening scene, representing a suburban mansion or villa, with its grounds, a gate of entrance at the top from the road. The doorway and porch has steps, and is thrust forward at a corner in a fashion that no builder could explain; but there is a sort of conventional treatment for these things that causes them to be accepted. In due course the regular action begins, people open the gate and close it behind them, or descend the steps from the mansion, or sit on the rock. All these operations are necessary for the "business" of the scene, and to give an air of everyday life. This also might be denied, for they are unessential proceedings, and supply nothing to the dramatic effect. There is no interest in such things. But if this *must* be introduced, I would contend that nearly in every case the same effect could be produced illusively, and without these adjuncts. I have often, when in the presence of such an elaborate composition, asked myself whether all this could not be conveyed by painting, simply by the arts of perspective, and by the use of "cloths" and "wings"?

And certainly it could, because an artist sitting in front could give a picture of the whole scene on the flat, the house at the side, the tree appearing to stand forward. But then it will be said they are not "practicable"—your gate and door cannot be opened or used. But they appear to be used—at least the house-door. Nothing dramatic, it seems to me, is gained by the young man entering slowly at the top and closing the gate behind him. If he came at all from that direction, it would be enough to show that he was a visitor. But all this would be arranged suitably once the principle was admitted, and the ingenuity of the scene-painters would contrive it. It may be added, too, that as our scenic artists now paint for the light, all attempts at relief and perspective are neglected as practically useless. Yet I have seen foreign scenery where carvings, mouldings, and elaborate reliefs of the kind have been simulated with the most startling effect of reality.

I remember once, when unfolding this theory to Mr. Gilbert, he met me with the objection, "How would you deal with the balcony in 'Romeo and Juliet'?" which seemed "a poser." There, certainly, it is of the essence of the dramatic situation. But it may be said that the "practicable" window may be fairly conceded, on the ground that it does not break the surface continuity of the cloth or flat, though a balcony of course would. It is a negative effect, not a positive one. But even a balcony, provided it is at the wing, might be fairly justified, as it is a structure off the stage. Juliet is at one level, Romeo at a lower one.

We have since those old days witnessed increased effort after more imposing arrangements as regards scenery, illumination, costumes—even appropriate material—as well as a great straining after historical truth. For real art there is no advantage in all this. All the best dramatic effects in a play would be of more value, and in many cases be more valued, if the play was carried on before one dark background throughout. The audience are always aware that they are not looking at reality, and need not be made to lose this secret sense. It is evident that we cannot return to the old bare boards, and that, in order to please the audience, we must have—in decoration, dress, and effect—certain accessories holding a position midway between each extreme; but regard for the exigencies of realities must never be obtruded on the stage, and the author who means to deal honourably with art will carefully avoid depending on mere decorative effects for his success.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

# *DRENTHE AND THE HUNS.*

FEW corners of Europe are less known, even heard of less, than poor little Drenthe, smallest of the Dutch provinces, and well off any railway route to anywhere.

Yet Drenthe does not lack some modest attractions. They are not of the special kind one associates with Holland, where cities of quaint architecture elbow each other, and the land, one level of lush pasture, stands thick with farmhouses and cottages. Drenthe boasts only two townlets, and her soil is mostly desolate moor, pitted with peaty pools, overgrown with stunted heather; with few villages, far apart, each like an oasis in the desert, enfrithed in a clump of sheltering trees.

Paul Delaroche, writing how that the true artist "must force nature to pass through mind and heart," may have been thinking of the good old Dutch masters, whose artistic honesty is so transparent; yet, to our shame, we remember when our own trust was weak in even Ruysdael and Hobbema. Where, within their prim man-made land, could they find village scenes so unconventional? We knew the country very well, having for many summers voyaged about it, yet neither in the two Hollands, nor in other Dutch provinces, had we seen any villages at all like their pictures, and, to Dutch eyes, so slovenly. Not till we explored this remote Drenthe did we discover the masters' subjects. There at last were the very villages they depicted; there stood the familiar peasant dwellings, planted at all angles about the green; there the farrier's forge, the glint of firelight within it; the swinging signs of rustic hostelries; and on all things, sunshine, as the masters loved to see it, flickering through the elm branches.

They look, these island-like Drenthe hamlets, as if the tides of time had passed by them. They surprise one with their unkempt air of antiquity, and an atmosphere pervades them of strangely old world interest.

It was a joy to lose oneself in such out-of-date villages, and a pleasant surprise to find there, in actual work, a rarely archaic bit of social machinery.

When planning our voyage, we had noticed on the map of Drenthe the constant occurrence of the word "mark." The whole province seemed plotted out into petty districts described as "marks," each "mark," it seemed, appertaining to a like-named village, as the *Marke van Donderen* to the *dorp Donderen.*

Walking about our first village, we made personal acquaintance with its "mark." Leaving the high-roofed church, passing under shadowing elms, between time-worn houses, we emerged on some small meadows fenced about with straggling hedges; then, beyond the meadows, were the community's strips of unfenced plough land; and beyond the plough land we found ourselves upon the waste—the common waste—where the sheep and goats of the commoners, the mark-fellows (*mark genooten*), were feeding in a combined flock tended by the common shepherd. Such was the "mark" of "our village," and such-like are all the "marks" of Drenthe. To us it recalled vividly all we had read of the outward aspect of time-out-of-mind Germanic village communities.

The waste, from where we stood upon the marge of it, stretched away black, burnt umber, blue, and fainter blue, to a far horizon. We were overlooking the great moor of Drenthe.

For agriculturists, this great waste is almost worthless—might be "ploughed by two rabbits and a knife"—a few sheep may pick over it, a few firs struggle for their lives, and that is all. But for men of another craft—for archæologists—it is far otherwise; a field fertile in prehistoric monuments. It is indeed one vast cemetery heaped with uncounted tumuli, and still bearing the weight of fifty-four dolmens.[1]

Seeing these hoary monuments, "graves which the rain bedews and the thicket covers," who would not crave to pry into their mysteries? With Sir Thomas Browne we wondered "what time the persons of those ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead"; who, of what race, were the heroes; and for what deeds so commemorated. But, alas! the grey stones of the dolmens are dumb. Rude natural blocks of granite; no mark, no slightest trace of tool is upon them.

One's first thought, perhaps, is how huge the toil of transporting such ponderous stones—great erratic boulders—from wherever on a

[1] The fifty-four dolmens yet standing in this small province, Drenthe, the size say of Cheshire, are survivors of a multitude, many having been removed even within living memory. Of late years, happily, those remaining have become the property, and are preserved under the protection of, government, either central or provincial.

then submerged land, passing ice-floes dropped them in pre-human ages. Cheap must have been dolmen builders' bone and muscle, for they had not, one may suppose, many mechanical appliances.

Great stones of a fit shape having been collected, we see that men set them upright in two parallel rows ; both ends were closed by other upright stones ; and the structure was overlaid with covering stones ; an entrance or portal, marked by some lesser stones, having been left in one long side of it. So was formed a rude sepulchral chamber. Within it were placed cinerary urns of a rough pottery, and then over the whole was heaped up a great tumulus which was, in most cases, enringed with a circle of standing stones.[1]

Evidently the Drenthe dolmen builders burned their dead, for never have human remains been found in or under dolmens, other than ashes in rude urns, and sometimes a few half-burned bones which may have dropped through the pyre during cremation.

The age of the old monuments is matter of mere conjecture. We know that metal objects have never been found in them ; and thus they seem to date from the Stone Age. Of that age, however, who knows the duration in this particular country, Drenthe?[2]

Of this we have sufficient evidence : that, at the advent to Drenthe of Christianity, the dolmens and barrows stood where we now see them. We know that during the long dawn, while the sun was rising upon the night of heathendom, men, but half converted, worshipped their ancient gods and the white Christ quite indifferently, now in churches and now within circles, then enringing the tumuli, of superstitious stones.

The sword effected no sudden conversions in Drenthe. The part-heathen, part-Christian period was there long protracted ; early missionaries not daring anywhere to break abruptly with idolatry.[3] Religion and superstition must have been curiously mixed. Of one church of Drenthe, that at Emmen, men laid the foundation within (of all sites in the world) a heathen stone circle ; and having there built a Christian temple, they placed in it, for worship or by

[1] Some dolmens have within living memory been denuded of their mounds. The size of the monuments ought to be mentioned. We roughly but carefully measured the restored dolmen at Rolde by stepping and stretch of arms : it was 15 yards long, 4 yards wide, and 7 feet high ; there are seven covering stones. The other (unrestored) dolmen was 16½ yards long.

[2] They would seem to be less recent than the few barrows, seemingly the work of a different race, found in the other Netherlands, whence have been exhumed objects of bronze and finer descriptions of pottery.

[3] See the well-known letter from Gregory to Melitus on his going into Britain. Bede's *Eccles. Hist.*, Book 1, chap. 30.

reason of its sanctity, a heathen sacred stone. The like too at Odoorn, where, in the Christian church, so tradition has it, heathen rites were actually celebrated. At another place, Sleen, a dolmen was, perhaps is even yet, known as the *Papelooze kerk*, the priestless church. We find the like indifference in the disposal of the dead. At Rolde, cinerary urns—only the heathen burned their dead—have been dug up from the consecrated churchyard, while, on the other hand, in a neighbour country, Christians continued to bury in the heathen barrows.[1] A strange custom prevails to this day in Drenthe, derived probably from old heathen rites—rites old as Troy. They still carry a corpse round the churchyard before they lay it in the grave.

It would not have been possible for the Christian teachers to "ungod" at one blow the old-time deities. They had to sit down before their strongholds and advance by slow approaches. That beings did exist wielding superhuman powers had perforce at first to be acknowledged; but the priests found a means to turn the position. They set the people against their old religion, by teaching them that they had been mocked by Satan, who had made them bow abject knees before false gods, and adore in guise of divinities the foulest fiends of hell.

A questionable doctrine this, and it bore some amazing fruit. One unforeseen consequence was the outbreak of a gross superstition. The old gods having been in fact devils, each object once sacred to an "*abgott*"—ex-god—took on an association with the devil; as bear witness such names—"devil's houses," "devil's bridges," and "devil's walls," as to this day strike travellers, in every part of Germany.

Naturally, dolmens, shrines of old pagan tradition, would not be excepted. Devil legends took root on them, and clothed them with mysterious horror.[2] Who but Satan himself had reared the awesome stones? were not the prints burnt into them of his hell-hot talons? and so on, and so forth.

Yet this one cannot but remark: though the dolmens came to reek with a new superstition, they never assimilated new superstitious names.

May not the explanation be: that long before the devil names,

[1] As witness an edict of Charlemagne, A.D. 785: "Jubemus ut corpora Christianorum Saxonum ad cœmeteria Ecclesiæ deferantur et non ad tumulos Paganorum."

[2] Some of these legends are not dead yet. We have read one anent one of the before-mentioned dolmens at Rolde of such a primitive grossness as to be unfit for quotation here.

had been thought of, or the superstitions by which such names were suggested had arisen ; before, indeed, Christian doctrine—which bred superstition—had been preached in Drenthe, the monuments had borne an immemorial name, a name then already too old, with roots in past ages too deep, to yield to change? And so, not being christened "devil's graves," for example, their original name remained to them, and it cleaves to them still—*Hunnebedden.*

As to the meaning of this word, so uncouth, so ancient, the common notion is that it is derived from the Teutonic *Hüne*—giants—and that its meaning therefore is beds or graves of giants. But is the common notion right?

Of giants in Drenthe there are swarms of legends,[1] come down from an early era, from an age more remote than that period of twilight which gave birth to devil superstitions. Such-like legends are found in other lands besides Drenthe[2]—reflecting, as an after-glow, lost memories of, perhaps, early invaders, or of some race of aboriginal inhabitants.

Probably these Drenthe legends are thus explicable as reflections. And if so, may it not well be, that a race, lost to memory, myth-magnified into giants, and the immemorial word—*Hunnebedden*—may bear some relation to each other? May not long centuries of illiteracy have wrought a confusion between the two words *Hunnen* and *Hüne*? Both the dead race *Hunnen* and the dead name of them having in fact been forgotten, modern men had to guess what the "*Hunne*" in *Hunnebedden* had come from, and there was but one living word—*Hüne*—to resort to.

If this be so, it follows that the meaning of *Hunnebedden* is just graves of *Hunnen*, and that the word has naught to do with mythical giants.

But is there any evidence that people known to the world as Hunnen did ever inhabit Drenthe? This question has, we think, the interest of novelty.

It is a far cry back to the age—the Stone Age—of the dolmens, and about Stone Age men evidence really strict cannot, more than figs in winter, be expected.

One's first obvious thought is: Could the Hunnebed men have been Huns of Attila?

[1] One chronicler hands down a description of specially gruesome monsters, horrid and grisly, hairy of countenance, thirsting for human blood, sworn enemies of God and man, refuse of the giants from the land of Canaan!

[2] It will be remembered that Sir Thomas Browne, in *Urn Burial*, speaks of "graves of giants under hilly and heavy coverings."

Reasons for "no" seem conclusive. Attila's Huns buried their dead;[1] the dead of the Hunnebed men were not buried but burnt. Attila's Huns were swordsmen and sword worshippers; the Hunnebed men knew not the use of metals. Moreover, if more need be said, we find no ground for believing that the Scourge of God ever swept so far to the north-westward as Drenthe.[2]

We may dismiss Attila and his warriors. But then, the ground having been cleared, what other Huns can we find to turn to?

That any Huns, other than Attila's, have ever settled in Europe is not, perhaps, commonly remembered. We have to hunt up very old authors to find any mention of them.

Our best authority is Venerable Bede.[3] He, writing in the earlier half of the eighth century, two hundred years after Attila's flood had ebbed out of Northern Europe, speaks of a tribe of Huns then inhabiting Germany, to whom, together with other nations, the holy Ecgbert wished to preach the Word of God. Bede enumerates six nations—Frisons, Rugins, Danes, *Huns*, Old Saxons, and Boructuars, from whom he says that the Angles and Saxons in Britain were descended.

What part of Germany did these Huns of Bede inhabit? We can locate the other five nations. The Frisons, we know, occupied between the mouth of the Rhine on the south, and that of the Weser, or perhaps nearly to the Elbe (not reckoning yet more northward islands) towards the north. The Old Saxons held both sides of the Elbe estuary, and the country on either bank fan-wise about the mouth of it; the Danes account for Denmark with Schleswig; the Rugins for the isle of Rugen, Pomerania, possibly also Mecklenburg; and the Boructuars—Borussians—Prussians for the parts now called West and East Prussia. Bede's thoughts seem to have travelled round the north-west and north coasts of Germany, taking in as coastline both shores of the great estuary of the Elbe. We thus exhaust all the coastline between the Rhine and the eastern frontier of East Prussia, except possibly Mecklenburg, as homes for five out of the

[1] The body of Etzel himself was buried in three coffins of gold and silver and ivory.—Gibbon, *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxxv.

[2] Gibbon (*Decline and Fall*, chap. xxxiv.) says, in his picturesque way, that Attila "subdued the islands of the ocean, the kingdom of Scandinavia, encompassed and divided by the waters of the Baltic," but gives no authority for that statement.

[3] It is hardly worth while to refer to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who cannot be taken seriously. He mentions a king of the Huns who, having ruined the land in Germany of the beautiful Estrildis, came to Albania (Scotland), and was defeated, and was drowned in the river named after him, the Humber.

six tribes he mentions. The seat of the sixth tribe, the Huns, we are then driven to look for either in Mecklenburg or in the interior parts of Germany.

As regards Mecklenburg, that country in Bede's time was occupied by Wends and other Sclavish tribes. Perhaps some Finnish or Lapp Aborigines, or, possibly, a newer Finnish swarm retaining their ancient Hunnish race name, may yet have lingered in the land; but Bede would not have mentioned them, a mere subject minority, as one of his "nations." We think Bede's Huns did not in his time dwell in Mecklenburg.

Then as to the interior of Germany. The Sagas often speak of a country called *Hunaland.* In Orvar Odds Saga, for example, we are told of magical stone arrows given by an old dwarf to the Viking in a forest of *Hunaland.*[1] And in the Hervara Saga, the first song of Gudrun[2] celebrates Herborg Queen of *Hunaland*, and the hall of the *Hunnish* people. And we read of the fight of Dunheide, when Hlöd and Humli King of *Hunaland* went to war against Angantyr: "In the spring Hlöd and Humli gathered an host so large that no man able to fight was left in *Hunaland.* . . . When this host had gathered, they rode to the forest called Myrkvid, which separates *Hunaland* and *Reidgota* land. It is said that *Reidgotaland* and *Hunaland* are now called *Thydskaland.*"

One cannot now identify the dun heath and the mirky wood of the Saga; but that the places named were all somewhere in Germany is clear, for Thydskaland in ancient Scandinavian means Germany,[3] as does Tydskland still in modern Danish.

And the coast not being alluded to, we may infer the places were inland in Germany. This goes to confirm our reading of Bede, that there were Hunnen and a Hunaland somewhere in inland Germany. Now where?

Picardt, a famous transmitter of ancient traditions, tells us that in the year of Christ 435 (three centuries before Bede wrote) the "Noormannen Goths and Norwegians [a mixed host of Northmen seems to be meant], *who began to be called Hunnen*, came with a great fleet to Groningerland, reaving and plundering." Groningerland was part of the country of the Frisons, of which the hinterland was what is now Drenthe.

[1] See Hutchinson's *Prehistoric Man and Beast.*

[2] See *The Viking Age*, Du Chaillu.

[3] It may be here observed that Hungary (where alone Attila's Huns made permanent settlements) was never, in popular speech, more than, in fact, part of Germany.

Again, the *Chronijk van Teenstra* records that in about Bede's time the Frieslanders were battling with *Hunnen.*

Then we find in Drenthe significant place names. Rivers, as is well known, are very retentive of names. In Drenthe is a river, the *Hunse,* which is clearly the same as bore the name of *Unsingis* ages before the time of Attila, being mentioned by Tacitus in the first years of our era. Near the mouth of that stream lies a district, of which more hereafter, called *Hunsingo.* Moreover, the next-door country of Oldenburg (as rich as Drenthe in Hunnebedden) is watered by another stream called the *Hunte.* And upon the map of Drenthe occurs one more noteworthy name, *Hunsou,* the site, so determined by a Government commission in 1843, of an ancient city or settlement.

The commissioners reported that *Hunsou* had stood upon a ridge of rising ground, now known as the Hondsrug, dog's back—hog's back we should say in English—a ridge which separates the wide Drenthe moorland lying to west of it from an immense peat bog which on the east stretches away to the frontier of Hanover.

"Ou," in *Hunsou,* like the English form "ore," in, for instance, Needsore, Stansore, may mean either "district" or "place dividing two waters"; thus *Hunsou* was the district of the *Huns,* or the Hunnish place between two waters. Either fairly applies to the Hondsrug, which itself might for size be a district; and it has to westward a moor probably once wetter than now, and on the east a deep and treacherous morass.

All the Drenthe *Hunnebedden* stand on the heath, now open and windswept,[1] west and south of *Hunsou.* They could not have been graves of common folk—their cost in labour must have been too enormous—yet they, to many leagues' distance, stood thick upon the ground. The fair inference is that, to have supplied sepulchres so many and so expensive, *Hunsou* must have been populous and have endured for long.

When Hunsou was founded we find no tradition even, but there is tradition when it was evacuated. It was—quoting Picardt again—in A.D. 808 that Olaus, son of Gotfried, King of Denmark, drove out the people of *Hunsou,* who, retiring along the *Hunse* stream, bedyked and settled down in *Hunsingo.*[2] The present district *Hunsingo*

[1] In ancient times it was covered with woods and groves, sacred probably to heathen gods. The many place names ending in "*loo,*" an old Teutonic word for wood, go to show this—*e.g. Tijnaarloo, Grolloo, Zwxeloo, Dwingeloo, Eldersloo, Peeloo, Leggeloo.* We also find "*holt*" meaning the same in old Dutch as in English. The land about the two *Hunnebedden* at Sleen, for example, is yet known as the *oosterholt*—east wood.

[2] The Hunse, north of the Zuidlaarder Meer, has been canalised. The writer,

is yet, like other Dutch districts, indeed, in that respect, protected by a great sea dyke against inundations.

That a race of Hunnen dwelt in a German Hunaland; and that their Hunaland was Drenthe with possibly Oldenburg, we have, we think, adduced some scintillæ of evidence.

And now to pass to the further problem: What was the race and origin of those Hunnen? Tradition, we have seen, has it that they came from the North,[1] and further that they came in the fifth century. It may be merely a coincidence, but the fact is, that it was in that same fifth century that the Teuton Vandals, having left Mecklenburg (a land, of course, nearer to the Pole Arctic than Drenthe), the Wends and other Sclavs from Borussia began to plant themselves in the vacant country. Those Wends, no doubt, found in the land not only a remnant of the Vandals, but also a certain number of the aboriginal folk above mentioned—a dwarfish Finnish or Lapp race—the originals, perhaps, of the "little folk"[2] of North European legend. Can it be accepted as a "wide solution" of our problem, that a swarm of these stunted folk, outcast by their new Wendish lords, had, long before Bede's time, won a resting-place in Drenthe?

To these savage Northmen, in German eyes as hideous as the half-human[3] Huns of Attila, might well have been applied, if they bore it not already, the dread name of Hunnen.

One Mecklenburg place name, perhaps, derives from the Finnish language. *Stock* is Finn for inlet. The Mecklenburg port of Rostock stands at the head of an inlet from the Baltic. And the village Hundorf—where are rude monuments like the Drenthe Hunnebedden—may commemorate old Hunnish inhabitants.

In Drenthe are yet more remains, ancient, perhaps prehistoric, which, known to few outside the Netherlands,[4] are of great interest, and may throw yet more light on the Drenthe Hunnen. We, voyag-

following the course of the Hunnen, has sailed across this mere and along the canal through Groningen as far at Hunsingo.

[1] This seems to be borne out by a statement of Fergusson in *Rude Stone Monuments*, that the Hunnebedden of Drenthe are the most southern specimens of the northern variety.

[2] There is a mass of Wendish folklore about Lütchen or little folk. One Wendish legend is narrated in the writer's book, *Our Wherry in Wendish Lands*, p. 305.

[3] They were said to be the offspring of demons and witches.

[4] We understood Mr. Jeuring to say that, so far as he knew, no Englishmen before us had ever been there.

ing in the country, had heard some years before that in the Valther Veen—part of the great morass before mentioned east of *Hunsou*, the Bourtanger morass—were remains of prehistoric bridges; and in 1896 we set out to see them. In our Norfolk wherry we made our way from Friesland to Drenthe, and following the Oranje Canal arrived near a pretty village, Odoorn. We took a carriage to Valthe, and thence under the good guidance of the Heer J. Jeuring[1] we drove on to the fen. Having crossed the high land of the Hondsrug, before us lay an unlovely level, extending to a sea-like horizon, on which, hull down, we discerned the church tower, eight miles distant, of Ter Apel. A track, firm enough to drive on, led to a poor farmhouse; and there we first saw bits of the remains—some beams, dark of colour but strong, supporting in fact the roof of an outbuilding. Having shown these to us, the good "boer," spade on shoulder, led the way to his portion of the bog.

It should be premised that "bridges" is a misleading expression. What we had to search for was not any bridge-like structure, but just such a causey or wooden road as would be called a corduroy road in America.

Our guides soon pointed out a cast-like cavity with bits of rotten wood yet remaining in it, whence plainly had been extracted a beam like a railway sleeper; and afterwards, delving in a ditch side, we came upon another such beam *in situ*.

One could not, of course, look to find the old causey perfect. Many—most—of the beams are now wanting. The farmers on the fen and the poor peat-cutters have made off with what was worth the taking. They find it useful stuff, not merely for firing, but for building. Exposed to rain, the preserving peat stripped off it, the time-worn timber rots; but, kept under cover, they say it grows yearly harder.

Mr. Jeuring, who has lived long years at Valthe, has studied carefully the construction of this strange old causey. He finds that at the western end there is not one causey only, but that five tracks, starting from five several points along the base of the Hondsrug, converge at some three miles' distance, and that from the point of their convergence one greater causey bears away in an east-north-east direction towards Ter Apel, to be thence continued across the Bourtanger morass towards, if not quite up to, the river Ems.

For foundation of the five branch causeys, Mr. Jeuring has found that two, and in some parts three beams of fir, [illegible]eech, and

[1] Mr. Jeuring is the author of an article on the Valther bridges [illegible] the *Nieuwe Drentsche Volksalmanak* for 1888.

alder—the woods of the country—were laid longitudinally; over them a platform some ten or twelve feet wide was made of smaller tree stems laid crosswise, and split where too thick to keep their level, with here and there, perhaps where the platform had sunk, a layer of brushwood. The main track was yet more solidly built. Instead of small trees and faggots, the platform was close laid with solid planks roughly axe-hewn, not sawed, and riveted with oaken pegs to the beams under them, this platform, if I understand Mr. Jeuring rightly, being some seventeen feet wide.

No one knows for certain when, by whom, or for what purpose, these old causeys were constructed. In the popular speech they are "Roman bridges," the work of those wondrous engineer soldiers, the Romans. Bishop Butler, a great authority, in his "Ancient Atlas," published in 1822, locates certain *pontes longi* at near the position of the Valther bridges.[1] The bishop was, no doubt, thinking of those described in the Annals of Tacitus.

Vivid and dramatic is the Roman author's story. Five years after Varus and his legions had come not back again from out the shadows of the Teutoburger Wald, Germanicus resolved, by another campaign, to restore the Roman honour, and to discover, and with due rites to inter, the unburied bones of his countrymen. From his camp, either *Lugdunum Batavorum* (Leiden), or *Castra Herculis*, opposite the modern Arnhem, he advanced in three divisions. Cæcina, a distinguished officer, led some 24,000 men—40 cohorts—by way of a tribe called the Bructeri, who lived in what is now the province of Overyssel, to the banks of the river Ems. The cavalry under Pedo were despatched to the frontiers of the Frisii, and Cæsar in person embarked with four legions, and proceeded on board his ships "along the lakes."[2] All three divisions met at a rendezvous on the Ems, Amisia—perhaps modern Emden—and there were joined by a force of native auxiliaries contributed by the Chauci (from East Friesland and Oldenburg); and a junction was also effected with another body of Roman troops, which had been harrying the lands between the Lippe and the Ems.

Cæcina having cleared a way through the forests, and made morasses passable, the main army advanced into the wilderness. They found the last camp of Varus. There before them was the rampart and ditch, scene of the death struggle; there lay bleached

[1] The remains had been discovered in 1818.

[2] Probably he entered the Lake Flevo by way of the Fossa Drusiana excavated by his father Drusus, and the river Yssel; and from the lake, since then merged in the Zuider Zee, sailed along the like-named river Flevo out into the North Sea.

human skeletons and the bones of horses; upon the trunks of trees were still fastened horrid trophies—skulls of Roman soldiers; and in thickets were yet standing altars on which had been offered human sacrifices. A few old soldiers of Varus, who had escaped the massacre, were now serving under Cæsar, and pointed out with emotion where centurions had fallen, where Varus died by his own hand, where prisoners were done to death; and they told how Hermann (Arminius) had in his vainglory mocked the Roman eagles.

With solemn rites the remains were buried, Cæsar with his own hands laying the first sod of a tumulus.

The great host, however, failed to avenge Varus, and, after an indecisive battle, left their fastnesses unconquered to the barbarians.

As the army had come, so it now retired from Emden, in divisions. Part of the cavalry were to march to the Rhine by the seashore. Cæsar took ship again, but with lighter cargoes—two only of the four legions which had embarked with him. The other two legions Publius Vitellius led by land: a flood overtook and all but overwhelmed them, and, in piteous plight, they were rescued by Cæsar's fleet at the mouth of the river Unsingis.

And now we come to Tacitus' mention of the *pontes longi*.

Cæcina's division was to return across country; the route was not unknown, but he was ordered to pass over the *pontes longi* as expeditiously as possible. Tacitus minutely describes the place—a narrow causey through a vast morass, woods gently rising around it; the causey, he says, had been made by Lucius Domitius.[1] The work was by this time out of repair, and the Romans had to encamp while, guarded by men under arms, working parties laboured to make it passable. Cæcina, though a veteran, with no less than forty campaigns to his credit, could hardly hold his ground against his enemies. The long-legged Cherusci, accustomed to the morasses, hurled from a safe distance their spears at the Romans, who, weighed down with armour, slipped and stumbled in the treacherous mud. Moreover, the water rose upon the workers, the Germans having turned streams from the hills to inundate the lower ground. The first night brought little respite; the yells and mocking songs of the barbarians filled the valleys and echoing woods; sleep was impossible; the fuel was too damp to burn; and the men wandered aimlessly from one watch fire to another. An ominous dream vexed the sleep of Cæcina. The awful phantom of Varus rose from the dark water, and with a bloody finger beckoned him. Dawn broke on an army demoralised. The troops on the two wings

[1] Grandfather of Nero; he had commanded in Germany in A[illegible]us' reign.

deserted their stations; the baggage stuck fast in the mire; and, choosing the moment of supreme confusion, Hermann, shouting "Varus and his legions!" broke furiously through the Roman ranks. Horses slipped in the gory slime. Cæcina's charger was killed under him. The sacred eagles swayed perilously: men could hardly hold them in the tumult, or find soil firm enough to plant them in. At length, spying plunder, the savages ceased from slaughter; and, in the waning light, the legions struggled to more solid ground. Again a night of wretchedness. No safety without a rampart; some kind of camp had to be constructed, and the entrenching tools were lost; no tents remained for the soldiers; no comforts or dressings for the wounded; few provisions, and those all foul with blood and dirt. In the darkness a panic seized on the army. It was but a horse broken loose; but, fleeing from they knew not what, mad with terror, the men would have rushed from the camp, had not the general flung himself down in the gateway, so that to pass they must tread upon him. Next morning's sun rose more auspiciously. The Germans, over confident, scorning Hermann's counsels, dared to attack an entrenched camp of the Romans. They were filling the moat with earth and with hurdles, and climbing up the palisades, when the Roman trumpets sounded, and with the cry, "No woods and swamps! equal gods now on equal ground!" the legions closed round behind them. Then struck the hour of the Roman vengeance. Hermann himself escaped from the field unwounded, but grim death overtook his warriors while light to see, and strength to slay, remained to the legionaries. That night hunger, wounds, weariness, were forgotten in the fierce intoxication of victory.

Such is the tale of Tacitus. Are these old remains at Valthe those same *pontes longi* which he says were the work of Lucius Domitius?

Mr. Jeuring, in support of a Roman origin, urges that Roman coins—Vespasian, Hadrian, and Marcus Aurelius—are dug up in the neighbourhood; and calls attention to the depth of peat, accumulated above the ancient timbers, which, he says, denotes an antiquity agreeing with the date of Tacitus. But this remark, with all respect to him, suggests itself: Even had not the coins he specifies been of too late a date to serve his argument, they would have proved nothing. We know that the Roman merchants traded with Germany, and coins thus exchanged for commodities are picked up everywhere; while as for the depth of superincumbent peat, it shows, no doubt, a high antiquity, but who could estimate its yearly growth so precisely as on it to found a calculation of within say a century?

As to Cæcina's return route we know nothing accurately. We do know that one Roman fortress, Flevum Castellum, stood at the mouth of the river Flevo. May we not assume that the great masters of strategy would have built forts likewise along the inland waterway between that castle and their strongholds on the Rhine? Cæcina's objective may have been that fortified waterway, in which case, certainly, Valthe would have lain more or less directly in his way.

But, on the other hand, the Valthe fen corresponds ill with Tacitus' descriptions. Nowhere around that bog is any rising, even gently rising, ground; no hills from which springs could be diverted to flood the plain—only upon one side, the ridge of the Hondsrug. This consideration may have influenced those modern scholars who hold that Cæcina did not march westwardly at all; but southwardly through Westphalia to the Rhine, along which route sites answering Tacitus' description are plentiful.

Mr. Jeuring knew of no trace of any Roman camp on or near the Hondsrug.

In the old beams of the Valthe causey no metal bolts or nails, and no marks of saw work, have ever been noticed—oaken pegs and axe work only. Would not Roman soldier-artificers have used both iron nails, and such then ordinary tools as saws? Even German hunters of the Hercynian Forest made use, so Cæsar says, of saws. The race who laid down the causeys would seem to have been even more barbarous than Germans.

The *Hunnen*, tradition tells us, came by sea to Drenthe. They had seized the only strong position in the country—the one ridge of high land—for their settlement of *Hunsou*. The nearest navigable water was the Ems. Between ridge and river, between city and ships, lay the morass. Is it not plausible, nay probable, that one of their first works would be a causey through the swamp, accessible by sufficient branch roads from all parts of their settlement; safe in war time, the bog being impassable; and securing means of retreat from victorious enemies?

H. M. DOUGHTY.

# *LONDON LOCOMOTION IN* 1837.

MUCH as nearly everything has changed in London during the present reign, the general means and facilities of getting about have, perhaps, changed the most. Some of the old modes of locomotion have entirely disappeared, whilst those which remain have been altered and improved out of all likeness to their original types. In 1837 railways had not begun to affect the daily life of Londoners in any appreciable degree. There were, in fact, only two lines, the London and Birmingham, opened from Euston to Boxmoor in July of that year, and to Tring a few weeks later; and the London and Greenwich, opened so far as Deptford in December 1836. The former company never expected that anybody would want to use it for short distances; in fact, it seemed to be impressed with the general conviction that it was rather a nuisance than otherwise, and kept modestly out of the way. Expecting to live on the through traffic alone, there was no station till you got to Harrow, nearly a dozen miles from town. For many years its monumental entrance at Euston Grove or Euston Square (for it was called by both names), now hidden by buildings taller than itself, formed a notable object as you came down Pentonville Hill, and drove along the so-called "New" Road (some thirty years old in 1837) to Paddington. The Greenwich line, of course, had to condescend to receive the pence of the multitude, even to the extent of charging people a penny each for admission to the station to see the trains start. They got some music, however, as well, for a short time, a band being employed as an advertisement, and possibly partly also to give notice when a departure was about to take place. The terminus of the Greenwich Railway was at London Bridge, substantially where the South-Eastern station now is, but there were only steps up to a small open area, with gates across the end of it, within which were the rails and the trains, but no platforms, no buildings, and no shelter whatever. Circular metal tickets, bearing the company's name and arms, were procured at the gate, cardboard ones being quite unknown, and were given up on passing the

barrier. The engineers, being dreadfully afraid lest the trains should fall over the viaduct, constructed the coaches with the frames hung below the axles, and only a few inches above the rails, the idea being that in case of a break-down these frames would instantly bear upon the rails, and act like the shoe-brake or drag still often used on common roads. The second-class coaches had only one door on each side, the seats being arranged all round the sides, but in the thirds there were no seats at all, and you had to stand. Anything more miserable and uncomfortable than the travelling on the Greenwich Railway was probably never known since steam locomotion commenced. Besides the tremendous reverberation from the high parapet walls on each side, the sleepers were stone blocks set in concrete, the rails were not joined to each other in any way further than having their ends resting in the same chair, and mere loose bars of iron connected the coaches instead of spring drawbars screwed together. Consequently the noise, vibration, and jerking were so great that the line soon got a bad name, and but for the saving of time it afforded, would not have been patronised so well as it was. This was never enough to pay any dividend worth speaking of, although 40 per cent. at the very least was expected from it.

When the Queen came to the throne omnibuses were a new but already popular institution. They were longer, narrower, and lower than the present ones, and had no seats on the roof. The passengers were carefully shut in by a door at the end, as if to make quite sure of them, once they were captured, till they had paid their fares. On a little round perch behind stood the conductor or "cad," hanging on by a leather loop passed over his arm. Sixpence was the usual 'bus fare sixty years ago, whether you went from beginning to end of the journey, or only a few hundred yards. As there was very little regulation of the street traffic of London in those days, if the 'bus filled up at starting it went like a fire-engine in order to get in an extra journey, but otherwise it crawled and pottered about till the requisite number was obtained. Each omnibus was licensed only for a particular route, it paid the stage-coach duty of £5 when first started, and 1*s.* a year for keeping the license in force, beside a mileage duty, varying with the number of passengers it would hold, but coming to about 3*d.* per mile on the average.

Another very useful vehicle of 1837 was the "short stage," *i.e.* a coach which ran to places within easy reach of London, but further than the 'buses went. Richmond, Kingston, Croydon, Hendon, Brentford, were places within the range of the "short stage." The long-distance coaches passing through those towns also conveyed

passengers to and from London, but seats could never be relied upon. Generally the "short stage" was an ordinary country-going coach which had seen better days and had come down, in most cases, to being worked by two horses at an easy speed instead of by four at a fast one. Legally its status was the same as the omnibus, and it paid the same tax and mileage duty. For both coachman and guard the proprietor of the "short stage" or omnibus paid a tax of 25*s.* per annum. These various charges and the very heavy item of turnpikes made high fares indispensable, but of course with the natural result that people did not travel more than they could very well help. It was estimated that there were about 850 omnibuses and short stages running within 12 miles or so of the General Post Office in 1837, the former being the more numerous of the two.

At the time we speak of cabs were in a transitional state. Like the 'buses, they were introduced from Paris, but some ten years earlier, or say about 1820. Although its type was not at all settled, the cabriolet was a little hood-shaped vehicle, quite above its axle, and therefore very high and difficult to get into. It was only intended to carry one passenger, though two slim ones who did not mind squeezing could generally manage to find room. The driver sat on a little shelf or perch on the right-hand side, quite outside the body of the machine. This was an English innovation; in Paris driver and fare shared the same seat, and this was continued here for private cabriolets. The ingenious Mr. Joseph Hansom (who was an architect, of Hinckley, Leicestershire), however, bethought him in 1834 that if he used larger wheels and suspended the body of the cab between them, the vehicle would hold two easily, or three at a pinch, would balance better, be easier to draw, and safer if the horse fell. Further improved by putting the driver behind and the axle under the seat, the invention soon made its way, and by the fifties the hansom was as much the favourite cab of London as it is to-day. The original patent is dated December 23, 1834.

There was also another kind of cabriolet, in the shape of a little square box, holding two persons facing each other, and having the door behind. It never became very popular, both proprietors and drivers having a decided objection to the facility it afforded an agile passenger of getting out quietly and forgetting to pay his fare. The hackney-coach, which had been the only vehicle plying for hire till the introduction of cabriolets, was an utter disgrace to the town in every way. Usually a discarded travelling-carriage, of unknown antiquity and great weight, it contained a good deal of dirty straw and a number of hopping and crawling inhabitants. It was more

than suspected that the driver occupied it at night as a bedroom, and, in the absence of any public ambulances, it was invariably used to convey patients to the hospital. During the 200 years it had been an established institution the hackney-coach had but little improved, and seemed somehow to be quite incapable of it. As two horses were necessary to draw it, the expense led the owner to purchase the most completely worn-out "screws" he could find, and to feed them on a strictly economical scale. The driver was usually as old and worn-out as the rest of the equipage, with a considerable measure of insobriety in addition.

All vehicles, other than stage-coaches and what were reckoned as such, plying for hire within five miles of the General Post Office, came under the head of "hackney-carriages," and as such paid a duty of £4. 10*s.* per annum. The fares by distance were, for every hackney-carriage drawn by two horses, any distance not exceeding one mile, a shilling, with sixpence for every additional half mile, or part of such. If hired by time, the rate was a shilling for any time up to half an hour, with sixpence for every additional quarter of an hour, or part of one. In the case of one-horse hackney-carriages, that is to say, cabriolets, only two-thirds of the above rates was charged. As a rule the horses used in all kinds of public conveyances in 1837 were much inferior to those now employed. Not only was public opinion by no means enlightened on the subject of cruelty to animals, but a great deal of cruelty took place in the ordinary conduct of the stage-coach traffic. The best coaches were timed at speeds which left next to no margin for extra heavy roads, whilst competition, and in the case of the mails, smart fines, made unpunctuality a thing to be avoided even if the horses were flogged within an inch of their lives. As a result great numbers of broken-down coach-horses were annually discarded, many of which were purchased to run in the 'buses, cabs, and hackney-coaches of London.

In 1837 steam navigation on the Thames had become largely used, more so probably in proportion to the population than it is now. People enjoyed the novelty of a trip by steamer. Country cousins in particular, few of whom had ever seen a steam-engine of any kind in their lives, always patronised the river to get views of the Tower, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and the "lions" in general. In summer the traffic by steamer to Greenwich, Woolwich, Deptford, Blackwall, and so on, especially on holidays like Greenwich Fair, was enormous, and the most outrageous overcrowding took place. The below-bridge boats were sometimes built of wood, and [illegible] engines worked quite as much by vacuum as by [illegible], the latter

seldom exceeding 5 or 6 lbs. per square inch in the boiler. For the up-river service somewhat smaller vessels, of course, had to be used, with lowering funnels instead of the majestic chimneys which distinguished the others. For several years after its first partial opening from Nine Elms to Woking in 1838, the London and South-Western Railway obtained a great deal of its passenger traffic from the steamers which brought people from the City to the adjacent pier or wharf. Sometimes it got rather too much, as on Derby Day in that year, when a vast mob of riotous East-enders landed from the boats and carried the station by storm.

As may be supposed, the introduction of steam navigation soon affected the watermen, a class of Londoners who were by no means extinct in 1837. These were once a most influential body of men, but their glory had then in large measure departed. Although they attributed all their woes to the steamers, the omnibuses along the Strand and the increased number of bridges had a large share in ruining them. Ferrying people across the river had always been the most lucrative part of the watermen's trade, and down to 1810 only three bridges (Westminster, Blackfriars, and London Bridge) existed to interfere with it; but by 1819 three more bridges (Vauxhall, Waterloo, and Southwark) had sprung into existence; people could walk across quicker than they could be rowed, and the end of Mr. Waterman began to be visible. The long and laborious rows to Greenwich or Chelsea remained, but the fares did not compensate for the length of time occupied, and the "short stages" and 'buses cut into the profits increasingly. Then came the steamers by way of a final catastrophe. The watermen hated this innovation with a bitter hatred. Everything they could do to prejudice people against it was done, every trumpery accident magnified, many even refused to row passengers out to them. When the steamer *Queen Adelaide* was burning off Greenwich in April 1835, they not only absolutely declined to help, but actually shouted for joy at the event. For crossing the river a single passenger by boat paid three-pence, but two would be taken over for the same sum, and for every person above three the fare was only one penny. There were "wherries" of two sizes, "oars" and "scullers." The former were the largest, and required two rowers; eight was the full complement of passengers. "Sculler's fare" was only four people, the rower using a pair of sculls and generally steering with them as well. The watermen stood at the mouths of the narrow dirty lanes leading to the river and touted for custom with all the blandishments at their command. They were all licensed; their names, that of the "stairs" or wharf they usually

plied from, and the number they might carry, all had to be painted conspicuously in the boat. At the beginning of the century no fewer than 12,000 watermen had licenses in London and within a few miles above and below it. Even in 1837 there were a couple of thousand, but folks were afraid of the wash of the steamers and the increased rush of the tide owing to the removal of old London Bridge; and, as a factor in the conveyance of metropolitan passenger traffic, the watermen quite disappeared before the forties were out. In the wider sense of a navigator of barges and lighters and general conductor of the smaller class of Thames traffic, in which watermen always took part, they, of course, exist still, and are likely to do so whilst London remains what it is. The number of wherries and row-boats, therefore, never approached the number of licensed watermen, perhaps each third or fourth man being engaged in carrying passengers. A class of vehicle could occasionally be seen in London in 1837, the disappearance of which no one will regret. Small carts drawn by a couple of dogs, usually retrievers, were used sometimes by costermongers and milkmen. No doubt they were not always ill-treated, utterly unsuited as such work is to dogs, but the brutality and ruffianism of the lower classes was then very great, and the unfortunate beasts often had to bear the brunt of it.

It will be noticed that taxes upon locomotion, now thought so peculiarly injudicious, were in high favour with political economists at the period under review. London, Blackfriars, and Westminster bridges were alone free of toll; on the others even foot-passengers paid a penny, with the result that they were almost deserted. Formidable turnpike-gates barred every road long before you were clear of London. Post-chaises paid a duty of five guineas each per annum, private carriages £6 if four-wheeled and £3 5*s.* if two-wheeled. A horse kept for any purpose cost his owner £1 8*s.* 9*d.* in annual duty, but the rate diminished so fast with every extra horse, that twenty paid practically no more duty than ten. The railways had to pay one halfpenny per mile for every four passengers conveyed.

It is little to the credit of the present day that the use of mechanical power for passenger transport on the common roads was quite as far advanced in 1837 as it is now. Walter Hancock had run his steam-carriages from Stratford to the Bank, and from the latter by the City Road and New Road to Paddington for a considerable time. It cannot be said, of course, that steam locomotion was at any time a regular feature of London street traffic regarded as a whole, but besides the regular running just mentioned, both Hancock and many others ran trips with "steamers" on sundry

occasions on most of the main roads. Public interest in the subject was widely spread, and most people who went about a good deal knew what the carriages were like, and how they were managed. Hancock did more to introduce the invention than anyone else, and fully demonstrated its practicability and safety to a decidedly incredulous generation. He understood some of the points essential to success better, perhaps, than anyone who had then laboured in the same field. These were, especially, the avoidance of anything either in the appearance or working of the machines calculated to frighten horses, and economical operation through the use of very high pressure steam. The regular daily running, though not continuous all that time, was mostly done in the years 1833-36, and numbers of people used to go to various points on the route to observe, or try for themselves, these handsome, noiseless, and most ingenious vehicles. In design Hancock's steam coaches were all somewhat similar. A pair of vertical inverted engines in a little closed compartment at the back, containing also the boiler, worked a shaft which communicated the power to the centres of the driving-wheels by means of two endless chains. The front pair of wheels, swivelled like those of a horse vehicle, were turned to the right or left by a steersman in front with a horizontal hand-wheel or cross-bar. The average number of passengers for whom there were seats was sixteen, some of the vehicles being covered chars-à-banc, one (the "Enterprise") being simply a steam omnibus, whilst others combined the char-à-banc arrangement in front with a stage-coach body behind. Various companies, such as the London and Paddington Steam-Carriage Company, were formed to use steam power in the streets of London about 1835-40, and did so to some extent. The latter company's carriages ran to Greenwich, at least occasionally down to 1841, but neither inventors nor capitalists managed to do well with them. The equine interest was, of course, opposed to them; the turnpike trustees and the licensing authorities objected to vehicles their Acts and powers had not provided for, and no doubt the number of passengers who could be seated was too little for profit. The rising railways, however, injured the steam carriages more, by attracting to themselves most of the superfluous cash and the best mechanical talent of the country. As machines well known and much talked of they deserve a place in an account of the street traffic of London sixty years ago, and now that mechanical road traction is once more coming to the fore, it is especially interesting to recall how ably the subject had been worked out even at that distant period.

W. B. PALEY.

# *OLD EASTBOURNE.*

EXACTLY one hundred years ago an enterprising inhabitant of this now well-known watering-place issued a token bearing the inscription, "Fisher's Library and Lounge, 1796. Prosperity to the gentry who visit Eastbourne, celebrated for pure air and sea-bathing!" Eastbourne was at that period a country village, distant more than a mile from the seaside, with four little hamlets known respectively as "Meads," "Prentice Street," "South," and "Seahouses," whose inhabitants, simple folk, described a journey to Eastbourne proper as "going up to town," did not know that their air was purer and richer in ozone than that of any other place in the United Kingdom, and would as soon have thought of risking their lives by ascending in a balloon, as of endangering their health by bathing in the sea, or indeed in any other water. From Eastbourne to Seahouses flowed the Bourne stream, from which the village derived its name. It rose at Motcombe Farm, a picturesque corner of Old Eastbourne, situate in the hollow behind the ancient parish church with its massive square tower, and flowed past what has been described as "a moated enclosure, the probable site of the Mansion of the De Badlesmeres, feudal lords of Eastbourne." It is doubtful, however, whether the De Badlesmeres, who were resident in Kent, ever possessed a mansion at Eastbourne. Immediately below this moated enclosure the Bourne stream fell into a shady pool, which may still be discovered at the rear of the Drill Hall, and which was originally the pond supplying water to the Old Mill of Eastbourne. This mill is mentioned in Domesday Book, and gave their name to the mill fields, a breezy tract of grass-land which, with many another rustic nook, and all the romance which springs from old association, has been swallowed up by the ever-rising tide of bricks and mortar. A small trickling rill still flows along the course of the Bourne stream, but the bulk of the water that should help to swell its volume is now carried off by the town drainage system. From the old water-mill the Bourne stream ran beside or upon the roadway, still known as "Water Lane," into the "Sheepwash" in Grove Road, and on past

the "Gilbert Arms," familiarly known as the "Squirrel," where Sterndale Bennett composed his "May Queen," and flowed beside the footpath which led along the edge of the marsh behind the "Old Grotto" and "Oak Cottage" (there was no Terminus Road in those days) till it reached "Seahouses," where it terminated in a large pool known as "Broad Bourne," and escaped through the beach into the sea. Eastbourne is called "Borne" and "Burne" in Domesday Book, and "Burne" in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. One may still hear the country people talk of "going to Bourne." That the town derived its name from the stream and not the stream from the town is rendered probable by the fact that there is or was a "Bourne stream" (Anglo-Saxon *burn*) near Hastings and an Ash-burn or Ash-bourne river near Pevensey.

There was another village of Bourne in West Sussex, and hence the two places came to be distinguished as East-Bourne and West-Bourne. The theory that they are so called in consequence of their being the Eastern and Western "bournes" or boundaries of the range of chalk hills known as the South Downs, is fanciful and untenable. It appears from Domesday Book that the "hundred" of Borne belonged to Edward the Confessor, and that it was under the obligation of furnishing one night's entertainment to the King. The sovereign must have occasionally availed himself of this feudal right. At any rate we find that Henry I. was at Eastbourne in the year 1114, and Edward II. stayed there one night in August 1324. After the Norman Conquest the Lordship in Chief of Eastbourne "hundred" was granted to the Earl of Mortain, and at a subsequent period it was held by the Barons de Badlesmere. Eastbourne was remarkable for the large number of manors which it contained. In the year 1554 the three largest of these manors became vested in Jacob Burton, John Selwyn, and Thomas Gildridge respectively, and the Lordship in Chief of the "hundred," which is co-extensive with the parish of Eastbourne, was at the same time conveyed to them as owners in common.

From that period downward these manors were distinguished by the names of the families to which, for the time being, they belonged—thus (1) "Eastbourne-Burton, otherwise Wilson;" (2) "Eastbourne-Selwyn, otherwise Parker;" and (3) "Eastbourne-Gildridge." (Horsfield's "History of Sussex.") The lords of the manor of Eastbourne-Burton lived at Bourne Place (now "Compton Place," the seat of the Duke of Devonshire).

The Selwyns, lords of the second manor of Eastbourne, resided three miles away at Friston Place. Their property at Eastbourne

passed by marriage to the Parkers of Ratton, and was purchased about the middle of the last century by the Thomas family, to whom it still belongs. Green Street, the old road leading from Willingdon to Eastbourne, used to pass close to Ratton, and continued along the line of the present footpath which runs through the valley lying between the present Willingdon road and the downs. Here many remains of ancient buildings have from time to time been turned up by the plough, and at "Green Street Farm" may be seen the remains of an avenue of trees marking the site of a mansion that formerly stood there. From Green Street Farm the road led to Eastbourne old town, and followed the course of the lane which passes in front of the present vicarage and behind New College, and after crossing the "Links" (which were so called long before they were dedicated as they now are to the game of golf), traversed the grounds of Compton Place (where it may be very distinctly traced), and brought the traveller to the hamlet of Southbourne, or South. Here, within the memory of persons now living, stood the village stocks at what was then called Stocksbank, the site of the modern Town Hall. A document relating to the reign of Edward II. mentions "Bourne and Southe." (Tower Records, No. 19.)

The Gildridges, lords of the third Eastbourne Manor, lived not in the present manor house, but in the old farmhouse on the left hand side of the road leading from Water Lane to Old Town.

The manor of Eastbourne-Gildridge passed by marriage to the Gilbert family, who continue to hold it.

A curious relic of feudal times is the "Endlewick rent," which the lords of the Eastbourne manors continue to pay, in consequence of their lands having at some remote period been included in the "Bailiwick of Endlewick." The person entitled to receive these ancient dues is the owner for the time being of a certain piece of land at Wilmington, called Endlewick, which bears traces of having once had a mansion erected on it. The lord of the manor of Eastbourne-Gildridge pays Endlewick rent "for the scot of Hartfield Manor in Eastbourne." The land through which the railway passes in a cutting was formerly known as Hartfield, and the name appears to indicate the situation of this extinct manor.

Mr. Wilson, who subsequently purchased the first-mentioned manor of Eastbourne-Burton, was a staunch Royalist, and accordingly, on Good Friday 1658, a party of dragoons appeared with orders from the Protector Cromwell to search his residence at Eastbourne. The lord of the manor was lying ill in bed at Bourne Place, but Mrs. Wilson, with great presence of mind, gave the hungry

soldiers a wheat ear pie, and so diverted their attention, while she ran upstairs and told her husband of the impending search. He directed her to bring him a certain bundle of letters, from which he extracted one or two, and gave them to Mrs. Wilson, telling her to burn them, stir the ashes well, and summon the officer in command of the dragoons. The latter then searched through Mr. Wilson's papers, but finding nothing of a compromising nature, congratulated Mrs. Wilson on the very unexpected result of the search, and went his way.

The Restoration was celebrated at Eastbourne by the lighting of bonfires on the Links, and all the loyal inhabitants were entertained at Bourne Place, with a hogshead of claret and a pipe or two of strong beer, by Mr. Wilson, who was shortly afterwards created a baronet. ("Sussex Archæological Collections," vol. xi. p. 31.)

A letter (unfortunately not dated), written by Sir William Thomas of Folkington, the member for Sussex, to the said Sir William Wilson, has been preserved, in which arrangements are made for the first recorded meet of the foxhounds at Eastbourne:

Sir,—I designe to hunte the fox at Bourne to-morrow; but if there be not people to watch the cliffs, and to be there about 3 o'clock in the morninge to prevent their going downe, I can do noe good with them. I desire, therefore, that you would be pleased to order some persons to watch the cliffs, and to stop the earths that are nere you. I will be there, God willing, by 6 o'clock in the morninge, where I should be glad to have the happiness of your good company. This comes from, sir, your faithfull friende and humble servant, William Thomas. (*Ibid.* p. 35.)

The following description of the Manor of Eastbourne-Burton, otherwise Wilson, is given in an account-book of the same period:

There belongeth to the sayd manor, wreck of sea by the space of four myles, as also wayfes and strayes, all which being granted by patent under the Great Seal of England, may happen to be worthe £10,000 *in an hower*, as it hath beene in other places on the coast, but in the meanest yeare we have, it is worth £20 or £30. Item: there belongeth to the sayd manor one warren of conyes worth £40 a yeare. Item: belongeth to the sayd manor the royalty of hawking, hunting, fishing, and fowling. We take yearly within the sayd manor ten dozen or twelve dozen of sea gulls worth 30 shillings a dozen, £18; besides puetts, and sea pyes. Item: the lord of the manor of Eastbourne hath 700 acres of ground, which have long since been overflowed with the sea, which in summer will keepe 200 swyne and 300 sheepe, with two great ponds with carpes and good fish.

The rental of the manor, as appears by the same account-book, was

£999 a year, besides 3 lb. of pepper and 1 lb. of cummin seed, which represented in money value a further sum of £25 (*sic*) per annum. Sir Edward Wilson, the fifth baronet, writing to a friend in 1759, gives an interesting account of Bourne Place and its surroundings:

This seat, which is a very fine one, did belong to my family, together with a capital lordship and *four other manors*, with their respective demesnes and several other lands and tenements lying adjacent thereto, the tenants (I mean customary) all finable at the lord's will, and heriotable in kind for every several tenement; and this as well for free as copyhold, a free warren by grant from the crown, and wreck of sea by the space of more than four miles, under that noted promontory and cliffs adjoining, called the Three Charles' or Chorles, and Beachy Head. This seat, with some of the manors and lands, came to my late father by virtue of entail, whilst a part of it was inherited by the late Sir William Wilson's sister and heir; but the part of this estate coming to my father being encumbered, he was pleased (though against the consent and approbation of the rest of the family) to convey it to the late Earl of Wilmington, whose principal seat it was, and who before he purchased it (during the minority of Sir William) resided in it, holding it by a lease from his guardians; and as he had an extraordinary liking to it, he used extraordinary means to persuade and procure him to sell it to himself, leaving no stone unturned to effect it; and well he might, for, from the description I have now mentioned, and its most delightful situation for prospect and everything that may add to its beauty, it may vie with most in this country—the wild, the sea, the downs, all at once viewed: and for the excellency of that bird, by some called the English ortolan,—the wheatear, is famed even to a proverb, a Bourne wheatear being the best of the kind in this county or anywhere. . . . After his death it came to his nephew, Lord Northampton, who made it his residence in this country; and he dying, his brother, the late Consul Compton, had it, whose son, now Earl of Northampton, possesses it, and lately married the Duke of Beaufort's sister, with whom he got acquainted (whilst at Bourne) at Brighthelmstone, of late so much resorted to in this county for the sea water, as Scarborough is in yours; and at Bourne place he lives when in this county. (*Ibid.* p. 46.)

The warren of conies was probably at "Warren Hill," near Meads. Wrecks were by no means uncommon on this part of the coast, and formed a valuable perquisite of the lords of manors. The roofs of "The Elms" and other old houses at Eastbourne were to a great extent constructed of ships' timbers taken from wrecks. The name "Charleses" is probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *ceorls* (churls or men), and was applied to three great stacks or pinnacles of hard chalk that stood detached from the main cliff at Beachy Head. They were originally seven in number, but all have long since been undermined and washed away by the sea. "When the Charleses wear a cap the clouds weep," ran the old Sussex proverb. The name of Beachy Head is derived by some from the Norman-French *beau chef*. The reference to Brighton and Scarborough is interesting, as showing that even at that early date those

places were resorted to for sea-bathing, which was just then becoming fashionable.

There were at least four small manors at Eastbourne, besides the three principal ones we have already mentioned, and they are probably the "four other manors" to which Sir Edward Wilson refers in the above quoted letter. Their names were as follows:

(4) The Manor of Eastbourne-Nether-Inn, of which the Dean and Chapter of Chichester were lords. It was, however, customary for that body to grant this manor on a lease for lives to the rector or owner of the great tithes of Eastbourne.

(5) The Manor of Eastbourne-Medsey.

(6) The Manor of Meads, otherwise Broads.

(7) The Manor of Meads, otherwise Lamport or Eastbourne-Lamport.

The last, it has been suggested, derived its name from a port or harbour which it is believed formerly existed at "the Wish," where a break in the cliff allowed the sea to flow over a small marsh. This break in the cliff is now masked by the sea-wall and parades, while the site of the supposed port is occupied by the Devonshire baths and the highly-embanked roads which surround them. Mr. R. J. Graham, in his "Eastbourne Recollections," writes:

> The early drain of old Southbourne, named the "Shomer Dyke," ran out at the Wish, where the ground has been greatly raised. There used to be a marshy pond and outflow to the sea, which probably at one time was a creek. In my younger days we used to see a number of posts standing in front of this point on the sands at low water, having the appearance of the supports of some sort of landing-stage. I have seen here, on the occasion of a great storm which denuded that part of the shore of beach, extensive remains of timber and wattle-work, which suggest that the creek which must have existed here had been adapted for the entrance of boats. I have also seen at this spot trunks of ancient trees, and a number of nuts in a good state of preservation, some of which I possess.

We shall have occasion presently to revert to this interesting subject.

In every one of these seven Eastbourne manors prevailed the ancient Anglo-Saxon custom known to lawyers as the custom of Borough English, by which land descended, not to the eldest, but to the youngest son of the deceased tenant.

In ancient times the tract of marsh land which lies east of the town was to a great extent covered with water, especially at high tide, the only really dry ground being the "eyes," which, as their name implies, were islands raised above the general level of the surrounding swamp. For instance, the field called "Horsey," near the Ejector Works, may have been the island on which horses were turned out to graze, but the local pronunciation of Hurstmonceux as

Horsemounces suggests that Horsey is a corruption of Hursteye—that is, "wood island." Pevensey was the isle belonging to a Saxon proprietor named Peven or Peofn :

> The levels flooded once by changing tide
> Are covered now by nature's wildest flowers,
> Where once the Roman gallies used to ride
> Or anchor close to Peofn's ancient towers.

Two of these eyes were the sites of the lost towns of Hydney and Northey, both of some importance, since they had the distinction of being "members" or "limbs" of the Cinque port of Hastings, but all traces of them have entirely disappeared. Hydney is believed to have stood near Willingdon railway station, where there used to be five adjoining fields forming part of the Ratton estate and bearing the names of Great Hydney, Plough Hydney, Green Hydney, Court Hydney, and Little Hydney. The Rev. E. Turner, who visited the spot in 1866, writes :

> I found the surface of the highest part of the field (Court Hydney) very uneven, and giving the appearance of extensive excavations having at different times been made upon it. Hillocks and trenches frequently occur, particularly on the north-eastern side of it. And, upon inquiry, I found that within the memory of persons now living, stones which had evidently been used in buildings were to be seen lying about it. The present parish clerk of Willingdon, who is about 60 years old, has often heard his father, who died some years ago at the advanced age of 80, speak of buildings which he could remember standing on this most remarkable eye, the last of which was a malthouse; and the son of the clerk, in draining some part of the field a few years ago, met with foundations of walls which impeded his progress, close to one of which he carried a drain for a considerable distance. That a town once stood upon this eye seems to be confirmed by the tradition of the neighbourhood. It is right, too, in point of position, for a line drawn from Pevensey to Eastbourne would pass through, or very nearly so, Court Hydney; and buildings standing upon it would seem to imply a public road somewhere near it, which might possibly have been the main highway from Pevensey to Eastbourne previously to the existence of the present road. ("Suss. Arch. Coll." vol. xix. 29.)

The occupation road leading from Court Hydney towards Friday-Street Farm may represent the line of the old highway to Pevensey. Now Hydney, being a "member" of the Cinque Port of Hastings, must have possessed a harbour of its own, and Mr. Turner seemed inclined to place it on the low-lying land near the Wish at Eastbourne. But the name of Hydney also occurs at Langney on the opposite side of the marsh, for a lease of Langney farm granted in 1624 describes pieces of land called "Hydney Hoth" and St. Anthony's Hill. The latter is now crowned by a martello tower. Hoth is the Sussex pronunciation of "heath," for example, Hayward's Heath is called in native lingo "Heward's Hoth" or "Haward's Hawth." If Hydney ever possessed

a port it is more likely to have been at Langney than at the Wish. The "Crumble ponds" present the appearance of having once been the mouth of a small tidal river by which the land water escaped to the sea, and this insignificant opening may have constituted the "port" of Hydney. The vanished town of Northey appears to have been built on what is, or was lately, known as the "Old Town Field," near Pevensey Sluice House. Mr. Ross, when searching for its site in the year 1857, met with a labourer who informed him that there used to be a *power* (a well-known Sussex expression for a considerable quantity or number) of stones in the Old Town Field down by the edge of the marsh, but that his master had taken them up whenever he wanted stone for any particular purpose, as others had done before him, and that he had carried a great many away to put into the drains which he had made in his lands, and that they were now pretty nearly all gone. On going to the spot which this man pointed out, Mr. Ross found the surface of the field much broken up and lying in hillocks, and, the summer having been remarkably dry, he observed that the grass had to a considerable extent perished in lines, as if over the foundations of buildings which had once stood there. A street was to be very satisfactorily traced, running east and west, the length of the field, and from this might be observed (though not so distinctly) other shorter and more detached streets running north and south. (*Ibid.* p. 19.)

Great changes in the condition of the levels and the appearance of the foreshore have from time to time taken place, owing to the periodical shifting of the vast beds of shingle which the sea has accumulated on this flat coast, and which form a natural obstacle to its encroachment. The natives wore wide flat boards called "backsters," fitted to their feet, in order to assist them in traversing this desert of beach. A gentleman, travelling through Sussex in 1724, writes: "From a little beyond Hastings to Bourne we ride upon the sands in a straight line for eighteen miles, all upon the coast of Sussex, passing by Pemsey or Pevensey Haven, and the mouth of the river which cometh from Battle, without so much as knowing that there was a river, the tide being out, and all the water of the ordinary channel of the river sinking away in the sands." ("A Tour through Great Britain," p. 315.) We should like to have heard what he did at Bourne, and at what inn he put up. The oldest hostel at Eastbourne is undoubtedly the "Lamb," for it possesses an ancient crypt or vaulted cellar of the early English period, with lofty ribs and a central boss. There was also a "Bell" Inn at Southbourne, on the site of the present New Inn, for a deed of 1782 conveys land at

what is now the corner of South Street and Grove Road, which land had at a still earlier period been described as "situate over against the Bell Inn in the South Street of Eastbourne."

In an old deed of 1716 we read of a barn in the South Street with land adjoining lying in the "Saffrance," and of land lying "in the common laines near Kentish Street," and of a "bullock leaze" upon Crowdown. "The Saffrons" is the present cricket field. In the last century a continuous line of houses forming part of South Street were built along the side of this field as far as Compton Place Corner. They were bought up and pulled down by Lord George Cavendish, afterwards the first Lord Burlington. In another deed of 1801 we find the lords of all the Eastbourne manors concurring in granting a lease of the site of the absurd little house called "the Wedge," still standing on the Marine Parade. It was then described as "part of the waste of the manor of Eastbourne, situate at the *Stade* near the seaside, and abutting on the footpath leading from the cliff to Seahouses."

It will be observed that Southbourne was called "South Street" long before it was incorporated in the modern town. The suffix street, which is not uncommon in the names of Sussex villages, often indicates the vicinity of a Roman road. The parish registers may possibly contain the names of some other old inns at Eastbourne. At the end of the last century there were still to be seen near Meads remains of a chapel dedicated to St. Gregory, and the fields and hill near it were distinguished by its name. Tradition asserts that its bells were carried away by the French to Dieppe in Normandy. (Parry's "Coast of Sussex.") The extreme eastern part of Eastbourne is called Norway (that is, probably North-way), and derives its name perhaps from the green road which crosses the marshes from a point near the gasworks to Ratton.

And how did the inhabitants of old Eastbourne employ their time and make a living when lodging-houses and flies and bath-chairs and pleasure boats were as yet unknown? Most of them were engaged in agricultural pursuits upon the numerous farms in the neighbourhood. The house of "Old Susans" farm is still standing in Seaside Road and bears upon its front the inscription "I.P. (Joseph Picknall), 1714." Others were employed in fishing, but not to any great extent, for the Vicar of Eastbourne made a complaint in the year 1603 that his vicarage was excessively valued in the king's books at forty marks, but that it was not worth nearly so much on account of the great decay of fishing, which within the memory of man had been worth twenty pounds a year to the vicar, but was not

then worth twenty shillings a year. Eastbourne was noted for its oysters and other shell-fish, and for its shrimps (or "pandles" as they were always called in Sussex). Others, again, followed the illicit trade of smuggling, which was very rife here. It has been suggested that the name "Bo-peep" applied to a locality near St. Leonards and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of the Sussex coast has reference to the games of hide and seek which the smugglers were wont to play with the constituted authorities. Many are the tales which are told of the lawless doings of these desperate ruffians. On June 13, 1744, the officers of the Customs at Eastbourne, having intelligence of a gang of smugglers, went with five dragoons mounted to the seashore near Pevensey; but one hundred smugglers rode up, and, after disarming the officers, fired about forty shot at them, cut them with their swords in a dangerous manner, loaded the goods on above one hundred horses, and made towards London. (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xiv. 334.) Again, on February 11, 1822, three hundred smugglers went to Crow Link, near Eastbourne, to land a cargo, but were stopped by a signal from the sentinel. Four nights afterwards they landed at Cliff Point, Seaford, three hundred half-ankers, losing only sixty-three and a horse. On the 13th they attacked the sentinel at Little Common with "bats" (the Sussex term for bludgeons), but he shot a smuggler with his pistol. The boat then made sail from the land, and a coach and six, which was waiting at the back of the beach, drove off empty to Pevensey. ("Suss. Arch. Coll." vol. x. 91).

Another unfortunate affray took place at Eastbourne as late as the year 1833, when the smugglers killed the chief boatman George Pett, formed two lines on each side till the cargo was run, and then left —not, however, without having several of their party wounded. (*Ibid.* p. 93.)

Would the reader care to make a slight acquaintance with the Domesday survey? If so I will quote a few short passages from "Domesday Book in relation to the County of Sussex,' edited for the Sussex Archæological Society by the Rev. Chancellor Parish, so far as it affects, or appears to affect, Eastbourne. The great survey seems to have been carried out with a view to making a new assessment of the tax known as Danegeld. Lands situate in the county of Sussex are grouped, regardless of their situation, under the respective names of the great lords who held them as the king's immediate tenants in chief. The Royal Commissioners, in the course of their inquiries, ascertain the condition of each estate at three distinct periods, "then, afterwards, and now," that is to say, at the time when Edward the Confessor was King, the

time when the land was granted afresh by William the Conqueror, and the time when the survey is made. They further ascertain in the case of each estate how many hides of land it was reckoned to contain in King Edward's reign for the purposes of levying Danegeld (though such may not always have been the actual superficial area of the estate in question), and they estimate how many ploughs or rather plough-teams it is capable of employing, and how many ploughs or plough-teams it actually keeps at work. The plough of Domesday Book is one drawn by a full team of eight oxen yoked four abreast. Under the heading "the land of the Earl of Eu" we read :

Wibert holds of the Earl Medehei (Meads). Osward held it of King Edward, and could go with his land where he pleased; and then, and now, it vouched for three rods (yardlands). There is land for four ploughs. In demesne is one plough, and four villeins with four ploughs, and five salterns of 64 pence, and two acres and a half of meadow, and wood for pannage for three hogs. In the time of King Edward it was worth £4, and afterwards 20 shillings. Now 110 shillings. (P. 19.)

This little estate, which was answerable for Danegeld to the extent only of three-quarters of a hide, is probably what was afterwards known as the manor of Eastbourne-Medsey or Meads. How happy should we be if we could "go with our land where we please"! But to do so physically is as impossible as to carry anything out of this world. The expression means that the owner enjoyed the privilege of attaching himself and his estate for the sake of defence and protection to some lord other than the local territorial lord. The demesne land (*terra dominicalis*) was that part of an estate which the owner retained in his own hands, and cultivated for his own benefit. Salterns were pans or pools for evaporating sea-water, and so extracting the salt. Pannage was such food as the swine were able to pick up in the woodlands. The pound of money mentioned in Domesday Book was equal to 72 shillings of our present money.

The land of the Earl of Eu in Henhert (Henhurst) hundred. In Burne King Edward held one hide. It never paid geld. There Reinbert has four villeins with three ploughs. Then, & afterwards, & now, 20 shillings. In Borne King Edward held half a hide. It never paid geld. There Reinbert has in demesne three ploughs with five cottars, and one fishery. There is land for two ploughs. In the time of King Edward it was worth 20 shillings, & afterwards 10 shillings, now 45 shillings. (P. 30.)

How, it may be asked, could land at Eastbourne have been situate in Henhurst hundred? It is a common thing in Domesday Book to find that an estate, geographically situate in one locality, is

deemed to lie in some other locality, because it is in the latter place that it answers for and pays its Danegeld or renders other service. Here we have an example of land altogether exempt from tax under the old assessment.

The land of the Earl of Mortain in Borne hundred. The Earl of Mortain holds in demesne Borne. King Edward held it. There were and are 46 hides. There is land for 28 ploughs. In demesne are 4 ploughs, & 68 villeins and three bordars with 28 ploughs. There is one mill of 5 shillings, and 16 salterns of £4 and 40 pence, and 25 acres of meadow. Of pasture £6. Of the land in this manor two hides and one rod (yardland) are in the rape of Hastings. Of this same land William holds one hide, Alured one hide, the warders of the castle two hides, Roger, a cleric, three rods. In demesne is one plough and a half and two villeins, and six bordars with half a plough. In the time of King Edward they rendered one night's entertainment. When the Earl received it, it was worth £30. Now his demesne is worth £40. His men's 67 shillings. (P. 39.)

The tenants of a manor were obliged to bring all their corn to be ground at the lord's mill. "Half a plough" seems at first sight a very unpromising implement of agriculture, but we may gather from this expression that the six bordars contributed between them half a team, that is to say, four oxen to one of the manorial ploughs.

Domesday Book distinguishes three classes of villeins, viz. villeins properly so-called, bordars, and cottars. These cultivators of the soil were not serfs, but were, for most purposes, in theory at least, free men. The distinction between these three grades of peasantry is very obscure, but may have some reference to the amount of land which they held, and that amount appears in many cases to have been proportionate to the number of plough-oxen they supplied to the teams.

The land of the Earl of Mortain in Totenore hundred. Walter holds Bevringtone. (P. 40.)

The estate here referred to was probably part of what was afterwards known as the manor of Radmell-Beverington. As only a small portion of it lay at Eastbourne, I will not quote the passage further. The name of Radmell or Rodmill farm at Eastbourne may possibly be connected with that of the last-named manor.

The land of the Earl of Mortain in Pevenesel (Pevensey) hundred. Roger, a cleric, holds one hide at Coonore in alms (*in elemosina*). There is land for one plough, and there it is in demesne with one bordar and one ox. Brictuin held it. Walter holds one hide of the Earl, and it vouches for so much. Brictuin held it at Coonore. There is land for half a plough, and there it is in demesne. Worth 5 shillings. (P. 51.) William holds of the Earl at Henecham (Handcombe in Westham parish) two hides which lay in the manor of Borne. There is land for three ploughs. There are four bordars. In the time of King Edward they were worth 15 shillings. Now 8 shillings. In Henecham Ansgct holds of the Earl half a hide which lay in Burne, worth 9 shillings. (P. 53.)

An estate held in alms was land subject to the spiritual tenure of saying prayers for the superior lord. In order to understand Domesday Book aright, we must always bear in mind the object of its compilation, namely, the assessment of taxes. The Saxon assessor of King Edward's time said in effect: "After making allowance for the nature of the soil and the surroundings, I consider that this estate should be answerable for tax to the extent of one hide," while the Norman assessor said: "After making a similar allowance I consider that this estate should be taxed as if it contained land sufficient to keep one plough always at work." Under such circumstances it seems idle to attempt to reconstruct an exact geographical map from the materials furnished by Domesday Book.

Coonore has been identified with a locality called Crannor in the manor of Eastbourne-Lamport. Lamport is a curious name. It occurs also on the River Ouse, near Lewes, where it is corruptly pronounced "Landport." Again, we meet with a village named Lamport in Northamptonshire, but there the original form of the name as written in Domesday Book was Langport, that is Long-town, for the Saxon word *port* may mean, according to circumstances, either town or harbour; we may reasonably infer then that Lamport at Eastbourne was originally Langport, and derived its name from some local harbour. But where was this harbour? The little creek at the Wish has already been suggested. That, however, could hardly have answered the description of a "long port." But the Crumble ponds may easily have formed such a haven in days gone by. The stream which rises at Filching, and drains the marshes lying between Polegate and Eastbourne, approaches very nearly to the Crumble ponds, and then suddenly and capriciously turns away eastward, and discharges itself into Pevensey haven. It must formerly have been a stream of considerable size, and John Norden's map of Sussex represents it as debouching into the sea at "Cronble pond." We do not know the origin of the name "Crumbles." The Saxon word crumbel, or crundel, meant a meadow through which a stream flows. (Kemble, "Cod. Diplomat.") Or, again, the name may be a reference to the crumbly nature of the shingle which covers all the surrounding tract of foreshore. But, whatever the derivation of the name may be, it is at the Crumbles, and not at the Wish, that we should look for traces of that supposed haven which gave its name to the manor of Eastbourne-Lamport. Here too the lost town of Hydney may have had its harbour. At any rate, it is significant that at the present day there is a direct communication across the marshes between the traditional site of Hydney and the

head of the Crumble ponds by means of the Green Road, to which I have previously referred as the "North-way."

In a rapidly growing town like Eastbourne old landmarks disappear so rapidly, and with them so many memories and traditions of the past, that it becomes difficult to revive, even in imagination, things as they once have been, and that is my excuse for collecting the above particulars relating to the history of Old Eastbourne and its neighbourhood.

THOMAS H. B. GRAHAM.

# *BALLOON AND KITE IN METEOROLOGY.*

WE know very little regarding the upper strata of the atmosphere. Great advances have been made of late years, both in practical and theoretical meteorology, but all direct observations can be made only on those strata of the air which lie close to the earth's surface, and are consequently subjected to its disturbing influences. Most important results have been derived from the establishment of elevated observing stations, which are being rapidly multiplied on the more easily accessible peaks in many parts of the world. Yet the highest mountain peak rises only five miles and a half into the air, and some thousands of feet below this there lies the limit to which the hardiest mountain-climber has yet succeeded in ascending, while the atmosphere itself extends far beyond the highest level at which human lungs can breathe. Its superior limits may be placed, for practical purposes, at about 200 miles from the earth's surface, though at a height of forty miles or so it is so rarefied as to be no longer capable of reflecting the sun's rays.

Professor M. W. Harrington, an American meteorologist, in an article in the *American Meteorological Journal*, recently expressed the opinion that the conclusions to be drawn from weather maps are nearly exhausted, and that the reason for the imperfections of meteorology is the want of knowledge of what is going on in the free air. The results derived from mountain observatories, although they are of very great value, are still nothing more than surface observations. There are many outstanding problems which require for their solution the completest possible examination of the free regions of the air at great altitudes. Thus, for example, while we know what goes on at the base of a cyclone, we have no notion as to what is going on at the top.

Some knowledge of the currents of the upper atmosphere may be obtained by the study of the movements of clouds, and meteorologists are devoting much attention to the numerous interesting phenomena of cloudland.

The only remaining method available at present by which actual knowledge of the upper air can be obtained is systematic balloon observations; and of recent years a notable development of activity in this direction has been taking place, with the noteworthy ingenious adoption of the kite as a handy means of raising automatically recording meteorological instruments to moderate altitudes, which dates subsequently to, and is practically an offshoot of, the growth of ballooning for scientific purposes.

As soon as it was shown to be possible to rise in the air to considerable heights by the aid of balloons inflated with hot air or gas, scientific men recognised that they might be made use of as a means of increasing our knowledge of the meteorology and the electrical conditions of the hitherto inaccessible regions of the air, far removed from disturbing terrestrial conditions.

Professor Hellmann, of Berlin, after a painstaking and thorough investigation of the subject, published a short time ago an article in a German journal devoted to aëronautics, in which he states that the honour of making the first aërial voyage for scientific purposes—which is usually bestowed on Robertson and Lhoëst, who made their ascent in 1803, the next place being given to the voyage of Biot and Gay-Lussac in 1804—undoubtedly belongs to Dr. John Jeffries, of Boston, Mass., who resided in this country for some time. In 1786 he published a small volume containing an account of his ascents under the title "A Narrative of the Two Aërial Voyages of Dr. Jeffries with Mons. Blanchard: with Meteorological Observations and Remarks"; and a paper detailing the results was read before the Royal Society in January 1786. His first voyage was made on November 30, 1784, from London to Dartford; and his second on January 7, 1785, across the English Channel. The greatest heights reached were 9,200 feet on his first journey, and 4,500 on his second. This latter height was measured trigonometrically by an officer at Calais while the balloon was stationary over mid-channel.

In 1850 Messrs. Barral and Bixio reached an altitude of 23,000 feet, and at this great height found the temperature of the air to be 38° below zero, Fahr., or 70° below freezing point, although when passing through a cloud, some 3,000 feet lower, the thermometer fell to 15° Fahr. only.

The most remarkable balloon ascent ever made was that of Glaisher and Coxwell in 1862, when both aëronauts nearly lost their lives. Glaisher actually recorded a barometric reading of 9¾ inches, at the height of about 29,000 feet, which had been reached when he lost consciousness, and Coxwell believed that he himself noticed a

reading of seven inches before the descent commenced. This would indicate a height of 37,000 feet, or about seven miles, which has never been again reached by any aëronaut, nor is it ever likely to be, as the most daring would not care voluntarily to repeat the experiment, which demonstrated, with quite sufficient force, once and for all, that the air at such enormous heights is not capable of supporting respiration.

The general results of Glaisher's observations, during numerous ascents, which have been amply confirmed by subsequent observers, are that the average decrease of temperature with altitude is less in the cloud region than in the lower strata of the atmosphere, and less in the lower regions during cloudy weather than with clear sky. But relatively little use has been made of the observations made during the earlier balloon ascents, probably because they could not always be considered free from objection, or from the fact that most of the voyages undertaken into the air were of isolated character.

The height to which it is possible for observers to ascend with safety in balloons being rigidly fixed by the law of diminution of atmospheric density with increase of altitude at little more than five miles, there is still much valuable information which may be got by thorough investigation of the free air below that limit, and the perfection to which self-recording meteorological instruments have now been brought makes it possible for very complete records to be obtained with the greatest ease, relieving the observers from the necessity of constant attention to the apparatus, and leaving them free to devote their attention to eye observations of cloud, hail, or storm formation, and the like, and the manipulation of photographic apparatus. This use of self-recording instruments also renders possible the exploration of the atmosphere over a greatly extended vertical range, since it is no longer necessary for an aëronaut to accompany the balloon.

The project of sending up small balloons provided with automatically registering apparatus was suggested by Le Verrier in 1874, and in France, which has always taken a leading part in the science and practice of aëronautics, a very successful beginning of the systematic carrying out of this method of investigation has been recently made by M. Hermite, in conjunction with the Aërophytic Union of France. During the last four months of 1892 thirteen small balloons, made of paper and varnished with petroleum, were sent up, and penetrated, in some instances, to an altitude of about 30,000 feet. These were filled with coal gas, and each carried a

recording barometer and a minimum thermometer. The barometer was constructed of metallic aneroid boxes, which registered the atmospheric pressure by the motion of a smoked plate in front of a glass style, and weighed less than 100 grains. M. Hermite expects to be able to simplify the construction of these barometers, so far that their weight may be reduced to ten grains. Some of these small balloons were lost or destroyed, but most were recovered, in some cases after a journey of over 100 kilometres.

A larger paper balloon of sixty cubic metres capacity was sent up on December 7, but exploded before it had ascended very far. It was then determined to build a still larger balloon of gold-beater's skin, and this was launched on March 21, 1893, at Vaugirard. This balloon had a capacity of 113 cubic metres, and was filled with coal gas. It weighed, together with the netting, 14 kilogrammes, and possessed a lifting power of 65 kilogrammes. Attached was a small basket containing a Richard apparatus for registering temperature and pressure, and an arrangement was tried by which it was hoped to ascertain the route traversed. This consisted of 700 post-cards secured by a specially-prepared cotton string, which was set on fire at both ends when the balloon was liberated, so that the cards would be set free as combustion proceeded, but the experiment failed in this particular, as the fuse was extinguished, probably from lack of oxygen, before all the cards were sent down, and of about 400 which fell, only five or six were recovered and sent back. The balloon itself was recovered 190 kilometres from Paris, and returned to its owner with the registering apparatus in good working order. The records traced on the rotating cylinder were carefully examined, and the results published.

The barometric record showed that a point had been reached where the pressure was only about an eighth of that found at sea-level, which, according to the usual reckoning of the rate of fall of the barometer with increase of altitude, is taken to indicate that the balloon had soared to the enormous height of 56,000 feet. The instrument used for recording temperature registered −51° Cent., at a height of about 46,000 feet—equal to 60° below zero on the Fahrenheit scale. This intense cold froze the ink in the recording pen, so that the greater cold certainly passed through at the further heights was not measured. It is estimated that, according to the law of diminution of temperature, the lowest was probably about 104° Fahr. Subsequently the great solar radiation thawed the ink, and the instrument began to record again at −21° Cent.

The balloon attained its greatest height in three-quarters of an

hour, and as it was brightly illuminated by the sun during the whole course of its ascent, it could be clearly seen with the naked eye all the time. This has suggested the possibility of measuring the altitude of balloons sent up near an observatory by direct observation, as a means of checking the heights attained as deduced from the barometric records of the instruments carried, and in this way ascertaining whether the accepted scale of diminution of pressure with height holds good at very great elevations. Arrangements with this view are in progress at Meudon Observatory, where also it is intended to construct apparatus for making pure hydrogen for inflating the balloons in order that they may reach as great heights as possible.

The construction of the balloon already so successfully tried is such as to facilitate direct measurement of its height. The inflating pipe is of such a size that air enters to take the place of the retreating gas during the descent, so that the balloon on reaching the ground is found to be fully inflated, but with air instead of gas. Thus the size of the balloon remains unaltered, and from measurements of its apparent diameter with a micrometer, giving its actual distance from the observatory, combined with a series of angular measurements of its position, it will be easy to ascertain its altitude, and every necessary particular regarding its path through the air.

When the temperature of $-50°$ Cent. at 46,000 feet was recorded the temperature at the earth's surface was $17°$, the difference of $67°$ giving a decrease of $1°$ for every 700 feet of altitude. Evidently if this rate of decrease, or any similar rate, continues at still greater heights as yet unattained, or quite unattainable, there is, in the results so far obtained, nothing to controvert the views of Joule and Clausius, who held that celestial space is at the temperature of $-273°$ Cent., or the so-called "absolute zero" of temperature, below which there can be no further cooling; nor are they at variance with the views of those physicists who believe that there is no limit to the cold of space. Taken in connection with recent experiments on the solidification of the air, it appears further to follow necessarily from the existence of such a degree of cold, that the air, as the outer limits of the atmosphere are approached, is no longer in a gaseous state, but is congealed into minute drops or crystals, which follow the earth through space, and are constantly being changed into vapour once more when they fall into regions where the temperature is above their point of liquefaction.

It is possible that, by the use of balloons made of the lightest possible materials, inflated with hydrogen, sufficient lifting power

may be available to carry recording instruments of the very simplest and lightest construction to heights far exceeding any yet attained, though we can never hope by any means to penetrate anywhere near the external limits of the atmosphere. But beyond, say, fifteen or twenty miles from the earth, its density is so small that it may be practically neglected, and all the great processes of weather change may be held to be carried on below that level. The use of such free and unattended balloons, though likely to be much extended, and to yield very valuable results, will not, however, supersede the necessity of the employment of ordinary balloons, free or captive, capable of raising observers furnished with more complete sets of very exact instruments to moderate heights, where complete series of observations can be made, and various experimental researches carried out. The German Ballooning Society proposes to make simultaneous observations of temperature, humidity, and pressure, at four different levels—from a free balloon; with a self-recording apparatus suspended by a long line from the car of the balloon; with a second similar apparatus in a captive balloon; and at the earth's surface—and in this way to make a complete survey of the free air and its varying conditions at different heights and at different times of the day and year.

Among the problems of which a solution is hoped for by these new methods are several open questions regarding cloud formation and the electrical states of the atmosphere under various hygrometric conditions. Competent judges are of opinion that the thorough investigation of the air is of far greater and more pressing moment than the construction of feather-weight boilers in connection with aërial navigation, though it must be borne in mind that the aims in both cases are quite different.

The instruments employed in aërial exploration being subject to frequent violent vertical jolts, their construction presents some difficulties, but Professor Assmann, of the Berlin Meteorological Society, claims to have overcome these. To read the temperature he uses a bent Bourdon tube filled with alcohol; to measure the humidity of the air he employs a hair hygrometer; while he measures the atmospheric pressure by an aneroid barometer. Each instrument traces its record on a cylinder which rotates once in five hours. All the instruments are enclosed in a space in which the air is continually renewed by mechanical means, actuated either by clockwork or by a small electro-motor. The "aspiration psychrometer," invented by Dr. Assmann, is specially suited for use in balloons. Sudden changes of temperature are not followed quickly enough by ordinary ther-

mometers, and an aspiration apparatus was invented by Welsh in 1853, and used by him, and also by Glaisher in his balloon ascents. Afterwards it fell into disuse, but Dr. Assmann reinvented it in 1889 in a modified form, in which a very sensitive thermometer is enclosed in a tube through which the outside air is drawn at a convenient rate, so that the exact temperature of the surrounding air is measured, even though the instrument may be exposed to the most powerful solar radiation.

Activity in balloon meteorology is becoming general. In Germany, France, Russia, and the United States special attention is being paid to this means of investigation by practical meteorologists. The first ascent in the United States, solely in the interests of meteorology, was made on January 19, 1885. The U.S. Signal Service has for a number of years had the subject of aërial investigation by balloon under consideration, and the chief of the service, General Hazen, about the date named entered into a contract with S. A. King, an American aëronaut, for a number of trips to the clouds, the ascents to be made at any time on eight hours' notice. In 1871 Professor Abbe began to collect meteorological records made in balloons, and in 1872 had tabulated the results of fifty ascents, and from the study of these obtained valuable results. In 1876 one thousand small balloons were sent out with the *Polaris* expedition to be used in determining the heights of clouds, but owing to an accident they could not be utilised. There has been no lack of volunteers connected with the Signal Service for the various ascents which have been made, and Professor Abbe has expressed his determination to go up himself—he is so desirous of knowing what is going on "inside a storm." The dangers of ballooning have been much over-estimated. In the company of a skilled aëronaut the risk to life and limb is hardly greater than in a railway train or a steamboat. The considerable certainty with which the movements of a storm can now be predicted renders it possible to make systematic use of the balloon in the best way and at the most suitable time for obtaining as complete information as possible regarding atmospheric phenomena.

In Germany a great deal of balloon work has been done within the last few years. From 1888 to 1895 forty or fifty ascents have been made, usually with one or two observers, while in some cases self-recording instruments alone have been sent up. Some of the heights reached are the greatest yet recorded. One balloon equipped with automatically-registering apparatus went up more than 60,000 feet.

A wonderful ascent was made in December 1895 by Dr. Berson, an assistant in the Berlin Meteorological Office, with a considerable experience in ballooning, during which he made observations at a

greater height than had ever been done before. An hour and a half after the start he reached 22,150 feet, and recorded a temperature of $-20^\circ$, and at that elevation began the artificial respiration of oxygen, with excellent results. Still ascending, at 29,500 feet he passed through a veil-like cirrus cloud, which he noted was not composed of ice-crystals, but of perfectly-formed flakes of snow. Two hours and a half after starting he had soared to 31,500 feet, where he noted the temperature of the air to be $-54^\circ$, and only $-11^\circ$ in the sun's rays. Being alone, he then judged it prudent to commence the descent, having thus succeeded in beating Glaisher's record of actual observation, though he did not venture to emulate the latter part of his dangerous journey.

Some interesting general conclusions have been arrived at from a discussion of the observations made during the German series of balloon ascents. It has been noted that the temperature of the air at heights above 4,000 metres is considerably lower than that which has hitherto either been assumed theoretically or deduced from the records of earlier ascents. This points to the fact that in the earlier ascents the thermometer was affected by solar radiation, while in those of recent date this defect has been obviated by the use of the Assmann aspirator, which allows the thermometer register the actual temperature of the air whatever may be the ntensity of the solar radiation to which it may be exposed. It has been hitherto assumed that the decrease of temperature with height is most rapid in the lower regions of the atmosphere, but the newly-obtained information shows that this assumption is no longer tenable, but, on the contrary, the decrease has been found to be fairly uniform with increasing altitude. The isotherm of $32^\circ$ Fahr. is found to lie between 3,600 and 3,800 metres. The stratum of air between 2,000 metres and 4,000 metres is relatively too warm, owing to the greater condensation of clouds in those regions. Above 6,000 metres the seasonal variation of temperature is very small, while up to 1,000 metres the inversion of temperature in winter and during the night is to be considered a regular phenomenon. Other prominent points are the occasional existence of cumulus clouds at unexpected altitudes; the very small amount of aqueous vapour present even in moderately high regions of the atmosphere, and the very great variation in its amount which may exist between two layers of cloud. The surface of massive layers of cloud affects the higher strata of the air thermally and electrically in the same way as the surface of the earth, while the decrease of electrical potential with height points to the earth as the sole source of atmospheric electricity.

Recently much attention has been bestowed on the kite as a simple and inexpensive means of lifting self-recording meteorological instruments into the upper air. This ancient and honourable toy, indeed, bids fair to become in the future an instrument of scientific research of no mean value, and, besides, experiments are being conducted with the view of adopting it for those military purposes for which balloons have been tentatively used or theoretically deemed the only suitable means. Lieutenant Baden-Powell, who has taken the matter up in this country with enthusiasm, has devised a man-lifting kite, composed of a varying number of sails of a flattened horizontal form connected in series behind each other to the ground-line, from which there is suspended a basket-car in which a man may with safety take his seat. He estimates that at a height of 1,000 feet the air moves three times faster than at the earth's surface. In a breeze blowing at the rate of 10 miles an hour a kite presenting to the wind a surface of 1,000 square feet could support a man, and while the wind is blowing below at the average rate it is certain to be blowing at 30 miles an hour 1,000 feet up. These differences between the force of the wind at different heights afford a means of steering similar to that by which a ship at sea, the keel of which is in one medium and the sails in another, is controlled by its rudder.

In this shape the kite has many advantages over the balloon. It is infinitely more portable, immensely less costly, requires no reserve supplies, and is not hindered from rising by too much wind. Besides, it is practically invulnerable, and though it is not superior to the balloon in this respect—for it has been found that in the most favourable circumstances, and with every aid in the way of accurate range-finders and the like, it is almost useless for gunners to try to hit a balloon, and certainly impossible for them to be certain of doing so—the kite promises to be of use under many conditions which would render the employment of balloons impracticable.

Attempts to use kites for meteorological observations in the upper air began more than a century ago. It has been usually supposed that Franklin first used them in his experiments on atmospheric electricity in 1752, but three years earlier, in 1749, Dr. A. Wilson, of Glasgow, explored the temperature of the higher regions by raising a number of paper kites with thermometers appended, employing this means with fair success in the year named and the succeeding year, but these earlier attempts were hampered by the lack of light instruments capable of recording automatically and continuously. The first satisfactory records obtained by the aid of kites have been got quite recently at Blue Hill Meteorological Observatory, Milton, Mass., U.S.

The United States Weather Bureau has officially taken up the kite as a useful auxiliary in its work. The chief of the Bureau, Professor Moore, favours the use of kites strongly, though he thinks that balloon observations should not be neglected. The officials, as the result of experimental trials, have found the best form of kite for lifting self-recording instruments to be, not the usual flat shape, tapering at the lower end, but a modification of that devised by Mr. Hargrave, the Australian experimenter in aërial navigation, which is box-shaped, open at the ends, and with its sides partly covered with cloth or silk. This form is also used at Blue Hill, together with the "Eddy" or tailless form of kite, and flown with light pianoforte wire instead of string these have proved splendid flyers, heights exceeding one mile having been reached on various occasions. On October 8, 1896, the record height of 9,375 feet above sea-level was reached with a set of kites flown from the top of Blue Hill, which is 635 feet above the sea. The lifting force was obtained by nine kites—seven "Eddy" or tailless kites and two Hargrave or box kites, six to nine feet in diameter—having a combined area of 170 square feet, and over three miles of pianoforte wire, weighing 46 lbs., were paid out to attain this elevation. The altitude reached was determined in three different ways—by theodolites, by measuring the angle and length of the kite line, and by the barometric pressure recorded. On this occasion the kite was at a height of more than a mile for over three hours. The greatest height reached in this experiment is not supposed by any means to represent the highest point attainable by kites, since the pull on the line amounted to 100 lbs., and the greater altitude might have been reached if there had been more wire on the reel. The experimenters, who are evidently very sanguine, say that three, four, or even five miles does not seem unattainable by this means.

The meteorograph used weighs only three pounds, and records temperature, humidity, and atmospheric pressure. The records from the greatest heights attained were as clear and sharp as those got with similar instruments in the most favourable conditions of exposure in thermometer screens at the Observatory. From the various meteorological records so far got by the aid of kites, and the measurement of cloud-heights and movements, some idea has been got of the general weather conditions about Blue Hill at a height of about a mile above the earth. At this height the temperature is usually from 15° to 25° Fahr. colder than at the surface, with a virtual absence of daily range, the nights being as warm as the days, and the only changes are caused by the passage of warm or cold

waves. The days at this height, during fair weather, are very damp, and the nights extremely dry. While the sun is shining brightly a mile up the earth is frequently covered with low clouds from which rain may fall. The average velocity of the wind is four times greater than that at the ground, and hurricanes blowing at the rate of 100 miles an hour are not uncommon.

As an example of the results to meteorology which may be obtained by systematic observation of the upper air by kites, there may be mentioned the light which has been recently thrown on the vexed question of the formation of the stratus form of cloud. It has been found at Blue Hill that in every case the thermograph, when lifted into stratus cloud, showed a rise in temperature and humidity. This rise is not shown when it is lifted into cumulus or nimbus. It is thus evident that stratus is formed at the place of meeting between a cold current and a warmer and damper current flowing above it, and the obvious cause of its formation is the mixture between the two currents and the consequent condensation of the moisture contained in the warmer current.

Among the most important matters hitherto noted is the presence of cold and warm waves at considerable elevations, some hours before the temperature changes are observed at the earth's surface. The prospect of improving weather forecasts by such means, and by the use of small pilot balloons, which can be made at slight expense, and can reach considerable elevations, is considered very encouraging. The importance of such observations, and of all high-level meteorological work, is shown by the fact that the weather conditions at the height of a mile above any station differ more from the weather at that station than does the weather at any place within 500 or 1,000 miles at the level of the station.

A. MACIVOR.

# *SÚFÍISM, OR PERSIAN MYSTICISM.*

IN a previous paper upon "Three Persian Poets,"[1] the present writer has incidentally referred to Súfíism, that mystic philosophy which has permeated every region of religious thought in Persia. Nor has it been confined to Persia; for it exists in more or less modified form throughout India, even if it did not primarily originate in that country. A philosophy so widespread in its influence, which has numbered a whole dynasty of Persian kings (the Suffavian) amongst its followers, and which, at the present day, includes the great majority of the learned throughout Persia, is a subject which will bear closer inspection.

The origin of Súfíism is buried in obscurity, but, like the language and much of the literature of the West, it probably sprang from India. The habits of the Hindus and the character of their religion are peculiarly adapted to the mysterious spirit of religious abstraction upon which it is founded. We may dismiss as improbable the theory which traces its origin to Egypt and the West.

Mohammedans find traces of the cult in the earliest days of Islám, when, in the year following the Hijra or Flight of the Prophet (which took place A.D. 622), forty-five men of Mecca united with a like number of men of Medina and took an oath of fidelity to Mohammed, forming a fraternity with community of property and various penitential practices.

In spite of his saying "In Islám is no monachism" (Kurán, v. 89), Mohammed also said "Al fakru fakhri"—"Poverty is my glory"—and the rise of Súfíism—the Oriental form of monachism—may be traced to the class of fakírs who renounced the world, the flesh, and the devil, and devoted themselves to a life of austerity.

Some more fanciful Muslims say that the seed of Súfíism was sown in the time of Adam, the Khalif or Successor of God Himself; that it germed in the time of Noah, budded in that of Abraham, developed in that of Moses, bore fruit in that of Jesus, and produced pure wine in the time of Mohammed.

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, October, 1895.

The word Súfí has been the subject of much conjecture, and very various explanations have been given of the term. It is of Arabic origin, and is supposed to be derived from Sáf, meaning pure or clean. Súfí poets lay great stress upon the purity of the wine of God's love (Mayi Sáfí):

> How long will you sully your soul with the glamour
> Of wine and the lips which allure you to sin?
> Be pure: and come forth from the pit of your passions,
> For "Mire-laden water ne'er cleanseth the skin."
> The fathomless sea of devotion and virtue
> O'erwhelmeth all travellers in Love's grateful flood:
> But those who take pleasure in lust and uncleanness
> Are stain'd and bespatter'd in squalor and mud.
> (Háfiz, Ode 485, Brockhaus Ed.)

Others have traced the word Súfí to Súf, wool or wool-bearing, in reference to the coarse woollen garment, or khirka, worn by its professors:

> O Cup-bearer, may thy cup be full of pure wine! (Mayi sáfí)
> Look with an eye of solicitude upon me, a drinker of dregs.
> When, intoxicated, thou passest by in a gold-embroidered robe,
> Bestow one kiss upon poor Háfiz, clad in a woollen garb.
> (Háfiz, Ode 444.)

All extant accounts of the Súfís are of comparatively modern date, being subsequent to the Arabian conquest of Persia by the Khalif Omar. The terms used are all of Arabic extraction, and the theory that Súfí is originally derived from *σοφοί* is not so far-fetched as might at first seem.

Súfí is the term applied to all who follow the creed, from the highly-revered sheikh or teacher down to the humblest muríd (disciple), or the naked fakír or dervish who lives upon alms. They all represent themselves as utterly absorbed in the search for truth. God, *the* Truth, the Fá'ili Hakíkí or Only Real Agent, is diffused throughout His creation, and Him they perpetually adore, seeking absolute union with Him as the highest good:

> Boon-comrade, minstrel, Sákí—God is ALL!
> This phantom, Man, of water wrought and clay,
> Mere elements of this terrestrial ball,
> Is but a dream and soon will pass away.
> (Háfiz, Ode 487.)

So Fitzgerald, in his paraphrase of the Quatrains of Omar Khayyám, speaks of the Master,

> Whose secret presence, through creation's veins
> Running quicksilver-like, eludes your pains;
> Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
> They change and perish all—but He remains.

Though God is present everywhere, the veil of humanity hides Him from mortal eyes. Only in the ecstatic state (hál) is the veil rent asunder. So Háfiz :

The whitening dawn, in Love's own path,
From lovers has learnt this,
That wild desire has rent the shift
Which swathes the form of bliss.
(Háfiz, Ode 483.)

The material world is 'Alámi khiyál, a world of delusion :

O unenlightened race of humankind,
Ye are a nothing, built on empty wind !
Yea, a mere nothing, hovering in the abyss,
A void before you, and a void behind !
(Omar Khayyám, Whinfield's Tr. 424.)

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow show,
Play'd in a box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.
(Fitzgerald, 1st Ed.)

"Every Súfí is an optimist, denying the reality of evil. Birth and death, vice and virtue, love and crime, all opposites, are equally manifestations of God :"

Austerity's virtue, and sin,
Are neither apart from God's will.
(Háfiz, Ode 471.)

Though piety and revelry
Are neither fit for me,
Yet, faithful to Thy ministry,
I make these foes agree.
(Háfiz, Ode 472.)

The soul and the principle of life are not merely derived from God, but are actually a part of God—a tenet which some regard as profane, tending to an equality between the Creator and the created :

Deus est in pectore nostro.
(Ovid, *Ep. ex Pont.* iii. 4, 93.)

My body's life and strength proceed from Thee !
My soul within and spirit are of Thee !
My being is of Thee, and Thou art mine
And I am Thine, since I am lost in Thee !
(Omar Khayyám, 400.)

All you have been and seen and done and thought,
Not *you* but *I*, have seen and been and wrought :
I was the Sin that from Myself rebell'd :
I the Remorse that tow'rd Myself compell'd :

I was the Tajidar who led the Track:
I was the little Briar that pull'd you back:
Sin and Contrition—Retribution owed,
And cancell'd—Pilgrim, Pilgrimage, and Road,
Was but Myself toward Myself: and Your
Arrival but *Myself* at my own Door:
Who in your fraction of Myself behold
Myself within the Mirror Myself hold
To see Myself in, and each part of Me
That sees himself, though drown'd, shall ever see.
Come, you lost Atoms, to your Centre draw,
And *be* the Eternal Mirror that you saw:
Rays that have wander'd into Darkness wide
Return, and back into your Sun subside.
(Fitzgerald's *Bird-Parliament*, from Faríd-uddín Attar's Mantik uttair.)

In the search for truth there are four stages, through which all must pass before they can attain perfect union with God. The first is called Shari'at, in which the disciple must live in obedience to the law and usages of the established faith. These are considered to be necessary as a preliminary education in moulding the novice, teaching him obedience, and rendering him amenable to the commands of the sheikh. As the ultimate effects of the creed are subversive of all dogmatic religion, this is a diplomatic step, which neither shocks the young and eager inquirer after truth, nor brings the whole mass into violent collision with existing creeds.

The second stage is called Taríkat, or the Road. Only then does the novice actually enter the pale of Súfíism. He is now the slave of his chosen sheikh or teacher. He may throw aside all participation in ceremonial or practical religion, giving himself up entirely to spiritual worship. This is only possible for one endowed with great piety, for the mind, unassisted by outward observances, is weak until it has been trained by long years of mental devotion, and perpetual pondering upon the Divine Nature:

Do not undertake this journey without the guidance of Elias:
It is a dark way; beware of the danger of straying from it.

The third stage is called Ma'rifat, or Pure Knowledge. The disciple has now subdued his carnal affections. He is equal to the angels, and all his actions are inspired by God.

The fourth stage, at which few indeed are destined to arrive, is that of Hakíkat, the Truth. In it the devotee has reached complete union with God. He can say, "I am Truth," "I am God."

The preparation for the third stage requires a long and terrible probation. The discipie must be a holy muríd, who, by devotion and abstraction, "the acts of the soul," has rendered unnecessary the

ceremonial rites or "deeds of the body." He commences by a long fast, which should continue at least forty days. During this time he remains in solitude and perpetual contemplation, receiving only such sustenance as is absolutely necessary for mere life. He occupies himself by repeating the ninety-nine names of God many thousand times, and meditating upon the Profession of Faith.

The emaciated anchorite has still many years of trial to endure. He may become a mendicant and wander over the face of the earth, living upon alms, or he may retire from the world and live as a hermit, occasionally seeing his master or Khalifa.

> Patience is bitter and life is fleeting!
> Would that I knew how long this misery will endure!
> (Háfiz, Ode 490.)

When the Khalifa dies, he bequeaths his khirka, or patched cloak, which is all that he possesses, to his most worthy disciple, who is thenceforth vested with his authority. These mantles are often centuries old, and their value increases with their age. They become relics and are often venerated far more than the saints who wear them.

Many of the Súfí tenets are involved in mystery, as they are never revealed to the profane. The Almighty is said to punish the revealer of secrets with death. The Súfís profess allegiance to Islám, and look upon Mohammed as one of their saints, deriving their stages from a tradition which says: "The Shari'at, or Law, is as a vessel; the Taríkat, or Road of Faith, is as a sea; knowledge of divine things is as the shell; and knowledge of the Deity is as the pearl; but he who desires to obtain the pearl must first embark in the vessel."

> O Perfect Guide, embark me on that Ship
> Of Knowledge true, that safely I may steer
> Thro' all temptations, and without a slip
> The harbour gain, our refuge from all fear.
> (Háfiz, Ode 487.)

In spite of these facts, however, as Malcolm says, "The greatest objection to Súfiism is that it is, in itself, no religion; wherever it prevails, it unsettles the existing belief; but it substitutes no other of a defined and intelligible nature. People's minds are taught to consider an attention to all the forms of the religion they follow as a mere worldly duty, from which they are to be emancipated by an increase of knowledge or of devotion. It professes to leave the mass of the people in the state in which it found them, but it never can. We can conceive no attack that is more insidious, or that is more likely to be effectual. It is to praise the beauty and utility of an

edifice, that leisure may be given to sap those foundations on which it stands."

As it is an unpardonable sin for a Súfí to reveal the tenets of his cult, he has, perforce, to veil them under various symbols. Hence it is that poetry is the very essence of Súfíism. The greatest poets of Persia were Súfís. After Jelál uddín Rumí, with his "Mesnaví," we may especially mention the "Bústán" of Sadí, the "Makhzan ul Asrár" (Storehouse of Mysteries) of Nizámí, the "Heft Aurang" of Jámí, the "Asrár Náma" of Farid uddín Attár, the "Gulsháni Ráz," &c., of Shabistarí, and the whole "Díván" of Háfiz. The poems are chiefly erotic or bacchanal, the lover or reveller being mystically interpreted as the holy disciple. The mistress is the Creator; the tavern, the hermit's cell; the Sáki or cup-bearer is the Sheikh. Wine is the wine of devotion, and sleep is the contemplation of God. Beauty is Truth manifested (compare Keats, "Ode to a Grecian Urn"). The mole on the cheek of the charmer betokens the point of indivisible unity; and drunkenness is religious ecstasy. Nizámí says:

> Do not think that when I praise wine I mean the juice of the grape:
> I mean that wine which raises me above self.

So, too, Jámí:

> Sometimes the wine, sometimes the cup we call Thee!
> Sometimes the lure, sometimes the net we call Thee!
> Except Thy name there is not a letter on the tablet of the Universe.
> Say! by what name shall we call Thee?

In conclusion, we are constrained to say with Háfiz:

> Life's but a riddle, Háfiz, to unfold,
> And we must try the mystery to solve;
> Tho' futile be the quest, as all have told,
> And so will be, as long as worlds revolve!
> (Háfiz, Ode 487.)

J. HERBERT PARSONS.

# JOANNA'S CLOCK.

THEY had lived in the old house for fifty years. Peter Barnes was a young man when he took his bride home and showed her the treasures of her kitchen domain. Joanna was now seventy, but she could still recall the intense joy caused by those new possessions. The tall clock standing between the corner cupboard and the dresser was the culminating point of her excitement. "'Tis properly human," she said to her husband when it gave warning with a gruesome croak, seven minutes before it struck the hour. And more and more human it seemed to Joanna as the years rolled by; those dreary, commonplace years that are the lot of most lowly lives, when there is no change, except that the daily burdens grow heavier, and the daily joys more scarce.

Peter was a carpenter and wheelwright, and his workshop jutted out from the end of his cottage, and leaned forward as if it wished to look down the street and keep an eye on the neighbours' doings. It was a round shed, with a red-tiled roof rising to a point above the cob walls. Ivy grew luxuriantly over one side, but it never could be induced to throw its tendrils across a crack that gaped wider and wider as time went on.

Life had been a hard struggle to the old couple, and its closing scene was likely to be a gloomy one. Peter was industrious and hard-working, and had always managed to pay his way. Indeed, he had by constant self-denial put by a sum that brought him in a small yearly pittance. Now his children had scattered, and with families of their own to bring up were unable to give any help to the old couple at home. One son had emigrated to America, and had gradually drifted out of the lives of his relations, not having been heard of for many years. Another had been an invalid all his life, and a continual care and expense to his parents, but he had mercifully been taken from them before Peter became too old for work.

Still, in spite of their poverty, they could have ended their days

very peacefully, as the cottage was their own, and their small income was just enough to keep body and soul together. Certainly they had no luxuries, and they were too proud to accept little presents which the neighbours would have been glad to bestow upon them.

"Mrs. Barnes, us have got such a tender bit of bacon off that there little dairy-fed peg us killed back in the spring, I thought yü might relish a bit," a kind-hearted farmer's wife would say.

"Thank'ee, I'm sure, my dear," would be the answer, "but me and my man, us don't have no stomick for bacon nowadays, and us raelly couldn't make use of it."

So the good-natured neighbour would be balked of her purpose, while Peter and Joanna would keep to a diet of which vegetables from the garden, with tea and dry bread, were the principal features.

But even this pinched existence they looked back upon as luxury when the final blow had fallen. It was after this manner. Their cottage was leasehold property, with only one life remaining upon it. This life dropped, and the poor little home, so endeared to the old man and woman by the memories of a lifetime, fell into the possession of the largest landowner in the place.

"If I could manage to pay a bit of rent, Sir, couldn't I bide on till the missus is a-tooked?" pleaded the old man. "T'won't be long first, for her's bad a'beyd now, poor dear, and I zim 'er won't last out the year."

But the agent was a hard man.

"No, no," he said. "You have allowed the place to get in a wretched state. I must begin repairs at once and have it put in order for the next tenant."

So the sad day arrived when all the household goods were to be sold. Peter and Joanna had taken shelter with some friends in the opposite cottage until they should decide something for the future, but it did not seem probable that the old woman would be strong enough to bear another change.

She lay in the little bedroom and listened to the unusual sounds of bustle that came through the open lattice. The auctioneer's loud voice could be heard in a running commentary upon the articles for sale, and even the tap of his hammer reached them sometimes, causing an involuntary shudder to poor Joanna as it signalled the doom of one of her treasures.

"Don't 'ee take on so, Missus; 'tis nort but the farewell-summers dapping against the pane," said the old man as he sat by her side. It was autumn, and the starry clematis clustered over the porch.

"'Tis the old clock I can't abide vor part with," wailed the poor woman. "If awnly I could a-kept he I could 'ad died happier. I listen and listen for the tick of 'un, and I don't zim I can ever sleep proper without thicky sound coming up dru the rafters same as he did every night of my life."

"I'll rin awver and see how they'm getting along," said Peter. The day was one of fearful excitement to him, and almost made him forget the sadness of the occasion. He stood in the doorway and beamed with pride as he heard the glowing terms in which his poor bits of furniture were described.

Presently he returned to his wife.

"My dear, dü'ee mind thicky old clome dish what yü kept 'pon top shelf of the dresser in the right-hand cornder? Wull, auctioneer, he said 't'wor a bit o' china any lady might be proud to have in her parlour, and Parson's wive, 'er zim turrabul set upon buying 'un. But there's a strange genelman in a black coat what went bidding against 'er—he couldn't never ha knawed who 'er was—and th' auld sherd wor knocked down to un for five-and-twenty shilling! What d'ye think o' that then?"

"My dear soul alive!" exclaimed Joanna, startled for a moment out of her grief. "Why, that there dish hath a-got a girt crack, and leak'th like a sieve. That poor man's a-made a bad bargain, no mistake!"

"Wull, he seed the crack plain enough, and he didn't seem no-ways put out. And they dü say, Missus, as Squire hisself's in vor the clock."

The old woman began to cry pitifully.

"I can't bear vor part with 'un. Couldn't 'ee buy 'un in, Peter, wi' thicky twenty-five shillings yü got vor the dish?"

"'Tisn't pawsible, my dear. And us 'ant a-got no place vor put 'un in, neither."

Then the sense of their homelessness came over them again, and they were silent. Joanna groped for her husband's hand. As he looked at her quivering face, and realised how soon he might be left alone, his childish exitement vanished, and the big tears gathered and rolled down his furrowed cheeks.

At this moment the autumn breeze carried the auctioneer's strident tones to the old woman's ears. Her hearing seemed unusually acute, but old Peter, who was rather deaf, could only guess by her lifted head and listening attitude what was troubling her.

"Handsome clock" . . . "kind now eagerly sought after" . . . "good specimen of carving." These fragments floated to her, and

for a few minutes her strained and agonised attention was painful to witness. Then came the fatal tap, and Joanna fell back and closed her eyes. Nothing mattered now. The worst was over.

They stayed on in the gathering dusk until the sounds died away, and the little street returned to its usual quiet. Downstairs the woman of the house was preparing the evening meal, when a knock was heard at the door.

Presently she went up to her guests. "Peter, there's the strange genelman here what was at the sale t' afternoon, and he wants vor see 'ee. Dü 'ee knaw, he bought every stick of furniture that was put up? I reckon he's the new tenant."

"'Tis thicky clome dish with the crack, yü may depend!" murmured Peter, as he hobbled downstairs. "Wull, there! I couldn't have the face to make 'un stick to such a bad bargain if he wants vor slip out of it."

But the tall, bronzed stranger stretched out his hand to Peter.

"Don't you know me, father?" he said.

. . . . . . . . . .

So Peter and Joanna went back to their old home, and found their cherished treasures just as they had left them. They are still hale and hearty, for Joanna soon recovered when she lay in her own bed, and heard the tick of the clock through the rafters. The son from America settled in the village, and took a farm with his savings, and, strange to say, the old people's appetite for bacon and other luxuries soon came back when they found they were plentifully provided. The first time Joanna went out she took the clome dish as a present to the Parson's wife.

"I'm sure, mum, I hardly like to offer 'ee such old rubbage, but Peter said yü'd a-took a fancy tü 'un, though I reckon that was avore yü knawed he was cracked."

MARY HARTIER.

# ROUND ABOUT A BUNGALOW.

EVERYTHING, as we know, is relative, and, after a residence of no matter how brief a time in a "rest-house" (which had once been a tomb), it is humiliating to find how the comforts and luxuries of a well-appointed bungalow appeal to one's lower nature. Besides, this is an ideal bungalow—with its spacious vestibule filled with lounges and books, and its cool, twilighted drawing-rooms opening through *tati*-hung arches into the dining-rooms beyond. From each of these you may pass into a broad-eaved, flower-draped verandah, and from it a low bamboo trellis alone prevents you stepping into the garden—a garden where crotons and poinsettias, bignonias and caladiums, palms and dracænas struggle for pre-eminence; where purple-winged stag-beetles hum and red-throated lizards chirp; and which is an unfettered aviary of feathered beauty and sweet song. Snakes there may be—and doubtless there are—lurking around. Indeed, it was but the other day, when the *Memsaheb* was rising from her well-earned hour of siesta, that a snake crawled from under the very cushion upon which her unsuspecting head had been resting. Though they are neither obtrusive nor aggressive creatures, the sense of this ubiquitous horror—of the possible presence of evil underlying the fairest things in nature—is never wholly absent.

The *Memsaheb* of this bungalow is a very model memsaheb. The effects of a tropical climate have in no degree enervated *her*. When at 7 A.M., like the valiant woman of King Solomon, she arises and gives bread to her household—in other words, dispenses *chota hazari* to her family and guests who have assembled in the verandah for the purpose—it is by no means her first appearance on the stage of that day's play. She has already seen the poultry fed, the Christmas turkeys gorged, the cow milked—a cake of "Sunlight" and a basin of water having, to his great pain, been pressed on the attention of the milkman before commencing operations. She has inspected the daily instalment of bread, the making of which, for the district, is one of the prison industries, and the Madam Saheb's basketful arrives with the dawn on the head of a prisoner, a depressed-looking being in prison

dress, which consists of a large blanket, through a hole in the middle of which protrudes his shaven head.

After *chota hazari*, when the more trivially-minded of her party disperse severally to take their golf, their riding, or their Badminton, before the terrors of an Indian sun begin to assert themselves, Memsaheb, with the spirit of a Spartan, throws herself into the vortex of household duties. She reviews a whole regiment of dusky domestic officials, issuing orders for the day to *wallahs* miscellaneous and innumerable. There is oil to see dispensed to the *mussaul*, or "man of lamps"; grain (peas) to see measured out to the *ghora wallahs*, together with an injunction that it is for the horses' nourishment, and not for their own. (A very succulent curry may be made of grain.) The *pani wallah* is threatened with a "cut" when next month's wages are due, for transgressing the laws of punctuality and causing domestic friction at tub time. The day's mail is received from a *putteh wallah*, whose mission it is to carry the letter-bag to and from the post, and to escort *memsahebs* and *missee babas* whensoever it may be their pleasure to go a foot beyond their own compound. Then occurs the opportunity of the *putteh wallah*. Marching in front of his mistress, and waving his long staff of office triumphantly before and around him, after the fashion of a band-sergeant, he recklessly sweeps those of his own kind and colour from his path, calling to them commandingly to get out of the way, as the Madam Saheb is coming. A very trying situation for a "mem" of modest and retiring tendencies.

In the go-down or storeroom Memsaheb interviews Señor Geronimo Fernandez, her Goanese cook, who delights in exhibiting his skill for the benefit of the neighbouring *saheb logue*, but who, in the privacy of a strictly domestic circle, is apt sometimes to sink the interests of the family palate in those of his own pocket. His menus are his glory and his pride, though to the uninitiated they frequently call for interpretation. Who, for instance, could suspect that "Solid roast pudding" indicated that dreamlike *entremet*, "Charlotte Russe"? or that "Poshekas anchy" could possibly stand for "Poached eggs on anchovy"? At times his dishes are so wrapt in mystery, that one must needs accept them in blind faith, and with earnest hope that they may be less appalling than their names. As a rule, one's confidence is not misplaced.

Our own two sable servitors are Mussulmans, of solemn and inscrutable countenance. The chief duties of the bearer—a lordly soul who never forgets his dignity, and whose letters come addressed to Sheikh Mahmoud Kassim—are to see that we never lift a finger to help ourselves, and to keep his colleague the "boy" up to the mark.

"Boys" vary in age from eighteen years to fifty, and why they are called boys no man knoweth. The suggestion has been thrown out that the term is a corruption of *bhai* (brother); but, as the inimitable Eha points out, "The usual attitude of the Anglo-Indian towards his domestics does not admit of that interpretation!"[1] Not that Indian servants have much cause of complaint against their *saheb* employers, at least among those of the *burra logue*. Mrs. F. A. Steel, whose knowledge of Indian social frame-work, both European and native, is so thorough, told me that when she first went to India she asked a friend, who had for a long period had her home in the Empire, to give her any hints which might be serviceable in the conduct of her life under its new conditions. "My dear," said the old lady, "there are two things I would have you observe. Stick to your husband in the 'hot weather,' and be civil and kind to your native servants." This lady was only the representative of a class. Among the middle-class Anglo-Indian officials there are doubtless still "ladies" of the "Mrs. Drye-Goods" type, who think it "good form" to treat their servants—to speak to, and of them—as though they belonged to a different order of creation to themselves. But it is a "form" which only marks their lack of good breeding. Nothing strikes a traveller in India more in this matter than the fact that the higher the social scale of the employers the more scrupulously considerate and civil are they to their native subordinates. In India, as in England, masters and "mems" all have their characters as well as the servants, and very freely are they discussed both "in bazaar" and at their clubs. Only those with good certificates get good servants—and not only are they good but devoted—who promptly place their masters on lofty pedestals, and to their greater social glory it becomes henceforth their highest ambition to minister. Not that they under-estimate the reflex of importance which is cast upon themselves. No "gentleman's gentleman" at home can be more exclusive on his master's account than a *bootlair saheb*, who has taken service in what he is pleased to consider a family of distinction. Even the very *dhobie* haughtily declines to wash the family linen with any but a *pucka saheb's* dhobie. He affably associates himself at the tank-side with the washermen of the Commissioner, the Judge, and the Parson, but there he draws the line. His dignity permits him to condescend no further.

By common consent the ayah—taken in the abstract—is pronounced to be the most difficult of the staff to keep in hand. Separated as she is from her husband and children, and her natural

[1] *Behind the Bungalow.*

domestic affections being thus more or less withered, her woman's instinct offers all its devotion at the shrine of the *baba saheb*, which is confided to her care, and which, if she were allowed, she would speedily ruin by over-indulgence and evil moral influence—worshipping the while. Her ministrations to grown-up "mems" are not always so loyal, as the following incident will show.

Missee Baba, at the age of eighteen, had rejoined her parents in India after a lengthened sojourn "at home" for sanatory and educational reasons. Thanks to a rich and devoted "grannie," Missee was possessed of many "contentments"—as Indian native ladies call them—pearls, turquoises, and sundry other precious vanities such as the soul of a damsel loves, and, girl-like, she had made haste to display them on all available occasions. The rooms of an Indian bungalow often open one into another in an inconsequent fashion, a *tati* or bamboo fringe supplying the place of the open door—privacy, in a strictly home life, being sometimes held subordinate to fresh cool air. Missee's room opened into the dining-room—and a pleasant, dainty room it was—spread with striped *dhurries* and hung with Indian muslin.

On one Christmas night, after the neighbouring *saheb logue* had been assisting her and her people to discuss turkey and mince-pies, she was sleeping the sleep of the just—so far as might be after an orthodox Christmas dinner—in her little mosquito-netted bed, a dim night-light, according to Indian custom, burning near her, when she awaked suddenly, and with a sense of horror, to find standing by her side a lank black figure. Its clothing consisted of the habitual loin-cloth and puggery. One end of the puggery was drawn mask-wise across the lower part of the face, leaving uncovered a pair of gleaming eyes, which were fixed upon Missee with an unblenching and hypnotising gaze. In one hand was held a long knife. The girl was paralysed and speechless from fear, and, though she knew that only a door separated her from her parents' room, she could not cry out. Through the *chic* hanging in the open door of the dining-room she saw two other dusky forms moving stealthily and noiselessly, by the light of a dark lantern, ransacking cupboards and drawers, and stowing away into a sheet whatever commended itself as worth carrying off. They even squatted on the Persian carpet and regaled themselves on the fruit and wine left on the sideboard, whilst the silent black image kept watch and guard over the poor girl, who lay stricken dumb with horror. Then the Dacoits came into her room, and, going straight to the cabinet of carved *sheshams* which held her treasures, they quickly rifled it, locked though it was. This was

beyond feminine endurance, and she gave a little gasp of protest, when, in an instant, a black hand was pressed on her mouth and the knife lifted. Then she fainted.

In the grey dawn of the early morning her parents were aroused by Missee Baba—tearful, hysterical, and incoherent. The story which she poured by driblets into their horrified ears might reasonably have been laid at the door of plum-pudding, but for the disappearance of the family plate and her own pretty things. The robbery was traced to the *malee* (gardener), whose bouquets and blandishments the *ayah* had found irresistible, and to whom she had confided all he wished to know. "I tell the story as 'twas told to me" by Missee herself, who also adds that such things are of rare occurrence among native servants. And, after all, has not similar domestic treachery been known to happen nearer home than in India?

. . . . . . .

A first Christmas Day in the tropics is a fact hard to realise. A bullock dummy—like a small tent on wheels—took us to church at seven o'clock, the dummy driver sitting, in Kanarese fashion, with his whip-hand in mid-air, continually jerking it threateningly upwards, as though the high-humped, cream-coloured bullocks had eyes wherewith to see in the backs of their heads. To judge from the utterances which fell from him on this Christmas morning he was not filled with that universal sentiment of peace and goodwill which the occasion demanded. He cursed strongly in Kanarese, not only the *bhyl* that were trotting along briskly enough, but their grandmothers and great-grandmothers, even to the third and fourth generations of their female ancestry. I cannot suppose he meant to bring woe upon them any more than he meant to bring down his heavy lash on their glossy hides every time he gave it the threatening jerk. It was merely his method.

And then the church. What an upheaval of all one's cherished sentiments and memories! In the place of the beloved holly and ivy, the little building was a very bower of bougainvillias and bignonia. Instead of furs and plaids, there were pink and white muslin gowns and sun-hats, and in the place of rosy frost-kissed cheeks there were pallid and sun-bleached ones. The crib alone was the outward indication of the great feast. And so we had to look below the surface to find Christmas with all its joys, hopes, and sorrows. The congregation was largely composed of natives, and very pathetic was it to see the Indian women, in tinkling anklets and bangles, and wrapped in their sarees, bring their wondering brown babies to see and kneel

before the crib, and to learn from it the "sweet story of old," which it tells year by year in East and West, under sunshine and in snow-storm, to white man and black, to saheb and native.

. . . . . . .

This jungle district of Dharwar is a paradise of sportsmen by reason of its being the home of much game, both big and small. Tigers and panthers are to be found in the thickly-wooded hills and valleys which undulate over leagues of the surrounding country. Leopard cats and cheetahs lurk there also, as do hyænas, wolves, and bison. There are savanur, too, and wild dogs—like the pariah dog, but with red, coarse hair and bushy black tails—a "cross" between a pariah and a fox. To go for an early morning drive into the jungle with Madam Saheb is full of thrilling interest. "There," she will tell you, pointing with her whip to a dense thicket in a sweeping hollow below the ridge along which we are slowly driving, "is the clump of trees in one of which Mrs. A.—the lady whom you heard congratulated in the club on having 'got a bison'—sat for the greater part of last Tuesday night, with a decoy goat tethered below her, in the hopes of luring within range of her rifle a tiger which had been traced thereabouts." "And here," as we cross a railway track, "is where Mr. B., a day or two ago, went to drive what he took to be a large dog off the line, across which it lay sleeping. As he approached, the creature—a panther—got up, stretched itself, and lazily lounged into the jungle grass. Fortunately for him, he was *not* carrying his gun."

With these and such-like anecdotes she intersperses her conversation, whilst patient old Buddha in the back seat holds aloft, with an untiring arm, an immense white umbrella between us and sunstroke. And so, under shadowing pepul and baubul trees, among the boughs of which generations of the monkey people sit sorrowfully contemplative, we make our way home by the *ghaum*, or native town. Exquisitely knit, bottle-shaped nests, that weaver birds of last year have left, hang from the pendulous branches of the acacias; and the little pert black and yellow chitmucks, or palm squirrels, are everywhere in evidence. Bulbuls are already beginning to warble their spring love-song, and a lark—rare and sweet—is finishing his morning lay before the sun becomes too fierce even for him. Herds of buffaloes, showing only the tips of their long, vulgar noses above the water's surface, are soaking themselves in the blue lake, where, after the manner of their kind, they would remain for hours; and cream-coloured, high-humped kine, with tall, backward-sloping horns, are being watered at its brink.

As we pass through the gate of the old fort the aspect changes suddenly and completely. A vista opens of long, tortuous, narrow streets of squalid houses and dirty bazaars from whence comes—though it will be well to banish the fact from your mind—your daily food. White-turbaned men and queenly-looking sareed women are buying and selling, or returning from the temple where they have been making their morning *namuska*, or offering of prayers, food and flowers. Over many of the doors are strings of the sacred heart-shaped pepul leaves, or a sprig of tulsi, the symbol of the goddess Parvati. Their household shrines are visible within the open-fronted rooms, and on one or two of the houses is imprinted an open red hand—denoting that some ancestress had brought honour on her race by performing *sati* ; that some widow of a past generation had voluntarily died by the same flames which had consumed her husband's body, in order to make reparation for his sins and to rejoin him as speedily as possible in Swarga. Such an act of self-immolation, being neither compulsory nor frequent, brought distinction on the family of the *sati*, and the touch of her hand as she went to her death was held to be full of virtue and to bring a blessing on whomsoever it was laid. The old order changeth not in India, and Hindus still sorrow over the law prohibiting the heroic act which enabled a wife, according to their belief, to help not only her husband's soul, but to obtain blessedness for her own—such a hard thing for a woman to do in a land where maternity alone can wipe out the stain and reproach of her sex. The joyless alternative so often remaining to her—the prospect lying before her of a long-enduring, motiveless, irksome austerity and of a slavish drudgery to her husband's family—would doubtless minimise her dread of death. Even it might appear to come in the guise of a liberating friend. But above all, for the child-widows—that product so uniquely Indian—who are widows before they are wives, what a fate lay before them ! Death, drudgery, or a degradation worse than either. The British Raj has banished the foremost of these penalties, and Madam Saheb would tell you that she has known widows who have received nothing but honourable treatment at the hands of their husband's relations. But that was a concession, not a lawful requirement. And as we turned our backs on the *ghaum*, and its strange, mysterious, hidden life, a shadow seemed to have fallen over the mellow brightness of the Indian morning. Sorrow entered into and possessed our souls—sorrow for the hapless little beings whose existences have been stultified and sterilised by the terrible decree of their own social law. "Cannot the people of India themselves, so enlightened and

kind-hearted as many of their leaders are, combine to wipe off the blot on their national honour, and make the lot of all widows, whether young or old, not only tolerable, but honourable, useful, and, in the end, happy and joyful?" [1]

SARA H. DUNN.

[1] *Chips from a German Workshop*, p. 468. Max Müller.

# *SKELTON, LAUREATE.*

JOHN SKELTON, tutor to Henry VIII., the bitter satirist of Wolsey, and the parson of Diss, in Norfolk, where he was suspended for secretly taking to himself a wife, is in many ways a figure of great interest in the literary and ecclesiastical history of England just before the Reformation. The date of Skelton's birth is generally put in about 1460, but the place of his birth has been a matter of much difference of opinion. Some of the early biographers affirm that he was descended from the Skeltons of Skelton in Cumberland. Fuller, in his "Worthies," says, "Skelton is placed in Norfolk on a double probability. First, because an ancient family of his name is eminently known long fixed therein. Secondly, because he was beneficed at Dis." Blomefield, in his "History of Norfolk," concludes that Skelton was the son of William Skelton, of Diss, and Margaret, his wife, whose will was proved in 1512 at Norwich, but the will gives no confirmation of this theory. Mr. Walter Hamilton, in "Notes and Queries" of February 4, 1893, alleges that our poet was born in Norwich in 1461, but on what authority I do not know.

In a protestation against "certayne sophystycate scolers and rechelesse yonge heretykes," Skelton lovingly describes Cambridge as his nursing mother in learning, and there is reason to suppose that he graduated M.A. there in the year 1484, and that about six years later he was *laureated* at Oxford. Of this honour he says:

A Kyng to me myn habyte gave;
At Oxforth, the universitye,
Advanced I was to that degre;
By whole consent of their senate
I was made poet laureate.

This laureation, of which he seems to have been mighty proud, gave him the privilege to wear a robe of white and green, with the name of Calliope, the muse of epic poetry, worked upon it in silk and gold. Here is his jingle about it:

Calliope,
As ye may see,
Regent is she
Of poets all,
Which gave to me
The high degree
Laureate to be
Of fame royal;

Whose name enrolled,
With silk and gold
I dare be bold
Thus for to wear.
Of her I hold
And her household;
Though I was old
And somewhat sere.

Yet is she fain,
Void of disdain,
Me to retain,
Her servitor.
With her certain
I will remain
As my sovereign
Most of pleasure.

It has been conjectured that the white and green, "King's colours" as Skelton called them, took the form of a white dress and a wreath of green laurel. The style and title of poet laureate in Skelton's time had not the same significance as it has with us, for Ben Jonson was the first laureate of England to receive the office and pension by royal letters patent, which were granted to him by James I. on February 1, 1615, the "tierce, *i.e.* twenty-four gallons of Canary Spanish wine," being added by Charles I. in 1630:

Who would not be
The Laureate bold,
With his butt of sherry
To keep him merry,
And nothing to do
But pocket his gold?

'Tis I would be the Laureate bold!
When the days are hot, and the sun is strong,
I'd lounge in the gateway all the day long,
With her Majesty's footmen in crimson and gold.
I'd care not a pin for the waiting lord;
But I'd lie on my back on the smooth green sward,
With a straw in my mouth, and an open vest,
And the cool wind blowing upon my breast,

And I'd vacantly stare at the clear blue sky,
And watch the clouds as listless as I,
Lazily, lazily!
And I'd pick the moss and the daisies white,
And chew their stalks with a nibbling bite,
And I'd let my fancies roam abroad
In search of a hint for a birthday ode,
Crazily, crazily!

Sir Theodore Martin is responsible for this amusing but audacious parody of Tennyson's "Merman."

In the time of Skelton the title of poet-laureate seems to have been simply a scholastic degree, and of many poets-laureate the King merely selected one to publish his praises, as the chosen Court poet or King's versifier. That Skelton was a man of note is evident from the fact that he was chosen tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII. And now I am sorry to have to quote a splenetic little outbreak by a lady historian, which moved the Rev. A. Dyce —the best exponent of Skelton—to affirm that "when ladies *attempt* to write history they sometimes say odd things," for Miss Agnes Strickland, in the fourth volume of her "Lives of the Queens of England," wrote: "It is affirmed that Skelton had been tutor to Henry in some department of his education. *How probable it is* that the corruption imparted by this ribald and ill-living wretch laid the foundation for his royal pupil's grossest crimes!"

As another writer says, Skelton "had been guilty of the unpardonable enormity in the eyes of the Christian clergy of that day, as perhaps also in the immaculate imagination of Miss Agnes Strickland," of taking a wife. Soon after Skelton took orders in 1498 he became rector of Diss, but the date of his institution has not been ascertained. The Diocesan Registers—which by the courtesy of Dr. Bensly, the Registrar of the diocese of Norwich, I have examined—show that on August 16, 1498, Peter Greves was presented to the living by Robert FitzWalter, Viscount Egremond. Then follows a blank, and simply the name "*Johannis Skelton*," after which "Tho. Clerk, presented by Robert FitzWalter, July 17, 1529, in place of Master John Skeltoune, vacant by death."

For taking a wife Skelton was, says the Rev. A. Dyce, "called to account, and suspended from his ministerial functions by his diocesan, the bloody-minded and impure Bishop Nix, at the instigation of the friars, chiefly the Dominicans, whom the poet had severely handled." Somewhere about 1501 it was when Nix committed the rough-tongued rector of Diss to prison, "but though his mouth was closed his pen was free," says one of his biographers, "and his angry

soul threw forth fierce invectives, written in coarse rude doggrel, too pungent to be soon forgotten. These were flung abroad at random, like floating seeds upon a gusty day, and settled and struck root as chance listed. Many of them were never committed to print, but learned by heart by hundreds, repeated in the roadside alehouse or at the market-cross on fair days, when dealer and customer left booth and stall vacant to push into the crowd hedging round the itinerant ballad-singer."

As regards Skelton's ostensible offence there is overwhelming evidence that the English clergy for many centuries ignored the obligations to celibacy. In the reign of Henry I., 1100–1135, says Hallam, the greater and better part of the clergy were married; but it will suffice to quote Dr. Jessopp, who, in the introduction to the recently published "Life of St. William of Norwich," says that every priest named by the monk Thomas of Monmouth (who wrote the legend of St. William somewhere about 1172), is a married man. "The attempt to enforce celibacy upon the secular clergy of Norwich had"—says Dr. Jessopp—"never met with any success. How should it when the three immediate predecessors of Bishop Herbert were almost certainly married men?"

Critics and doctors proverbially differ, but the diverse opinions formed of John Skelton, parson of Diss, exhibit the most amusing contrarieties. We have dealt with the delicate judgment of Miss Agnes Strickland, who probably merely echoed Pope's lines:

> Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
> And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote.

A very unjust couplet, for the grossnesses in Skelton are comparatively few, and in his time would almost certainly have passed current in the most select society. Erasmus, in an ode, termed Skelton "the light and glory of English literature"; and there is a curious passage by Caxton in his preface, dated 1490, to a prose romance founded on the Æneid: "But I praye Mayster John Skelton, late created poete laureate in the universitye of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte this sayd booke. And t' addresse and expowne where as shall be founde faulte to theym that shall requyre it. For hym I knowe for suffycyent to expowne and englyshe every dyffyculte that is therein. For he hath translated the epystlys of *Tulle*, and the boke of *Dyodorus Syculus*, and diverse other workes out of latyn in to englyshe not in rude and olde langage, but in *polyshed and ornate termes* craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ovyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours to me unknown: And also he hath redde the ix muses and understande theyr musicalle scyences,

and to whom of them eche scyence is appropred. I suppose he hath dronken of Elycon's well."

True it is that much of Skelton's work is conceived in a spirit of reckless buffoonery, but Erasmus, the most learned man of his age wrote with almost similar *abandon* in his masterful satire the "Praise of Folly," wherein, with right goodwill, he showered good-humoured contempt on pretence and humbug. As an old writer justly asks, "By what means could Skelton, that laureate-poet, or Erasmus, that great and learned clerk, have uttered their minds so well at large as through their cloaks of merry conceits in writing of toys and foolish themes, as Skelton did by 'Speak Parrot,' 'Ware, the Hawk,' 'The Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng,' and such like; yet what greater sense or better matter can be than is in this ragged ryme contained?"

But another critic, of about the same date, daintily says that Skelton was "but a rude railing rhymer, and all his doings ridiculous. He used both short distances and short measures, pleasing only the popular ear, in our courtly maker we banish them utterly." Yet, almost at the same time a third writer says of Skelton: "As indeed he obtained the laurel garland, so may I with good right yield him the title of poet. He was doubtless a pleasant, conceited fellow, and of a very sharp wit, exceeding bold, and would nip to the very quick where he once set hold."

I hope it may not be considered wearisome if I here quote some of the quaint lines of panegyric by Thomas Churchyard, prefixed to the original edition of Skelton's works, published in 1568. Premising that Churchyard was a very voluminous writer, referred to by Spenser as "Old Palæmon," and that he died in 1604. After referring to Chaucer and others, he proceeds:

Ohe shall I leave out Skelton's name
  The blossome of my frute,
The tree whereon indeed
  My branches all might grow?
Nay, Skelton wore the laurel wreath,
  And past in schools ye know;
A poet for his art,
  Whose judgment sure was high,
And had great practice of the pen,
  His works they will not lie;
His terms to taunts did lean,
  His talk was as he wrate,
Full quick of wit, right sharp of words,
  And skilful of the state;
Of reason ripe and good,
  And to the hatefull mind,

That did disdain his doings still,
  A scorner of his kind;
Most pleasant every way,
  As poets ought to be,
And seldom out of princes' grace,
  And great with each degree.
Thus have you heard at full
  What Skelton was indeed;
A further knowledge shall you have,
  If you his books do read.
I have of mere goodwill
  These verses written here,
To honour virtue as I ought,
  And make his fame appear,
That won the garland gay
  Of laurel leaves but late:
Small is my pain, great is his praise,
  That thus such honour gate.

Two of Skelton's contemporaries—Lilly, master of St. Paul's School, author of a famous Latin grammar, beloved by George Borrow, and Barclay, author of "The Ship of Fooles"—indulged in some acid references to our poet. The learned Camden writes: "Skelton was scholar enough, and no bad poet, unless for himself, for giving himself too much to satire he created three[1] such enemies as ruined him both (*sic*) in reputation, liberty, and estate." Skelton reflected upon the learned Lilly as a bad verse-maker, and Lilly rejoined in some Latin lines, translated as follows:

Whilst Skelton thou to get esteem
A learned poet fain would'st seem,
Skelton thou art, but all men know it,
Neither learned nor a poet.

Alexander Barclay, having contemptuously written of one of Skelton's most celebrated poems:

It longeth not to my science nor cunning,
For Philip the Sparrow the Dirige to singe.

Skelton, enumerating his works in the "Garland of Laurel," evidently refers to the sneer in the following lines:

Of Phillip Sparow the lamentable fate,
  The doleful destiny, and the careful chaunce,
Devysed by Skelton after the funerall rate;
  For some there be therewith that take grevaunce,
  And grudge therat with frowning countenaunce;
But what of that? hard it is to please all men;
Who list amend it, let hym set to his penne.

Skelton might well be thus philosophical, for so good a judge as

[1] Lilly, Dominican Friars, and Wolsey.

Coleridge called the "Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe" "an exquisite and original poem," and Hallam describes it as "most comic and imaginative." Skelton evidently led a life of much change and vicissitude; in his earlier days he seems to have been an established favourite at court, but, as time went on, maddened by the regal pomp, unbridled luxury, and insolent bearing of Cardinal Wolsey, the parson of Diss launched out into fiery diatribes, which, to say the least, exhibit quite a reckless courage, and a frank vigour of assault that is entirely surprising.

This is his bludgeon style, referring to the obnoxious Cardinal:

> He is set so high
> In his hierarchy
> Of frantic phrenesy
> And foolish fantasy,
> That in the Chamber of Stars
> All matters there be mars;
> Clapping his rod on the board
> No man dare speak a word.
> . . . . . . .
> He ruleth all the roste,
> With bragging and with bost.

We know that Wolsey writhed under the scornful bitterness of Skelton's attacks, and at last, when the proud Cardinal sent officers to apprehend him, the parson poet took sanctuary at Westminster, where he found solace and protection at the hands of Abbot Islip, "a good old father," as Henry VIII. called him. Dean Stanley, in his "Memorials of Westminster Abbey," says: "The last eminent person who received the shelter of the Sanctuary (there) fled thither from the violence, not of Princes, but of Ecclesiastics. Skelton . . . from under the wing of Abbot Islip, poured forth against Cardinal Wolsey those furious invectives which must have doomed him to destruction but for the Sanctuary, impregnable even by all the power of the Cardinal at the height of his grandeur. No stronger proof can be found of the sacredness of the spot, or of the independence of the institution." But I fancy much influence must have been exercised to prevent the long arm of the Cardinal from dragging our poet from Westminster,

In this quiet retreat Skelton seems to have remained till his death on June 21, 1529. He was buried in the chancel of the neighbouring church of St. Margaret, Westminster, and on his gravestone was the simple but sufficient epitaph—

Joannes Skeltonus, Vates Pierius, hic situs est.

Of the personal appearance of John Skelton, as he wandered about Diss, or through the streets of old Norwich, or paced the alleys of the great Sanctuary at Westminster, we are left in ignorance. Portraits prefixed to old editions of his works are entirely fanciful. There is in Mr. Colman's incomparable collection of Norfolk art and literature at Carrow House, Norwich, a strange fantastic figure, stated to be a reproduction of an old portrait of Skelton, but there is little doubt that this is a copy of an old French print having nothing whatever to do with our poet. It was no uncommon practice to substitute the portrait of one celebrated man for another, and it has been seriously stated that Blomefield, the Norfolk historian, so closely resembled the great astronomer Flamsteed, that a likeness of the latter does duty for the former, in the 8vo edition of the "History of Norfolk."

Of Skelton's various works I will not treat at length; the best known are "The Boke of Phyllyp Sparowe" and the "Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng." The former is referred to, in due sequence, by nearly every writer who touches upon Norwich; it tells the story of the killing of a lady's favourite sparrow:

> By Gyb, our cat savage,
> That in a furyous rage
> Caught Phyllyp by the head,
> And slew him there starke dead.

To the funeral of Phyllyp all the birds are summoned:

> Some to synge and some to say,
> Some to wepe and some to pray.

And then follows an imitation of the funeral service in the Roman order, imitations which were frequently indulged in by merry ecclesiastics. Many lines are occupied with a list of the feathered mourners, and of the parts they took, quite an ornithological curiosity, an older and fuller specimen than our nursery ditty of "Who killed Cock Robin?" I give a sample:

> The fleckyd pye to chatter
> Of this dolorous matter;
> And robyn red-breast
> He shall be the preest
> The requiem masse to synge,
> Softly warbelynge,
> With help of the red sparow,
> And the chattrynge swallow,
> This herse for to halow.
>
> . . . . . . . .
>
> The Ravyn, called Rolfe,
> His playne songe to solfe.
>
> . . . . .

The lusty chauntyng nyghtyngale;
The popyngay to tell her tale.
. . . . . . .
The mavys with her whystell
Shal rede there the pystell.
. . . . . . .
The pecocke so prowde,
Bycause his voyce is lowde,
And have a glorious tayle,
He shall synge the grayle;
The owle that is so foule
Must helpe us to houle.

The latter part of the poem, which in all contains 1,382 lines, is mainly devoted to a rapturous eulogy on Joan Scrope, Damosel of Carrow Priory—"a most goodly floure." The poet invokes Phœbus:

That I may say
Honour alway
Of womankynd!
Trouth doth me bynd
And loyalte
Ever to be
Their true bedell,
To wryte and tell
How women excell
In noblenes, &c.

It must be admitted that the Rev. John Skelton, laureate and *orator regius*, lets himself go considerably sometimes, *e.g.*:

Her eyes, grey and steep,
Cause my heart to leap;
Her lips, soft and merry,
Embloomed like the cherry,
It were an heavenly bliss
Her sugred mouth to kiss:
Her beauty to augment,
Dame Nature hath her lent
A wart upon her cheek.

But we will not follow this merry parson any farther in his rhapsodies, which have a sort of Latin chorus, repeating "O gloriosa fœmina" many times. These extracts convey a very imperfect impression of this curious poem, which exhibits, says the Rev. A. Dyce, "fertility and delicacy of fancy, graceful sportiveness, and ease of expression." It contains, as do most of Skelton's works, many examples of East Anglian dialect, a matter I must not now enlarge upon, but, in the few extracts I have given, it will have been observed how common was the habit of nicknaming birds and

animals. The sparrow, Philip, Ralf, the raven, Gyb, or Gilbert, the fierce tom cat, jackdaw, robin redbreast, and tom-tit are familiar to all of us, not so, perhaps, the specially East Anglian forms, which describe a goldfinch as "King Harry," an owl as "Billy," or "Billy Wix," a frog as "Richard," and a heron as "Frank," and I might give many more specimens.

It must just be mentioned that, on the dissolution of the monasteries, Carrow Priory was granted to Sir John Shelton, and, as the names Shelton and Skelton were often used indiscriminately, it may not unreasonably be surmised (but only surmised) that Sir John Shelton was akin to our poet, who must certainly have often visited the old priory—and was no doubt welcomed by the ladies as as a genial and witty guest.

The "Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng," Skelton's most popular production, abounds in broad burlesque; but, as Mr. Dyce says, there are few compositions of the kind which have greater animation or a richer humour. It describes an old ale-wife of Leatherhead, in Surrey, and a sign I have seen in that pretty town still commemorates he jocose laureate. The old harridan is minutely depicted with bold, but faithful strokes, also the various gossips:

> Wyth, fyll the cup fyll
> And syt there by styll.

The language of this satire belongs entirely to another age than ours, but its direct purpose is to satirise squander goods, especially the female bibbers who seem to have been sadly numerous at Leatherhead. Skelton's chief satires are the "Bowge of Court" (*i.e.* Diet, or Rewards of Court), "Colyn Cloute," and "Why come ye not to Court?" The first has many touches of what may be called brilliant verse. "Colyn Clouté" is a fearless and fierce denunciation of the corruptions of the Church, in which the poet attacks the friars and bishops unsparingly; and well he might, at a time when Erasmus, writing from Cambridge, said the price of wood was going up through the burning of heretics, and when the infamous Nix talked of reformers as "savouring of the frying-pan." "Why come ye not to Court?" is aimed solely at Wolsey, and the poet taunts the barons of England that they dare not look out of doors for fear of the "butcher's dog."

I should well like to give some stanzas from the "Garland of Laurel," in which Skelton describes in minute detail a bevy of fair ladies engaged in weaving and embroidery, but the ob[illegible]ete terms used are so plentiful that a long translation would [illegible]ssary. I have already given some varied opinions about [illegible] and will

now quote a few more. The elder D'Israeli observes that "the Skeltonical short verse contracted into five or six, or even four syllables, is wild and airy. In the quick-returning rhymes, the playfulness of the diction and the pungency of new words, usually ludicrous, often expressive, and sometimes felicitous, there is a stirring spirit which will be best felt in an audible reading. The velocity of his verse has a carol of its own. The chimes ring in the ear, and the thoughts are flung about like coruscations."

Southey, a sufficiently serious writer, of unquestionable respectability, remarks that Skelton's buffooneries, "like those of Rabelais, were thrown out as a tub for the whale; for unless Skelton had written thus for the coarsest palates, he could not have poured forth his bitter and undaunted satire in such perilous times." It was Southey, moreover, who, by an article in the "Quarterly Review" of 1814, prompted the Rev. Alexander Dyce to edit the works of Skelton, and Professor Skeat tells us that "few editions of any English poet's works are so thoroughly satisfactory as that of Skelton's poems by the Rev. A. Dyce, printed in 1843."

The somewhat austere Wordsworth pronounced Skelton to be "a writer deserving of far greater attention than his works have hitherto received." It has been said that Skelton "can only be appreciated by one who is both an antiquarian (*sic*) and a poet." Taine was evidently neither, for this is how he introduces Skelton: "A clown, a tavern *Triboulet*, composer of little jeering and macaronic verses, Skelton makes his appearance, a virulent pamphleteer, who, jumbling together French, English, Latin phrases with slang, and fashionable words, invented words, intermingled with short rhymes, fabricates a sort of literary mud, with which he bespatters Wolsey and the bishops. Style, metre, rhyme, language, art of every kind, is at an end; beneath the vain parade of an official style there is only a heap of rubbish. Yet," he adds, "it is full of sensual liveliness, English and popular instincts—it lives. It is a coarse life, still elementary, swarming with ignoble vermin, like that which appears in a great decomposing body." I am sorry for M. Taine, and such a sample of his *esprit Gaulois*, and right glad that the foregoing sentences were not written by a Britisher—it is fast becoming heresy to say an *Englishman*!

Let us set against Taine's very insular and crude—nay, parochial—criticism, the summing-up of Mr. Augustine Birrell: "Skelton was a man of original genius. Campbell, writing in 1819, admits his 'vehemence and vivacity,' but pronounces his humour 'vulgar and flippant,' and his style a texture of slang phrases; but Mr.

Churton Collins, in 1880, declares that Skelton reminds him more of Rabelais (hélas ! M. Taine) than any author in our language, and pronounces him one of the most versatile and essentially original of all our poets." "We," says Mr. Birrell, "hold with Mr. Collins."

Enough, I hope, has been said to prove that John Skelton, parson of Diss, was no commonplace priest, that he was a man of distinctly original powers, and of commanding talent. Of resolute character, and not given to subservience or self-seeking, keen and quick to attack what he felt to be crying evils, no worshipper of

> Use and Wont,
> Grey Nurses loving nothing new.

His obsolete phraseology, which comprises as queer a vocabulary as any English writer can show, his oftentimes rugged style and occasional license of language, have caused him to be left out of count in the reckoning of the higher English literature. True it is that he has left us no

> Jewels five-words long,
> That on the stretch'd forefinger of all Time
> Sparkle for ever ;

but he has left a body of work which is distinctly worthy of a select place in English letters, and which entitles him to be considered an ornament to Norfolk, and a herald of that army of patient pioneers who broke down the haughty pretensions of the Church, and taught men to seek truth in the open, and not in the cloisters of priests or the mazes of the frozen philosophy of the schoolmen.

How long Skelton was rector of Diss is not certainly known ; we know that he was there in 1504, and he was, at least nominally, rector when he died in 1529, having then been in the Westminster Sanctuary some six or seven years. Most curious sidelights upon the manners of the early sixteenth century appear in some of Skelton's works ; for instance, in "Ware, the Hawke," he tells of a beneficed parson who hawked in Diss church :

> A priest unreverent
> Straight to the Sacrament
> He made his Hawke to fly
> With hugeous showte and cry,
> The hye alter he strypt naked—

and then this "fonde frantike falconer" swore horrible oaths, vowing that before he left the church his hawk should [illegible]pon till the blood ran raw upon the very altar-stone. This [illegible] ecclesiastic fast bolted and barred himself in the church, yet, [illegible]

With a pretty gin
I fortuned to come in,
This rebell to behold,
Where of hym I contrould;
But he sayd that he wolde
Agaynst my mynde and will,
In my church hawke still.

In the altercation the huntsman threatened to set his hounds on a fox in the church, and at this point :—

Downe went my offering box,
Boke, bell, and candell
All that he might handell.

Further outrageous sacrilege was committed, more than enough to justify our rector in saying that such "losels" make the Church of small authority.

At Diss there were two men whose names Skelton has preserved in a comical epitaph, and Latin lines in imitation of a commemorative service in the church; these men were John Jayberd, otherwise "old John Clarke, sometyme the holy patriarke of Diss," and Adam Uddersall, commonly known as Adam All, "sometime the holy Baillyve of Diss."

Fill the black bowle
For Jayberde's sowle,

says the rector, and of the other (as I translate it),

Diss shall ever sing and say
That Adam with the Deil must stay.

In the same year, 1507, Skelton wrote in Latin a "dolorous canticle" on two dreadful fires which in that year nearly destroyed Norwich; the first, in April, lasted four days, and the second, in June, which continued two days and a night.

Skelton's free and easy methods of satire and his rough joviality gave rise to a tissue of anecdotes about him, which, after a time, were, with a variety of strange jests, fathered upon him. These drolleries are of a kind familiar to readers of the full-flavoured humour and very condimental conceits of the sixteenth century. Those who can appreciate the Rabelæsian style know where to find it, whereas those who remain incurious need not concern themselves with these odd byeways of literature.

Skelton's self-criticism may well sum up this estimate of him.

Though my rhyme be ragged,
Tatter'd and jagged,
Rudely rain-beaten,
Rusty, moth-eaten,
If ye take well therewith,
It hath in some pith.

JAMES HOOPER.

# *TABLE TALK.*

## SALE OF TURNER PICTURES.

THE recent sale of Turner pictures from the collection of the late Sir John Pender raises somewhat, though not perhaps very notably, what it is the fashion to call the "record price" of Turners. Five years ago, in the Bolckow sale, Turner's "Walton Bridges" went for 7,100 guineas, a sum that had been realised a year previously by his "Sheerness." In the latest collection dispersed this price was eclipsed by 500 guineas, the sum paid for Turner's "Wreckers" being 7,600 guineas. This stands, accordingly, as the largest price ever paid at public auction for a Turner. But 100 guineas less was given for the beautiful "Mercury and Hersé," painted after the manner of Claude. "Wreckers," which was originally in the Bicknell collection, was sold, in 1863, for £1,984. 'Venice," exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1841, and also in the Bicknell collection, went at the Pender sale for 6,800 guineas, and "The State Procession," also belonging to 1841, and formerly in the possession of Richard Hemming, brought 7,000 guineas. The nearest approach to these prices obtained by other works in the same collection was the sum of 5,000 guineas paid for "La Gloria," of John Phillips, exhibited in Paris in 1867. By the side of these prices the 2,000 guineas bidden for Millais' "Proscribed Royalist" seem almost insignificant. This beautiful picture was part of the Plint collection, the sale of which did much, thirty to forty years ago, to bring into notice the paintings of the pre-Raphaelite school, of which Thomas Edward Plint seems to have been the first large collector. Pictures by Landseer went, however, respectively for 2,500 and 3,000 guineas. The total sum realised by the collection was £75,758, which, though it is not the largest amount ever bid in a single day—over £87,000 having been paid at the James Price sale—is a sufficiently startling sum.

## PRICES PAID FOR PICTURES.

THE prices I have mentioned in connection with Turner's paintings are of course very far from being the highest that have been paid. Beautiful as are the works of Turner, they are numerous; and, high as stands the reputation of the painter, the collector of good means may hope to enrich his gallery with one or

two specimens. It is different with the masterpieces of Raphael and Titian, two of which are said to have recently changed hands at the price of £20,000 apiece. In 1885, again, Vandyke's equestrian portrait of Charles I. was bought for the nation at £17,500, while for the Ansidei Raphael was paid the enormous sum of £70,000. Portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough have, again, brought larger sums than have ever yet been reached in the case of landscapes by Turner, witness the 10,000 guineas paid in 1876 at Christie's for the Gainsborough portrait of Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, which was then the largest price ever paid for a picture at that noted mart. As described in the *Times*, whence the account is copied by Mr. Frederick S. Robinson in his interesting book, "The Connoisseur,"[1] the fight for the picture recalls that for the famous "Valdarfer Boccaccio," to which I have before adverted. It is difficult to believe that this very picture, *teste* Mr. Robinson, was bought in 1839 for no more than £50, and sold to Mr. Wynn Ellis for £63. Here is with a vengeance the romance of the sale room. In this instance romance did not stop here, for, as is well remembered, three weeks after the sale the picture was cut out of its frame by some supposed thief, and has not been heard of since.

## Art Frauds.

I HAVE taken from Mr. Robinson and from other sources these striking facts, on the economic and social significance of which I do not care to dwell. In common with others of a similar kind, they show the sunny side of collecting. There are, however, some other sides not equally pleasant to contemplate; that, for instance, of the knock-out, a degrading and dishonouring arrangement impracticable at sales such as those with which I have been dealing, but still common on less august occasions. There is, however, another danger, against which it is less easy to guard—forgery. The authorities of the Louvre bought in 1867, as a genuine work, a bust which was proved to be a clever forgery by one Bastianini, a peasant of marvellous endowments, who passed his short life in the execution of imitations, for which he appears to have been paid at the miserable rate of two lire a day. The forgery was denied by the Louvre authorities, and the bust retained its description as quattrocento work. In the South Kensington Museum is a marble bust of Lucrezia Donati, which is now ascribed to Bastianini, is described as nineteenth century work, and has been relegated to an obscure part of the exhibition. Other works by the same man, a "Dante" and a "Savonarola," are in the same collection. Since then, accord

[1] George Redway.

ing to German authorities, the Louvre trustees have paid no smaller a sum than £10,000 for a golden tiara of the Scythian King Saitapharnes, which Professor Furtwängler derides as a vulgar imposture. It is said to have been vainly offered to the Vienna and the British Museums. Political animosities colour these statements, and Mr. Robinson advises us to preserve "an open mind." If the authorities of great national collections can thus be deceived, it behoves the private individual to be keenly on his guard.

### "L'INDEX BIBLIO-ICONOGRAPHIQUE."

I NOTICED a couple of years ago the appearance of the first volume of the "Index Biblio-Iconographique" of M. Pierre Dauze,[1] explained its purpose, and commended it to the attention of English book-lovers and book-buyers. A second volume, "1er Octobre 1894 au 30 Septembre 1895," has now appeared in a greatly enlarged shape. The work may accordingly be regarded as having established itself as what in gardening phrase is called "a hardy annual." Though later in appearance than our own "Book-prices Current," the "Index Biblio-Iconographique" is larger in dimensions and far more ambitious in scheme, including paintings, engravings, and autographs, as well as books, and occupying 900 quarto pages, with the text in double columns. Once more I commend its perusal, or rather perhaps its study, to all concerned with the sale or the collection of second-hand books. Many useful lessons are to be derived from the employment. Not until a dozen successive volumes have appeared can I obtain data on which to found those conclusions concerning the fluctuation of tastes and prices which is the most attractive, albeit sometimes the most heart-breaking, occupation for the book-lover. Coming at a time when a certain taste is in the ascendant and certain classes of books are in demand, the collector sets to work to accumulate, with the result not infrequently experienced—that just as his shelves are full with works he has regarded as priceless, he finds that the demand is over, and he cannot get for his books the half, or it may be the third, of what he has expended. To avoid this too common form of disappointment and defeat, there is but one thing to be done: let the collector seek in the best obtainable form the fine old editions of classic English writers. Nothing short of a national convulsion will destroy or greatly reduce the price of a Chaucer of 1532 or earlier, a Shakespeare Folio of 1623, or even a "H[illegible] 648.

[illegible] RBAN.

[1] Paris: Répertoire des Ventes publiques Cataloguées.

THE

# GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER 1897.

## *LIZ'BETH: AN EVERYDAY STORY.*

BY C. A. MERCER.

THE PARABLE OF THE FLOWERS.—The Angel of the Star walked in the garden among the flowers; and these came up from the underworld, white, scarlet, purple, and gold.

And Worldly Wisdom came upon him there, being travel-stained and weary; and he was a stranger in the land of the Star Beautiful.

Then said this one to the Angel: "Tell me, I pray thee, concerning these flowers, and for whose pleasure they were planted, for I do perceive that men do good that they may everyone receive the same, and that each is for himself in all things."

And it was told him: "These are the good deeds of men that had in them no thought of self, and such that lay hidden deepest away from sight now shine the fairest in glory. These also are the sweetest upon whom no sun hath heretofore shone, and whose fragrance none hath admired. Some, moreover, bore no flower whilst on earth, for the night dews fell upon them unawares, and some there were none to gather."

Then spake he that was of the world worldly, and his tone was sorrowful. "Thus do the sacrifices and sorrows of these self-denying ones go for nothing, and profit neither themselves nor their fellows."

Said the Angel: "Not so, because for each bud that is garnered to blossom here another ray falls to give light in the dark places of the earth, and for the guiding of pilgrims. And where that light shines fresh flowers bloom and lifeless trees bear fruit, and that place is glorious with the Smile of God."

But Worldly Wisdom understood not the saying.

YOUNG Seth strode gaily along the straggling village street whistling an air. The village world, in the person of the women filling their buckets at the well, waited till he was out of earshot to pass comment on him.

"'Tis surprisin' how heartgrown his mother is to the lad," said one, putting down her pail, and resting, with arms akimbo, after her exertions. "Fair setting-up of idols to my thinking, and enough to bring a judgment down on her. We should ha' heard more of the matter if it had been him to leave home when he wur wed instead of Bess, who is just as much her own flesh and blood. Eh! but Liz'beth's got views for him. She don't make no secret o' that."

"'Your son's your son till he gets him a wife,'" quoted another, with a wise shake of the head. "Seth may be as good as most, though he don't stand up for his mother's rights as I'd have a lad o' mine do. What for she wants to be making a glass window saint of him caps me. Take away t' gold dish from t' back of his head and where is he? Now, *my* Abner——"

Here a covert allusion to glass dwelling-houses broke up the discussion.

Young Seth—which name had grown up with him in contradistinction to his father, dead this half-score years—had turned up the garth and into the "court" before the cottage, gay with old-fashioned blooms. The scent of hollyhocks and lad's-love came in on the unlatching of the door, and mingled with the fragrance of fresh baked oat-cakes.

Jack-a-Dandy, the old collie, wagged a welcoming tail. He was past work, but his coat was bright and glossy, and he was something of a dandy still. Jack had a sweet tooth, and scented something festive in the air.

Liz'beth turned from her labours over the bakestone, and laid a pile of the cakes on the table. It was something to see the almost youthful gladness that came over the faded face as it rested on her son. There was the same light in Seth's eyes as they met his wife's. As for Linda, she just worshipped herself. Her gaze sought the glass behind the door. She and Seth were right enough. She was well worth looking at. Her pretty frocks and bonnets no less than her pretty face were a wonder and envy to the north country village folk. To Seth, simple lad, it was as natural that Linda should go daintily clad, as that a rose should be clothed in beauty.

"I'm glad thou's come in good time," was her greeting. "Thou must take me to the fair to-night. Titia Beet wur there, and the ribbons and such be just given away. Look what ye're doing, mother! The plate wur nearly on the floor."

Jack-a-Dandy was a thorough gentleman. He moved courteously out of the way with an apologetic whine when Linda struck at him

with her sharp little shoe. That was how she was wont to vent her impatience against the dog's mistress.

"Tiresome old thing!" she exclaimed. "He ought to be got rid of, leastways kept out of t' house."

Liz'beth's spirit rose up in arms at the injustice, though she could have forgiven most things to-night, as far as she herself was concerned. She felt like a schoolgirl on the eve of a holiday. What matter though her eyes ached and were dim! They and the old spinning-wheel had earned their rest, and fulfilled their task. There need be no more weary drawing out and winding of the twisted thread, the trudging to and fro the town with the result of her labours for the small, hard-earned pittance. The wheel was pushed away in the corner. Seth had had a glimmer of the truth once, and threatened to make firewood of it, and she had taken pains to hide her growing infirmity lest he should carry out his threat, before her purpose was made good. Yes, her sight had long been failing her. The fact need be concealed no longer. She knew the meaning of her clumsy ways.

"I be getting but a poor makeshift of a woman," said Liz'beth, "and can't measure distance no better nor a broken yard wand, especially when it gets to the edge o' dark. Talking of that, Bess was here a while sin'; it 'll be dark for her crossing the ling. Her man 's been sick. I must go to her to-morrow—but to-night——"

"What is it to-night?" asked Linda petulantly. "What is it thou wur hinting at when Bess was here? A grand secret, I reckon. Well, happen it 'll keep. Seth, why don't ye answer? I'm near ready to start."

"I'm main sorry, but it's not to be," replied young Seth, in his pleasant, off-hand way. "There's a weight of work on just now, and I have to go up to Eyre's farm about some wool. They'll put me up for the night. Don't 'ee look for me back till t' morn."

Linda pouted. "It's bound to be wet to-morrow. The wind 's getting up for rain. 'Tis enough to wear thee out. Nought but work all along."

She had not forgotten her vexation. When the time came for him to set out, she took care to let him see she was not to be crossed with impunity. His good-bye met with no other return than a cold toss of the head.

Her discontent was not altogether displeasing to the elder woman. It was a fellow feeling, and the girl might really be thinking of Seth as well as of herself.

Liz'beth had taken up her spinning again. It was hard to break off a life-long habit at a moment's notice, and the thread when woven

was to be made into a Sunday coat for Seth. The monotonous whirr irritated Linda beyond all bearing. The coarse grey homespun suggested the ugly, grey monotony of the penurious narrow life of the Yorkshire dale. But the texture of Liz'beth's life was not all colourless. There were fine golden threads running across the warp that made the commonplace fabric beautiful. This Linda could not see. She had commenced to drum with her fingers on her lap.

"Oh! but 'tis mortal dull," she cried. "It don't seem as if anything would happen. Life ain't worth living the same day after day, and never a bit of pleasure."

"Belike we're both a bit put out, lass. This day is what I've been waiting an' striving for better nor ten years, and doubting lest it should never come."

The girl moved nearer, having a certain kittenish charm when she chose to exert it. Anything would be more interesting than her own thoughts.

Liz'beth did not need much pressing to open her heart.

"I don't see why thou shouldn't be told the rights o' the case. 'Tis thy concern nigh as much as Seth's. Thou's heard say how things were different once in his grandfer's time? He was the first of the statesmen hereabouts. 'Twas him as built the cottage, and cleared the land, and had more 'n a hundred sheep pasturing on the intacks."

There was a sigh from Linda. She felt as if she had been defrauded of her dues, having chanced on these less prosperous days.

"Then there came bad times till poverty overtook us, as the saying is, and my man wur forced to go a-borrowing, and part with all, till there was nought left save the cottage; and now Seth must work for others on the land that should ha' been his. The debt 's grown to look like a live thing, swallowing up everything, and driving off luck, and keeping him in slavery, as it did his father afore him. That wur his trouble as he lay dying, and I bid him set his mind at rest, and made bold to give my promise to settle it 'fore I must needs pay the last debt of all. Seth, he's young, and ain't got to feel the weight on 't yet. He wur meant for something better nor a datal man, and only wants free play to get on wi' the best of 'em. None o' your marksmen, he ain't—can sign his name with anybody, and such a one wi' horses——"

Linda yawned, and began taking the pins out of her hair for the night, till the yellow heavy strand fell to her lap. The enumeration of her husband's talents promised to be more entrancing in the telling than the hearing.

"And now," continued Liz'beth, triumphantly, "the money's as good as paid. Every copper of it wrapt in an old stocking in the ark yonder, and all for Seth! If ever thou'st a bairn of thine own thou'll know what it means to me then, and how 'tis something more than setting thy heart on aught for thysen."

Linda's gaze wandered reverentially towards the black, carved dower-chest that occupied the end of the houseplace.

"Does Seth know?" The revelation had evidently impressed her.

"Times I've thought he's guessed at something, but I've said nought. When he wur a bairn it must all be a surprise if 'twas to be worth the having, and I ain't got out o' the way of it."

"What if folks got wind of it! They say there be a vast o' tramps and such like on t' road. Thou'd best sleep wi' a pistol by thee to fright the villians if they break in. Nay," as Liz'beth's blank face set her off into a fit of laughter, "'twas nobbut my clack, and I'm tired, and 'tis past bedtime."

She stooped to kiss Liz'beth hastily, as though ashamed of the unaccustomed impulse. "Good-night, mother, thou's thought hardly of me, and I've deserved it. Seth made a bad bargain when he took me."

The warm feel of the red lips lingered on the woman's cheek as it lay against the pillow. They would understand one another better after that. And now her life of drudgery was over! To-morrow would be like waking up in heaven. She longed for morning. Her heart was too light to settle in sleep. Several hours must have gone by before she fell into a dreamful slumber into which came blended the sound of someone moving about below. She tried at first to believe it fancy; but no, Jack had heard it too, and was barking loudly. Liz'beth crept quietly downstairs. She would not alarm Linda till certain of the necessity.

The peat embers still smouldered on the hearth, and showed the chest standing open; and on the table pushed into the light lay scattered the hard-earned savings of years.

Linda! Her whole being seemed to go out in the cry, though she had uttered no word aloud.

Her heart beat—"Poor Seth, my poor lad!" How could she ever look him in the face again, knowing of this! Jack had greeted her in his impetuous way, and could not understand why his demonstrations met with such cold return. If only she might have been left to believe some stranger had done this thing! As it was, she would have been glad to escape without being seen. It might have been she that was the culprit.

Linda turned upon her with a storm of defiance. "Why dost 'a look at me like that? I'm nobbut taking what's my own. 'Twas thee said it. Mine as much as his. Ye ain't the only ones to be in debt. Titia got 'em to trust me. Thou and Seth imagine things cost nought. And now they're bothering me for the money, and 'll be coming and stripping the place. Here, take thy miserly scrapings, and let 'em do their worst." With a miserable laugh—"It 'll be grand to see Seth's face when thou tells him as I'm a thief."

"Nay, keep it. The lad shall be none the wiser for me. And say to him that—that I've gone to Bess. Happen I should ha' gone before."

"'Tis certain one of us must go. Two missises is one too many. Seth thinks so. He's said as much."

The girl was desperate. In her madness one word was as good as another, so long as it hurt.

"Seth mustn't know," Liz'beth said, almost imploring her. "Thou'rt all he has. We mun keep it from him."

"Thou's no call to be afeared of me. Oh, 'tis sermon enough to see thee standing there—and to know I'm beholden to thee. All the fine things in the world ain't worth it."

The rain was falling as Liz'beth felt her way out into the grey dawn. She seemed to have lost her way in the world. High on the barren waste of moorland, where the only track was that worn by the sheep, it was as though she had come face to face with her own loneliness. Jack-a-Dandy's familiar bark banished the spectre. Liz'beth put out her hand to feel for him. The contact kept her in touch with life. For the rest, she was groping in the darkness. Blindness had come upon her.

The west wind came suthering across the wolds. Her strength failed her. She could go no further. Her foot caught in the tangled heather, and she fell.

In the meantime, Linda had brought her face to look as usual, had laid the breakfast, and prepared a plausible speech to explain her mother-in-law's early departure. This was just done to her satisfaction when Jack-a-Dandy came whining and scratching at the door. She had not forgotten her grudge against the dog. Was his mistress wanting to come back as well? Linda's conscience needed some weight of argument to suppress it. By the time it had reasserted itself, Jack-a-Dandy had disappeared.

It was far from being a dandy who, limping, rain-soaked, and panting, reached Bessie's cottage, and made his case known.

Poor Liz'beth was lying senseless when they found her and carried her to her daughter's. The first thing she was conscious of was Bessie's presence by the bedside.

"Bess, art 'a there?" reaching out a worn hand. "Come close to me, my girl; I canna see thee. We've come at last, Jack and me. Thou'lt be good to him. He's all I've got to leave thee. Thou wurt ever a good bairn; I never did thee justice. Thou allus came second in all."

It was the end of the day. They had sent for Seth. The dying woman listened for his step, divided between dread and longing. She felt her face must reveal the thing she would not have him guess for all the gold on earth. Only one star was shining out of the night. A long ray of light fell upon the bed.

"Ay, 'tis fine up there. Too fine for the likes o' me, and 'tis him I'd have it made up to. The best son in the world—my son Seth. . . ."

Bess did not notice that his name was the last word on her lips, while she was not even mentioned.

"Her thoughts are wandering," they said. "Poor Seth! ay, ye've come too late. She won't know none of us again."

Liz'beth's sight had come back to her.

# *THE QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.*

[*WITH SOME "KAIL-YARD" TEXTS.*]

THE Queen is at Balmoral. Autumn finds her there for a long visit—home to the hills which have nodded so grandly to her nigh on fifty years. Yes, in another twelve-month she will be celebrating the jubilee of her reign at Balmoral. You see it's not the Queen-Empress here, not the ruler over lands set in the seven seas. No, it's the little grandmother in black, whose donkey-carriage takes her on neighbourly calls of a forenoon. September 8, 1848—that was the day on which the Queen and Prince Albert took up house at Balmoral.

There will be bonnets in the air, tartans on the green, when the celebration comes round. Why, what we have had in the Sassenach south this summer will not be a patch on it all—I mean to those good folks among the heather. Who would not desire to mingle with them then, and to behold the triumph of their "hundred pipers an' a' an' a'"? And indeed to the native returned, the Aberdeenshire Highlands always have fresh attractions, new glories. Nor has the gossip of the countryside lost its flavour, although not a single "sma' still" is left in all the wilds between Glen Tanner and Ben-Muich-Dhui—never the curl of smoke from a whiskey bothie.

Now there is the story of what John Brown said to the Queen's eldest daughter—to the Empress Frederick, although it is true she may only have been Crown Princess at the time. John belonged to the district—he was of it from the toe of his Hielan' shoon, with the silver buckles, to the nap of his Glengarry. Naturally, he was a very great man in the eyes of every mother's bairn, and if you caught sight of John in the rumble of the royal carriage, it hardly mattered if you overlooked a princess or two. Well, the Empress Frederick had been coming to Balmoral, and the Queen drove down the strath in order to meet her at the railway station. Perhaps the train was a few minutes late, or the Empress, like less distinguished ladies, must needs be sure that the *bric-à-brac* of her

journey was being duly cared for—in any case, the Queen waited outside. That was the thought in the mind of John Brown when he blurted out, "Come awa', woman, come awa'." The Empress was aghast, and, local chronicle goes, complained to the Queen. "Well, my dear," was Her Majesty's comment, "what are you after all but a woman—what are we both but women?"

How could you expect the old wives to go home from Crathie kirk and not beguile the road with such stories of the Queen; accepting every word of them too as gospel truth, in supreme defiance of the minister's text, Ecclesiastes v. 16, "What profit hath he that hath laboured for the wind?" There must have been a fine treat in the chatter, that wet Sunday last September, when the Queen, the Tsar and Tsaritsa, and ever so many other royalties, had all been in the blue-lined pew. Scots is the tongue in use, for, sad to tell, in those parts the picturesque Gaelic has almost disappeared —at least it is not spoken by many. Yet it would have been Scots with a strong imprint of the Gaelic, and perhaps the toss of an old-fashioned Sabbath mutch. Has it ever struck anybody what a natural quality of music there is in a blend of the Scots and Gaelic accents? The Queen, who is a keen observer in small affairs, as in the larger ones, may have noticed it. The Tsar's acquaintance with the psalms and the hymns, and the tunes to which they are sung in the north, was too limited to enable him to make any pronouncement.

"Uncommon like the Duke o' York," I could fancy some of the wiseacres declaring of the Tsar; "in fac', you micht weel enough mistak' them."

"Na, na," from a hardy fellow who had been one of the beaters at a deer drive; "na, na, you widna mistak' them if you were in the forest wi' them."

"Oh, aye, so ye tell's, bit foo' that?"

"Odd," the beater would retort, "I'm gie feart that the Tsar canna' shoot just so stracht's the Duke. It's hardly his blame, ye ken, for what practice can he hae in sic a forsaken place as Russia? Still it's a peety. I'm sure it canna' be said that there ar'na plenty o' deer in Ballochbuie."

"Bit he may be didna get vera good chances," it was urged in mitigation.

"Weel, may be aye, may be no, only I think he'll need tae bring a strachter rifle wi' him next time he comes to Balmoral. It wid be a wise precaution."

There are two ways—two at least—of getting at once to the heart of a Highlander. You must have a good figure for the kilt—even if

in your most daring dreams you never think of wearing a kilt—or you must be a good sportsman.

"The Duke o' York 's near as steady a shot as his father wis," the expert afore quoted would have gone on, "bit it widna dee for him tae gang oot wi' 's gun on the Sabbath."

"Fie on ye!" the old wives might be expected to rebuke this in chorus; "of coorse no. The Queen widna permit sic' a thing for a single meenit. Judgin' by fat we read in the papers, some o' thae sooth bodies will gie her sair thochts wi' their Sunday wark—their bands in Hyde Park an' sae on. Only fat wis ye drivin' at aboot the Duke?"

"Weel, it's hardly the thing to tell," and every ear was on the stretch; "bit the Duke swears fearfu' if ever he dis miss a shot."

A pained silence and severe mouths; the Duke's popularity never stood higher. To prevent the scandal of this being too apparent, a resourceful moralist of the company probably sought refuge in an ancient score against the Prince of Wales. He had been known to leave the kirk before the service was over, although not, as was fairly stated, until after the collection had been taken! Even in that modified form, however, the charge found no support—merely called forth a titter of self-conscious laughter. There was only one Prince; and who looked better in the kilt, and didn't he even wear it to the kirk?

As for the Queen and the Tsaritsa, on that historic Sunday, in the granite tabernacle facing Craig Gowan, they were the apple to the eye of the entire congregation. The Queen had come to Balmoral a young mother, like the Tsaritsa. She had grown old, she carried the weight of years on her staunch walking-stick; but her youth was reflected in the other fair face. The tender concern of the granddaughter for the grandmother, the Tsar helping the Queen-Empress with her books of worship, the two greatest of earthly sovereigns seated side by side in a hillside kirk doing homage to the Great Sovereign—truly it was a historic scene. Moreover, it was yet another illustration of what perhaps has been the most eloquent note of the Queen's life at Balmoral—its homeliness, its family simplicity, the victory of kind hearts over crowns and coronets.

"If they would only let her," you are often assured in these high latitudes, "she would stay with us altogether. Here are rest and quietness, the surroundings which she likes best; health and vigour for the business of the State." The Queen herself would perhaps put Amen to that, her affection for Deeside bei[illegible] commonplace. She goes there in the early summer when t[illegible]ng snow from the hill corries is still making the river run [illegible] a banks,

Her visit in the fall of the year may not be over when the smother of snow is in the air, and there are white caps on the mountain summits. In June and September we have the Highlands at their best; the same Highlands, but the pictures they make different.

Nothing could be more welcome to the senses than the freshness of Deeside in June, when the twilight is late and the morning early. The air is buoyant, and you get a delicious hunger. The quacken' birch has been the first tree to sprout after the long winter, and the fir, which is always awake, nods it a welcome. Next the larch—or Scots, the larak, which I have always thought a dainty word—joins in, and soon you have a vision in woodland. Golden heads leap out upon the broom and the whin, the ferns throw up their fronds, all nature is alive. The birds sing to their young ones just out of the nest, the rabbits are frisking on the ground, the squirrels overhead, all nature is gay. Then the summer creeps on, the heather plunges into a rich flood of red, and the trees rustle towards their sere and yellow leaf. It is autumn, and the trout in the streams are getting out of condition for the fryingpan—cooked in a sprinkling of Scotch oatmeal they would still be wanting in flavour. The average tourist from the plains thinks of the Highlands in September, and no doubt the choice is good. But if he had tried them earlier he would still have been contented, and certainly the weather would have been none the less pleasant. A September day, if you have average luck, is a memory, like the warm light of the heather, and the sky-lines at eventide. A scented breeze, clouds flirting with each other, the far cry of the muircock, the sharp ping of the sportsman's breechloader, the sun sailing bravely overhead, and merely smiling the more if a stray shower washes its face—these are some of the day's characteristics. If the clouds get together and come down the heights, you must make up your mind to a Scotch mist. Even that wet blanket has its redeeming qualities, as I think I could prove, only why be controversial? It isn't the Highland fashion!

The weather was all it should have been on that day so long ago when the Queen and Prince Albert drove up Deeside to become the lady and lord of Balmoral. "Glower at her—glower at the Queen!" The exclamation was fairly hurled at me by a farmer's loon who was driving his cart along the Crathie turnpike. "Glower at her!" He flung out his whip with an indignant crack, and the old horse in the shafts turned round in wonder. "Na, na," the loon went on when he found his tongue; "na, na, the residenters widna bather the Queen in ony way when they ken she disna like it. She objec's, up

here, to be stared at, as if she wis a show. We micht keek oot ahin' a window curtin, and so get a look at her, but we widna even dae that if we thocht she saw 's." Ah !

But it was very different the first time, and indeed what happened is preserved in a lilt that may still be heard. Here are three verses of it, which I have tried to set out in their ragged mixture of the Doric and the English :—

> The eighth o' September will ne'er be forgotten,
> A merrier day I'm sure never was seen ;
> They ran an' they jumpit o'er moorlan' an' mountain
> To bonny Aboyne to welcome the Queen.
>
> The Queen an' her Consort, wi' three bonnie bairnies,
> Arrived at twelve upon Charlestown Green ;
> The birdies were singin', the church bells were ringin',
> An' a' were rejoicin' to welcome the Queen.
>
> Hurrain' an' shoutin' made a' the woods echo,
> Till wee robin didna' ken what it micht mean,
> Or else he wid mount it for bonnie Balmoral
> An' been there awaitin' tae welcome the Queen.

The children to whom the reference is made were the Princess Royal, the Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred—"rale healthy, happy-lookin' littlins," as a now aged dame recalled her sight of them. "The Queen," she added, "seemed to keep a gie sharp eye on them, and for hersel' was smilin' an' bowin' as if we were a' auld freens." Her recollection of the Prince Consort was not very exhaustive : he looked clever and thoughtful, the kind of husband that made a wife feel a wife. Other years, other fashions. What did the Queen wear? Why, a purple silk gown, a white cottage bonnet, and a Stuart tartan plaid round her shoulders. At one point in the long drive two young ladies came forward with an offering of flowers and fruit for the royal travellers. The Queen asked their names, and if they were observant they would have been charmed by her voice, which happily still retains its music. There is a suggestion of the same gift when the Duke of York speaks, only the note is deeper.

A stray shower made it necessary to close the Queen's carriage, but she quickly had it open again. The country folks must not be disappointed, and moreover, to this hour the Queen is resolute in respect of weather. The afternoon may be snell at Balmoral, but her airing will not be put off, nor will the hood of the landau be closed. She appears to enjoy it all, and ever to get renewed health on Deeside. Her early welcome there was enthusiastic, cannon

booming on the hills, arches across the road, a hundred thousand greetings. One Highlander got into such ecstasies that to swing his bonnet round his head was not enough, but, unthrifty fellow, he must dance upon it. The Queen and Prince Albert were provoked into laughter at this, the Highlander being witness. An even stronger tradition survives at Aboyne—the Aboyne, or Charlestown of Aboyne, of the lilt which I have quoted. The Queen took lunch at the inn there, and the hostess, in anticipation of her august guests, had been ardently learning to walk backwards. The confident belief for miles around was that the trick was beyond anybody but a born courtier. Not so, however, and those who had doubted most, took most credit to Aboyne over the achievement.

What were the Queen's first impressions of Balmoral? To the Laird of Invercauld she praised the scenery, saying it got more beautiful every mile. The castle was quite a small place then, the style of it old Scottish, its tower giving it a picturesque touch. When a stranger goes to the Highlands he feels it an immediate duty to climb to the top of the nearest hill. The Queen and Prince Albert lost not an hour in making the ascent of Craig Gowan, which rises just in front of Balmoral. We have her own description of the picture that spread itself around them—"wild but not desolate," a landscape which reminded her of the Thüringerwald. "It was so calm and so solitary," she wrote that evening; "it did one good as one gazed around, and the pure mountain air was most refreshing. All seemed to breathe freedom and peace, and to make one forget the world and its turmoils."

There, I take it, we have the secret of the Queen's long affection for Balmoral; there the note I have endeavoured to catch—home and homeliness. Cairns have risen on Craig Gowan in memory of empty places and abiding sorrows. Prince Albert's hand was soon everywhere, the planting of trees, the laying out of drives, the building of the new castle; and all that must be a living presence to the Queen. The rough face of Craig-na-Ban has written upon it the idyll of how the manly Frederick sought the hand of the Queen's eldest daughter. He plucked a sprig of white heather for her, and made it an offering of his hopes and fears. White heather is comparatively rare, and, like the ptarmigan, must be sought on the greater heights, where the air is always cold—iced champagne in its ozone and sparkle. All these personal links, then—the lights and shadows of Lochnagar—wove Balmoral more and more tightly into the years as these passed over the Queen's head.

There was once a man who had the temerity to make light of

Balmoral, in contrast to the splendours of Windsor and Osborne. He had come from the south, and didn't know any better, not although he had girt himself with the strange kilt of English make. Had he not heard of the tartan carpets of Balmoral, or of the statue of Malcolm Canmore? The man was not convinced. Could he not imagine the show the Balmoral Highlanders made, and what a Braemar Gathering was like, especially in the olden days? The Farquharsons, the Duffs, the Forbeses from Donside, and brawest of all, then the Athol lads, perhaps also the Gordons from Aboyne? The man began to describe Windsor; and the Highland spate came down upon him.

"Ma bit birkie," it roared, "ye wid be better to keep yer notions for yer ain climate. They dinna gang weel up here; the're nae oor kin'. Surely the Queen hersel' is the best judge; surely she kens far she's maist comfortable; disna she ken her ain min? Never a woman better! Noo will ye quanter that next—ye'll threep doon my throat perhaps that Queen Victoria disna ken her ain min'. It'll be the first time I ever came across any body knowin' the fac's, wha took sic a view; faith it will." This card was a great triumph for the native, but his comment afterwards was pitying rather than scornful—"Think o' a bodie that kent so little about the Queen." He also did the stranger justice in so far as to add that he brought out a flask of "wonerfu' stuff considerin'." No honest Highlander would have refused to make up the misunderstanding on such terms! A race without chivalry—and without humour—would never have been given such a beautiful country, nor the bagpipes!

Yes, the bagpipes! We shall have the true Highlander in story when somebody arises to snatch from the bagpipes all that they utter. You must hear them among the rocks and the heather to which they belong, and if you can, in the gloaming, when the breeze has fallen and all things are going to rest. Then, indeed, they have both music and poetry—music which is caught up by the corries and echoed back by the crags. The mirth and swing of a quick step, almost setting the trees a-dancing; the eerie wail of the pibroch, as of a wraith weeping; the swift movement from smile to tear, from tear to smile—in all that you have the history of the Celt, the very image of his being here below, even a key to his thoughts on the hereafter.

JAMES MILNE.

# THE PRISON POET OF AUSTRALIA.

"I AM a convict. I sit down to-night to commence the story of my life. I am writing by the light of a little lamp which hangs outside my cell, the rays of which, reflected by the polished bottom of a tin pint pot, dimly illume the paper, and just enable me to follow with my eye the movements of the pen. There is no gas, there are no hot-air pipes here, for this is not a model prison. My place of confinement is the penal hulk *Success*, lying in Hobson's Bay. It is a winter night, and the wind is blowing in cold blasts through the cell ports, and the waves are sullenly plashing against the hulk side. My cell is wretchedly small, and cheerless as the life I have led and have yet to lead. In my waking reveries, in my nightly dreams, I behold in terrible array before me in this dreary place the mental panorama of a career of guilt. From this cell I look out upon the shores of Time, and the old years are visioned in the distance, crowded with the dark shadows which my life has thrown. These shadows are but faintly relieved with transient gleams of light. Three days ago I received a letter in which I was informed that both my parents had died within two months of each other. Poor father and mother! I have mourned them as dead long ago; yet now—and God knows I am all unused to tears—my eyes are humid as I think of the days of long, long ago, when we were all happy together in the old home, and no spectre-hand was there, to write upon the wall my future doom of darkness! Poor mother! with all my way-wardness as a child, with all my darker doings as a man, she loved me with an unchanging, pitying love, which none but mothers ever feel. Even at this moment, with some feeling akin to the faith of childhood's prayerful hours, I can fancy that she looks down from Heaven upon me with pitying eyes. Dear father, and dear, dear mother! life was not always bright and fair to you, for dark days came to scare away the joylight of your lives, and the misdoings of a sinful son made those days darker still; but now the world's sorrows

are no more for you, and in the light of Heaven, God-solaced, for your earthly griefs, you dwell in bliss for ever. Mother, dear mother, witness these tears that flow from eyes that long have ceased to weep, and let them tell thee of my sorrow for all the grief I weighed thy heart down with in the years of life!"

This is the somewhat striking and melodramatic prelude to the autobiography of the cleverest and most accomplished criminal of the many clever and accomplished criminals that were confined, for the safety of the Australian public, in the gloomy cells of the penal hulk *Success*, which was recently on view in the Thames as a ghastly relic of a vanished chapter of colonial history. His name was Owen Henry Suffolk; he was the son of a London merchant; at the age of seventeen he received a junior clerkship at St. Martin's-le-Grand; he unfortunately got into a set of fast and dissipated young men, succumbed to temptation, opened a money letter, was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to seven years' transportation. The colony of Victoria sometimes prides itself above its neighbours on the score of never having been used for penal purposes by the mother country; but, as a matter of fact, the late Earl Grey, when Colonial Secretary, despatched two cargoes of first offenders to what is now the colony of Victoria, one being landed in Melbourne and the other in Geelong. It was as a constituent part of the former, as clerk to the religious instructor on board the convict ship *Joseph Soames*, that Owen Suffolk voyaged from London to Melbourne with the promise of a conditional pardon on arrival. With a view to gilding the pill for the colonists, who were crying out against any further exportation of British criminals to their shores, Earl Grey diplomatically christened these two consignments "exiles." His Lordship thought that possibly the colonies would swallow "exiles" while turning with loathing from "convicts," but he was mistaken. Under the leadership of Robert Lowe (afterwards Viscount Sherbrooke), then the most eloquent and influential of Australian public men, the colonies nipped Earl Grey's "exile" experiment in the bud. His attempted revival of transportation under a more poetical and less odious terminology produced a violent and dangerous agitation which compelled the noble Earl to withdraw and abandon his policy in this respect.

The *Joseph Soames* carried away 250 "exiles," Pentonville Prison contributing 130, Millbank 60, and the Parkhurst Reformatory making up the balance. A weekly paper was produced on the voyage out, under the title of *The Exiles' Miscellany*, of which Owen Suffolk, originally a contributor of both prose and verse, became editor in a short time. Editing a journal of this character, and under

the conditions that dominated the convict ship of those days, was a post by no means unattended with personal risk and inconvenience, as Owen Suffolk found when a paragraph appeared that gave offence to the doctor. All the prisoners were piped on deck, and the boatswain was directed to give the editor three dozen lashes. The sentence was about to be carried into effect when the religious instructor interposed. A conference of ship's officers was held in the cabin, and at its close the editor was taken down scared but unpunished. During the voyage no less than fourteen of the prisoners were flogged for trivial offences, and one on being sentenced to a second flogging tried to commit suicide by jumping overboard. Hat-making, tailoring, knitting, &c., kept the prisoners employed, in addition to a couple of hours at school every day, with prayers morning and evening. Sleeping-berths were fitted up between decks after the manner of an ordinary emigrant vessel, but the hatches were strongly barricaded, and soldiers with fixed bayonets were always on guard.

Owen Suffolk studied hard during the whole of the voyage, in order to thoroughly qualify himself for a tutorship on landing in Australia. He was one of six competitors for a prize offered by the ship's officers for the best essay on the prevention of crime, but he failed to secure it, the judges pronouncing his paper excellent in theory but impossible in practice. The successful competitor was a Pentonville prisoner who had formerly been a schoolmaster. After a voyage of five months the *Joseph Soames* reached Melbourne at a time when the colony was suffering from something akin to a labour famine. It was the eve of the busy wool season. The settlers, suffering from the lack of hands, crowded around the convict ship, and, in the words of Owen Suffolk, "hired out the exiles without philosophising upon the convict question." The Melbourne newspapers did the latter, and stigmatised the new-comers as "Pentonvillains," "Earl Grey's pets," &c. "In three days from the ship casting anchor," adds Owen Suffolk, "the two hundred and forty-nine exiles were all landed. Since then two of the number have been hanged; about twenty-five per cent. (to my own knowledge) have been convicted again in the colonies; three or four have returned to England with good round sums obtained from golden holes; and I know about seven who are keeping either stores or public-houses, and doing remarkably well. There are a few, I have been told, who have been content to follow the handicraft occupations they were taught in the penitentiaries, and these I have no doubt are the happiest, or rather the least miserable, of the load of felony that filled the *Joseph Soames*;

but in my peculiar career I was not likely to meet with the most meritorious of my companions, and there is therefore room to hope that a large proportion of those whom I have lost sight of altogether have acquired habits of settled industry, and returned to virtuous courses."

A young man of conspicuous ability in a new land, with an abundance of honest activities to choose from, Owen Suffolk seems to have been sincerely desirous of commencing a fresh and crimeless career in Australia. "Solitary in my prison cell, a careworn, joyless man, I look back this evening," he writes, "through the shadows of many sorrowing years to the time when first I landed upon the Australian shores. Before me was a new land, where nevermore, I thought, the guilt which other skies had witnessed could, with its inexorable power, raise up in my onward path aught that should bar me from the good and true. I fondly dreamed that the irrevocable had become revocable. The darkness of my life was of the past, and I visioned for the future that happiness which is the concomitant of rectitude of heart. Evil as I had been, I knew the worth of goodness, and I resolved to dissociate myself from all pernicious influences." But he was destined to illustrate the truth of the old axiom that it is the first step which costs everything; and the extreme difficulty, if not absolute impossibility, of getting rid of the consequences of a criminal past. He had to resort to deception in order to secure the tutorship he coveted. He described himself as a midshipman who had been ill-used on the passage from London to Melbourne, and had therefore refused to return. On the strength of this representation, he secured an appointment as tutor and bookkeeper combined. He held this appointment for seven happy months, giving every satisfaction, and leading an upright and honourable life. Then there came along the ghost of the guilty past in the shape of a fellow-prisoner in the *Joseph Soames*, who promptly and charitably informed the employer of the real history and antecedents of his tutor and clerk. This revelation brought the engagement to a summary close, but before leaving Owen Suffolk addressed his employer in these terms:—"It is true that you have had for some months a criminal in your household, but across your threshold I thought the shadow of my old crimes could never come. The shadow, darkly and sadly enough, *has* come, but I call my God to witness that it is the *shadow only*. I have been true to you, I have been true to my own aspirations; I have darkened this dwelling, which your kindness has made a home to , by neither vice nor crime. I have been attentive to your b mindful of

your interests, solicitous for the improvement of your children. Their minds, I am sure, bear no reflex of my past guilt. The images I have left there are bright with truth and goodness. I know that the connection between us must cease, but I ask you to strengthen me for the future, by here, in this room, giving me an assurance of your faith in my rectitude."

The employer assured him that he had no reason to doubt his honesty and integrity, and regretted very much that the exposure had taken place. As for the mischief-making informant, he returned to England four years afterwards with a fortune of £3,000, accumulated on the Ballarat gold-field as a lucky digger. "I think, then," muses the victim of his blabbing tongue, "that novelists need not be so very fastidious about poetical justice as they usually are, for rascals do sometimes prosper in the world of hard facts if they are not allowed to do so in the realms of fiction. My criminal career in the colony may be fairly traced to this man's villany, yet he is the possessor of comparative wealth, and I am the tenant of a prison cell."

Grievously disappointed and depressed at this failure of his first attempt to make an honest living in a new land, the young exile tramped up the country with, in his own words, "a heart as heavy as the swag upon my back. All my hopes had been so suddenly blighted, and my prospects, which were just beginning to look so fair, had been so unexpectedly darkened by the shadow of the evil bygones of my life, that it seemed to me my destiny was beyond the influence of my own efforts, and was controlled by some malign agency. As I plodded wearily through the forest, and looked upon the grim and gaunt-like trees which towered above me, my mind was filled with all manner of weird fancies, and I seemed to see in every gnarled limb a gibbet on which were perched strange goblin shapes that mocked me as I passed." A second engagement with an up-country store-keeper, of a somewhat similar character to the first, ended in the same abrupt and unlucky manner, through the accidental discovery that the young man had come to the colony in a convict ship. After this second disappointment he seems to have given up the struggle in despair. His downward career is almost identical with that of Dick Marston, in Rolf Boldrewood's famous Australian romance, "Robbery Under Arms." He fell in with some old convicts, who had not the slightest objection to his society, got mixed up in their shady transactions with horses and cattle, was arrested, escaped while *en route* to prison, and thus became almost of necessity a bushranging desperado, at war with society and ready

to rob and despoil everybody who came in his way. His subsequent career is thus succinctly and accurately summed up in the *Melbourne Argus* :—

"Owen Suffolk, although personally unknown to us, has long been a sort of acquaintance of our own; and with no wish whatever to elevate him into a hero, or to throw a halo of interest around a very criminal career, we do think that a study of his character will afford some new lights on the important subject of the treatment of our criminals, which here, as at home, is, we fear, unscientific and brutal in the extreme. This man, who writes thus of his recollections of early life and of the struggles between his worse and better nature, is possessed of very considerable poetic talent; and pieces of his have appeared in our columns, which few of our readers would recognise as the effusions of a hardened offender in a gaol. They always partook of the tone in which, in the above letter, he speaks of the recollections of his mother; and the ideas were not only beautifully conveyed, but they carried with them that air of perfect good faith which precludes the thought that the writer was otherwise than sincere at the moment of their composition. And yet this man has proved himself one of our most desperate offenders. He broke out of Pentridge Stockade, and for a long time roamed over the country committing all sorts of outrages. Within a week he stopped the Geelong and Port Fairy mail-coaches, and sent a message to the chief constable of Geelong that he intended to stop every mail in the country. He bailed up homesteads, robbed huts, stole horses, and yet during all this career he continued faithful to the Muses, and the very same mails which brought word of fresh crimes also brought original contributions of considerable merit to our poets' corner. When taken again and confined in Geelong Gaol, he was the ringleader in a plot to break prison, and a most deadly weapon was found upon his person, with which it appeared that he was to have murdered Mr. Ashley, the gaoler. When transferred to Melbourne Gaol, he subsequently made himself very useful to the governor of that establishment, regained his liberty for a time, and was employed as a detective on the goldfields. But some hitherto undiscovered offences came to light, and it was again considered expedient to confine him, the paternal Government, who had entrusted to him in his new capacity the lives and liberties of free colonists, wisely cautioning their officers as to the mode in which they effected his recapture, as he was known to be a very dangerous man.

"What his ultimate fate may be, it is of course impossible to fore-

tell, but the contemplation of his chequered career would be a very useful one, if we recognised in him, as we ought to do, the victim of a bad system; and, considering him as the type of a class, endeavour to avoid the grievous sin of treating our criminals like mere brutes, and herding them together in the earlier stages of their career, till each necessarily becomes assimilated to the very worst. It is impossible to read this man's letter, or to have glanced over his verses, without feeling convinced that he had something of good in him; and yet society has done its best to crush out that bright spark, and has taken every precaution that he should become all bad."

The letter referred to by the *Argus* was one written by Owen Suffolk, while a prisoner in the Melbourne Gaol, to Sir William A'Beckett, Chief Justice of the Colony, who was so impressed by one of the poetical achievements of the prisoner that he visited the convict in his cell, had a long conversation with him, gave him some good advice, and presented him with an autograph volume as a token of friendly interest. Sir William A'Beckett was himself a literary man, and the author of two volumes of poems. He was the brother of the well-known humourist to whom we are indebted for "The Comic Blackstone" and the comic histories of England and Rome. While on a visit to England, Sir William A'Beckett addressed the *Times* on the subject of prison reform, and quoted the case of Owen Suffolk by way of illustration. He wrote:—

You have pointed out the only true way of making any reformatory change in their character, viz., by personal contact with them in the places where they are to be found, whether in the prisons after sentence, or in the streets before detection. I say the streets, for no other place is the home of half the juvenile delinquents that infest the metropolis; but in whatever wretched hovel their home —if they have any—may be, there must the philanthropist shrink not from entering if he would carry into practice his benevolent schemes. So also in the prisons. Nothing will ever be done by the paid routine of governors and chaplains; it is formal—heartless, at the best. Good men as they may be, there is too much of the *noli me tangere* air about them to render their official visitation of substantial moral use. Nothing ever pained me so much in my judicial career as the necessity of passing sentence on many who, I could not but think, under reformatory discipline might have been restored permanently to society. I saw not a few leave the bar, in the estimation of the public as hardened and incorrigible villains, who, to my mind, only required kindness and discipline to bring them back to that better nature which somewhere or another dwells within the vilest, if we will only take the necessary pains to find it out. It was my practice, as well as my principle, to temper mercy with justice in every case where extraordinary circumstances did not forbid the exercise of the former; and I did so in spite of much obloquy and abuse from the press for passing what they called "ridiculously light sentences." The age, however, is growing in charity

as well as intelligence, and criminals are beginning to be considered as much objects of pity as of indignation. The legislature itself, too, is beginning to think of introducing some Christian elements into its penal laws, and altogether there is a hopeful vision before us of future amendment.

In connection with the subject of personal intercourse with criminals, I enclose you a copy of a letter I received from the convict whose superscription it bears, after an interview which had taken place between us in the gaol. I had been shown some verses of his composition, which struck me as indicating not only great poetic feeling, but a state of mind sensitively alive to elevated impressions. I was not disappointed in my interview with him; and though his letter is somewhat inflated, and teems with much that verges on affectation and bombast, yet on the whole I believe it to be a sincere exposition of his sentiments, and a true statement, as far as it goes, of his career.

Some sixty poems by this convict versifier are accessible for reference. About twenty are preserved in manuscript in the museum of the Melbourne Gaol, and the balance have been published in the Melbourne and Sydney papers, mostly in the *Melbourne Argus*, where they can easily be identified by the initials O.H.S. This is the poem that attracted the attention and admiration of Sir William A'Beckett and led to the interview between the Chief Justice and the convict in his cell. It was discovered and impounded by a warder, who brought it to the governor of the gaol. The son of the Chief Justice happened to be present, read it, and said his father would like to see it:—

THE DREAM OF FREEDOM.

'Twas night, and the moonbeams palely fell
On the gloomy walls of a cheerless cell,
Where a captive sought a brief repose
From the bitter pangs of his waking woes.
O'er the dark blue waves of the mighty deep
His spirit roamed in the dream of sleep,
To each well-loved spot of his native shore,
Where joyous he roved in the days of yore.
But o'er each scene a shadow threw
  A gloom that never used to be,
All seemed so real, yet so untrue
  To things once dear to memory.
The hill-side seemed a prison-wall
  That, grimly frowning, pained the eye;
The old oak-tree, with branches tall,
  Looked like a gibbet 'gainst the sky.
Each face familiar once seemed now
  A gaoler-face with stony stare,
A mark was set on each fair brow,
  And in each voice were tones of care.
Thus mingled in the dreamer's brain
  The present with the olden time,
Life's pleasant things were those of pain,
  And guiltless days with days of crime.

On, on in dream by lofty hill,
Through forest and o'er stormy waves,
He wandered ; but he only still
Beheld a world of fettered slaves.

He saw a king surnamed the Great,
Who ruled the nations by his nod ;
To millions his one word was fate—
He was a kind of demi-god.
He sat upon a lofty throne,
A monarch, with a monarch's mien,
Earth's fairest forms were all his own,
And untold wealth was his, I ween.
In the battle-field his arm was might,
And his kingly heart was firm and brave ;
But he knew not the charm of freedom's light,
For he was ambition's willing slave.

Then he turned from the monarch's throne to gaze
On a lonely cot in a peaceful dell,
Which, lit by the sun's departing rays,
Seemed a home of bliss where no woe could dwell,
At the cottage door, with locks of white,
An old man gazed on the western sky,
And watched the sun's declining light
As it slowly sank from his haggard eye.
Alas ! his spirit even there,
Where all around was bright and fair,
Was firmly bound to each crime-stained hour
By vivid mem'ry's haunting power,
While conscience o'er the sea of Time
A lurid shade of darkness cast,
And conjured up the deeds of crime
That chained him to a guilty past.

In the captive's dream of fancy wild,
He looked no more on the man of care ;
His gaze was fixed on a beauteous child
Who knelt at its mother's feet in prayer.
Its little hands were clasped—its eyes
Uplifted were to Paradise ;
Its simple words of faith and love
Were registered in Heaven above ;
Recorded there with angels' tears
As they wept o'er the hopes the mother built,
For they looked through the vista of coming years,
And saw it fettered to future guilt.

And next he saw a youthful pair,
A gallant youth and maiden fair,
Reclining in a vine wreathed-bower
At evening's calm and gentle hour.

Their words were such as lovers speak
When none are near; and on *her* cheek
The blushes deepened while *he* knelt
And poured out all his passion felt,
And not in vain. Then surely they
Were happy as a summer-day?
Ah! no; for happiness is twin
  To purity of life and soul;
And those who only love in sin
  Must wander widely from the goal.
The flowers that scented the ev'ning air,
  The stars that gleamed from their home above,
Shed pitying tears for the guilty pair,
  For they were the slaves of unholy love.

Then he turned from the things of earth to gaze
  On the regions of immortality,
Where seraphs chanted their songs of praise,
  And every tongue was tuned in joy.
Where countless thousands, clothed in white,
  To angel harps sang, "We are free,
And all who enter these realms of light
  From sin and sorrow shall be as we.
Here freedom's waters bright and fair,
Flow undimmed by a single care;
And all who taste of the crystal tide
  Of the stream of life that for ever flows,
Can never again be to sin allied,
  And is free for ever from earthly woes."

'Twas now the drear-toned prison bell
Loud-echoed through the captive's cell.
He rose—the vision of the night
Again was present to his sight.
He knelt—with fervency he prayed;—
  Through faith in Christ, his sins forgiven,
The narrow boundary of the grave
  Should be the vestibule of Heaven,
Where, disenthralled from all below,
  He'd dwell beyond the starry sky,
Free from the pains of earthly woe,
  In never-ending liberty!

The following, written on the day of his release from the penal hulk that was lately on view in the London docks, is perhaps the best of the collection:—

I FEEL THAT I AM FREE.

To me the sky looks bluer,
  And the green grass greener still,
And earth's flowers seem more lovely
  As they bloom on heath and hill.

There's a beauty breathing round me
  Like a newborn Eden now,
And forgotten are the furrows
  Grief has graven on my brow.
There is gladness in the sunshine,
  As its gold light gilds the trees,
And I hear a voice of music
  Singing to me in the breeze.
There is in my heart a lightness
  That seemeth not of me,
For to-day I've burst from bondage,
  And I feel that I am free.

Free in the golden sunshine,
  Free in the fresh pure air,
Where the flowers of the forest
  In their wild homes flourish fair.
Free to thought, to give expression,
  To sing, to dance, and show
That the stern world has not crushed me
  With its weary weight of woe.
Are the years of care and sorrow
  But a dark dream of the past,
Or this new life but a vision
  That is all too bright to last?
How exultingly my spirit
  Flashes forth its newborn glee,
As amid rejoicing nature
  I can feel that I am free.

I have neither friend nor loved one
  To welcome me, nor home;
And lonely through the wide world
  As a stranger I must roam;
I know not where to-morrow
  To procure my daily bread,
And to night the waving branches
  Must canopy my head.
But if I had a palace,
  If of friends a gladsome throng,
If some darling one were near me
  To cheer with love and song,
If I'd riches which were boundless,
  No more joyous could I be
Than what I am, exulting
  In the thought that I am free.

Free in the bright glad sunshine,
  Free in the fresh pure air,
My heart with gladness throbbing,
  And on my brow no care.

There's the blue sky all above me—
Not a prison-roof between—
And at my feet the flowers
Nestle in the verdure green.
Hark ! I hear the breezes singing—
"Lift thy heart to God on high,
Who hath brought thee back from sorrow
To this world of hope and joy."
And the little nodding flowers
In a chorus sing to me—
"If thy God from sin shall free thee,
Then thou shalt indeed be free."

These verses, written on seeing an appealing advertisement from his mother in the "agony column" of the *Times*, have a ring of sincerity and truth :—

Mother ! darling mother, you are seeking me, I know,
And I feel thy love will follow through the world where'er I go ;
But I cannot come, dear mother ; I am sadly altered now :
The once fair wreath of innocence that garlanded my brow
Has faded ne'er to bloom again ; and from the things of yore—
The fair, the good, the beautiful—I'm severed evermore.
My onward way must be a path of darkness and of pain,
But I must tread it all alone—I cannot come again.

Of all the changes that have come, I know that this will be,
Where all the changes have been sad, the saddest change to thee.
I know how much thou'lt weep, mother, for thy dear boy so lost,
And 'tis the sorrow thou must feel that makes me sorrow most.
I strove against this darker fate, I struggled, mother, long,
I starved and suffered months, mother, ere I was linked to wrong ;
And even now good angels plead to win me—but in vain !
Once fallen is for ever lost—I cannot come again.

I'm severed from thee by my sin, but cannot say "forget,"
Thy love is such a hallowed thing, I ask it even yet ;
But let it be a memory that images all fair
The child that with uplifted hands in faith knelt by thy chair.
Think of me, mother, as I was, when joy lit up my brow
And my young heart was innocent, but not as I am now.
Pray for me. This I know thou'lt do ! but seek me not, 'tis vain !
I'd throw a shadow on thy home—I cannot come again.

They say that in the desert drear some greenness may be found,
Some oasis in contrast strange to all the waste around,
And even thus, within my heart, guilt-darkened though it be,
There is a love all-beautiful, that lives and clings to thee.
I'm weeping very bitterly, I cannot help these tears,
They are the tribute memory pays to joys of fleeted years.
Good-bye ! God bless thee, mother dear ! I sorrow for thy pain.
Oh ! if I were but innocent, I'd gladly come again.

This amplified paraphrase of the familiar "Stone walls do not a prison make" has some elements of interest :—

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.

I feel I have—and who has not?—
  An inner and an outer life :
The one may be a dreary lot,
  With sorrow and with suff'ring rife ;
While in the other may be found
  A magic world of fancies fair,
Where brightest dreams of joy abound,
  And never enters dark despair.

The life I live may seem to those
  Who gaze upon it outwardly
A drear existence, full of woes
  And never-ceasing misery ;
But in the mystic life of mind,
  Abstracted from earth's things of sense,
Oblivious to my grief, I find
  A joy exalted and intense.

My outward life is prison-gloomed,
  My life of dreams is fancy free ;
The one is ever care-consumed,
  The other tranquil as can be.
Existence that is sternly real
  As mine would crush the heart with grief,
Were it not that the bright ideal
  With visioned joy imparts relief.

There's not a joy the world can give,
  There's not a bliss the heart hath known,
But in the spirit-life I live
  I have the power to make my own.
I care not what my actual lot
  While thus sustained my soul can be ;
My sorrows shall be all forgot
  In fairest dreams of poesy.

During one of his brief intervals of freedom, the prison poet had a little affair of the heart, and this is one of several effusions dedicated to the object of his admiration :—

LOVE AND FAME.

Fame surrounds us with a glory
  Dazzling as the noon-day sun,
And upon the page of story
  Blazons deeds of greatness done.
But 'tis love that sheds a brightness
  Round us that can ne'er depart,
And, with its own gentle lightness,
  Writes its records on the heart.

Fame may stir the soul within us,
 Half with pleasure, half with pain,
And a world's applause may win us
 With its many-echoed strain.
But the song of love's own singing,
 Though 'tis breathed by one alone,
Ever to the heart is bringing
 New-born rapture in its tone.

Give to me one fair form near me,
 And I'll sigh no more for fame;
Better one sweet voice to cheer me,
 Than the heartless crowd's acclaim.
Of fame's gifts I ask not any,
 Its proud temples will I shun;
For the voices of the many,
 Give to me the heart of one!

Here is an echo of Longfellow—a singular series of moral lessons preached by an oft-convicted desperado:—

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Up! and arm for life's stern struggle,
 We shall conquer in the fight
If we arm us for the battle
 With the weapons Truth and Right;
Though the world's arrayed against us,
 We will shrink not from the strife,
For invincible is duty
 On the battle-field of life.

In the vanguard of the battle
 Foremost comes our foeman Sin,
Like a giant in his prowess,
 With an aspect stern and grim.
But, though mighty in his power,
 We'll preserve a dauntless air,
And we'll fight this dreaded foeman
 'Neath the sturdy shield of pray'r.

Next is Poverty approaching,
 Weapons sure and sharp she wears,
And she's backed by thronging thousands
 By a countless host of cares.
Still, this terrible invader
 We'll repel with robust health,
And with energy and labour
 Soon we'll win the ally Wealth.

Every step is fraught with struggle,
 Cares full armed our path oppose;
Hopes are falling fast around us;
 Wounded are we, too, by woes.

Yet our courage must not falter,
  We must fight Care hand to hand;
Other hopes will soon support us
  If we firmly take our stand.

In the serried ranks of battle,
  With the flag of Right unfurled,
Let our well-tried virtues make us
  Victors ever in the world.
Noble be the things we fight for!
  Glorious be the deeds we do!
Foemen to the false and evil,
  Champions of the good and true!

Fight we as God's soldiers bravely,
  Let us conquer by His might!
His Almighty arm shall aid us
  Ever in the cause of right.
Fight on to life's latest moments,
  Faith at last shall conquer death:
Dying—still we'll shout in triumph,
  "Victory" with our last drawn breath.

Onward, then, to dare the struggle,
  Though we fall upon the field;
Better be struck down in battle,
  Than, like cowards, tamely yield.
Shrink not from the stern encounter,
  Duty ever strength supplies;
And from every fall we meet with,
  Antæus-like, we'll stronger rise.

In striking contrast and contradiction to the foregoing is the following song written by the same hand, and, unfortunately, the most widely circulated of Owen Suffolk's verses. He apologises for it in his autobiography, and explains that it was written in a weak moment at the instigation of Gardiner—a fellow bushranger, and one of the most daring and resourceful highwaymen in the criminal annals of the colonies:—

It is not in a prison drear,
  Where all around is gloom,
That I would end life's wild career,
  And sink into the tomb.
For though my spirit's ever bold
  Each tyrant to defy;
Still, still, within a dungeon cold
  I could not calmly die.

It is not that my cheek would pale
  Within a lonely cell;
It is not that my heart would quail
  To bid this world farewell.

For if oppressed by tyrant foe
I'd freely be the first
To give my life and strike the blow
To lay him in the dust.

But place me in a forest glen
Unfettered, wild and free,
With fifty tried and chosen men,
A bandit chief to be.
'Tis there, when fighting with my foes
Amid my trusty band,
I'd freely leave this world of woes,
And die with sword in hand.

Besides being a poet, this remarkable criminal was also an orator of considerable ability and reputation. Mr. J. B. Castieau, the Governor of the Melbourne Gaol, tells us, in his published reminiscences, that Owen Suffolk was unquestionably the most dangerous and disturbing of the criminals under his control, by reason of his great oratorical powers, and the influence they gave him over all the other prisoners. As a sample of his skill in this department, the speech he delivered prior to receiving his last sentence in a colonial court may be cited. It was in the golden city of Ballarat, whither he had gone after being released from the hulks. He obtained employment in a Ballarat store, but was only allowed to earn an honest livelihood there for three days. As ill-luck would have it, on the third day who should come in to make a purchase but an ex-warder of the hulks. The purchaser, before leaving the store, had a whispered colloquy with the proprietor, and that same evening the smart young storeman was informed that his services were no longer required. The inevitable relapse into crime ensued, followed by arrest, a double conviction, and this highly-suggestive speech from the dock :—

Your Honour and Gentlemen of the Jury,—As I am compelled to appear before you this day, I feel that I have reached the lowest depth of debasement. I have to face you with the felon's garb upon my back, and with the felon's fetters rivetted upon my limbs, and yet I am constrained to confess that my appearance is correlative with my experiences. I represent a class. I exemplify the results of a system. That class is the criminal class; that system is the penal system. My crimes link me to the one, and I have for years been subjected to the influence of the other. I already stand before you a doomed man—doomed for years to the darkness of the hulk dungeons. That I have deserved my fate I do not deny; that I have never struggled against the evil which has led to it I cannot admit. I am not a fatalist; and yet, looking back upon my life, I seem to see the hand of destiny weaving into my existence many a dark [illegible]ad that was not of my own placing. I am not advancing a dangerous d[illegible], but I am asserting a truth. I recognise the responsibility to God and [illegible]r the guilt I

have committed, but I cannot ignore the terrible power of the circumstances by which I have been overcome.

I have said that I represent a class. The world calls it criminal—permit me to add the word unfortunate. If to live in violation of the laws which are the safeguard of society is to be criminal—to be thrust into prison in early life, to be taught there that virtue is vice and vice virtue, to be sent out from the prison into the world to be by the world rejected, this surely is to be unfortunate. The experiences of the class I represent are in this sentence epitomised.

I have said, too, gentlemen, that I exemplify the results of a system, and I speak a truth. I am accustomed to a prison life, I seem almost to have never known another. I am familiar with it in its every aspect, and if I stand before you this moment unabashed by my criminal position, it is because I have lost in the prison all feeling of self-respect, all sense of degradation. It may be possible to devise a system calculated to redeem, those that I have known are powerful only to ruin. The Victorian system is, I dare say, as good as any other to which I have been subjected; but it, as others, has only taught me this: it has taught me how to suffer, but not how to reform; it has had no elevating influence upon my life, it has imbued me with no correct principles, it has imparted no earnest aims; but it has made me indifferent to degradation, it has taught me to feel less horror of a prison doom, and, by its assimilating power, it has fitted me for the prison, but it has unfitted me for the world. And that which it has done for me it has done also for thousands.

It is probable, gentlemen, that I surprise you. You can scarcely reconcile the plain statements which I make to you with the *manner* in which I place them before you. But you must remember that human nature has its anomalies, and I, perhaps, am one of them. Loving the pure, the good, and the true, I have linked myself to all that is base, evil, and false in life; and though in the years that are gone there was a time when, like another Prometheus, I stood bound to the rock of crime with the vultures of remorse gnawing at my heart, that time is past, and I regard my crimes with sullen apathy, and in contemplation of their punishment my soul is filled with a morbid pride in the consciousness of its power to endure.

With reference to the offence for which I am arraigned I have but little to say. A few days before its commission I was released, after imprisonment for years, from one of the penal hulks. I take my God to witness that I entered the world with the desire, certainly not born of the prison teaching, to be good and honest. My freedom seemed to me like a second birth, and the world, in its sunlit beauty, looked like a new creation. There was a poem in this new existence, and I gave it utterance. As I once again breathed the fresh pure air, I felt indeed that

> There is a deep sweet feeling in the human heart
> Which makes life beautiful amid its thorns.

The honest employment that I longed to secure I was so fortunate as to obtain; but I held it only for three days, and I was then recognised and hunted out as a leper among men. Outlawed thus from the good, with principles weakened by long criminal association, can you wonder that I abandoned myself with all recklessness to the evil? I do not attempt to vindicate my conduct; I am only here to suffer for it. I have spoken not to benefit myself, but to warn others. There may be some in this court to listen to me who stand on the verge of the precipice; one step more and they are plunged into the abyss of crime. Of that

step I say beware! It leads from all joy into the dark misery of a prison life, and what that life is may be embodied in a few words.

It is an existence upon which degradation sits enthroned—life divorced from all love, shut out from all enjoyment, familiar with all wretchedness. He that enters upon it is for ever doomed. How many are the tears he will have to shed over his debasement, how burning will be the blushes that will deepen on his cheek, how terrible will be the feelings with which he will hear the first clank of his chain, and how in the agony of his soul will he long for death as a release! But beneath this lowest deep there is a deeper still, for the time will come when he will look upon his degradation and his misery and not wish to die; when he will hear with apathy the rattling of his fetters, when the contemplation of his guilt will bring no blush to his cheek, and his eyes will look upon his wretchedness without a tear; and then, perhaps, after years and years passed in a living tomb, he will pass from life to death in prison darkness, or find in the gallows the avenue to a felon's grave.

Gentlemen, I have finished. I must return to the darkness of my prison-life—to the doom of guilt. It is my fate, and I have learned to bear it. I can only hope that, like some wrecked vessel, which, lost itself, serves still as a beacon to others, the degree of misery I have reached may warn all who behold it to shun the paths that I have travelled, and teach them to beware of the first fatal step that leads to a prison.

Owen Suffolk's autobiography—"Days of Crime and Years of Suffering"—contains fifty-six chapters and an appendix entitled "Thoughts on Prison Discipline." It has never been published in book form. It was purchased by the proprietors of the *Melbourne Argus* for £100 and brought out in their weekly issue. With the money thus acquired, the "prison poet" returned to England, and soon afterwards a report reached the colony that he was again in prison. His autobiography possesses a remarkable degree of literary merit, and may indeed be called an astonishing performance, having regard to the fact that it was written in one of the deepest and darkest dungeons of a "floating hell" by a heavily-ironed convict without any of the ordinary aids to authorship. The passages descriptive of the scenes of his bushranging exploits exhibit a close observation and a vivid appreciation of the beauties of nature, but the singular specimens of prison philosophy with which the work is interspersed constitute perhaps its most interesting and instructive feature. Here is a striking example of his proneness to philosophise on fatalistic lines:—

I looked out this morning through my cell port upon the stormy waters. It was blowing a perfect hurricane. A tiny boat manned by two rowers attracted my attention. The boat was trying to make headway against the wind and sea. Bravely the rowers plied the oars, and nobly the tiny vessel mounted each threatening wave. But ever and anon a stronger blast than ordinary would sweep furiously over the waters, and backward the boat would be [illegible] despite the resolute exertions of those who manned her. For a full [illegible] watched the struggle, and at last I saw that the men gave up the cont[illegible]r, for round

went the boat, up went the sail, and away she flew before the conquering gale. The rowers had contended long and earnestly, but the wind and the waves were stronger than their sinews.

"There," said I to myself, as I saw the boat scudding away, "is an allegory of man and destiny. The man may be strong, his will vigorously resistive, his energies ably exercised; but before a greater force than his own he is but as a child, and finding how futile his resistance is he ceases to contend, and is borne along by the strong current of his fate."

The same theory, but with a directly personal application, is ventilated in the following passage :—

The blackest human heart that guilt ever claimed as its own has still lingering in it some spark of a holier fire than that with which crime sears it. I have been companioned with murderers of many kinds—been with them when their hours on earth were numbered; I have been in close association with criminals of all grades; I have analysed the mental character of each notorious prisoner now in this hulk, and as certain as there is a God, so certain is it that none are beyond the pale of redemption—that all struggle sometimes against the evil which has them in possession.

Looking backward upon my own life with introverted gaze, I behold, through all the course of years that I have clung to wickedness, good clinging (although too feebly) to my nature, and seeking to obtain a hold upon my heart. Unscared by crime's unsightly deeds, it followed still upon my path, with the hope to win me to itself at last. Pleading in vain, it has pleaded still—content if its whisperings annulled one guilty intention, or lessened the enormity of one guilty deed. In my most reckless moments, amid my most daring crimes, in the shaded forest, infatuated by the so-called romance of crime, in the false glare of exciting pleasures, in the dark prison—still good, not wholly driven from my nature, has at times asserted its presence, and said, "Be mine!"

The appended reflections, suggested by a retrospective glance at one of the brief periods during which the ghost of the guilty past allowed him to earn his living honestly and quietly, seem to have anticipated the creation of Messrs. Jekyll and Hyde :—

Actively and usefully employed, my outward life was unvisited by aught of sorrow; and again hope was my bosom-guest, and a fair and guiltless future lay in the field of my vision. My intellectual aspirations soared upward to the sky, and the dream of fame took possession of my soul, and cheered me in many an hour of nightly study. Fair and beautiful then were the fancies which filled my mind. I seemed not to myself to be the same being who had pursued wickedness with so much recklessness. The good angel of my life then ruled in my soul, but alas! how soon to be dethroned by the dark spirit of my destiny. Is there not, as some hold, a double self within us? Look we not in our best moods upon that *alter ego* of our lives which guilt has taken in possession as a loathsome something that belongs not to our own identity? Yes, yes; it must be so. This quality of human nature is a truth. I look back upon the thorny path of life that I have so wearily trodden, and I gaze upon myself wooing the beautiful, the noble, and the elevated things which my poetic nature loved; and upon the same track I behold my dark shadow scaring away all that is most lovely, and linking me with its grim might to all the wickedness I have followed.

How often, in those better times of which I now briefly write, would I, in the solemn stillness of night, when the rustle of the forest leaves was hushed, rise from the lessons which man has written in books, and walk abroad to study the pages of all-teaching nature! I would leave the midnight lamp to gaze on the sleeping earth lit by the thousand glories of the sky; I would turn from communing with the master-minds of mortals to hold communion with the things which bear the impress of the Immortal. Here, sorrowful in my cell, I look back to the night wanderings in Bullarook,[1] and again thronging to my brain come the old fancies and wild imaginings. But how useless now, amid the stern reality of prison life, to picture the ideal beauties of those times for ever gone.

The closing sentence of the following passage forcibly presents a truth that is too seldom recognised in the practical treatment of the problem of crime:—

I suppose that a convict shut up in his cell has little claim to be regarded as a philosopher. Nevertheless I shall sometimes, when the mood is on me, philosophise. As in all other respects I am under such rigid restraint, it is quite a luxury now and then to give free utterance to my thoughts, and express opinions that are not precisely conventional. Of course I am in the world's judgment "an incorrigible scoundrel," "a confirmed criminal," "lost to every sense of virtue," "innately depraved," and so forth. This is the newspaper language applied to the class to which I am now linked by my guilt; and I dare say the papers only echo the opinion of that embodiment of goodness which we call the world. Personally, I have no quarrel with the world; let it only pronounce my story readable, and it is welcome to pass any condemnation upon myself that it may choose. But, speaking generally, I am just a *little* at variance with its opinions. I believe that the great good men of the world are a little less good, and the notoriously bad men just a shade or two better, than they seem to be. To my thinking, the public philanthropist is not so perfect as he appears to be when photographed by Mayall and set up in type by Murray; and I have a very strong conviction that the criminal clad in grey and ornamented with chains is not quite so black in heart as the world pronounces him. If on the best deeds of the really good man there is sometimes thrown a baleful shadow, depend upon it that, despite the very bad actions which the world's very bad men have committed, there are still to be found struggling in their hearts—thoughts, feelings, and aspirations which, in other eyes than mortal, may link them still to heaven. All that a criminal has *done* the vigilance of justice may detect; all that he has resisted, the keenest analyst of judicial chemistry fails to discover.

A man who has spent seventeen of the best years of his life in prisons afloat and ashore, who, in his own words, has been "flogged, chained, and starved" throughout that long term of isolation from unconvicted mankind, is certainly qualified to write an essay on penal discipline. Owen Suffolk's supplementary paper on the subject is informing but pessimistic. "No subject," he says, "has, I suppose, been more discussed than that of the treatment of criminals. It has been a prominent theme in the halls of [illegible]. Judges have brought their sage experience to bear up[illegible] question;

[1] The scene of his first tutorship.

prison-inspectors, governors of gaols, matrons, and chaplains have all given books upon it to the world. Yet, after all, can it be said that any fixed opinion has been arrived at? And is not crime just as much as ever what Rousseau pronounced it—a puzzle? In England one county has faith in a liberal diet and the presence of a chaplain, the next enforces fasting and the treadmill, and the metropolitan prisons expect everything from a system where rogues look at each other and are dumb. One class of advocates believe in the virtue of the lash, while another set of sentimentalists talk poetically about the 'might of gentleness.' This legislator would imprison for life, while that would have the punishment short, sharp, and decisive. The prisoners themselves disagree quite as much as others, and I am not acquainted with any two who think alike upon the subject I have myself been subjected to such a variety of systems, that I am quite sincere when I declare that I have no faith in the reforming power of any system at all."

His theory is that "there is no existing system through which a prisoner could pass without rendering him less fit for the world and more fit for a prison," and therefore all the efforts of society should be directed towards prevention. "Youth—and, strange to say, *educated* youth in particular—once fallen, is crime-doomed for life. I am by no means theorising in making this statement, but I speak from experience and from a knowledge of the antecedents of scores of those around me. This tendency of education, when once prison-tainted, to lead up to a criminal career, is owing, I suppose, to the stronger power of imagination with which it is endowed, and the redundancy of spirit which it possesses." The prison poet says his philosophy of crime is summed up in the sentence :—"Look to a people's homes rather than to a people's prisons." In other words, save the young from contact with crime, for a first conviction followed by imprisonment is fatal and irrevocable.

Be once convicted by a jury, and pass a year or two in prison, and despite of the most earnest resolution it is very—too sadly—possible that crime will again claim you. As a liberated felon you have to face society—you have to do battle with its conventions and prejudices—you have to overcome its repugnance to employing you—you have to bear with its suspicions—and, after all, when years of rectitude should have begotten faith, that faith is denied, and you are still regarded with distrust as a crime-tainted man. If for a time you are fortunate enough to obtain employment where your antecedents are unknown, you are still unsafe ; you live on in a state of dread anxiety that some one will recognise you, and at last your fears are realised, and you are thrust out as something leprous and unclean.

The world, I know well enough, does not pretend to enforce such a penalty as this for a first offence, but too often it is enforced. Perhaps, my reader, you

are an orator who in your time has made a telling speech, full of philanthropy and fine words. But let John Noakes knock at your door and tell you that he has just left the gaol, and wants employment to keep him honest, and you will tell him you are very sorry you have nothing to give him to do, at the same time having rather an uncomfortable feeling in reference to the coats hanging up in the hall. John Noakes in the abstract, you admit, should be employed, but John Noakes in the concrete you wish to keep at a respectable distance. You deny this? Very good; please favour me with your address, and I'll do myself the honour of waiting upon you.

Prison reform is now in the air, and a study of the career and the ideas of this remarkable criminal may be helpful towards the solution of a grave, complex, and long-standing problem. His life preaches in trumpet tones a moral to judges and magistrates: Never send a youth to prison for a first offence; give him a caution and a chance of recovery. Had Owen Suffolk, when as a youth of eighteen he was tempted to abstract £50 from a letter in the London General Post Office, been treated with mercy and consideration, how different his fate, in all probability, would have been! Instead of being cautioned, reprimanded, and discharged, with a full knowledge of what would happen to him if he again strayed from the path of honesty, he was treated as an irreclaimable offender, consigned to the companionship of past masters in crime and villany, and so effectually stamped with the seal and mark of the prison that, as we have seen, he was unable to rid himself of it even at the uttermost ends of the earth, with the result that he became by force of circumstances an outcast from society, and a desperado of the first-water. It is to be feared that too many judges and magistrates fail to realise what they are doing when they send young offenders to the contaminating atmosphere of the prison, and rarely give a thought to the life-long consequences of the words of doom they pronounce with such parrot-like flippancy. The mechanical and stony-hearted style in which elderly and seasoned judges and magistrates consign their unfortunate fellow-creatures, and specially youthful culprits, to terms of imprisonment, is positively appalling when one considers all that is involved in the proceeding. Chief Justice Sir William A'Beckett pointed out the right road to reform when he said that criminals should be considered as much objects of pity as of indignation. It is by acting more generally and consistently in the spirit of this wise, humane, and Christian sentiment that prisons are to become less tenanted, and thousands of young lives saved from needless wreck and ruin.

J. F. HOGAN.

# *SHAKESPEARE'S COPY OF MONTAIGNE.*

THERE is at the British Museum, as most people are aware, a copy of the first edition of Florio's translation of Montaigne's "Essays," published in London in 1603, on the fly-leaf of which is the signature "Willm̃ Shakspere." This signature bears a striking resemblance to the three signatures which appear upon the poet's will, and also to that upon the indenture of conveyance relating to the purchase by Shakespeare of a dwelling-house in Blackfriars from one Henry Walker, and yet there are few at the present day who believe in its authenticity. Dr. Furnivall dismisses it with the observation that, as the signature has no pedigree, it need not be considered. The book was purchased for a hundred guineas by the British Museum authorities in 1837 from the Rev. Edward Patteson, of East Sheen, in Surrey, and all that is known of its history is that it belonged previously to Mr. Patteson's father, the Rev. Edward Patteson, minister of Smethwick, in Staffordshire, who is known to have exhibited the volume to his friends as a curiosity on account of the autograph as far back as the year 1780. The only comments which can be made upon this brief history are that the autograph was in existence before the notorious William Ireland was born, and that Smethwick is close to the borders of Warwickshire, the county of Shakespeare's birth. That Shakespeare was conversant with Montaigne's "Essays" is proved, not only by the well-known passage in "The Tempest," where Gonzalo's description of the commonwealth which he would fain establish is simply a paraphrase of a passage in Montaigne's essay "Of the Caniballes," but by internal evidence in several of the plays, notably "Hamlet." The fact that Shakespeare was conversant with the essays might be a strong temptation to anyone possessing a copy of the first edition of Florio's Montaigne to forge his signature therein in order to enhance its value; and the additional circumstance that since 1838 three or four similar "finds"—though not of Montaigne's Essays—have proved to be forgeries, has no doubt caused this autograph to fall into

disrepute. But in this case scepticism may have been carried too far, and a judicious examination of the facts would perhaps rehabilitate the autograph in the estimation of the critics. It is hardly going too far to say that it is still probable that this signature is genuine. The words used by Sir Frederic Madden, to whom the discovery of the book was due, in his "Observations on an Autograph of Shakspere and the Orthography of his Name," communicated to the Society of Antiquaries in 1837, were as follows:—"The present autograph challenges and defies suspicion, and has already passed the ordeal of numerous competent examiners, all of whom have, without a single doubt, expressed their conviction of its genuineness." Sir Frederic Madden was keeper of the manuscripts in the Museum, and one of the greatest authorities on autographs, and although he is said to have subsequently changed his opinion, a change of front which he does not appear to have put on record, the strong words he had previously used, after a careful examination, cannot be ignored.

If we are prepared to admit that there is a possibility of this book having once belonged to Shakespeare, some observations which may be made upon the ink marks scattered throughout its pages will become interesting. The only criticism of any moment which has been made with regard to the ink notes on the fly-leaves is that of Sir Frederic Madden in the tract above quoted, to the following effect:—"On the top of the same page which contains Shakspere's autograph are written in a smaller, and in my opinion, a more recent hand, two short sentences from the Thyestes of Seneca, Act V., *cecidit incassum dolor*, and *vota non faciam improba.* The same hand, apparently, has written on the fly-leaf at the end of the volume many similar Latin sentences with reference to the pages of Montaigne's work, from which they are all borrowed; such as *Faber est suæ quisque fortunæ*, *Festinatio tarda est*, *Calamitosus est animus futuri anxius*, &c. Could we believe these to have proceeded from Shakspere's hand they would acquire a high degree of interest; but after an attentive examination of them I am persuaded they were added by a later pen, and in this opinion I have been confirmed by the judgment of other persons versed in the writings of this period. A very few marginal notes occur in the volume, at pages 134, 254, 513, which are by the same hand, to which also in all probability we must assign the word '*Thessayes*,' written in ink on the back of the volume. The binding is in its original state, and no doubt the same as when the book was read by Shakspere." So far as the marks in the body of the book are concerned, Sir Frederic Madden refers only to the few marginal

notes, which are for the most part duplicates of the notes on the last fly-leaf. But besides these marginal notes there are upon the pages a number of other ink marks which hitherto have escaped all comment, and these marks may be divided into three series. There are in the first place numerous diminutive ticks and small crosses set against the first lines of some of the various Latin quotations; the ink of these marks is of a fresher and blacker colour than that of the signature, and they are evidently all by the same hand, as they are made in the same way throughout the book, and are of the same size. Where a Latin quotation with the page on which it occurs is written upon the last fly-leaf, it will sometimes be found on turning to the page that the quotation has been marked with one of these diminutive ticks or little crosses, and it is probable therefore that the same hand which ticked the verse tags throughout the book also penned some of the Latin quotations on the last fly-leaf. The person who made these marks was evidently a scholar who was perhaps concerned to note those Latin citations with which he was familiar rather than to call attention to any shrewd saying of Montaigne's. There are in the second place a number of asterisks set against different passages. Some of these asterisks are composed of three minute circles with the tail of a "y" beneath, some are similar to the marks which naturalists use to denote the gender of animals, and one is in the shape of the crescent moon. In a few instances the asterisks are accompanied by a comment or a quotation from a Latin author. The ink of these marks is also fresher than that of the signature, and as they have a common resemblance they may with reason be assigned to one hand. In the third place there are some marks, nine in number, the ink of which is of a faint and rusty appearance, corresponding almost exactly with that of the ink of the signature. These marks consist of two large crosses, and of little lines drawn down the margin horizontally or in regular curves. The only evidence which an expert could adduce in regard to the authorship of any ink marks in a book would be a comparison of the appearance of the ink with that of some writing in the same book, the authenticity of which was known, and by such a comparison no certainty could be arrived at. Therefore, the most that can be said after a comparison of the inks, is that if the signature of Shakespeare in this book is authentic, it is probable that this third series of marks, as it has been described, was also made by Shakespeare. If, however, the passages so marked have a bearing upon some of the facts—the very few facts concerning Shakespeare's life which are known and established through the channel of legal documents, the

coincidence might well be taken as affording internal evidence of the authenticity of the signature, and that this is the case may be clearly shown.

In the essay entitled "That the taste of Goods or Evils doth greatly depend on the opinion we have of them," there is a lengthy passage in which Montaigne details his experience in regard to money matters during the course of his life. "I have lived," says he, "in three kinds of condition since I came out of my infancie. The first time, which continued well-nigh twentie yeares, I have past it over as one who had no other means but casual, and depending from the direction and helpe of others, without any certaine maintenance or regular prescription." Against these lines there is set an asterisk, with the comment, "The manner of the author's life." The comment, which is the duplicate of one written upon the last fly-leaf, together with the asterisk, belong to what has been described as the second series of marks. But beneath the comment is a fainter ink mark, which properly belongs to the third series, the appearance of the ink of which corresponds with that of the signature. Now it is well known that, owing to the declining fortunes of his father, Shakespeare was, as a young man, "without any certaine maintenance or regular prescription." That this state of things continued "well-nigh twentie yeares," that is, the first twenty years of his life, is also in keeping with the facts, for although Shakespeare married when he was but eighteen, it is more than probable that the young couple were at first supported in part by Anne Hathaway's father, who was a "substantial yeoman." There is evidence that at that time Shakespeare's father was in impoverished circumstances, and the poet himself had no visible means of subsistence. Farther down the page there is a faded ink mark against the following lines :—"My second manner of life hath beene to have monie : which when I had once fingred, according to my condition, I sought to hoord up some against a rainie day, esteeming that it was no having unlesse a man had ever somewhat besides his ordinarie expenses in possession." Shakespeare left Stratford-on-Avon for London in the year 1586 or thereabouts, when he was twenty-three or twenty-four years old, and his stage fortunes prospered so well that in 1589 he possessed some share in one of the principal London theatres, and in 1596 was a considerable shareholder. Soon afterwards he was rich enough to purchase the best house in Stratford, with 107 acres of adjacent land, for a sum corresponding in modern money to about 1,500 guineas ; and while in the prime of life, at forty-six, he was able to retire with an income in modern money of £1,500 a year. Shake-

speare was one of the few poets whose "second manner of life hath beene to have monie." A curved line, also in faded ink, is drawn against the following lines on the next page :—"From which I am falne into a third kinde of life (I speake what I thinke of it) assuredly much more pleasing and formall : which is, that I measure my garment according to my cloth, and let my expenses goe together with my coming in ; sometimes the one, otherwhilst the other exceeds, but they are never farre asunder." Shakespeare retired to Stratford four or five years before his death, and led there a quiet life, and it is of such a leisurely retired life, free from cares, that Montaigne writes. These passages, considered by themselves, are not convincing, but when considered in conjunction with two others they become worthy of notice.

There is first, in the same essay, a large ink cross, very faint and rusty in appearance, against these words :—" Yet have I lost two or three (children) my selfe, whilst they were young and at nurce, if not without apprehension of sorrow, yet without continuance of griefe. And there is no accident woundeth men deeper, or goeth so neere the heart as the loss of children." Shakespeare's only son, Hamnet, died in 1596, when he was eleven years old, and was buried at Stratford. This was seven years before Florio's translation of Montaigne was published.

In the essay " Upon some Verses of Virgil," in which Montaigne discourses with quaint, if not grotesque freedom upon the relations between the sexes, there is secondly a marked passage, to explain the bearing of which a few comments in regard to the circumstances of Shakespeare's marriage are necessary. The fact that Shakespeare at the age of eighteen married Anne Hathaway, who was then eight years older than himself, and that six months after the marriage their first child was born, carries so plain an accusation upon the face of it that pious commentators have been at much pains to explain away that which is capable of but one explanation. Without necessarily agreeing with the estimate of the poet formed by the late Sir Richard Burton, who complained that some of our dull wits had "converted Shakespeare, that most debauched genius, into a good British bourgeois," it is the simplest course to recognise the facts which are established by the marriage bond and the baptismal register, facts which when the poet's youth and the subsequent marriage are considered do not imply any grave degree of immorality. In his " Life of William Shakespeare " the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps said, "The bond which was given on the occasion of Shakespeare's intended marriage is still preserved at Worcester. There is no peculiarity to

be observed in it, nor can I agree with Mr. Collier in admitting that the whole proceeding seems to indicate haste and secrecy. In fact, the bond is exactly similar to those which were usually granted on such occasions." This is disingenuous. The "peculiarity" is in the circumstances of the case, and not in the bond itself, and that peculiarity is best illustrated by the dates of the marriage bond and of the birth of the first child of Shakespeare's marriage. The bond is dated November 28, 1582, and the baptism of Susanna Shakespeare was registered on May 26, 1583, the birth having probably occurred on the 24th, an interval between the two dates of less than six months by the calendar. Feeling the difficulty of the case, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps made an agreeable effort to rehabilitate the poet's character in the following passage :—"The espousals of the lovers were celebrated in the summer of 1582. In those days betrothment or contract of matrimony often preceded actual marriage. We need not hesitate in believing that this ceremony was passed through by Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, and we have the direct testimony of an author of 1543, that in some places it was regarded in all essential particulars as an actual marriage. Provided marriage was celebrated in a reasonable time no criminality could be alleged after the contract had been made." For the first statement there is no authority whatever, and the "contract of matrimony" was in this case the bond of marriage drawn up a few days before the marriage took place, and attached to the license for the marriage. By this bond Fulke Sandells and John Rychardson, described as yeomen, bound themselves to pay forty pounds sterling—a sum equivalent to about two hundred pounds of modern money—if Shakespeare should fail to carry out the marriage under the conditions of the license. Shakespeare, of course, as yet a minor, was unable legally to bind himself. The fact that the marriage followed, and was intended to follow, so closely upon the contract, there being probably an interval of only a couple of days between them, "seems to indicate haste," and the fact that the marriage was not celebrated at Stratford but in some parish as yet undiscovered, in the diocese of Worcester, seems to indicate secrecy. The comments of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps are a good example of the methods of the pious commentator. His generalisation is that "in those days betrothment or contract of matrimony often preceded marriage," a custom which certainly has obtained in different parts of this country. His conclusion is that "the espousals of the lovers (*i.e.* the betrothment or contract of matri[illegible]ny) [illegible]e [illegible]brated in the summer of 1582." But the bond re[illegible]ed to [illegible]ove *is* the contract of matrimony, and it is dated not in t[illegible] 1582, but

November 28, 1582. When to this we add the fact that Susanna Shakespeare was born less than six months afterwards, we can but sympathise with the hapless commentator, who, finding himself in a *cul-de-sac*, and determined at any cost to guard the poet's honour, endeavours by renaming the street to persuade others that he has extricated himself. The substitution of the word "espousals" for the words "betrothment or contract of matrimony," though it be but the substitution of a synonym, may tend to confuse the issues in the mind of a hasty reader, but taken in conjunction with the false conclusion it hardly reflects credit upon the commentator. In brief, Shakespeare, a lad of eighteen, became involved in an intrigue with Anne Hathaway, a woman of twenty-six. After three months the consequences of the intrigue were such that she could no longer hide the fact from her relations, even had she desired to do so, with the result that a marriage bond was hurriedly drawn up, with substantial sureties against the possibility of the young man's failing to make good his error by marriage, the license for the marriage was obtained at the same time, and the marriage followed almost immediately afterwards. Shakespeare may well be absolved from any wish to avoid a marriage which he probably considered he was bound in conscience to make when he discovered the situation into which he had drifted. It needs no penetration, however, to perceive that a lad of eighteen, who had discovered neither his bent nor his powers, was ill-fitted to select a life-mate, even had his choice been made deliberately rather than in haste.

With this preamble, a necessary one, inasmuch as the issues have so often been confused, it is interesting to note what bearing the passage in Montaigne has upon these facts. The marked passage in the essay referred to is as follows :—"Few men have wedded their sweethearts, their paramours, or mistresses, but have come home by weeping crosse, and ere long repented their bargaine," and against this there is a line in the margin, drawn deliberately as it would be if made while the reader was still meditating upon the words, and judging from the colour of the inks the mark must certainly be contemporaneous with the signature. This cynical opinion of Montaigne's concerns the relations between husband and wife before and after marriage. What, then, were the relations between Shakespeare and his wife after their marriage? It is a question which has often been asked and has as often been idly answered. In order to throw light upon the subject, it is not necessary to examine fanciful conjectures based on the fact that Shakespeare bequeathed to his wife his "second-best bed with the furniture."

There is a circumstance in the poet's life too significant to be ignored. When he migrated from Stratford to London in 1586 he left his wife and children behind him in Stratford. This was no temporary arrangement pending the time when he should have found means to support them in London, for three years afterwards he had already obtained a share in the property of a leading theatre, and from that time onwards his fortunes steadily improved. His wife, however, continued to reside at Stratford. His son was buried there in 1596. In the following year he purchased for his family the substantial house which he called New Place, but he himself was still a player in London in 1603, and although he subsequently acquired additional property in his native parish it was not until somewhere about the year 1610 that he finally retired to Stratford. Shakespeare must have made occasional visits to Stratford—the tradition is that he visited the town once a year; but the fact remains that for over thirty years he was practically separated from his wife. Such a separation, when it is remembered that for at least twenty of these years the poet was in affluent circumstances, can only be accounted for by serious differences, or incompatibility of temperament between the husband and wife.

Finally, this copy of Florio's Montaigne, from the date of its publication to the date at which it came into the possession of the elder Mr. Patteson, could hardly have passed through more than ten hands, and if the life of each owner were computed at thirty years it would only have passed through five or six hands. That more than one of these should, in Montaigne's phraseology, have "berayed the panier and then put it on their heads," is difficult to believe, and that Shakespeare did so is proved by the marriage bond and the baptismal register.

The other four passages in Montaigne to which the marks belonging to the third series are affixed are as follows. In the essay already referred to "Upon some Verses of Virgil," a large faint cross, with three dots above it, is set against these words:—"But it is a capital crime and unremissible offence to contract or marry with any of different condition." In the essay, "That the taste of Goods or Evils doth greatly depend on the opinion we have of them," the three following sentences are marked:—"And the more I had laden my selfe with coine, the more I had also burdened my selfe with feare;" "The confidence in others' honesty is no light testimonie of ones own integritie;" and "As garments doe not [illegible]ne us by their heat, but by ours, which they are fit to cover a[illegible]rish: he that with clothes should cover a cold body, sho[illegible] the very

same service from them by cold." Without any flight of fancy the first of these four passages may be justly considered as having reference to Shakespeare's own experience. There was, no doubt, a tendency with old fashioned biographers to endeavour to prove not only that their hero was great and good, but that he was also descended if not from paladins at least from people of rank or fortune, and this tendency has been exemplified in some of the attempts at a biography of our greatest dramatist. The facts are these. Anne Hathaway was the daughter of a "substantial yeoman." Shakespeare was by his mother's side, to quote De Quincey, "an authentic gentleman." Mary Arden, the poet's mother, belonged to an old county family which in Henry VII.'s reign received a grant of lands in Warwickshire from the crown, and of which there is earlier mention in the records of the county. She brought to her husband, moreover, a dowry which for those times was considerable. John Shakespeare, the poet's father, was a glover, who also gave some attention to farming. He had no pretensions to gentility, but in the earlier part of his life his undertakings prospered so well that he was in 1565 elected one of the aldermen of Stratford. Three years afterwards he filled the office of high bailiff, or chief magistrate of the town, and in the same year obtained a grant of arms from the Heralds' College. In social consideration, therefore, Shakespeare's father had reached a position somewhat above that of a yeoman, and when to this is added the fact that his mother belonged to the Warwickshire gentry it is no exaggeration to say that the poet when he married the yeoman's daughter married a woman "of different condition," which was in Montaigne's opinion "a capital crime and unremissible offence."

That three of the passages do not refer to any facts in Shakespeare's life is not astonishing, nor does it in any way weaken the argument. That six out of the nine *should* refer to facts and incidents in Shakespeare's life is on the other hand startling. The percentage, indeed, is so high that it is almost incredible unless one or other of two hypotheses be accepted, either that Shakespeare really made these marks and that the signature is authentic, or that whoever forged the signature also made these marks by way of adding a master touch of verisimilitude to his handiwork. If the latter hypothesis is correct it was indeed a master touch, and it is a pity that so good an effect should have been wasted, for apparently none of the eminent and expert critics who during the last sixty years have examined the volume discovered that these passages were marked, much less that they have reference to facts in Shakespeare's

life. That this should be the case is not so surprising, however, when it is remembered that even the clumsy forgery of "Vortigern" befooled for a time the critics of William Ireland's day. The forger of the autograph, if we accept this hypothesis, put himself to useless trouble; it was not necessary to prepare a trap of such subtlety for the critics. It was not in vain that the net was spread in the sight of any bird, but the ingenuity of its mechanism was never fully appreciated. The signature was at first hailed with satisfaction, and it was deliberately decided that its authenticity was undoubted. When in later years "finds" of books containing alleged Shakespeare autographs became, if not "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," at least of a suspicious frequency, the reaction set in and the signature was condemned. But it was condemned before the volume had received that minute examination of which it was worthy.

Of the two hypotheses put forward no doubt many would incline to accept the latter, namely, that whoever forged the signature also made the marks in the book belonging to the third series, unless it could be shown that some one or other of the facts and incidents in the poet's life which are referred to by these marks was not discovered until after the signature in this volume was in existence. If this were the case it would prove conclusively that the marks were not made by a forger, and this circumstance would be a valuable link in a chain of reasoning the object of which is to support the authenticity of the signature. The most significant of the marked passages is without doubt that which suggests that but few men who have wedded their mistresses have not repented their bargain. That this had peculiar reference to Shakespeare's life is proved, as has already been stated, by the marriage bond and the baptismal register. But the marriage bond, without which the baptismal register could disclose nothing, was first discovered and published in September 1836. The first comments upon it of any note were made by Thomas Campbell, the poet, in his preface to a popular edition of Shakespeare's works published in 1838, and by De Quincey in his article on Shakespeare, in the seventh edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," also published in 1838. Campbell's comment was a timid one, but De Quincey drew the inevitable conclusion from the document with unanswerable logic. Before 1836 nothing was known of the relations which existed between Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway before their marriage; in other words, the discovery was not made until fifty-six years after the autograph in this copy of

Florio's Montaigne is known to have been in the possession of the elder Mr. Patteson.

If these marks were really the work of Shakespeare, they must have for us an unusual interest, as being the only indication of his personal thoughts, with the exception of what we may gather from the Sonnets, which has been transmitted to us.

ARTHUR NICHOLSON.

# *RECONQUERING THE SUDAN.*

ON January 26, 1885, General Gordon lost his life at the hands of the fanatical Mahdi at Khartum. Immediately afterwards the British force which had been despatched to relieve him and his companions, alas! too late, turned back whilst in sight of Khartum and abandoned the Sudan to the devastation and misgovernment of the Mahdi. Then for a weary decade these populous regions were enveloped in a pall of barbarism, raised, it might be, occasionally for a moment when Father Ohrwalder or Slatin Pasha escaped from the tyranny of the Khalifa Abdulla, who had succeeded to the leadership of the Dervishes on the death of the Mahdi in June 1885.

In the spring of last year the policy of abandonment was changed for a forward movement, exactly why no one seemed to know, any more than it could be said with definiteness what was its ultimate destination. This movement was not the work of the government of the Khedive, who is merely a puppet in the hands of the English, and it is not easy to trace its inception unless we do so to the ambitious scheme of Mr. Rhodes to draw the red band of British territory throughout the whole length of the African continent, from Egypt to the Cape of Good Hope—a chain of which an important link has been knocked out by the opposition of Germany to a lease of a strip of territory by the Kongo Free State.

That the expedition was not undertaken because the Egyptian frontier was threatened by the Dervishes was evident from the fact that in March, 1896, Lord Cromer referred in his annual report to the general security of the Nile frontier and the insignificance of the Dervish attempts to disturb it. The same high official told us in a post-prandial speech seven months later that the primary object of the campaign was to relieve the pressure on the Italian army. Could anybody believe that it was such a marked instance of disinterested international sacrifice as this? Rather may this have been a time-serving excuse for a complete change of policy in regard to the upper Nile. Italy, it should be remembered, had for some

time been contending with great difficulties in her African possessions, and on March 1, less than three weeks before the new movement was announced, General Baratieri's army was cut to pieces by the Abyssinians at the battle of Adowa, and this was almost immediately followed by threatening advances of the Dervishes towards Kassala.

The order to undertake the Dongola expedition was altogether unexpected in Egypt, and took everyone by surprise. The suddenness with which it was resolved upon put to a severe test the capacity of the Egyptian army. This, however, had been brought to a high state of efficiency by Sir Herbert H. Kitchener, the Sirdar, or commander-in-chief, and his English officers, and within a few days the troops were on the move.

After the evacuation of the Sudan in 1885 the frontier had been fixed at Wady Halfa, an easily defensible position just below the second cataract, and thus at the head of steam communication with Assuan and the lower Nile. The railway past the cataract to Akasha, the work of Lord Wolseley's Nile expedition, was thus altogether abandoned. Fortunately the destruction of this was not as great as might have been expected. A few days saw the Egyptian forces again in possession of Akasha—without seeing any sign of the Dervishes—and about as many weeks saw the railway once more in working order and carrying troops to the front.

It is not needful to follow at length here the course of the campaign, which, but for a disastrous outbreak of cholera and considerable transport difficulties, might almost have been described as a grand military parade of the 15,000 English and Egyptian soldiers of which the force was composed. All this has been graphically described by Mr. E. F. Knight in his interesting "Letters from the Sudan," originally contributed to *The Times*, but now reprinted in volume form, with maps and illustrations, and published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. Suffice it here to say that a force of 3,000 Dervishes was attacked at Ferkeh on June 7 by an Egyptian force numerically three times as strong, and defeated with a loss of over 1,000, including some forty or fifty of their principal Emirs, the Egyptian losses being twenty killed and eighty wounded. This must have utterly cowed them, for when at last, after months of weary waiting for the gunboats and steamers to be brought up above the cataracts, the Egyptian force advanced on Dongola, the Dervishes made but little stand. They fought valiantly, it is true, but soon realised the overwhelming odds against them—they were not only outnumbered, but opposed with superior artillery—and fled

in the direction of Omdurman, leaving Dongola, El Debbeh, Korti and Merawi to be occupied without further opposition. All this is powerfully narrated by Mr. Knight, whose book will be found an enlightening introduction to the campaign of this year.

Great credit for the complete success of the expedition is due to Sir H. Kitchener and the officers under his command. An extensive territory has been rescued from barbarism and again brought under civilising influences, and the joy of the natives at being released from the oppressive rule of the Khalifa and his horde of Baggaras was often manifested. The campaign was carried out at a cost of £733,000, including £185,000 for the extension of the railway, an expense which, thanks to the opposition of France, will fall on John Bull's shoulders.

This year a further advance is being made, still without any objective being named. Already Abu Hamed has fallen into the hands of the Egyptians after a tough fight (August 7), and probably before these lines are read Berber will also be occupied. Whether an advance will then be made on Omdurman, where the Khalifa is estimated to have concentrated from thirty to fifty thousand men, is doubtful, but it is evident that it is intended to release the Italians from their white elephant at Kassala.

Kassala is an important commercial town on the river Mareb, some 260 miles south of Suakin, and was fortified by the Egyptians in 1840 to protect the province of Taka, of which they had taken possession, against the incursions of the Abyssinians. During the Mahdist revolt the Egyptian garrison sustained a long siege at the hands of Osman Digma; but whilst the Negus of Abyssinia was induced to assist in the relief of two other beleaguered garrisons (those of Gallabat and Ghera), Kassala was left to its fate. It was heroically defended by 1,500 men of the Egyptian army amidst the horrors of famine. When the provisions were exhausted, after a siege of a year and nine months, the garrison made a desperate sortie, July 15, 1885, in which they are said to have killed 3,000 Mahdists and captured some herds of cattle. This enabled them to prolong their resistance for another fortnight, but on July 30 they capitulated. Osman Digma had the principal chiefs put to death, and caused the rest of the defenders to join his army.

Soon the Italians, in the height of their colonising fever, cast longing eyes on Kassala, now become a Dervish stronghold, and an arrangement was come to with England in March [illegible]1 whereby Italy was permitted to drive out the Dervishes and oc[illegible]y Kassala, if found necessary for military purposes; it being [illegible]ated, how-

ever, that the occupation should be regarded as temporary, and that Italy should give it up whenever Egypt was in a position to take it over. In July 1894 the condition of affairs was such that the Italians decided to occupy the town. The Dervishes were raiding the country on the frontier of the Italian possessions, killing many of the inhabitants and carrying off the remainder as slaves, the Dervish horsemen even advancing as far as the Italian outposts at Agordat. Accordingly Colonel Baratieri, the Governor-General of the Italian colony of Erythrea, pushed after the Dervishes with all the forces at his command, and on July 17 arrived unexpected in front of Kassala, where the Dervishes had taken refuge. The Italian forces, consisting altogether of 2,400 men, Italians and native auxiliaries, under fifty-four officers, at once advanced to the attack, and after a fierce battle Kassala was carried by assault and occupied by the Italians.

The Italians at once set to work to perfect the fortifications of the town and render it capable to resist any attack, and the effect of the Italian occupation was soon manifested in the development of agriculture and also of building on the part of the natives. The Hallonga Arabs, who years before had opposed a determined resistance to Mehemet Ali in his conquest of the Sudan, among others gave in their submission, probably not sorry to change the rule of the Dervishes for greater freedom and security under the Italians.

The Italians have been, however, by no means fortunate in their African colonisation, and one of the numerous disasters which have characterised its history befel them on March 1, 1896, when General Baratieri's force was cut to pieces by the Abyssinians at the battle of Adowa. This blow to European prestige naturally encouraged the Dervishes to renewed action. They threatened the Italian positions, attacked a convoy of provisions on its arrival at Kassala, and on March 25 laid siege to that place with a force of 5,000 men. Colonel Stevani, however, with a numerically inferior force, worsted them in an encounter and caused them to withdraw from the siege.

Discouraged by their reverses and the great cost in men and money of their African expeditions, a strong feeling was aroused in Italy in favour of withdrawal, and General Baldissera had already received instructions giving him power to evacuate Kassala. He now gave orders for this to be carried out, but in view of the Dongola expedition the Italian Government sent out instructions for the retention of Kassala. An understanding had in fact been come to with England that Kassala should be held until Egypt was ready

to take it over. This it has been announced would take place in September of this year.

Before we return to the Egyptian advance in this direction it may be well to follow what has been done on another side to advance on the dominions of the Khalifa.

In February 1891, a large expedition, reported to consist of some 2,000 men, and many Europeans, with machine guns and boats, was despatched by the Government of the Kongo Free State under Captain Van Kerckhoven, in the direction of the upper Nile. Much mystery was observed with regard to the object of this expedition, and it excited much comment in Europe. That its destination was Lado, in Emin Pasha's old province, was for a long time denied. The Berlin Act, it may be mentioned, had in fixing the frontier of the Free State at 30° E., given it an important part of Emin's province. This territory, it turns out, in spite of the denials, the expedition was to occupy, and it is doubtless owing to the fact that it was going beyond the recognised boundary of the Free State in 30° E. that so much secrecy was observed. For a reference to the map will show that the Nile lies considerably to the east of the 30th meridian, and therefore quite outside the area assigned to the Kongo Free State. Since the withdrawal of Emin Pasha it had been in the hands of the Mahdi and his successor the Khalifa Abdulla, and King Leopold must therefore have regarded it as a kind of no man's land so far as civilised powers were concerned. Egypt had, however, not abandoned her rights in the Sudan and Equatoria, so far, that is, as they could be maintained by paper declarations, though one would have thought that the abandonment of these regions would disentitle her to any further claim over them. This claim, such as it is, England has joined her in maintaining, doubtless with a view to English participation when these provinces are again rescued from the Dervishes. The British Foreign Office accordingly repeatedly pointed out to Belgium that the expedition was travelling in the British sphere, and that it would not recognise the validity of any of its results.

So little has been published in this country about this expedition that it may be interesting to give some account of its doings, so far as they can be gleaned from the meagre reports in *Le Mouvement Géographique* and other publications. Leaving Stanley Pool in February 1891, the expedition reached the river Welle by way of the Itimbiri, and concentrated at Jabir, on the former river. Van Kerckhoven was accompanied by MM. Pont [illegible] langhe and Daenen, and a number of other Europeans. Wh [illegible] Milz pushed to the north to the residence of the Niam-Niam c [illegible] S [illegible] io, Captain

Ponthier ascended the Welle to the confluence with the Bomokandi and there established a post.

On December 12, the main expedition left Bomokandi, as this new post was called. Whilst M. Daenen with a small force ascended the Welle in boats to found a post above the old zeriba Ali, the main force went by land to the south-east across the Abarabamba country between the Welle and the Bomokandi. The Welle was rejoined at the great bend which it makes to the south, and a new post was established there amongst the Amadis (who had been visited by Dr. Junker). After a long stay at Amadi exploring the country, the expedition pushed towards the south-east to the Nepoko, an affluent of the Welle, discovered by Junker. The Welle above Amadi is still an important river 300 or 400 yards broad. Continuing its march towards the east the expedition passed the old zeriba Hauash, above which a station was established, and from this point, leaving the river and penetrating the Mombuttu country, it arrived at Niangara, an important cluster of villages situate not far from the old residence of Munza, the powerful chief visited by Dr. Schweinfurth in 1870. The expedition here entered a country previously unknown, passing Bittima, where an important station was founded. At Goddo, near Mount Gaïma, it again reached the Welle, which here bears the name of Kibali and receives on the left bank two somewhat important rivers coming from the south, the Zoro and Obi, through a mountainous country inhabited by the Loggos tribe. From the confluence of the Zoro and Obi, the expedition followed to the south-east the water-parting of these two rivers, passed the great village of Tagomalangi, continuing to ascend a very mountainous region, rising to altitudes of 4,500 feet and over. The Welle, which in this part of its course makes a bend and under the name of Kibbi comes almost direct from the south, was crossed about 30 miles from its source at the foot of Mount Abanga. Then the expedition arrived at the village of Lemhin, a short distance from the right bank, 30° 52′ E. and 3° 5′ N., having, it will be noticed, now crossed the meridian recognised as the boundary of the Kongo Free State, and entered Emin Pasha's old province (July 1892). A provisional post was established also at Ganda, to the north, 3° 35′ N., at the source of a small affluent which enters the Nile between Dufilé and Labore, and three days' march to the north-east of Wadelai.

The expedition about this time lost its leader, Mr. Van Kerckhoven, who met with his death accidentally near Lemhin, on August 10, 1892. Lieutenant Milz assumed charge of the expedition, and in September reached the Nile at Wadelai.

In view of the little known country through which the expedition passed, and the number of European officers attached to it, the results from a geographical point of view must be important. The Nile is now joined to the Kongo by a new and important itinerary, and the Welle is entirely known from its confluence with the Yakoma right up to its source. Yet very little of the geographical results has so far been made public. Nor has anything officially been make known with regard to another far-reaching aspect of the expedition. It met on the Welle and Bomokandi rivers many Arab camps which belonged to the followers of Tippoo Tib and Munie Mohara. In every case, as Mr. R. D. Mohun tells us in *The Century Magazine*, February 1895, these camps were attacked, the Arabs killed, the slaves liberated, and the ivory seized as contraband of war. The killing of so many Arabs by the expedition undoubtedly engendered a hatred in the minds of the Arab chiefs at their headquarters, Nyangwe and Kassongo, towards all the whites in central Africa; this undoubtedly was the reason why the expedition under Hodister was massacred in May 1892; and the murder of Emin Pasha, five months later, at the instigation of Kibonge, was undoubtedly prompted by the same feeling of hatred to the whites. In all this Van Kerckhoven was pursuing the humanitarian mission of suppressing the slave-trade, but it is open to question whether he was taking the most effective means to this end, and the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society has on several occasions dissociated itself from this open war against the Arab slave traders. We do not know whether Van Kerckhoven had any express orders how he was to act in the presence of these marauding bands, though as war was being made upon them in other parts of the Free State territory, it is quite probable he was authorised to attack them. It is said that he was a man profoundly convinced of the iniquity of the traffic in slaves, and determined if the opportunity came to deal it a serious blow. It may or may not be that in attacking the slave raiders he was acting on his own initiative; but the fact is beyond dispute that he did with the large force under his command attack these Arab settlements, kill many slavers, and confiscate the slaves and ivory which they had collected. It is not surprising that when the news of what had taken place in the forest region reached the upper Kongo, it created a most intense irritation and excitement at the headquarters of Arab influence on the river.

When the expedition reached the Nile in Septemb[illegible] 1892, the country, at least as far as Lado, was found to be [illegible] from the Mahdists, who had retreated towards the north, and [illegible] Delanghe

therefore met with no resistance in establishing stations for the Kongo Free State along the left bank of the Nile at Kirri, Muggi, Laboré, and Dufilé. Friendly relations were entered into with the local chiefs, and the territories were organised as dependencies of the Free State, the Nile being connected with the Kongo by a chain of forts. The country between the meridian 24° E. and the Nile, and between the Aruwimi and the Niam-Niam country, was divided into four zones, each commanded by an officer of the State, the fourth zone, the most easterly, extending to Wadelai on the Nile, being under the command of Captain Delanghe.

Meanwhile, other officers of the Kongo Free State had been entering the Nile basin farther to the west. In 1892 Lieutenant de la Kethulle was sent on a mission to the Azandé Sultan Rafay, on the right bank of the Bomu, to found a post there. Leaving Bomokandi February 17, he reached Jabir on March 11, and on April 7 he concluded with Rafay a treaty by which that chief recognised the sovereignty of the Free State. From here Captain Nilis and Lieutenant de la Kethulle took a course to the north by the valley of the Shinko, an affluent of the Bomu. They crossed the Nile watershed near the mines of Hofra er Nahas to the Ada, or upper course of the Bahr el Arab, on the southern borders of Darfur. Here they were in a country of which, but for the scanty accounts of Dr. Potagos and information collected by Barth, Schweinfurth and Nachtigal, we had previously known nothing. It is, we are told, a fine country, and well peopled. At Katuaka, on the Ada, the flag of the Free State was raised (June 1893).

About the same time a column under Lieutenant Donckier de Donceel reached Liffi, a village between Katuaka and Dem-Siber. And in 1894 Hanolet, Van Calster and Stroobant followed, to the west of the valley of the Bali, the upper Kotto and the Kuka caravan route of the Arabs. They entered the basin of the Shari, opened communications with the Sudan chiefs, pushed towards the west nearly to El-Kuti, where Crampel was assassinated, and founded a camp at Belle. Little more than two years had thus sufficed to occupy the basin of the Welle and the southern part of the Bahr el Ghazal to the Nile, and Dar Banda to the confines of Darfur and Kuka.

The Mahdists, however, were not content to leave the Belgians in possession of their southern provinces. By their steamers they were enabled to keep open communications with the upper Nile; they soon took the offensive (1893), and the posts created by Captain Delanghe had to be evacuated. When, in January 1895, Lieutenant

C. F. S. Vandeleur descended the Nile to Dufilé from Uganda, he found the old Egyptian fort quite deserted, and concluded that he was the first to visit Dufilé since the abandonment of the place in November 1888.[1] Some of the Mahdist bands appeared even on the upper Welle, and attacked the Sultan Semio, but were driven back. To the west the Belgian officers had to meet other bands coming from Darfur. In August 1894, Lieutenant Gerard came in contact with one of them at Katuaka, and Lieutenant Donckier with another at the village of Liffi. Having but small escorts, these officers were both forced to retreat to the Bomu. From the Welle the Mahdist bands were successfully driven back by the energetic action of the troops of the Free State, commanded by Captains Delanghe, Bonvallet, and Delbruyere, who repulsed them at Mundu (March 18, 1894), and by Captains Francqui and Christiaens, who put them to flight on the Egaru, to the north of Dongu (December 23, 1894).

On May 12, 1894, an agreement was entered into between England and King Leopold, as Sovereign of the Kongo Free State, as to the boundaries of their respective spheres of influence. This agreement introduced some new and very peculiar international arrangements. Amongst other provisions, the territory between the 30th meridian and the Nile, and from Lake Albert on the south to Fashoda (10° N.) on the north, was leased to the King of the Belgians; and the territory west of this (the old Bahr el Ghazal province) from 25° E. to 30° E., and from the Nile-Kongo watershed on the south to the 10th parallel on the north, was leased to the Kongo Free State. Whilst Germany actively and successfully opposed another provision, which would have united the English spheres north and south of the great lakes, these leasehold arrangements raised the strong opposition of France; and they were subsequently modified by an agreement with that country, the Free State undertaking not to occupy or administer any territory north of 5° 30′ in the Nile basin. This limit would just include Lado, where the Free State then had 1,000 well-armed soldiers with Krupp guns and mitrailleuses.

In November 1895 Baron Dhanis left Belgium, commissioned to organise a military expedition to the Nile. Recruiting on his way some 350 Haussas, he at once pushed on to Stanley Falls, and in the Manyuema country recruited more troops, including 500 picked soldiers, under Lieutenant Michaux, who had just suppressed a rebellion of the Batatelas. Dividing his force, the advance guard, under

[1] *The Geographical Journal*, ix. (1897), 370.

Captain Chaltin, left the fort of Dongu, on the upper Welle, in December 1896 for the Nile. A second column, under the command of Major Leroi, left Dongu soon after Chaltin with other detachments under Lieutenants Delecourt, Julien and Louis Dhanis (brother of Baron Dhanis); but these were stopped at the village of Dirfi, on the frontier of the Free State and the Lado district (February 1897), by a revolt of the native soldiers—the Batatelas—who had already given much trouble. They killed seven or eight white officers, and then attacked the rearguard under Baron Dhanis, and killed 300 natives. This quite put a stop to Baron Dhanis's advance to the Nile, and he turned instead to Stanley Falls in pursuit of the rebels.

The first column, under Captain Chaltin, which consisted of 750 native soldiers and 500 Azandes (native friendlies), was more fortunate. After "some unimportant skirmishes with the Hakos, Kwakos, Makrakas and other tribes who inhabit those parts," this force came in sight of the Dervishes in a defile before Rejaf, a little above Lado, on February 17 last, and after a severe fight, which lasted an hour and a half, put them to flight. Immediately following up this victory, Chaltin pushed on towards the town, so that the inhabitants might not have time to rally from the panic into which they had been thrown by the appearance of the fugitives. Rejaf was found to be an admirably fortified zeriba, with two cannons, and garrisoned by 4,000 men armed with Albinis, Remingtons, &c. Volley after volley saluted the advancing army, but Chaltin did not hesitate to order an assault. His soldiers succeeded in entering the zeriba several times under a hail of balls, but were forced to retreat each time, as they could only make their way in by thirties at a time, and were always met by hundreds of Dervishes. At last, after delivering several assaults, they succeeded in making themselves masters of the whole place, except the keep, which the Dervishes evacuated during the night, leaving the captors two rifled and one smooth-bore cannon, 700 rifles, and, in very large quantities, powder, shell, sabres, revolvers, 800 cows, 200 mules, as many donkeys, four tons of ivory, a large stock of ostrich feathers, &c. Rejaf is described by Dr. Rossignon, who accompanied the expedition, as an enormous town of 6,000 houses, defended on one side by the Nile, on the other by a formidable zeriba. The position is a magnificent one, on a level open table-land rising above the surrounding flats. The Dervishes, who, it should be mentioned, greatly outnumbered their assailants, took this defeat to heart, and entirely disappeared from the Equatorial district.

Thus have inroads on the dominions of the Khalifa been made on three sides. These cannot be without their effects on his hold over the people in the extensive territory yet under his sway. We learn from Mr. Knight's book already referred to how the Khalifa is losing power, hated by the peoples subjected to his rule and the extortions of his Baggara followers. Eloquent testimony to this misrule is borne by the desolated condition of the once populous province of Dongola found by the Egyptian troops on their march to the south. Dongola itself even was uninhabited and in ruins. Mahdism as a force, indeed, we are told, is dead. The Khalifa has himself taken alarm at the result of his unpopularity, and has made recent attempts to conciliate the populations whom he has for years so cruelly oppressed, hoping that they will fight for him. Not only do many desert him when encouraged by the nearness of the Egyptian troops, but in the present year he has had to meet a revolt of his Jaalin troops. In view of the insecurity of his position, it is possible that there is foundation for the rumour that he has concluded an alliance with Rabah, the negro conqueror and ravager of the central Sudan.

Whether all this justifies us in making war upon the Khalifa is a debateable matter. That his defeat would prove a gain to civilisation there can be no doubt, but whether the lost provinces of the upper Nile are so rich as to prove remunerative for the cost of their reclamation in lives and money is more open to question. On this point Dr. G. Schweinfurth addresses some weighty arguments in some articles written by him last autumn.[1] From the first, he says, the Egyptian domination rested on a sandy foundation. The country showed an enormous deficit. Of the twelve great provinces under Gordon's government only those of Dongola and Berber showed regular surpluses, probably because they had but feeble garrisons to maintain. If the Egyptians had contented themselves with the valley of the Nile, they would have drawn more profit from the country. The territory under the domination of the Mahdi is in extent double that of the German empire. The climate is very unhealthy; in some years (1870 for instance) all the whites at Khartum died. Greeks alone can well bear the climate; to them belongs the commercial future of this country.

There are some who argue that the reconquest of the Sudan will enable England the sooner to leave Egypt. As if a country too weak to govern itself would be strengthened by the addition

[1] *Vossische Zeitung*, 1896, Oct. 25 and 26. *Le Mouvement Géographique*, 1896, Nov. 8 and 15.

of enormous provinces extending two thousand miles away as the crow flies, with difficult communications, requiring large forces to keep them, and probably proving a drain on the exchequer for years to come. The cost of the expeditions is at present being borne by England, with the idea that it is to be ultimately repaid by Egypt, but the very existence of this debt will the rather tend to the retention of our hold on Egypt. And, as the successes so far are due to English officers and in some measure to English troops, so English help will be required to retain the vast territories.

It may be, too, that a larger force than is now on the upper Nile will be required to "smash" the Khalifa, for he is reported to have concentrated at Omdurman a force of from 30,000 to 50,000 men, with rifles for a third of the number, and from forty to forty-five Krupp guns. However, the advance has been begun; we can have every confidence that Sir H. Kitchener will not make an attack on Khartum unless success is well assured, and all that now remains is to hope for that success.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS EDWARDS.

# *PRINCE BISMARCK AS A STUDENT OF HISTORY.*

MANY politicians have written, as well as made, history, but very few have been guided by its counsels. It is not an uncommon spectacle to see a statesman sit down in his library, either in the intervals of politics or after he has retired into private life, to study the annals of the past. Almost every country has its Clarendons and its Macaulays, and there have been men of affairs who take up history, just as others take up classics or theology or golf, as an amusement for their leisure or a pastime for their old age. Their biographers praise them for their love of literature, their scholarly acquaintances revere them for their love of learning, and they are held up to future generations as brilliant examples of what Prime Ministers should be. But the practical utility of historical study will be better demonstrated by one undoubted instance of a successful statesman who has made the Muse of History the guide of his policy as well as the companion of his leisure, than by citing the names of a hundred politicians who have dabbled in historical composition. A statesman who has been wedded to Clio all his life and has remained faithful to her in sickness and in health, in opposition and in office, will furnish a more telling example of the political value of history than one who has merely flirted with the lady in his spare moments, or invited her to come and keep house for him in his retirement.

Prince Bismarck is the best of all examples. No statesman of our time has made so much history, and none of his contemporaries has learnt so much from history. He has not Mr. Gladstone's knowledge of the classics, his Latin was found deficient in taste by his tutor, and he has openly avowed his preference for Russian over Greek. But his familiarity with history is probably unrivalled among practical politicians of the first rank. Even as a child he devoured history in the form of stories. He knew the "tale of Troy divine" off by heart, and entered into the spirit of the narra-

tive with such zest that his schoolfellows christened him the "Telamonian Ajax." The uncongenial studies of the University had no interest for him, but no sooner had he shaken the dust of the schools from off his feet, than he devoted all his spare time to independent historical reading. Years after, as the result of his own vast experience, he expressed the opinion that a properly directed study of history was the essential foundation of all true statesmanship. History, he said, was especially useful in the conduct of foreign affairs, for she alone could teach how much was obtainable in any negotiation with foreign Powers, and the ability to recognise the limits of the attainable constituted the highest problem of diplomacy. Such a tribute, coming from the greatest Foreign Minister of the century, is most remarkable, and it is all the more so when we remember that when Bismarck was sent to Frankfort in 1851 he had had no diplomatic training, and was therefore forced to rely upon history and himself. But he was wont to seek daily counsel of the Muse of History, much as the Roman king used to consult the nymph Egeria when in trouble. His speeches in the parliaments of Prussia or Germany, his despatches from Frankfort to his Government, his state papers and his letters are those of a man who reads the history of the past, while he is making that of the present. He once said in the Reichstag that he had whiled away a sleepless night by the perusal of a work on the French revolution, and he at once made use of his reading to silence his opponents by an historical argument. No man has shown such scorn for political philosophy, yet no man has had such respect for political history.

His acquaintance with the history of the English Constitution is very striking. It has always been the custom of the Radical party in Prussia to quote the example of England and to contrast the English House of Commons with their own parliamentary institutions, to the great disadvantage of the latter. This was especially the case about the year 1848, when the Continent was in the throes of revolution. Bismarck's study of history had taught him the great historical truth that no country can suddenly break with its past and adopt methods of government which may be perfectly suited to the taste of its neighbours. In one of his earliest speeches, he said:—"Appeals to the example of England are our misfortune. Give us everything English, which we lack; give us English piety and English respect for the law, give us the *whole* English constitution, but also the whole of the English land laws, English riches, and English public spirit, above all an English House of Commons; in short, everything we do not possess, and then I will agree that you can

govern us in the English fashion." He goes on to give a brief historical sketch of the growth of parliamentary life in England. "Let us not forget," he observes, "that, for more than a century after the foundations of the English Constitution had been laid in 1688, England continued under the guardianship of an omnipotent aristocracy, composed of only a few families. During this period the country was able to grow accustomed to the new form of government, and it was not till the end of the last century that an active parliamentary life began. The English Reform Bill, however, by which the power of the aristocracy was either completely or only apparently destroyed, is more recent than the Belgian Constitution, and it remains to be seen whether this reformed constitution will last for centuries like the former rule of the aristocracy." If the speaker had read Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century" he could hardly have given a better account of the sway exercised by the great Whig families. It is the existence of a class of men possessing large private means, a class almost unknown in Germany, which, according to him, constituted the chief safeguard of English parliamentary institutions. "We lack the whole class, from which in England politicians spring, I mean the class of well-to-do, and therefore conservative, gentlemen, independent of material interests, whose whole object in life is to become English statesmen, whose only wish is to take part in public affairs." The great number of these "almost royal personages," as he calls them in a later speech, were of advantage to the State which they served. In another speech, in defence of the aristocratic principle, he mentions the "hereditary wisdom" of the English with especial praise. "England has been more fortunate than other countries; she has had no Richelieu to cut off the heads in which there resides an unequalled hereditary wisdom." And then he continues with a comparison of the French and English revolutions:—"The distinguishing characteristic of the English revolution is liberty, that of the French is equality. Even to-day, if you speak to an English workman in the street, you will see at a glance that he has the feeling of manly independence, but, notwithstanding, recognises without embarrassment your superior position in society as a gentleman. English liberty is sustained by a manly self-respect, which is sufficiently conscious of its own worth to tolerate the existence of a class above it." So deeply have his historical studies impressed him with the importance of the English aristocracy as a factor in English politics that he alludes to the subject again in a despatch of the year 1856. He was at that time Prussian representative at the Diet of the Germanic Confederation,

which then sat at Frankfort. Writing to his Government on the undesirability of an alliance with England, he supports his view by a geographical and historical argument. "Since the Reform Bill," he writes, "the 'hereditary wisdom' of former times has not been able to dispel party passion, and I cannot feel confidence where newspaper articles carry more weight than the deliberations of statesmen. Her insular position makes it easy for England to retain or to drop a continental ally according as British policy may require, and a change of ministers is sufficient to carry out or excuse this sudden change of front, as Prussia found in the Seven Years' War." But when the development of his colonial policy thirty years later made English co-operation necessary he appealed to history as a proof of the friendly relations which had long existed between the two countries. "We can regard England," he told the Reichstag, "as an old and historical ally, with whom we have been in touch for 150 years," and when the difficulty between England and Germany with regard to the Cameroons made some politicians consider the possibility of war between the two nations, he at once demonstrated the falsehood of the alarm by an historical retrospect. "As far as I can look back we have only once in our history been at war with England. That was in the year 1805-6; the situation at that time was thoroughly unnatural, for Prussia was under the influence of an all-powerful France." Again, when in 1857 he was urging his Government to draw closer to Napoleon III., whom Frederick William IV. and his ministers regarded with abhorrence as the representative of the Revolution, Bismarck went to English history to prove that political illegitimacy should not be a bar to political friendship. He reminds the King in a despatch, which abounds with historical parallels, that "Cromwell was called 'my brother' by other European sovereigns, who sought his friendship when it appeared necessary," while "William of Orange and his successors in England were on the most intimate terms with our forefathers, even while the Stuarts were still posing as Pretenders." After this we are not surprised to find him quoting the English leading case of Stockdale *v.* Hansard during a debate on the question of admitting reporters to the discussions of the North German Parliament, or to hear him telling Sir Rowland Blennerhassett that no English statesman has thoroughly known Germany since the days of Carteret.

Even greater is his knowledge of French history. It helps him to understand the real cause of the Franco-German war and the growth of the Napoleonic power. Ranke said in 1870 that the

German people was at war not with Louis Napoleon but with Louis XIV. Bismarck was of the same opinion. Thoroughly convinced of the continuity of history, he sees in the quarrel between the two nations not a casual accident, but only another stage in a "wearisome historical lawsuit over the drawing of the frontier, which has gone on ever since France gained complete internal unity by the establishment of kingly power. The dispute about the German frontier, if we look at it from the purely historical standpoint, commenced with the cession of the bishoprics of Toul, Metz, and Verdun (in 1552). That is now forgotten, and I only mention it for the sake of historical completeness." So, in a speech on the proposal to incorporate Alsace-Lorraine with the German Empire, he pointed out that for the last three hundred years almost every generation had been forced to draw the sword against France, and in a circular note addressed to the Powers after the capture of Sédan he declared, "In more than twenty wars we have never been the aggressors against France." Similarly in the interesting despatch of the year 1857, from which a quotation has already been made, he gives a brief but masterly account of the rise of the Napoleonic power. "The Bonaparte family," he writes, "did not bring revolution into the world, nor could a revolution have been avoided or rendered harmless by rooting out the said family. Revolutionary principles sprang up long before the first appearance of the Bonapartes in history, and spread much further than France. They are rather to be sought in England, or in Germany, or in Rome at an even earlier period, according as the offshoots of the Reformation or of the Church of Rome, together with the introduction of the principles of Roman law into the Germanic world, are regarded as their cause. The first Napoleon began by using the Revolution to serve his own ambition, and he succeeded; afterwards he tried to subdue it by the wrong means, and he failed; he would certainly have been glad to obliterate it from his past, after he had plucked its fruit for himself. In any case he did not promote it in the same degree as the three Louis before him, by the establishment of despotism under Louis XIV., by the disgraceful regency during the minority of Louis XV., and by the weakness of Louis XVI. In fact, the last king declared the Revolution ended when he accepted the constitution on September 14, 1791; at any rate, it was complete without Napoleon. The House of Bourbon, even without Philippe Egalité, did more for the Revolution than all the Bonapartes. Bonapartism is a result, but not the cause of the Revolution. Neither are unjust wars of aggression peculiar to the Bonaparte family and the system of government called after it.

Legitimate descendants of ancient thrones carry them on too; Louis XIV., in proportion to his strength, acted no less savagely in Germany than Napoleon, and if the latter had been born the son of Louis XVI., with the same talents and tastes, we should hardly have had peace from him. There is this difference between Bonapartism and the Republic, that the former has no need to propagate its principles of government. Even the first Napoleon did not seek to force his form of government upon those countries which were not directly or indirectly under the sway of France; they adopted it in their zeal to copy French institutions."

No part of the great statesman's career was more successful than the years in which he was making Prussia supreme in Germany by the exclusion of Austria from the Germanic Confederation. Prince Bismarck himself regards 1864 and 1866 as proofs of greater diplomatic skill than 1870, although the events which led up to the Danish and Austrian wars have merged in the creation of the new empire. He saw that the historical duel between Prussia and Austria for the hegemony of Germany, which had been going on in a more or less acute form since the seventeenth century, must be ended, and that the only way to end it was by force. As in the struggle against the *Erbfeind*, France, so in the conflict with the *Erzfeind*, Austria, history had taught him that the origin of the quarrel must be sought far back in the annals of the past. He wrote from Frankfort in 1856 that "This dualism in Germany between Austria and Prussia has for the last thousand years been occasionally regulated by an internal war, and since the days of Charles V. there has regularly been an appeal to the sword once in every generation, and in the present century, too, no other means than this can set the clock of history right. I will only express my conviction that before long we shall have to fight for our existence against Austria." Thus history enabled him, ten years beforehand, to anticipate and to justify Sadowa. He can even find an exact parallel for the policy pursued by Prince Felix Schwarzenberg towards Prussia after the year 1848 in the tactics adopted by the Hapsburgs at the beginning of the Thirty Years' War. In both cases, as he points out, the Emperor was scarcely safe in his own capital, and yet claimed to be lord of Germany. In another despatch he traces the relations of Austria and Prussia for the last two hundred years. He alludes to the jealousy shown by the Hapsburgs towards the Great Elector of Brandenburg, who first laid the foundations upon which Frederick the Great and William the Victorious afterwards built. He reminds his Government how, when Louis XIV. was attacking

Holland in order to march through it into Germany, the Great Elector was so feebly supported by the Emperor that he was forced to make peace with France at Vossem in 1673, and again at St. Germains in 1679; how in the War of Freedom against Napoleon I. Austria was able by the treaties of Ried (8 Oct. 1813) and Fulda (2 Nov. 1813) to secure for Prussia as much, or as little, of the booty as she chose to give, and how finally at the Congress of Vienna in 1814–5, she used her utmost efforts to oppose the Prussian claims to territory. Still Bismarck, while deprecating the interference of Austria in the internal affairs of Germany, has throughout seen the necessity of an Austro-Prussian alliance for mutual defence against other Powers. In various despatches and speeches, above all in the memorable speech delivered nine years ago after the publication of the Austro-German alliance of 1879, he has given a brief historical sketch of the Germanic Confederation and its counterpart, the Holy Alliance, concluded between Austria, Prussia, and Russia in 1815. He shows that up to 1848 Austria allowed Prussia to do pretty much as she liked in Germany and that, in return, she received the cordial support of her ally in all foreign questions. This, according to Bismarck, was as it should be. But when Prince Schwarzenberg in 1850 returned to the hereditary Austrian policy, best summed up in the famous phrase, *avilir la Prusse, après la démolir*, Prussia was no longer content with the "bare rations" which she was allowed by the treaties of 1815. The Holy Alliance was "shipwrecked in the Crimea," as Bismarck had prophesied would be the case whenever Russia broke the bond of union, and thus Prussia had to gravitate towards that Power. But as soon as the work of 1866 had been frankly accepted by Francis Joseph, Bismarck was anxious to return to the old historical arrangement by which Austria, Russia, and Prussia acted together against France. And finally when Russia had changed her policy after the Congress of Berlin, the Austro-German alliance, which was the nucleus of the present triple "league of peace," was formed and has since continued. But, however much he may believe in alliances between nations, he has always opposed alliances between the members of reigning houses, whenever they seemed to endanger the success of his national policy. It will be remembered that during the short rule of the Emperor Frederick the Chancellor threatened to resign rather than allow the Empress to carry out her favourite project of marrying her daughter to Prince Alexander of Battenberg. Three years earlier in a speech in the Reichstag he illustrated the possible disadvantages of royal marriages by historical parallels showing how at the time of the

French Revolution the near relationship of the French and Austrian reigning houses exposed the French Government to the suspicion of furthering Austrian interests, and how in the middle of the present century the intermarriages of the Prussian and Russian royal families injured the prestige of the former.

The influence of history may be seen almost as clearly in the domestic policy of the ex-chancellor. Believing, however, that the past or present condition of one country is no criterion for that of another, his parallels are, in this case, mostly taken from the pages of German or Prussian history. Thus in his speeches on the subject of German unity, he indicates the difficulty of the task by citing instances to prove that the Germans have always been fond of little independent principalities, that they are, to use their own phrase, "particularists by nature." Thus in a debate on the constitution of the newly-formed North German Confederation, he told his hearers to "look back to the days of German greatness, the period of the early emperors, and you will find that no country in Europe seemed so likely to preserve its national unity as Germany. Look at Europe in the middle ages, and you will find that, from the Russian Empire of the House of Rurick to the dominions of the Visigoths and Arabs in Spain, no other country had such a good prospect of remaining a strong and united Empire. Why then have we lost, why have we been hitherto unable to regain, our unity? Because of the spirit of independence which characterises us. But let us show to the world that six hundred years of sorrow have taught Germany a lesson." In another speech he reminds the Reichstag how the ancient clans "used each to choose their own king," and finds the nearest parallel to the German constitution in that of the United Netherlands, a comparison which is most probably derived from the history of his friend Motley, with whom he corresponded on the most intimate terms. Again, in his dealings with the various political parties which threatened to break up the unity of Germany by their demands for separation, he had frequent recourse to the armoury of history. To the Guelphs, who agitated for the restoration of the kingdom of Hanover, annexed by Prussia in 1866, he replied that they and their allies, the Catholics, had been the cause of the dismemberment of Germany in the thirteenth century, and wished to repeat the experiment in the nineteenth. "It was the secession of the Guelphs and the victory of the Ultramontane party which produced the robber knights and the anarchy of the great Interregnum" (the period from 1254 to 1273, between the fall of the Hohenstaufen and the accession of the Hapsburgs, during which the

Empire sank into insignificance). But, as he reminds them, "the traditions of a hundred years unite the armies and politics of Prussia with those of Hanover, and their combined action against Austria at the time of the Seven Years' War was perfectly natural." So, too, with the Poles, the Parnellites of Germany. On the proposal to incorporate the Polish provinces of Prussia in the North German Confederation, he gives a sketch of Polish history from the thirteenth century to the year 1815, to prove that Prussia possessed her Polish provinces by the same right by which in former ages Poland possessed parts of Prussia, or, in other words, by her own right hand. He argued that it was absurd for the Polish deputies to protest against the right of conquest while admitting that their own ancestors' claims to West Prussia were derived from the sword, and pointed out that they could not consistently protest against the partition of Poland without condemning the partition of Russia, which their forefathers undertook at the climax of their power in the fourteenth century. Commencing with the colonisation of West Prussia by the Teutonic Order of the Knights of St. Mary, he shows how the Poles, aided by the Prussian towns, "the Liberal party of the day," as he calls them with a characteristic touch, overthrew the sway of the knights at the battle of Tannenberg in 1410, how Poland came into possession of West Prussia by the Peace of Thorn in 1466, and how she at once began to introduce Polish manners, the Polish language, and Polish officials, in accordance with the very same principles for which he had himself been censured. The Poles had acted on his own maxim that might is right. The same argument applied to the Grand Duchy of Posen. This, he said, had been won, like Silesia, by the Prussian sword, just as Poland, originally a small State, began, about the year 1230, to attack the Russians, who were at that time invaded by hordes of Tartars and Mongols, and acquired by conquest a considerable slice of Russian territory. "It is thus," he said, "that all States arise, by conquest confirmed by treaty." "If you do not know these facts," he exclaimed, "you do not read your own history"—which, of course, in addressing an English House of Commons, he might safely have assumed to be the fact. After this lengthy historical review of Polish history, he draws from it the moral that even "a great and powerful State, led by a brave, warlike, and wise nobility, may fall, if it prefers the freedom of the individual to security abroad." Thus the fate of Poland affords a confirmation of his own policy in Prussia. In a later speech on the proposed Germanisation of the Poles, he completes the sketch by tracing the history of Poland from 1815 down to the present

time. He contended that the proclamation of Frederick William III. on the incorporation of the Polish provinces with Prussia in 1815, in which the King promised them more than he could perform, was a mistake. He then reviewed the causes of the Polish rebellion in 1830, which first woke up the Prussian authorities from their philanthropic slumbers. He quotes from a report made by the military governor of Posen in 1832, which advocated the buying out of the disaffected Polish landlords by a system of land purchase, and shows how the accession of Frederick William IV. prevented this policy being carried out. After tracing the failure of a policy of conciliation, which resulted in the insurrections of 1846 and 1848, he deals at some length with the rebellion of 1863, and justifies his own policy at that crisis. Thus, in two great Polish speeches we have Bismarck summoning history to assist him in grappling with the Irish question of Germany. So, too, he treated the Catholic difficulty, the so-called *Culturkampf*, which menaced the early years of the young empire, as merely a phase of an historical contest, a "momentary stirring of the embers of that thousand years' strife between Pope and Emperor, which has existed for ten centuries, sometimes active, sometimes slumbering." It was in allusion to a bygone stage of this conflict that he uttered his memorable saying, "We will not go to Canossa," like the Emperor Henry IV. eight centuries before. And when, as the price of the support of the Catholic Centre for his Protectionist Policy in 1879, he was forced to go there after all and gradually repeal his anti-Catholic legislation, he apologised by drawing an elaborate parallel between that monarch and himself. He showed that the Reichstag, which he was addressing had been acting exactly as the German princes of the eleventh century had acted. Henry IV., he argued, could not help going to Canossa in 1077, because the independence of the German princes forced him to that humiliating step. He chose the lesser of two evils; he preferred to humble himself before the Pope rather than before his own rebellious vassals. "We, too," said Bismarck "might have the support of many a party in the Reichstag if we persuaded the Emperor to do homage at a Liberal Canossa. Henry IV. also had the choice between several opponents, and I would remind you that under his predecessor, Henry III., and long before him, the Carolingian and Saxon emperors, the German empire was at its zenith. Yet the short minority of Henry IV. was sufficient to give such strength to the centrifugal elements which are innate in the German mind, that Henry IV., who has been too severely censured for what he did, was obliged to make peace with one of his opponents in order to

have a free hand against the rest. So he submitted to the Pope as the most important of them, not from ecclesiastical or religious motives (for he was of Aryan race), and this is proved by his behaviour when the ban of the Church was removed; no, he was compelled by political necessity to make peace with one of the anti-Imperial parties. Had he chosen to bow before the great lords of the empire, he might have gone to Harzburg or Mainz instead of to Canossa. We, too," he concludes, have our great lords, the same who endangered the unity of the empire in the days of Henry IV. We have in their place our twenty-five sovereign states, and the still deeper division into eight or ten political parties." Thus the Chancellor finds in the old empire an analogy to the new, and sees in the struggle of parliamentary groups against the Government the counterpart of the mediæval feuds between the great nobles and their liege lord. The form of government may be different, but *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*

The most distinguishing characteristic of Bismarck's earlier domestic policy, especially during the four years between 1862 and 1866, when he was governing without a parliamentary majority or a budget, was his belief in the Prussian monarchy. He would never consent to have it reduced to a mere shadow of its former greatness, like the "phantom kings" of the middle ages, of whom he sometimes spoke. He saw, indeed, that parliaments were trying to become what the "Mayors of the Palace," to use his own expression, had been, but he was determined to uphold the Prussian throne and to preserve its prerogatives intact. Here again the early kings of Prussia furnished him with the model of what a monarch should be, at least in Prussia. Twice he quotes the famous saying of Frederick William I., "I establish the sovereignty like a rock of bronze," and describes this as the foundation of Prussian history and Prussian power. In other countries, such as "England, France, and Belgium," he says in another speech, "the crown was bestowed by the blood-stained hands of revolutionaries under certain conditions. But in Germany thorough-going imitators of constitutional monarchy have not been particularly fortunate in their efforts." And again, when making an attack on the attempt to unite Germany by means of the decrees of majorities and other parliamentary methods in 1849, he cites the example of "Frederick the Great, who would have appealed to the warlike element in the Prussian nation, and not without success."

A Prussian squire himself, born amidst the sands of Brandenburg, the kernel of Prussia, he naturally regarded the upper classes as the

best support of the throne. He recites their former services to the country, and quotes history to prove that the most successful states in the long run have been those which were under the influence of an hereditary nobility. "Go through the fields of battle," he cries, "where the struggle has been fought for the glory and freedom of Prussia. From the battle on the bridge at Warsaw, where the Great Elector laid the foundation of Prussian independence, to that under the walls of Rastatt, you will find that the plant of Prussian freedom has everywhere been watered with the blood of her noble families. The army levied by Frederick the Great, which saved Prussia from disintegration and a foreign yoke, would have been an impossibility had not the nobility in the shape of the officers formed the nucleus of his forces. At the close of the Seven Years' War, cadets, the sole survivors of their families, were the leaders of the army. At the beginning of the present century the privileges of the aristocracy, which long years of possession had taught it to regard as its rights, were abolished by legislation. Yet these losses have not made it into a murmuring clique; but when the King summoned his people to arms against Napoleon in 1813, the sons of the Prussian nobles were in the ranks of those who were ready to risk life and treasure to support their King and country, whose laws had demanded of them such great sacrifices." In the same speech he asserts that "history shows us that absolute government produces the most glorious and magnificent, but not always the most beneficent, results; while examples of continued power and prosperity are most frequent among those states which have been under the sway of an hereditary aristocracy. Even the civilised states of antiquity had an aristocratic character, owing to the numerical superiority of their slaves. The decay of Rome was coincident with the decay of her noble families; the most glorious reminiscences of our own imperial days tell of a powerful imperial nobility surrounded by a brilliant retinue. The prosperity of our mediæval towns began to fade from the moment when the patrician houses succumbed to the encroachments of the guilds. Venice, Genoa, and Holland are examples of what an aristocracy can do with comparatively small means at its command. The weak condition of all continental states can be ultimately traced back to the time when the excessive power of the throne crushed the independence of the nobility."

At the present moment no subject is attracting more attention than the labour question. In Prussia the King has always been the father of his people, and when Bismarck propounded his scheme of "State Socialism" fifteen years ago, advocating the insurance of

operatives against sickness, accidents, and old age, he was, as he said, merely "reverting to the traditional Prussian policy" pursued by the Great Elector, by Frederick William I., and by Frederick the Great. True, there had been a break in the continuity of the old Prussian system during the early part of the present century, but nothing can be more erroneous than to represent the paternal legislation of the old Emperor William as a new departure. It was merely a revival, and was always justified by Bismarck because it was in harmony with the old common law of Prussia. Essentially a practical statesman, he has declared over and over again that economic science has no weight with him unless it agrees with experience. But while he despises economic theory he frequently quotes economic facts. "Science," he once exclaimed, "has pronounced judgment against me; I appeal to history." Heedless of what professors may say from their chairs, he goes back to what Prussian Kings have done on their thrones, and finds in their acts the real justification for his change of front from free trade to protection and from individualism to State Socialism. Frederick the Great is his favourite model of what a Prussian monarch should be to his people. "It is one of the traditions of the dynasty which I serve," he once told the Reichstag, "to take the side of the weak in the battle of life. Frederick the Great said long ago, 'When I am King, I will be a veritable King of the beggars.' Frederick William III. established a free peasant proprietary." On another occasion he points out that "under Frederick the Great there was a greater degree of protection than under the Customs Union of the present century, and the attempt to break with protection was only a modern invention." The historian of work and wages would read with interest his remark that the pay of the Prussian soldier in 1850 was "no higher than a century earlier under Frederick William I., when a goose cost only three groschen in Berlin," and it is yet more remarkable to find him describing the system of class taxation as a legacy of feudalism. The present Emperor has precisely the same view of the practical value of economic history. He has strongly urged upon German educationalists the desirability of paying more attention to the social legislation of the past, and believes that if school histories contained fuller details of what the Hohenzollerns have done to improve the condition of the working classes, there would be less danger of socialism becoming prevalent. Thus both Bismarck and William II. see in history a valuable ally against anarchical theories, which will be of use at the State polling-booths as well as in the examination-room.

The quotations given above might doubtless be multiplied. But

enough has been said to prove the historical origin of the great German statesman's foreign and domestic policy, and to demonstrate the truth of his own maxim that he had found history his best guide in diplomatic negotiations. Whether his economic and social legislation has been equally successful this is not the place to discuss; we are only now concerned with the historical arguments by which he defended his position against his critics. Everywhere his method is the same. Always distrustful of theory, he always relies upon facts, and it is a matter of indifference to him whether these facts are past or present, because he is thoroughly conscious of the continuity of history. He never makes the mistake of supposing that institutions which prosper in one country will succeed in another, the development of which has been widely different. His knowledge of English parliamentary history convinces him that as long as Prussia remains Prussian, she can never have an English House of Commons. His policy towards Austria he learnt in the school of the Great Elector and the Great Frederick; the Seven Years' War of the eighteenth century foreshadowed the necessity of the Seven Weeks' War of the nineteenth, just as the tactics which Frederick the Great adopted against Austria were practically the same which Moltke carried out a hundred years later in the Bohemian Campaign of 1866. The war between France and Germany in 1870 is for him merely an act, and that not the last, in a great historic tragedy which has been played for the last three centuries on the Franco-German frontier. So, too, with the Eastern Question, a paroxysm which seizes the sick man of Europe once in every twenty years, the next outbreak of which Bismarck expected to occur in 1899, but which has taken place two years earlier. In his domestic policy the influence of history upon his mind is almost as distinct. We have seen how he traces the centrifugal elements in the German nation back to their origin in the mists of the middle ages; how he combats the demands of Guelphs and Poles in arguments derived from their own story; how he sees in the conflicts between Church and State a renewal of the eternal struggle between Kaiser and Pope, and how he "goes to Canossa" for the same reason that the Emperor did of old. The Crown and the nobility, State Socialism and protection, all represent to him part of the time-honoured system by which Prussia has become what she is, and without which she would fall. And, as he borrows his Austrian policy, his economic principles and his conception of kingship from Frederick the Great, so his colonial projects are merely the continuation of those schemes for the colonisation of Africa which were initiated by the Great Elector two centuries earlier. Sometimes,

as in two or three of his Frankfort despatches, and in his speech on the Austro-German alliance, he gives us a complete historical essay. All these things prove the historical basis of his policy, and his own acquaintance with the past. But if a statesman of his genius condescends to be a humble student of history, has not the average English voter and politician something to learn from its teachings?

W. MILLER.

## *THE QUEEN'S HARPER.*

THE harper laughed as he laid himself down on the black cross, stretching his arms out on either side. "I am the King's herald," he said, as they wound green withes round his wrists and ankles, "so I bid ye carry me and this wooden horse of mine to the open space before the Dun." They did his will in that thing, for the King's pride was too high to gainsay it, and for a day and a night the black cross stood in the yard, and as the Queen sat in the greenan, sewing among her women, she could look into the face of her harper and see the colour of death deepening there, hour by hour. The second night came, and what with thirst and hunger and the pain of his bonds, Alainn the harper thought that death was coming with it, and he was glad at heart. Then a fluttering touch on his bound feet roused him, and he looked down through the darkness, straining his eyes to see if it might be the Queen. But the voice that called up to him was strange in his ears.

"Alainn, Alainn the harper, is there life in you still?"

"A little life," Alainn's dry lips whispered back. "Does the Queen desire it?"

"I am the Queen's tirewoman, Una O'Carroll," the girl cried, "and I have come to give you to eat and drink, Alainn, that you may live, and the Queen also, a few days more."

"Death is kinder than the Queen," the harper said faintly. "Nevertheless, Una O'Carroll, the Queen's will is my will. Climb the arm of the cross, then, and give me to drink."

Once and twice Una O'Carroll tried and failed, but the third time she caught the cross's arm and drew herself up till her head was on a level with the harper's. "Here is bread soaked in broth," she said, taking a shell from her breast, "and milk from one of the cows that were the Queen's dowry. "Drink, then," and she set the shell to his lips, and held it till he had emptied it. "Will you eat now, Alainn?"

"If it is the Queen's will, Una O'Carroll."

The next morning, before dawn was red in the sky, the Queen

herself came out to speak with the man whom King Cathal was torturing for her sake.

"My heart is sore for you, Alainn," she said, weeping; "and for myself, too. For I loved but the songs you sang, and you loved but the colour of my hair and the shine of my eyes, and yet because my hair is yellow and because your songs were sweet, the King will slay us both. And gladly would I bid you die and be at rest, Alainn, my harper; but the King has sworn by his gods that while you live I live—and so——"

"And so the Queen loves her life," said Una O'Carroll, on whose arm she leant. "And you must be content, therefore, to die slowly, Alainn."

"I am content," the harper said, but he looked at Una's face and not at the Queen's.

"Is it so hard to die, my harper?" Mairgread of Brefny sighed.

"No, my Queen," said Alainn gently.

The Queen looked doubtfully up at him, and then she turned and hid her face on the breast of Una O'Carroll, who stood dumb beside her. "Oh, I am afraid—I am afraid! If you were the King, Alainn, I should be less faint-hearted."

"Would the gods that he were King," Una O'Carroll said, hoarsely, as she led the weeping Queen away; "but since he is but the King's servant and you the King's plaything, he and you must die. Will you face the cost of his songs to-day, my Queen, or to-morrow? for the King does not forgive."

"To-morrow," said the Queen, turning from her with a shiver; and she did not see the bitter scorn in Una's blue eyes. "Come in quickly to the greenan," she bade her women, "and make music for me that I may forget what hangs outside. And let the music be loud, Una and Muirgéis, and you Swan-white the Dane, so that if my harper falls a-groaning I may not hear him as I heard him last night."

"The harper is a *man*," muttered her red haired Danish slave, "and he did not groan. That noise was but the creaking of his cross as the wind swayed it, my Queen."

"Will you drive me mad with your chatter of crosses?" cried the Queen, with anger and terror in her eyes. "Here I am mistress still, as well as lady of Brefny, and here I will have my will. Muirgéis, your arm is strong—whip me this red Dane till her shoulders are as red as her hair. Now, Una, sing."

And Una sang, while the Danish girl crouched at the Queen's feet, taking her lashes with dumb patience.

"White of skin and brown of hair,
Forest leaves are all astir,
Following fitfully after her.
Brown of hair and white of skin,
Born of sorrow and wife of sin,
Forest-ways she goes wandering in.
What is her kindred, what her name?
Dumb she passes as dumb she came,
Bright and strange as a wandering flame,
U-lu-lo!"

The wind cried as shrill as any curlew, and the rain fell as heavy as falling sods outside the next night, and when rain and wind were at their wildest, Una O'Carroll came to the Queen's bedside and woke her angrily.

"Mistress, you shall not keep him alive longer: your mercies are cruel, and now he shall taste sharp mercy at my hands."

"You know that his death means my death," cried Mairgread the Queen. "The King has sworn it and—— Ah, Una O'Carroll, one day more!"

"Mistress, he shall die to-night!"

"Girl, what is he to you? You are sworn to my service, even as he is, and—— Una O'Carroll, what would you do? Treason, Cathal!"

"The King does not sleep in the Dun to-night, my Queen, and he will not hear," Una said, standing over the pale Queen, tall and fair and stern in the light of the torches. "And if you die to-night, my Queen, 'twill be easier than to-morrow. Is the mud of the White Bog pleasanter to think on than the easy death that I would give you? Be a Queen for once, and show mercy to three souls—and one is called Alainn Macdermott, and the other Una O'Carroll, and the third is the Queen of Brefny."

The Queen leaped from her bed and cast herself on the ground at Una's feet.

"Oh, my youth!" she moaned, "and oh, my beauty! Must I cast these off, Una O'Carroll, and go out into the dark alone?"

"Two will go out with you, my Queen."

"What comfort is in that? Una O'Carroll, would you slay a naked woman? Methought you came of nobler blood."

"You shall not keep *him* longer a-dying," Una O'Carroll said steadily. "Choose, my Queen, death from me, or death from the King."

"Oh! oh!" the Queen wailed, "you are cruel, Una O'Carroll, but the King is crueller. Kill me, then, but let it be quickly; and hurt me not much in the doing—for I am weak and you are strong, Una O'Carroll."

"Rise up, then, mistress, and let me bind up your hair and shoe your feet," Una said, as she lifted the shivering girl from the ground. "You would not die in this wild guise, you, who are Queen. Take heart, mistress; men shall make a song of your beauty when I and Alainn are forgotten."

"Do not mock me," moaned the Queen. "My breath is more to me than my beauty; but the King would leave me neither."

"No, my Queen. Be pleased, now, to lie down upon your bed; and will you make prayer to the Dagda or to Lu that your fathers worshipped, before you make ready to your sleep?"

"I cannot pray," the Queen moaned, as Una bound up her long hair and wove in amongst its tresses a garland of wrought silver. "Pray you, hasten, Una O'Carroll, or fear will kill me first."

"I offer you a clean death, my Queen," Una said, putting the scarlet shoes on the Queen's naked feet, and tying their thongs with ready fingers; "and the King will give but a foul one with the choking yellow mud in your eyes and mouth. Now, mistress, let me pour water on your hands, and dry the tears on your face, and make you ready to your praying." The Queen did her bidding mutely, but one thing she would not: and that was to make prayer to the gods.

"I am kinder to you, my Queen, than you were to your harper," said Una; and as the Queen cast herself down on her bed, and lay there moaning, she lifted her mistress's hands and held them heavenwards, despite their struggling, while she prayed aloud:—

"Give Mairgread of Brefny wit to see this is the better way, O Lu," she besought. "Give her courage to lie still under my hands, O Dagda, and give my hands strength. And give pity—when thou hast given death—to Mairgread of Brefny, and he who should have been her lover had her heart been bolder. And lay the sins of her on the soul of me, Una O'Carroll."

"Have you done?" cried the Queen. "Ah! let me cover my eyes with my hands, Una, lest I should see my death."

"No, Mistress, your hands here." Una laid the small hands, crossed, on the beating breast. "Pray you, Mairgread, lie still; I am kinder than the King."

Yet the Queen shrieked as her tirewoman laid a folded mantle of

wolfskins over her mouth and nostrils, and twice and thrice she fought back her death. But the fourth time Una O'Carroll set her knee on the Queen's breast, and covered the Queen's face with the mantle. Presently she uncovered it, and the frozen terror of it made her like to weep; but Mairgread of Brefny had done with tears. She closed the blue eyes, and straightened the writhed limbs, and folded meekly the Queen's outflung hands, and drew the silken coverlet up to her breast, and quenched the torches round the chamber one by one.

Then she went out through the sleeping women, and made her way through wind and rain to the harper's cross.

"The Queen bids you die," Una O'Carroll said, as she climbed the cross, and laid her cool hands on the harper's panting breast. "And I am here to help you. Did the sun burn your bare head yesterday? You shall not fear the sun to-morrow, Alainn."

"If the King knew," Alainn whispered, "he would let the Queen go free and slay you, Una O'Carroll. For until I hung upon this cross I never loved any woman. I only sang for the Queen, and kept my heart clean for—you."

"And I have never loved any man but you," Una O'Carroll said softly. "And how I love you you will never know while you live; so I bid you hasten to die."

"My hands are bound," Alainn said. "Is there help in you here, Una bawn?"

"Yes," murmured Una, "my hands are steady, and my Irish knife is in my girdle." She drew the folds of the cloak back from his breast and waited till the moon should break through the darkness that held her back: and meanwhile she was busy loosening the fine gold chains that held in check the black cloud of her hair, and one by one they tinkled down upon the wet stones beneath. And now the moon looked out to see the two figures hanging together on the cross, and by the faint light she gave Una O'Carroll lifted her hand and drove her Irish knife straight to the harper's heart. And then, holding his head upon her breast under the cloud of her fallen hair, she began to sing a lament for crown and harp: and all the Dun awoke to hear it, but would not come out for fear of the Shee, who keened outside, as they thought, for the harper that had made songs galore for them, before he had tuned his songs only to the praises of Queen Mairgread. And when the song ended Una turned her head and kissed the wound her knife had made, and cast herself down from the cross. And that mercy her knife had shown Alainn, the stones showed her, and those that came out from the Dun in the grey morning found her dead with the face upturned to

the dead face that looked down on her from the black cross. And by next Beltane the king had taken to himself a new wife, less lovely and more strong-hearted than the dead Mairgread, but harper never harped in the Dun again, as long as King Cathal lived. Yet naught that mattered to the three souls that Una O'Carroll had set free.

NORA HOPPER.

# THE DISTANCES OF THE STARS.

THE determination of the distance of the stars from the earth has always formed a subject of great interest to astronomers in all ages. The old astronomers seem to have considered that the problem was incapable of solution. In later years the famous astronomer Kepler, judging from what he termed "the harmony of relations," concluded that the distance of the fixed stars should be about 2,000 times the distance of Saturn from the sun. At that time Saturn was the outermost known planet of the solar system. But the distance of even the nearest star—as now known—is about fourteen times greater than that supposed by Kepler. Huygens thought the determination of stellar distances by direct observation to be impossible, but made an attempt at a solution of the problem by a photometric comparison between Sirius and the sun. By this method of estimation he found that Sirius is probably about 28,000 times the sun's distance from the earth. Modern measures, however, show that this estimate is also far too small, the distance of Sirius being probably over 500,000 times the sun's distance, or about 18 times greater than Huygens made it.

When the Copernican theory of the earth's motion round the sun was first advanced, it was objected that if the earth moved in an orbit round the sun its real change of place should produce an *apparent* change of position in the stars nearest to the earth, causing them to shift their relative position with reference to more distant stars. Copernicus replied to this objection—and we now know that his reply was correct—by saying that the distance of even the nearest stars is so great that the earth's motion would have no perceptible effect—at least to the naked eye—in changing their apparent position in the heavens. In other words, the diameter of the earth's orbit round the sun would be almost an imperceptible point if viewed from the distance of the nearest stars. This explanation of Copernicus was at first ridiculed, and even the famous astronomer Tycho Brahé could not accept such a startling hypothesis. This celebrated observer failed, indeed, to detect by his own observations any annual

change of place, but he fancied that the brighter stars showed a perceptible disc—like the planets—a fact which, if true, would imply that, if the distance was so great as Copernicus supposed, the real size of the stars must be enormous. The invention of the telescope, however, dispelled this delusion of Tycho Brahé, and proved that even the brightest stars show no perceptible disc. This fact was also proved by Horrocks and Crabtree, who noticed that in occultations of stars by the moon the stars disappeared instantaneously: a fact which proved beyond a doubt that the apparent diameter of the stars must be a very small fraction of a second of arc.

The first idea which suggested itself with reference to the distances of the stars was that the brightest stars were the nearest and the faintest the farthest from the earth, an idea based, of course, on the assumption that the stars are in general of nearly the same size and intrinsic brilliancy. This hypothesis, although apparently a very reasonable one, has been shown by modern researches to have, strange to say, little or no foundation in fact. Although this hypothesis is now proved to be erroneous it may be interesting to inquire what the relative distances of the stars would be on the assumption of equal size and brightness. The stars were divided by the ancient astronomers into "magnitudes," according to their relative brightness, all the brightest stars being placed in the first magnitude, those considerably fainter being called second magnitude, those fainter still third magnitude, and so on to the sixth magnitude, or those just visible to ordinary eyesight. This classification has been practically retained by modern astronomers, but of course there are stars of all degrees of brightness from Sirius down to the faintest star visible in the largest telescopes. Sirius is the brightest star in the heavens, and is about equal to six average stars of the first magnitude such as Aldebaran or Altair. According to the Harvard photometric measures the following are the brightest stars in the heavens in order of magnitude: (1) Sirius, (2) Canopus, (3) Arcturus, (4) Capella, (5) Vega, (6) Alpha Centauri, (7) Rigel, (8) Procyon, (9) Achernar, (10) Beta Centauri, (11) Betelgeuse (slightly variable), (12) Altair, and (13) Aldebaran. Of these Canopus, Alpha and Beta Centauri, and Achernar do not rise above the horizon of London. Of the stars brighter than the second magnitude the following are north of the equator: Alpha Cygni, Pollux, Castor, Eta Ursæ Majoris, Gamma Orionis, Beta Tauri, Epsilon and Alpha Ursæ Majoris, Alpha Persei, and Beta Auri[illegible]; a[illegible] [illegible]outh of the equator, Alpha Crucis, Fomalhaut, Antan[illegible] S[illegible], [illegible]eta Crucis, Epsilon and Zeta Orionis, Epsilon Canis Ma[illegible] [illegible]lpha Gruis

Of those below the second magnitude, but brighter than the third, there are thirty-four in the northern hemisphere and about sixty-one in the southern. As the brightness diminishes the numbers increase very rapidly. Indeed, the increase is in geometrical progression, the number of stars in each class of magnitude being about three times as many as those in the class one magnitude higher.

The difference of one magnitude between any two stars is defined by the "light ratio," and is "the ratio of the intensities of light which shall define the meaning of 'difference of a single magnitude' between the light of two stars." This "ratio" is now generally accepted by astronomers as 2·512; that is, a star of the first magnitude is assumed to have 2·512 times the light of a star of the second magnitude, a star of the second magnitude 2·512 times the light of a star of the third magnitude, and so on. Hence, as light varies inversely as the square of the distance, the distance of any star—on the assumption of equal size and brightness—would be 1·585 (the square root of 2·512) time the distance of a star one magnitude brighter; and if we represent the distance of an average star of the first magnitude by 1, the following would be the relative distances of stars of various magnitudes: 1st mag., 1; 2nd mag., 1·585; 3rd mag., 2·512; 4th mag., 3·981; 5th mag., 6·310; 6th mag., 10; 7th mag., 15·485; 8th mag., 25·119; 9th mag., 39·811; 10th mag., 63·096; 11th mag., 100; 12th mag., 158·489; 13th mag., 251·189; 14th mag., 398·107; 15th mag., 630·957; and 16th mag., 1,000. Or, if on a wide level plane we take a fixed point, and assume the distance of a first magnitude star to be represented by 10 feet from this point, then the distance of a 2nd magnitude star would be approximately 16 feet; 3rd mag., 25 feet; 4th mag., 40 feet; 5th mag., 63 feet; 6th mag., 100 feet; 7th mag., 155 feet; 8th mag., 250 feet; 9th mag., 398 feet; 10th mag., 631 feet; 11th mag., 1,000 feet; 12th mag., 1,585 feet; 13th mag., 2,511 feet; 14th mag., 3,981 feet; 15th mag., 6,310 feet, or about 1·2 mile; and 16th mag., 10,000 feet, or nearly 2 miles. As, according to recent measures of parallax, light would take about thirty-six years to reach us from an average star of the first magnitude, it follows that the "light journey" from a star of the sixteenth magnitude (about the faintest visible in the great Lick telescope) would, on the above hypothesis, be about 36,000 years! Recent researches, however, have shown that some of the fainter stars are actually nearer to us than some of the brighter, and that therefore the brightness of a star is no criterion of its distance.

It was suggested by Galileo that the distance of the nearer stars might possibly be determined by careful measures of double stars,

on the assumption that the brighter star of the pair, if the difference in brightness is considerable, is nearer to the earth than the fainter star. Acting on this suggestion, Sir William Herschel, at the close of the eighteenth century, made a careful series of measures of certain double stars. He did not, however, succeed in his attempt, as his instruments were not sufficiently accurate for such a delicate investigation, but his labours were abundantly rewarded by the great discovery of binary or revolving double stars, a most interesting class of objects. Numerous but unsuccessful attempts were also made by Hooke, Flamsteed, Cassini, Molyneux, and Bradley to find the distance of some of the stars. Hooke, in the year 1669, thought he had detected a parallax of twenty-seven to thirty seconds of arc in the star Gamma Draconis, but we now know that no star in the heavens has anything like so large a parallax. It should be here explained that the "parallax" of a star is the apparent change in its position caused by the earth's annual motion round the sun. As the earth makes half a revolution in six months, and as its mean distance from the sun, or the radius of the earth's orbit, is about 93 millions of miles, the earth is at any given time about 186 millions of miles distant from the point in its orbit which it occupied six months previously. The apparent change of position in a star's place known as parallax is one-half the total displacement of the star as seen from opposite points of the earth's orbit. In other words, it is the angle subtended at the star by the mean distance between the sun and the earth. The measured parallax of a star may be either "absolute" or "relative." An "absolute parallax" is the actual parallax. A "relative parallax" is the parallax with reference to a faint star situated near a brighter star, the fainter star being assumed to lie at a much greater distance from the earth. As, however, the faint star may have a small parallax of its own, the "relative parallax" is the difference between the absolute parallaxes of the two stars. Indeed, in some cases a "negative parallax" has been found, which, if not due to errors of observation, would imply that the faint star is actually the nearer of the two. From the observed parallax the star's distance in miles may be found by simply multiplying the sun's distance from the earth—about 93 millions of miles—by the number 206,265, and dividing the result by the parallax. To find the time that light would take to reach us from the star—the "light journey," as it is called—it is only necessary to divide the number 3·258 by the parallax.

In attempting to verify the result found by Hooke for the parallax of Gamma Draconis, Molyneux and Bradley found an

apparent parallax of about twenty seconds of arc, thus apparently confirming Hooke's result. But observations of other stars showing a similar result, Bradley came to the conclusion that the apparent change of position was not really due to parallax, but was caused by a phenomenon now known as the "aberration of light"—an apparent displacement in the positions of the stars, due to the effect of the earth's motion in its orbit round the sun, combined with the progressive motion of light. The result is that "a star is displaced by aberration along a great circle of the star sphere, joining its true place to the point on the celestial sphere towards which the earth is moving." The amount of aberration is a maximum for stars lying in a direction at right angles to that of the earth's motion. The existence of aberration is a positive proof that the earth does revolve round the sun, for were the earth at rest—as some paradoxers maintain—there would be no aberration of the stars. This effect of aberration must, of course, be carefully allowed for in all measures of stellar parallax. To show that "aberration" could not possibly be due to "parallax," it may be stated that aberration shifts the apparent place of a star in one direction while parallax shifts it in the opposite direction.

From photometric comparisons the Rev. John Mitchell, in the year 1767, concluded that the parallax of Sirius is less than one second of arc—a result which has been fully confirmed by modern measures. He considered that stars of the sixth magnitude are probably twenty to thirty times the distance of Sirius, and, judging from their relative brilliancy, this conclusion would also be nearly correct, but modern measures have shown that the brightness of the stars is no test of their relative distance.

The stars on which observations were first made with a view to a determination of their distance seem to have been Aldebaran and Sirius. From observations made in the years 1792 to 1804 with a vertical circle and telescope of 3 inches aperture, Piazzi found for Aldebaran an absolute parallax of about one and a half second of arc. In 1857 Otto Struve and Shdanow, using a refractor of 15 inches aperture, found a "relative" parallax of about half a second. This was further reduced by Professor Hall with the 26-inch refractor of the Washington Observatory to about one-tenth of a second, and Dr. Elkin, with a heliometer of 6 inches aperture, finds a relative parallax of 0.″116, or about thirty years' journey for light. For Sirius Piazzi found (1792–1804) an absolute parallax of four seconds, but this was certainly much too large. All subsequent observers find a much smaller parallax, recent results being a relative parallax

of 0″·370 by Dr. Gill and 0″·407 by Dr. Elkin. In the years 1802–1804 Piazzi and Cacciatori found an absolute parallax of 1″·31 for the Pole Star, but this has been much reduced by other observers. The late Professor Pritchard, by means of photography, found a relative parallax of only 0″·073, which agrees closely with some other previous results, and indicates a "light journey" of about forty-four years! For the bright star Procyon, Piazzi found a parallax of about three seconds, but this is also much too large, a recent determination by Elkin giving 0″·266, a figure in fair argument with results found by Auwers and Wagner. For the bright star Vega, Calandrelli, in the years 1805–6, found an absolute parallax of nearly four seconds, but this has been much reduced by modern measures, Elkin, from measures in the years 1887–8, finding a relative parallax of only 0″·034. For Arcturus, Brinkley found a parallax of over one second, but Elkin's result is only 0″·018. If this minute parallax is anything near the truth Arcturus must be a sun of gigantic size.

Owing to the large "proper motion" of the star known as 61 Cygni its comparative proximity to the earth was suspected, and in 1812 Arago and Mathieu found, from measures made with a repeating circle, a parallax of over one-half a second. Various measures of its parallax have since been made, ranging from about 0″·27 to 0″·566. Sir Robert Ball at Dunsink (Ireland) found 0″·468, and Pritchard, by means of photography with a 13-inch reflector, found 0″·437. We may, therefore, safely assume that the parallax of 61 Cygni is about 0″·45, which gives a "light journey" of about 7¼ years. The star is only of the fifth magnitude. The small parallax found by Elkin for Arcturus would indicate a distance corresponding to a light journey of 181 years! although the star is one of the brightest in the heavens. It is usually stated that 61 Cygni is the nearest star in the northern hemisphere, but for the star known as Lalande 21,185, Winnecke found 0″·511, and afterwards 0″·501. This has, however, been reduced by Kapteyn (1885–7) to 0″·434. Reeently a parallax of 0″·465 has been found by the photographic method for the binary star Eta Cassiopeiæ.

Nearer to us than 61 Cygni is the bright southern star Alpha Centauri, which—so far as we know at present—is the nearest of all the fixed stars to the earth. The first attempt to find its distance was made by Henderson in the years 1832–3, using a mural circle of four inches aperture and a transit of five inches. He found an "absolute parallax" of about one second of arc, which, however, subsequent measures have shown to be somewhat too large.

Measures in recent years range from 0·″512 to 0·″976, but probably the most reliable are those made with a heliometer of 4½ inches aperture by Dr. Gill (1881–2), who found a "relative parallax" of 0·″76, and by Dr. Elkin—using the same instrument—0·″676. Gill's result would place the star at a distance of 271,400 times the sun's distance from the earth, or about 25 billions of miles, a distance which light, with its great velocity of 186,300 miles a second, would take over 4¼ years to traverse.

It will be understood from the above results that the parallaxes found for even the nearest stars are so small that their exact determination taxes the powers of the most perfect instruments and the skill of the most experienced observers. One thing seems certain, however, that the brightest stars are not, as a rule, the nearest, and that even comparatively faint stars may be actually nearer to the earth than some of the brightest gems which deck our midnight sky.

J. ELLARD GORE.

# A VISIT TO THE WESTERN SAHARA.

AMONG the portions of the world about which but little is yet known to Europeans, may be classed an immense tract of Africa, stretching between the fever belt of the "West coast" on the south and Morocco, Algiers, and Fez on the north. Beyond the European coast settlements of Senegal, Sa Leone, Ivory Coast, Gold Coast, and the vast domains of the Royal Niger Company, lies a region vaguely spoken of as the "Hinterland," or the Western Sudan, in which few white men have ever been, where, according to the reports of negro traders from the interior, is a healthy country of forest and rolling upland, abounding in many kinds of natural riches: valuable gums, choicest hardwood, alluvial gold, and ostriches. Further north, though where it begins and the Sudan ends is still undefined, lies the Sahara, or, as it is very incorrectly described in the older geographies, "the Great Desert." The writer has heard men, well qualified to speak on the matter, discuss this region; traders from the lonely reaches of the Gambia, French officers from the Senegal frontier, and officials of the Royal Niger who have spent some time on the upper waters of the Kwara river, to all of which points occasional caravans of Arabs, Berbers, and negroes with Arab blood in them, gather from time to time, bringing merchandise from the far interior. The consensus of opinion seems to be, that while there are tracts of waterless desert, notably as the south of Morocco is approached, a considerable portion of the Sahara is not a waste of hot sand, but a comparatively fertile land, in which are immense flocks of sheep, much grain, especially barley, and strong walled cities. The ways of Africa and the East are not the ways of the Western world, and in the matter of the transit of goods there is much to marvel at. Produce from the land between the Upper Niger and Lake Chad is carried northwards on the heads of slave porters, on the backs of camels and horses, some 1,500 miles to Mogador and Safi in South Morocco, and nearly 2,000 miles to Algiers and Tunis. On the way the caravans pass wild regions where

there is seldom peace, ruled over by many soldier nations, varying from the ebony negroes of the "Hinterland," through various shades of brown until the free Arabs of the drier wastes are reached, who, judging from those the writer has seen on the Atlantic shores, are almost as light in colour as a Spaniard or Italian, though, strange to say, the northern tribes are darker in skin, the Moors being particularly swarthy. Possibly it may not be out of place here to notice the hold the older civilisation of Arabia and the East has over the negro, as compared with Western influence. For 400 years, Europeans have traded along the fever-haunted West African littoral, since the days when the Portuguese first landed on the Gold Coast and Hawkins sailed up the Gambia. Schools and mission stations have been established, and yet, in places only fifty miles behind the seaboard, every form of degraded superstition, horrible rites of devil-worship, skull hunting, and human sacrifice are prevalent to-day. District commissioner and trader know this well; it was only a few months ago that four "leopard men" were hanged in Sa Leone for waylaying and murdering many natives for the sole purpose of "making ju ju" with the warm hearts, and the writer has seen with his own eyes corpses of murdered slaves drifting down the rivers. It is a lamentable fact that the negroes around the white settlements, who possess some hazy idea of Christianity, are generally cowardly, drunken, idle, and expert thieves, excepting always the Kroomen, who, however, are heathen; and with the exception of Postmasters and Customs clerks, to whom the writer has paid much in bribes, it may be said that there is no Christian negro in the service of any British or French colony; and men who know admit that if the troops were withdrawn the whole West African littoral would at once lapse into savage chaos. On the contrary, wherever the negro has come into touch with the Arab, a race of soldiers results. Many tales continually reach the Gold Coast of inland villages sacked and the inhabitants driven away northwards as slaves by the semi-Arab tribes of the Sudan, but there is no murdering of unarmed prisoners, offering of human sacrifice to Fetish devils, or supplying the commissariat from the captured enemy, as it is generally believed is done (this is sober earnest) by a tribe between the River Benue and the Cameroons. Any negro with a trace of Arab blood in him is invariably a Moslem, and the Mahomedan black is generally head and shoulders above either heathen, or, it is to be regretted, Christian (or semi-Christian) negro in the qualities of sobriety, courage, and fidelity. Almost every frontier soldier, armed policeman, and Government servant, from Gambia to Niger, is a Mussulman.

So much for the influence of the Arab in Africa. The writer will now endeavour to set forth what he saw of him in one of the few places where he is approachable by Europeans—the coast of the Western Sahara, though even there the sons of the desert generally welcome visitors with a charge of slugs. Between the south of Morocco and the French colony of Senegal stretches a long line of sandy beach swept by eternal surf and fringed with shifting dunes or low rocky hills and stony plateaux. Behind this coast-line, in places, lie wastes of red earth, hot stones, and eddying dust stretching away eastwards beyond the knowledge of Europeans; but the region is by no means altogether a desert. Here and there are miles of rustling barley, clusters of tall date palms, and many "wadys," or winding ravines which in the dry season are filled with scorching boulders, but for a month or two each year are swept by muddy torrents, in some places a mile wide, the River Hamra, north of Cape Bojador, occasionally exceeding this width; and some of the valleys are filled with immense forests of gum trees, which certainly does not bear out the general idea of a "desert."

The inhabitants thereof, powerful tribes of Arabs and brown-skinned Berbers, the latter invariably subject to the former, obey no law but their own pleasure, and though both Moorish Sultan and the Government of Spain claim a shadowy suzerainty over part of their land, neither swarthy Shereef nor Spanish Commandante ever received other acknowledgment than a withering volley from ambush or a resistless charge of irregular cavalry. If anyone wonders by whose authority the writer sets down these things, he can only say that part he has seen wi h his own eyes, and that for part he is indebted to information obtained from a Spanish officer of Rio de Oro fort, south of Bojador, from Spaniards connected with the British fortified factory at Cape Juby, and to an English exploring expedition which came to signal grief on that coast two years ago.

After spending some time in the Canary Islands, I joined in a trading venture to this coast, and one hot August afternoon rowed off from the little mole of Arrecife, in Lanzarote, the most eastern island of that group, to the schooner *Bella Aurora*, then rolling at her moorings in a white-topped sea outside. Arrecife was not a nice place that scorching day, for from the black lava-covered hills and sandy plains of Lanzarote, where rain only falls once or twice in a year, whirling clouds of [illegible] ic [illegible] and clouds of stifling red dust drove through the [illegible] row [illegible] ets, and inside the flat-topped, white-walled houses t[illegible] as that of

an oven. The architecture of course was Eastern. Go where you will in Spain or Spanish colonies, and you find traces of Moorish influence cropping up everywhere. Those who have contrasted the strength and beauty of the stonework of Sevilla and Grenada with the modern edifices of Madrid and Barcelona; or have compared the wise legislature of the Moors, as related in Spanish history, with the present corrupt government of the Peninsula, cannot help wondering whether the valour of the great Cid and Alvar Perez was not wasted when at the command of the most Christian monarchs they drove the Moslem out. However, to return to the narrative, the crew of the *Aurora* was a motley one, consisting of Don Pancho, who had lost his barque on the coast of Cuba; Don Manuelito, ex-captain of the Correo maritimo, the patron of a schooner dismissed from the service of the Cape Juby station; the writer; and ten "baccalao" fishermen to work the big launches.

Don Pancho having perjured himself before the Ayutante de Marina, who took our good silver dollars while he winked at the signing of documents he knew to be false, after the manner of Spanish officials, came off in the launch and took command of the schooner, and by his navigation proved that he was quite capable of losing another vessel at the first opportunity. It was bright moonlight when we proceeded to get under way, and amid the clattering of blocks and the clinking-clanking of the windlass pawls the fore and aft canvas fluttered aloft. Then the anchor was broken out, the helm put aweather, and the fine vessel, lying down to the strong trade breeze until the foam whirled along level with her lee rail, drove through the white-topped roll under every stitch she would stand, showers of spray flying aft and cascades of glittering water pouring through the weather shrouds each time the sharp bows pitched into the heart of a sea. The black volcanic mountains of Lanzarote melted rapidly into grey shadows over the reeling taffrail, and as we flew south by east out into the lonely moonlit sea I glanced apprehensively at the straining breadths of sailcloth and the humming taughtened shrouds. It was, however, no use suggesting a couple of reefs; for, warmed by much Manzanilla and Moscatel dulce, Don Pancho made up his mind to "carry on." So, hoping the masts would stand the strain, I turned in, knowing that the harder he drove her the sooner we would reach our destination, the "Playa de San Juan," south of Cape Bojador.

When I went on deck again shortly before dawn, the *Aurora* was still storming through it very fast, flooding her decks at every plunge,

though during the night they had taken a reef in the mainsail; and leaning over the rail I caught a faint shearing sound like a ripping of thin ice, mingled with a steady pulsing beat. While I wondered what it could be, for we were far out of the track of anything but "baccalao" fishers, the scream of a steam-whistle rang out of the gloom ahead, and as the helmsman jammed the tiller down, a low white-painted steamer appeared through the darkness and flashed by half veiled in driving spray, and I recognised the yacht *Erne*, chartered by an exploration company then trying to establish trading relations with the Arabs with very indifferent success. While the crew cursed the "Malditos Ingleses" for carrying no lights, forgetting we showed none ourselves, the helm was put up, and the *Aurora* flew south on her course again. All that day we drove along down wind, passing now and then a fishing schooner hove to, doubtless watching her huge basket work "trampas."

The warm sunlit waters between the Canaries and the coast of Africa swarm with many kinds of marine life. Great cephalopods and an endless variety of cuttle fish, including that ocean delicacy, the white calamar, lurk among the sand and stones below. The middle depths are filled with fish of every shape and hue; long and narrow like sword blades, round like balls, serpent-like morenas striped yellow and black, and poisoned "envenenados," one prick of the spike in whose forehead means death or amputation. Orange and crimson, pale blue, or brightest silver take the place of the greens and greys of our Northern seas, and the form of the fish is generally as remarkable as their colour.

Great tunny abound, and innumerable shoals of a fish something like a large haddock are everywhere to be met with. The latter, split and salted into "baccalao," forms the principal food of the Canary peasants, and a schooner can catch fifty tons of it in a week. The writer has sailed in many seas, but he believes that in few other parts of the world is there such profusion of excellent fish as in these little-known waters; and that, if caught only for oil or manure making, there are heavy dividends in store for any company who would start the industry. An eight-foot "trampa" or wicker cage lowered with a few mussels in it is filled half-solid in an hour, and the Spanish fishermen could take ten times as many as they do were there a larger market than the Canaries.

Soon after dark that night the schooner struck on some unknown bank, with a crash which threatened to take the bil--s out of her; then, half smothered in foam, rolled off into [illegible] rater, and, finding to our surprise no serious leak followed, we h[illegible]e her to, [illegible]

wait for dawn. Only half an hour earlier Don Pancho had stated we must be at least fifty miles from the low-lying coast.

When dawn came, we found we were close in to the northern Cape Bojador—for there are two heads of that name with a wide curving bay between—a rugged line of low red cliffs, varied by patches of yellow sandhills rising above a narrow beach, swept by spouting surf; and following the coast-line southward we let go two anchors at sunset off a shallow indentation which Pancho and Manuelito stated to be the place. All that night the *Aurora* rolled and dived, straining at her jarring cables, with a roaring fire burning in a cauldron over her taffrail, as a signal to the tribes ashore—for the rest of the party had dealings there before. There was little sleep that night; guns and revolvers were oiled and loaded, rolls of blue and white cotton cloth divided up; nails, knives, axes, and lead bars piled on one side, while with a sickening clatter of blocks, creaking of spars and groaning of bulkheads, the schooner swung up and down the sea slopes.

With the first of the daylight we got the big launch over the side and prepared to go ashore, for white figures were already moving about among the sandhills, while we could see camels and horses and sheep behind. As the launch neared the beach, the glittering parallel lines of breakers, curling over into clouds of spray as they piled themselves upon the sand, made me wonder how it would be possible to land without broken bones; but Pancho, shoving the helm down, the launch shot under the lee of a spit, and we beached her in comparative shelter.

On stepping ashore we were surrounded by a crowd of the finest men I ever saw in my life—tall athletic fellows with clustering dark curls—every one of them standing higher than the tallest of our party, and the Canary Spaniards are the reverse of a diminutive race. Long, straight limbs, broad chests, and erect carriage, all spoke of a free open-air life, with little manual labour in it; while in complexion they were as fair as my Canario friends, and considerably lighter than the Moors met with in the ports of Safi, Mazagan, or Casablanca. Their faces were particularly handsome, all of them bearing a refined Hebrew cast. Whether this people is in any way related to one of the lost tribes of Israel, the writer does not know; but the resemblance was strong—that is to say, in features. All were attired in long white tunics, hanging in heavy pleats across the breast, and reaching to the knees, with a grey woollen cape or "haique" fastened to the back of the shoulders, and, while some were bareheaded, others wore a loose flapping covering of white or blue calico.

In case this description appears too long, it is well to remember

that for many centuries this race has ruled the heart of Africa from the Nile to the Atlantic, and from the Gold Coast Hinterland to Algiers, and have stamped their individuality on countless negro nations.

Many of their guns were a marvel of exquisite workmanship. Stock and butt were cunningly dovetailed out of hardwood and ivory; some of the long barrels, of finest Damascus steel, were inlaid with gold and silver; while rear and foresight resembled those of a Snider. The bore was small, and though smooth the Arabs can hit a man pretty accurately at 200 yards, as the Spanish garrison at Rio de Oro knows very well. Where they are made the writer could never ascertain, and it is not improbable that they come overland from Egypt, or even Northern India; for the more one learns about the ways of Africa and the East, the more there is to wonder at—and distance is apparently no object in the matter of trade.

Some of the Spaniards knew a few words of corrupted Arabic, and some of the tribesmen a little Spanish; so we managed to converse, and the palaver ended by a dozen coming off with us in the launch to inspect our stock in trade. When the boat reached the schooner's side again, every Arab laid his gun, and knife with gorgeously inlaid haft, down upon the stern gratings, while the skipper repeated a mangled form of the salutation, "Come in peace!" and two seamen, with revolvers, mounted guard over the pile. This was by no means unnecessary; for more than one crew of a bacalao schooner, wrecked on this inhospitable coast, has been murdered or carried off into the inland wastes, while the Spanish fort of Rio de Oro was lately partly destroyed after a desperate defence, and the little British factory at Fort Juby has been several times attacked, and one manager had his throat cut. Even now, the Spanish peons employed there say that it is occasionally in a state of siege, though the British Company state otherwise. In spite of being unarmed, while most of our party carried two revolvers loose in their belts, the Arabs treated us with fearless contempt, taking the presents of blue and white calico, which had made a serious inroad into our scanty capital, as though they were emperors receiving tribute. We spread them the best feast we could, which they deigned to eat to the last morsel, insisting, however, on the wine being removed, and then lay down to sleep, strange to say, not one of them sea-sick; while the writer, who has a passion for examples of Eastern handicraft, coveted and dreamed of the inlaid guns.

When morning came, leaving only three [illegible]s [illegible] board the schooner, we all went ashore, armed like Bas[illegible] and following the Arabs, who left us to walk while m[illegible] of [illegible]m rode on

single-humped camels and small wiry horses, struck inland. In two hours we stumbled among scorching stones up the bed of a ravine or "wady," where once upon a time a little water had evidently trickled. The sun shone fiercely down out of a sky of intense azure, and the light and heat flashed back from the rocks on either side until the temperature was almost insupportable. Everything seemed red, the sides of the ravine varied from vermilion to purple, the sand and boulders under foot were red, and a whirling cloud of red dust, stirred up by the feet of man and beast, filled our nostrils and smarted our eyes. When at last we emerged from the stifling defile, my duck garments were soaked with perspiration, and grimy sweat, mixed with dust, dropped from my streaming forehead. Away ahead of us, with a quivering haze of heat dancing over its surface, stretched a level plain of bare earth, sprinkled here and there with small stones, across which whirling spirals of dust drove before the strong trade wind. However, the rush of the breeze mitigated the heat somewhat, and we strode resolutely forward, the writer wishing he were well out of the whole thing. For hours there was not a single blade of green or sign of living creature in all the sun-scorched waste, and we plodded on in silence behind the lurching camels. Now, the gait of a camel is peculiar, for it places both left feet on the ground at once, and then both right ones, progressing in a kind of shambling swing unlike that of any other animal. Possibly few people know that for a short distance a camel can beat a fast horse, which the writer has seen done more than once in Lanzarote and Fuerteventura of the Canary group.

At last we reached another stony ridge—you could hardly call it a hill—covered with dry Euphorbia bushes, brown mimosa, and cactus, though how the latter plant or the Euphorbia manages to fill its fleshy leaves with abundant viscous sap in a land where there is nothing but hot sand and scorching stones, it would be hard to say; either would apparently flourish in a brick-kiln. As we emerged from a rocky pass, a hoarse challenge rose from the hillside, and, glancing round in surprise, I saw that a fort, some twenty feet high, was built up against the wall of the ravine, out of rough stone and sun-dried brick, so as to be almost invisible against the parent rock, and three or four figures, who by their darker faces and blue tunics we judged to be Berbers, waved their long guns as we passed out into the high plain beyond.

In spite of the feeling that we were walking open-eyed into a trap, it was impossible not to look with interest on the panorama unrolling before us. The air in this region is probably about the

clearest in the world, and there was no sense of atmosphere at all; nothing but one intense blue transparency overhead, through which one seemed to look upwards into infinite space. On the one hand lay the azure sea; and, on the other, sandy plain and stony ridge rolled away towards the apparently limitless horizon, with no softening of outline or fading into purple mist, every cliff and hollow sharp and clear in stereoscopic perspective, and the shadows that filled the many ravines solid and black, as though carved in ebony. For several miles along the banks of a dried-up watercourse stretched fields of yellow maize and ripening barley, the long sword-like blades and bearded heads rolling in ripples before the rush of the North-East trades, while here and there clusters of tall date palms lifted their feathery fronds high against the azure, each slightly curving stem growing upwards the greater portion of its length, and not sweeping downwards at once, after the manner of most palms. Many sheep, and horses, and single-humped camels, were browsing on the outskirts of the oasis, under the charge of mounted herds, and there was a general air of industry and prosperity about the place, at which we marvelled. Descending the steep slope we travelled through the grain, which from the dried-up channels, shrunken and fissured by the heat, was evidently grown by artificial irrigation, the water of the creek doubtless being dammed up for the purpose in the wet season; and very fine barley it was, the berries very full and white in colour. Here and there were low flat-topped houses, built of sun-dried mud and timber, which appeared to be of acacia, and proved the truth of what we had been told about the existence of large forests in the interior; but the majority of the inhabitants, who resembled our guides in dress and figure, seemed to dwell in flat-topped tents, some of skin and some of calico. These were no doubt nomadic, and would move on somewhere else with their sheep and horses when the pasture was exhausted. Of grass there was not a blade, but the ground was carpeted in many places with little brown-leaved bushes, many of them covered with thorns, which, however, appeared to provide good sustenance. All that afternoon we worked hard drafting out one hundred and fifty of the plumpest sheep—little wiry creatures, very like the border Cheviots, though they were not black-faced—which was about all the schooner would hold, and packing loads of loosely-baled unwashed wool upon camels. The sheep were to be paid for in cotton cloth, iron, and lead on our return to the schooner, and worked out at about 2 pesetas, or 1*s.* 5*d.* a head, while the wool ran up to some 20 centimos, say three-halfpence, per pound, and taking

the average price of wool in Great Britain at about 10*d.* to 1*s.* per pound, there was evidently a good margin for profit. We saw neither woman nor child the whole of the day, and one of the Arabs managed to make us understand that this was owing to a tributary Berber tribe, who had been sent to harass the Spaniards at Rio de Oro, turning round on their masters and threatening to raid the latter in their turn.

When sunset came we were served with strips of mutton on mimosa twigs, barley cakes, white grapes, and fresh dates—long yellow fruit with a slightly astringent flavour, and not the sugary taste of dates as seen in England. The date, when intended for preservation, we made out was plucked before fully ripe and then matured in the sun. A date palm is a pretty sight, and the yield is enormous; where the long fronds spring from the summit of the slender shaft of the stem, the clusters hang down in heavy bunches, probably some thirty or forty pounds each, and every tree must produce many hundredweight.

Darkness closed down suddenly after the sun dipped, and then, as if by magic, the wind turned chilly, though how it did so after blowing across hot stone and scorching sand it is hard to say, and I was glad to roll myself in the sheepskin our hosts provided, at which earlier in the day I had laughed, thinking ice would be more acceptable than warm covering. Whether it was the cold, the soaking dew, which condensed on everything even inside the tent, or excitement, I do not know, but my eyes refused to close all that night, and I lay awake, gazing out through the tent door at the moonlit landscape, and the twinkling stars, which shone out one beyond the other in an endless perspective through infinite space, as I had never seen them shine before, not even in the sharp frost and keen air of the Canadian North-West. The veiled heads of maize, the spiky ears of barley, and every feathery palm were almost as clear and distinct as at noonday, lying beneath a flood of silver light, and next day an Arab gave me to understand that there the moon ripened the barley as well as the sunlight.

Nothing but man appeared to rest, and the stillness was broken by a confused murmur of soothing sound, the rustling of maize blades, the sharp patter-patter of the waving barley, an occasional rattling of palm fronds, the click of an unshod horse's hoof, and the nibbling of the sheep; while every now and then a camel uttered its hoarse gurgling cry, like the sound of water clucking out of the neck of a bottle, or you heard its broad padded foot strike the ground with a dull thud. There was a smell of wood ashes and smouldering

camel dung in the air, mixed with the scent hot earth gives out when it opens its parched lips by night to suck in the dew, blending into an indescribable odour characteristic of Morocco and the Eastern Canaries. At last the stars paled and faded, and with the briefest interlude of dawn the glowing sun swang up above the horizon, and another scorching day began. As soon as we had breakfasted on more mutton, barley cake, and dates, accompanied by draughts of splendid green tea, though whether the latter came south across the desert from Morocco, or north from Senegal or Sierra Leone, the Arabs did not appear to know—they bought it at the great "sook," or caravan fair, at a place with an unpronounceable name—we set to work to collect our possessions. When we reached the beach again, we had a good eight hours' work to get the sheep on board with the launch, and when at last I threw myself down in my bunk, thoroughly worn out, it was with a thankful feeling at having come safely out of a risky adventure.

Next day, the Arabs who accompanied us coolly claimed three times the quantities agreed upon for the sale of the sheep; but at last departed, evidently satisfied with their just due, and promised to return in a few days bringing feathers, gum, and gold dust. Many of those we met wore heavy plates of the latter on the sheaths of their beautifully forged, long-bladed knives, which were fashioned with a curious half-moon handle; in fact, gold seemed fairly plentiful, and we made out in our much mixed idiom that a metal, which answered to the description of copper, was worked somewhere in the interior.

For four days we lay wallowing in the steep-sided seas, nearly rolling the masts out of the schooner, for the "trades" came down heavy and strong, piling a nasty ocean sea on the coast, and then a fresh tribe appeared among the sandhills and ravines, attired in dull blue, and from what I could make out through the binoculars, either Berbers or a different race to the men we met. Possibly these were the obstreperous tribe our hosts had mentioned, but in any case we waited events before getting the launch over the side. It was well we did so, for at night a handful of slugs crashed through the illuminated skylights, and next morning we saw the beach swarming with a hostile mob, while lines of men and camels appeared coming from the south. A number of shots were fired, and then we thought discretion the better part of valour, and getting under way stood off to the westward under reefed mainsail, feeling that we had come out of it very well, and might not be so lucky another time. We sold the sheep at various Canary ports and the wool at Sta Cruz

de Tenerife, realising fair prices; but it appeared that as Spain claims some kind of authority over a part of this region, though their only garrison at Rio de Oro scarcely ventures out of range of the old brass guns of the fort, a special charter was necessary before any trade could be done. Also, it required so much "bonificacion" to salve the consciences of the officials and prevent our arrest, that there was little left for our trouble.

We therefore abandoned the game as not worth the candle, and shortly afterwards the English adventurers whose steamer we had passed, chartered a schooner as being cheaper, and, undeterred by previous attacks, landed at Playa de Santiago near Bojador. Here they narrowly escaped with their lives after a hard fought battle on the beach, one being shot through the jaw, another losing his leg which was riddled with slugs, while a Spanish seaman was carried away into the wastes of the Sahara.

We therefore gave the matter up, as did the wealthy company, as more risky than profitable. There is in the Western Sudan a great market for British goods, and an unlimited supply of valuable produce which would yield large returns if it could be reached. At present, the French have secured a portion of the trade, a little of which goes through their colony of Senegal; while a certain quantity of goods filters through the fever swamps of Sierra Leone and the Gold Coast. The major portion, however, innumerable camel loads of spices, feathers, gold, ivory, gums, and skins, crosses thousands of miles of wild and generally hostile country to Morocco and Fez, some of the caravans passing within a few hundred miles of Cape Bojador on the Sahara coast, where there is a safe and easy outlet. The free Arabs, however, have shown, over and over again, that they will allow no strangers entrance into their dominions, and so the road remains closed. It would probably require an army corps of French Senegali, Gold Coast Haussa, and Lagos Yoruba to open the way, and this kind of thing is not permitted in the nineteenth century. So, Arab and Berber hold their land inviolate, and men who understand things turn envious eyes on the doors of a vast market which at present is barred against them.

HAROLD BINDLOSS.

# *TABLE TALK.*

## Mr. McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times."[1]

THE completion, if such it be—for I hope that the brilliant writer may live to give us more than one further instalment—of Mr. Justin McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times" is a matter on which lovers of literature may be congratulated. No dryasdust compilation is this, gathered painfully and laboriously from musty records; it is an animated picture of events in which the writer has taken an active part, and which, even, he has striven assiduously to shape. In this respect it is to be classed with works such as the "Mémoires des sages et royales Œconomies d'Estat de Henry le Grand," of Maximilien de Béthune, duc de Sully, our good "Lord of Rosny," and even with the "Commentaries of Julius Cæsar" and the "History of the Rebellion and Civil War of Clarendon," rather than with ordinary histories. It is true that the events he presents are less picturesque than those exhibited in the works we have associated with his own, and that his own figure stands less prominent in his pictures than those of his predecessors in their respective histories. The importance of the events with which he deals will, however, be more easily judged by those who in future times can read them by the light of their results; and his own figure, if we do not as yet see it in heroic dimensions, has at least nothing that is unworthy or undignified.

## Merits of the "History."

THE gifts that qualify a man to speak clearly, impressively, and, so far as may be, convincingly upon the subjects with which he deals are Mr. McCarthy's in an eminent degree. These gifts are, accurate knowledge of his subject, penetrative insight, a well-balanced and logical mind, a luminous style, and a resolute determination to speak the truth and nothing but the truth. He does not, of course, see the events he depicts from a platform raised above the crowd. He is, or has been, a combatant among combatants, with a head

[1] London: Chatto & Windus.

only so far raised above the men around him, as is that of the man who keeps his eye on the banner of his cause instead of looking down to count the slain. It is doubtful, however, whether any man of our day has had a clearer vision of what has passed around him or has conveyed to those outside the fray a more faithful chronicle of its phases. As succeeding volumes of the work have appeared, unanimous testimony has been borne by friend and foe to its fairness and impartiality. That tribute is no less well earned by the fifth volume than by its predecessors. It is of course written from a standpoint; it could not be otherwise. No reader of the volume can for a moment suppose it an emanation from one who is not a democrat in conviction and an enemy of loud-voiced Jingoism. Still, the effort to be just, to hold evenly the scale, and to find the "soul of goodness in things evil" is everywhere apparent, and the work is as scrupulously fair as is possible in the case of one to whom the creeds he holds are sanctities, and not mere vestments to be worn and doffed at pleasure. Add to these things that the style and observation are those of the keen observer and brilliant writer to whom we owe "Miss Misanthrope" and "Dear Lady Disdain," and the causes for congratulation on the appearance of the volume will be patent.

### Mr. McCarthy's Pictures or Pronouncements.

It is obviously impossible for me to compress into a few paragraphs the spirit of a volume which covers a period of seventeen years, beginning with the restoration to power of the Liberals in 1880, and ending with the preparations for the "Diamond Jubilee." Nor, indeed, is there any call upon me to summarise further what is in itself a summary. I will then do little more than call attention to the judicial way in which Mr. McCarthy treats men or causes with which he cannot wholly sympathise, such as "the Bradlaugh Episode," to which he devotes a chapter, and "Dynamite," grimly, if naturally, associated with "Death." I may, however, with no fear of causing discussion or exciting prejudice, praise the admirable estimates of the great dead who have passed away during the period with which Mr. McCarthy deals. First among these in order comes George Eliot, one "of the greatest of English novelists," whom the writer ranks "with Fielding, with Jane Austen, with Dickens, with Thackeray, and with Charlotte Brontë." Perhaps the most brilliant picture given, and certainly one of the most difficult to paint, is that of Lord Beaconsfield, the close of whose dazzling career is superbly depicted. Of Bright, that "great and noble citizen," it is said that "His life was simple, he had no ambition but the ambition to do

good, and his figure will stand out like a great statue through succeeding generations of public life." An interesting comparison, to the truth of which I can personally attest, is drawn between the social manners of Browning and Tennyson. The two poets are, moreover, contrasted in their literary productions. With these I cannot deal, nor may I discuss what is said concerning "Dick" Burton and many other celebrities now gone to the majority. I can, indeed, do no more than direct the reader's attention to Mr. McCarthy's observations on the new Laureate, the pith of which is, "He did not deserve the position of Poet Laureate, but neither did he deserve all the disparagement which his appointment brought on him." A work more valuable and delightful and just throughout does not often make appeal to the public.

## Changing Tastes of Book-buyers.

IT is becoming increasingly evident that books such as the "Index Biblio-Iconographique" will take the place previously held by the "Manuel du Libraire" of Brunet and the "Bibliographer's Manual" of Lowndes. We live in days of progress so rapid that almost before we have learnt how to use the information conveyed in works of this class it is out of date. Who now looks into Lowndes with the notion of learning what is the pecuniary value of a work? For other purposes Lowndes is useful enough and even indispensable. What M. Dauze supplies is the current price of a book, not that it held at a given time when some wave of caprice or some other purely fortuitous circumstance assigned it a wholly fictitious value. To take a singularly apt illustration—that of the so-called *littérature romantique*, on which the Baron d'Eylac writes in an interesting preface, the time has been when an unbound copy of the "Mademoiselle de Maupin" has brought £60 (1,500 francs) in a public auction; and the extravagances of Petrus Borel (Pierre Borel d'Hauterive), known as "Le Lycanthrope," and the caricatures of Philotée O'Neddy (Théophile Dondey) stood in rows on the shelves of the collector. The original edition of "Mademoiselle de Maupin" has dropped in M. Dauze's work to ninety-nine francs, of which half may perhaps be assigned to the blue morocco binding. Philotée O'Neddy is not mentioned, and the first edition of the "Contes Immoraux" of Petrus Borel is sold for twenty-one francs. Original editions of Victor Hugo, even once the god of the romantics, are so out of demand that I can copy from M. Dauze's Index a note of the sale of the original edition of "Voix Intérieures" for four francs, and that of "Les Rayons et les Ombres" for three francs.

### What Books are now in Demand.

OTHER classes of books which stood more recently in the front of estimation have undergone a similar reverse. No copy of the "Pâtissier François" of the Elzevirs is in the Index. It is, however, certain that had such appeared the price would have been far less than the 10,000 francs (£400) mentioned by le Baron d'Eylac. Nor will, as says the same authority, the Molière of 1666, bound though it was by Trautz-Bauzonnet, bring again 6,000 francs. The falling off in this case is the more remarkable since whereas the prices brought by the "Pâtissier" were a pure outcome of fantasy, the early editions of Molière have genuine critical value, and are now, like our own quarto Shakespeares, in course of reproduction. The Baron estimates the depreciation in those works, in the case of fine and well-bound copies, at at least 50 per cent. in comparison with the prices of 1880. Shabby or defective examples have meanwhile no value at all. "What is," asks the same authority, "at the present moment the class of books in demand in France?" He is unable to answer his own question, and the booksellers are, he says, in a like quandary. I will not attempt to speak personally on a subject on which I must necessarily know less than my interlocutor. I will give him, however, the prices at which four French books have sold in London by public auction within the present year. From this he may perhaps derive some consolation. Here they are:—Montesquieu's "Temple de Gnide," 1772, £46; Erasmus, "L'Eloge de la Folie," 1751, £22 10*s.*; Le Sage, "Le Diable boiteux," on thick paper, 1756, £31; Longus, "Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé," 1718, £41; "Le Théâtre de Pierre Corneille," 1764, £55; La Fontaine's "Fables Choisies," 1765–1773, £36 10*s.* These books contain in finest state the designs of Eisen and other eighteenth-century artists. They were, with the exception of the last item, bought by one bookseller, and that bookseller an Englishman. Such prices have not previously been realised. French booksellers who complain that the book-trade is out of gear may perhaps take a hint.

### Mr. D. Christie Murray on his Contemporaries.

TRIBUTE handsomer than is paid by Mr. David Christie Murray to his predecessors and rivals in his "My Contemporaries in Fiction,"[1] is not often yielded by a writer. Apart from the value of the opinions enounced upon Dickens, Charles Reade, Stevenson, George Meredith, and others, the volume is very readable and

[1] London: Chatto & Windus.

pleasant, all the more readable perhaps on account of a certain perfervidness and impetuosity characteristic of the writer. Some fine distinctions are drawn, moreover, and the parallel established between Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Meredith furnishes an instance of very subtle criticism. It is not all laudation and eulogy. Grave and just exception is taken to the choice of subjects of Mr. Thomas Hardy in some of his more recent works, notably in "Jude the Obscure." The American novelists are accorded some pleasant banter, and Miss Marie Corelli is awarded some mild derision of a kind that she has abundantly provoked. That the heroine of the "Sorrows of Satan" is herself, Miss Corelli has denied. Firmly but good-naturedly Mr. Murray shows how much her contradiction is worth. We are not universally in accord with Mr. Murray's verdicts. His book is, however, a piece of sound, penetrative, judicious criticism, and as such I commend it to my readers.

### Modern Critics.

ONE thing I should like to learn from Mr. Murray. Who are the injudicious critics to whom he frequently alludes, who overpraise modern novelists, putting them on a level with or in front of Sir Walter Scott? I am a constant and an indefatigable reader, but I know not such. Book criticism in second-rate newspapers is occasionally assigned to youth, whose presumption is on a par with its ignorance. No notice, however, is taken of such notices, which are anything rather than criticism. I am a bit of a critic myself, and in these pages I have written concerning Charles Reade, whom Mr. Murray regards as underrated, in pretty much the same language as Mr. Murray employs. We did not underrate Charles Reade in the time when I read novels. On the contrary, we held there was none like him. I myself put him here, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, with Dumas. That there are critics, presumably of some position, who put Mr. Crockett beside Sir Walter, I must believe, because Mr. Murray tells me so. Why, however, does he not show them up? If he does not know the names, why not mention where their statements can be read? I should then be in a position to estimate the value of their opinion. Mr. Murray is outspoken enough about authors. No "divinity" surely "doth hedge" a critic that we should not know about him. I hear that there is a knot of log-rollers who puff one another's works. I am loth to believe that any sane man would dream of putting Mr. Crockett, or, for the matter of that, Stevenson himself, on the level with Scott, any more than he would put Miss Marie Corelli on a level with Shakespeare.

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THE

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## "*SALLY?*"

BY JOHN KENT.

THE story I propose to tell as nearly as may be in the words of the person who bestowed it upon me (not without a certain admixture of his personal tediousness) will come before the public at a disadvantage. I find myself in the unenviable position of a barrister compelled by conscience to introduce a client's case with the frank avowal that he does not believe a word of it. I have verified the circumstances to which I was referred for confirmation, and they leave me unconvinced. It is quite true that as old John Gubbins suns his shins at his cottage door his eyes do follow the burly Squire riding up the street with an interest that might fairly be called paternal. But then I myself in the character of village stranger come in, or so I have thought, for at least an equal share of his attention. Sally Gubbins (as I understand she prefers to be called, matrimony notwithstanding) does certainly when in church direct her regards with curious fixity towards the sitting occupied by "the family." As, however, the sitting in question exactly crosses the line of vision which connects her with the parson in desk and pulpit, this may very well be nothing more than an argument of her devotion. To subpœna Miss Norriss' temper is hardly fair. So many elderly ladies are gifted with a power of fiery diction, that to infer blood relationship between two on the mere strength of similar endowment in this respect would be to extend unduly the limits of reasonable conjecture. The idea of a compact with the Pope of Rome is half a century too late. Indeed, the whole story would seem to belong properly to a period considerably antecedent to the

date assigned to it by my friend William Churn. The transfer of babies was a stock theme with the novelists of a hundred and fifty years ago, when as yet such desirable adjustments of destiny were not hampered by the officious curiosity of the Private Enquiry Office. Coming across a myth of the sort actually alive in the last decade of the nineteenth century, within a mile of a telegraph office, is almost as startling as it would be to find a great auk sitting on a nestful of eggs under Beachy Head. Now that education has fairly earned the compliment once paid to a Roman emperor, *Urbem fecisti quod prius orbis erat*, and the plough-boy in all but fact is as thoroughly a Londoner as a Euston Square hansom driver, it is no use looking to future *Nuits de Village* for additions to our existing stock of domestic legend. The old tree has been cut at the root, and its scanty fruit no longer smacks directly of the soil, only keeps lingering flavours of ancient sap imprisoned in the withering branches.

Old William Churn was driving me to the station early one morning in May, as he did pretty often in those days, and we had just cleared Bixbed village, when we overtook a gaunt, broad-shouldered woman on her way to work in the fields, hoe on shoulder. The sun glinted on the iron, worn bright as silver by long chafing of weed and clod. Some odd quirk of the brain made me think of the Pallas in Tennyson's "Œnone," with "the brazen-headed spear, Athwart her pearly shoulder leaning cold." Before I could laugh at the incongruity of the two pictures, something in the woman's gait and build struck me as justificatory of my impression. It was much the disguise the goddess might have assumed in one of her numerous travesties. The helm a Kitty bonnet, the *peplos* modified into scanty skirts, the spear a spud, nothing left untransmogrified but the frame, and the force, and a certain divine energy of movement. *Incessu patuit*, for her very step suggested the spurning of the dust of an indignant immortal. She neither turned her head nor deflected from her track. There was no occasion, and yet her not doing so had an air of defiance. She dared us to drive over her, whoever we were.

Ninety-nine times out of a hundred the impression produced by a back view is scattered to the winds by a look at the face. But the glance I permitted myself in passing did more than confirm it. The features were aquiline, savagely salient, tanned and hardened by weather (temper, too, I dare say), till all note of sex was lost. And Boadicea herself, "smarting from the Roman rods," could scarcely have worn an expression of more indignant contempt.

Some sort of instinctive feeling (it may have been politeness, but

was more like precaution) made me restrain my curiosity till we were a reasonable way past, too far for its object to connect my interrogatory turn to my driver with herself. I believe I had a vague idea that her resentment might take some unpleasantly active form. William seemed to follow the workings of my mind.

"We be nigh about safe now," he observed, in response to my movement. "'Taint nothing but foolishness that they says about her overlooking folk. But there! I'd as lief as not she didn't know as I'd a got her name on the end o' my tongue."

"What *is* her name, William? I don't seem to know her face."

"Well, if I was to tell ee she was Sally Gubbins, I should be telling ee a lie. It's what she do call herself, howsomever. Seems like as if the name o' Peck did go agin her stomach. 'Tis going on for forty years now as she married, and he didn't bide wi' her for a twelvemonth. So I reckon as she thinks the name have had time to wear out."

"Sally Gubbins; Sally Peck," I repeated, trying without much success to fit the names upon the idea left on my mind by my glimpse of the woman's condor-like physiognomy.

"Ay, they do go wi' her like a sheep-bell on a hound. Well, there's them as says she've a got another as is better nor either on em," said William, mysteriously.

"*Another?*"

"Norriss," dropping his voice.

"Squire's family?"

"I'll give ee the hull o' the tale in a dark saying. If Sally's o' Squire's family, Squire baint. Contrariwise, if he be, she bain't. Warn't I'd get a change o' raiment out of ee, if so be you was bound to interpret that."

"It's past my guessing, William. You'll have to tell me the rights of it."

"In what have passed between us on this here road," said William, judicially, "I've found ee allus the same, a discreet youth, not given to babbling and light conversation, but one wi' whom a man may speak to profit. And this here tale is one I'd have ee lay to heart. I bain't one o' them as discourse for the vain pleasure o' the tongue, but rather unto edification. I dunnow if you've a heerd tell o' one Jane Pryke, as were midwife in this village, and died thirty year ago come February?"

I shook my head.

"I thought John Graves might 'a' telled ee. He's a man main fond o' hearing hisself talk, is John, and he were one o' them as seed

her die. And it were a terrible ending, Jane's. Parson sat alongside on her for hours and hours, exhorting of her to make a clean breast o' whatever 'twas as laid on her soul. But it warn't a mite o' good. Speak she wouldn't and die she couldn't. I mind the old gentleman's face as he came out o' the door. Twice a stopped, and once a made as if he were for going back. And then a shook his head and went forrad. Terrible hard weather it were, wi' a frost fit to cleave stones."

"But what was it she had on her mind, William?"

"Fust you hear o' the manner o' her dying. There warn't no change not till the frost guv out. And then she cries, 'Send for the parson, send for the parson!' as you might a-heard her plain up at the 'Crown.' But 'twas too late, for she were past speech afore he could come. But there, she'd a-done it in her heart.

"She were buried o' Saturday, and I never seed folk in church like they was o' that Sunday. Come miles and miles, some on em, and all in a jumpus to hear what parson would say o' Jane, for 'twas got about as there were summut out o' the common in the manner of her dying. But we come away a bit disappointed like. Main kind he spoke o' Jane, as right were, and she but barely cold in her grave. 'Twas about the danger o' putting off, and terrible solemn he were. But we thought as he mout a-touched a bit closer.

"So there it war. There warn't man, woman, or child in the parish as wouldn't a-given a bone out o' their bodies for to know the rights on it wi' Jane, and murder was the least word on their tongues. But it warn't for three months arter that the truth was knowed, as it come about like this here.

"There was three men a-doing a bit of a job to the big fireplace as is in the hall up at the Great House, Mr. Norriss and his lady being in London. And the three men was 'Lijah Blandford and another wi' un as was well knowed for a long head (and I baint above letting you guess who 'twere), and along o' they two was a man o' the name o' John Gubbins, as should a-bin the father o' this here woman as we've bin and passed.

"Well, on the wall, as it might be here from the fireplace, was a picter of Squire as come down from London not three weeks afore, wi' Lady Mary a-looking at un from across the hall. They was married just after Christmas, and the picters done immediate. The very moral o' Squire you might say it was, he being then a man o' five-and-twenty years old, a big man and a lusty. And there was summut in it as I can't rightly make out. For there was I and Blandford as had seed Squire scores and scores o' times, and I'd seed

John Gubbins oftener nor that; and I'd seed em along o' one another in the wood, as John were had in reglar to felling, though he'd a-lost his woodman's place years and years afore along o' the drink. So whether 'twas by reason o' my looking a bit closer at the picter than 'twould have been manners to look at Squire's face, or whether he as painted it had took a bit more notice o' things, I can't tell ee, but all in a minute I says, 'The Lord keep us!' and 'Lijah he says, 'Why, John, there you be on the wall as like as two peas!' Now Gubbins, he were a slow man, peaceable like, as they heavy men do use to be. But he ups all in a minute, and 'You say that there again,' he says, 'and I'll larn ee summut.' Now, 'Lijah he warn't a fighter, and I hadn't said naught, so there it war. But John knocked off at the stroke and off wi'out a word, good or bad. And we stops to fettle up things a bit and looks at the picter, and if there warn't John Gubbins a-looking out of the eyes of it I never seed nothing. So we goes out studying very deep, and was nigh got to the bridge when Blandford he says, and I mind his very words, ''Tis summut in the air of a place as do breed these here likenesses. Why, there's Sally Peck, as is John's daughter, she do feature Miss Norriss.' And the words warn't off the end o' his tongue when it all came into my mind so clear as if it was drawed out wi' a pen. And now I'll tell ee the rights on it from the fust beginning.

"'Twas well knowed fifty odd years ago, when Mrs. Norriss as was the lady o' the late Squire did come to bide at the house, as a child were expected. And it were a child as a deal depended on. For the eldest were a girl (that's the Miss Norris as you've seed), and there wern't like to be no more, along o' Mr. Norriss getting throwed from 's horse as put un off his head, so as they had to shut un up in Bedlam, or wheresoever 'tis as the gentry be sent in like case. And there a lived more nor twenty year, but that's neither here nor there. And if the child did happen to be a girl, the proputty were to go out o' the name o' Norriss.

"Well, I were a lad in them days (wi' a good bit more sense nor most of em), and I remember it all clear, and the sound of the horse a galloping for the life of un to call the doctor from Albury, as woke up the village, as you may say. For we all knowed in a minute as summut was up wi' the lady. And there was Jane Pryke fetched up out of her bed (or so she should say) and the big kitchen o' the house full o' folks as come to know how 'twas, and Mrs. Pettifer, the cook as was then, a drawing beer for em most liberal. The tale was as the child were come ten days afore time, along of a cat as should a jumped on the lady's shoulder unexpected like. I mind

the cat, as he were a Tom as Mrs. Pettifer did set great store by, and some on em was for hanging of him. Well, by and bye word comes down as 'twas all right, and when the doctor come, there was the lady a-bed and a fine boy alongside on her. The doctor he had his joke wi' Jane very pleasant, and Jane she got ten pound in golden sovereigns for her share in the job.

"Now if you look at the Church Register (as Thomas Crook the clerk could get ee a sight on it) you'll see two names wi' only two days atween em. John Marrable Norriss and Sarah Gubbins. Sarah she do come two days arter the Squire."

"Well?"

"You do think it had ought to be t'other way, if so be the two was changed about. But I tell ee. When you be walking up Wood End Lane, there's a pair o' gate posts most growed over in the hedge o' the left hand. There bain't nothing but the posts, as the spars has been took away by the old women a gathering sticks. There ain't nothing safe from em, they be that earnest after firing. The kipper he could shew ee where the cottage did stand as the path led to, but there bain't much of it left but the undercourses o' the vower walls, and they be deep in quitch and stinging nettles. 'Tis a place right out o' the way so as you might murder a family there, and no word on it, not till some un did chance to go into the wood. And 'twas there as John Gubbins were living wi' wife and child. There weren't but the one boy, as was in arms when Sally come, and went to Australia afore he were eighteen, along o' the life she led un, like a young cuckoo wi' a nestling chipperfinch!

"John he were under-woodman and didn't have much to do wi' the village, being out o' the way like and not dealing at the shop, cos he got what 'twas he did want from Albury wi' the bailiff's cart as went in reglar o' Saturday. And what wi' being a lonesome place and what wi' Jane as was backard and furrud about the missus, you mout say as there were a way open. For though Jane didn't have naught to do with the House, there were a girl there as were her half sister's child and had been wi' the family to London (as they did mostly get their girls from the village), and 'twas thought as she were the main doer wi' Jane. She were married in London afore the year was out to a man as was body-servant to a lord, and wouldn't a looked at the likes o' she not wi'out a goodish bit o' money. And how she come by it I'll leave ee to think. So 'tis thought as the child at the House were born days afore, and it not being o' [illegible]e right sort and John Gubbins' missus being close on her time, [illegible] thing were kept quiet on the chance like. And Mrs. Pettifer [illegible]e main put

out about the cat, as she'd had un for years, and never jumped on man, woman, or child afore, being as he were fed most reg'lar."

"Well, the evidence against the cat seems weak, William. I hope he wasn't hanged. But I don't see much against Jane Pryke so far. Likenesses don't go for much."

"Ay, you be o' them as want the chimney-pots on afore the foundations be laid. I'm telling ee what were said so soon as it come to be knowed about John Gubbins and the picter. And I'll go on wi'ut orderly, and afore we gets to Chefford I'll draw the hull on it together for ee, handsome. And I won't say no more about likenesses (seeing as some don't take no count on em, seemingly), not beyond one word. And that I'll leave to you. You've a seed Miss Norriss frequent, a clumping about so tall and so bold, for all she's going on sixty, wi' her lace-up boots like a man, and stick in hand, and her face wi' nose and eyes as you'd say 'twas a sparrer-hawk. And now you've seed Sally Gubbins."

"Oh, there is a sort of a likeness, William, certainly."

"But 'tis in the *nater* of em as they be like, I tell ee. Time out o' mind the Norrisses have been knowed far and near for the tempers as is in em. Man, woman, and child, they be all so fierce as trapped stoats, and *particular* the women of em. My grandfather did have a tale as 'twas along o' church land. I don't know naught about that. But so 'tis. And 'twarn't five year ago as Sally and Miss Norriss did come together over a bit of a terrier dog as was most like a child to Miss Norriss. And there wern't but one word in the mouth o' them as heerd em at it. 'Sisters'! The dog he got arter a cat o' Sally's, and she met un at the door just as Miss Norriss were by the gate, and 'you nasty, mangy cur,' she says, 'next time as I catch your stinking nose inside o' my gate, I'll break the ugly back of ee wi' this fire shovel,' as she'd got it held in her hand. And Miss Norriss she ups and gives her as good. 'Tis well knowed as Peck he run off, along o' Sally's being that impident as flesh and blood couldn't bide her. Now Squire he's a slow man and soft o' speech, and his family do take arter him."

"Tell me, William. Does Mr. Norriss know what they say?"

"Sartain sure he do know, as I'll show ee proof. You've bin in the church and seed what do go on. Well, all they candles and crosses and banners, the hull on it did come arter Jane died. There wern't none on em afore. Just morning and evening service as 'tis appointed to be read in churches, and a sermon as done a man good to hear. The old parson he were dead agin them Popish devices."

"Well, I suppose the new parson brought in the changes."

"Ay. But who brought in the new parson? You tell I that. And it's going on five-and-twenty years now as he's a drawing of 'em over slowly to Rome."

"But what on earth has all this to do with the Squire?"

"'Tis a deep question. But I'll give ee satisfaction. 'Tis like this here. Being troubled in conscience like, and the Protestant religion having no comfort for un (not unless he did repent and make restitution, as 'tis said in the Prayer Book), and he having married a wife come o' high folk, and the world sitting main close to un—— he were *bound* to do summut for the easing of his spiritual man. And 'tis well knowed as a year didn't pass after Jane died afore he and Lady Mary they was off to Rome."

William made a dramatic pause.

"Terrible sorry for un I be! For 'twas hell here and poverty theer, as you mout say. As artful a snare o' Satan as ever *I* heerd on. Let alone that there's no manner o' doubt that it do go main agin him to see his old father on the parish."

"He doesn't give him any help, then?"

"I'm not saying but that Lady Mary may look in now and again wi' a half-crown. But John Gubbins, he ain't to call a deserving man, and Squire can't get no way of helping un wi'out the old tale being stirred up most scandalous. Nor yet he can't take no notice of un beyond 'Good-day, John,' or the likes o' that. And to see John Gubbins look arter him as he do ride down the street! 'Tis all one as if he should say, 'Theer's my boy! Look at un, all of ee!' Ah, there's a vast o' pride in old John! And it come out one day as Mr. Barr, as was the new relieving officer, were a catechising of un about his son, for to see if there wern't nought to be got out of un to help the parish wi' John's 'lowance. 'Ay,' he says, 'I *have* a son, and a son as rides a better horse nor ever come a'tween *your* legs,' he says. 'But *he* don't give me nothing!' And Mr. Barr he says arterwards, 'Whatever do the old fool mean?' And James Crook, as was by, he says, 'What! Didn't you take notice as Squire he passed a horseback not five minutes afore?' So *that* were clear enough."

"I thought you said he had a son in Australia. They all ride there, I'm told."

"Ah, 'twarn't him as he meant. 'Twere Squire, I tell ee. And old John he do sit a watching and a watching for to see un pass. Terrible uplifted he be for to think as his flesh and blood should be among them as ride on white asses, as you may say."

"And Sally Gubbins? How does she take things?"

"I can't tell ee nought about Sally. There's deeps in that woman as would terrify a man to look into. She do live wi' her old father (as they do call un), and do for un as a daughter should. But he darn't for's life open his mouth wi'out her leave asked; no, not when he's too far gone in liquor for to hold hisself upright. I could tell ee o' them as have tried for to get it out of un wi' beer, and better nor that. But it wern't no good. 'Tis thought as she'll die wi'out a word. But speak or no, 'twill be knowed then to whom she do belong."

"Some written evidence will come out, you think?"

"Naw, naw, 'taint naught o' that. But they be bound to let her sleep wi' her own folk in the corner o' the churchyard where the Norrisses do lie, them as isn't in the vaults. Now I'll put it to ee. Here be Sally wi' all her life a secret locked up in the inside o' her. And every Sunday as she comes to church (as she do come, regular), there she do sit, and her eyes on the Squire's seat wi' the ladies a kneeling in it, and she down among the poor and the old as sits in the aisle. And her heart a burning, no doubt. And she's to drop her curtsey to Lady Mary" (mincingly) "and go up to the house for the soup in the winter (for they be main good to the poor), and the hull on it feeding her wi' anger fit to draw her out of her grave if she were eight foot underground."

"Well?"

"There's them as says" (very low) "that if she bain't laid among the Norrisses, there'll be one more seen in the Squire's seat o' Sundays. And now I'll put the hull on it before ee, wi' the teaching thereof."

But I will spare the reader William's summing-up and moral.

# *LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.*

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU is one of our undoubted Twickenham celebrities. She lived in Savile House from 1720 or '21 till 1739, and frequently mentions it in her correspondence. It has perhaps been unfortunate for her reputation with posterity that she ever came here: for her relations with Pope, which were both cause and effect of her residence here, have done much to prejudice her character, while a later Twickenham resident, Horace Walpole, is another of her bitterest traducers. Though a great deal her enemies said of her was invented or grossly exaggerated, I am afraid I shall not be able to show that she was an exemplary or amiable lady; but she was a personage of considerable literary and social distinction, and was mixed up with many interesting people, and perhaps an evening may not be ill spent in her company.

As to the sources of our information about her, the paramount authority are her own letters. How these were originally published, and whether some of them were not forgeries, are mysterious questions of literary history into which I need not enter in this paper. In 1837 Lord Wharncliffe, her great-grandson, into whose possession a great part of her MSS. had come, published a complete edition of her letters and other writings, but he appears to have taken little care as to the correctness of his text, and it was not till 1861 that a really correct edition from the original MSS., which are still in existence in the possession of Lord Harrowby (also a descendant of Lady Mary), was brought out by Mr. Moy Thomas. One of the most valuable parts of its contents are certain "Introductory Anecdotes" which Lady Louisa Stuart, a daughter of Lord Bute, the favourite and Prime Minister of George III., and granddaughter of Lady Mary, contributed to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of 1837. Lady Louisa was then a very old lady (she was ninety-four when she died in 1851), and had been a valued friend and correspondent of Sir W. Scott. Many letters to and from her are prin[illegible] Lockhart's "Life of Scott," or in the two volumes of "Fam[illegible]r Letters" published two years ago; but she wrote nothing b[illegible]er or more

charming than the "Introductory Anecdotes of the Life and Times" of her Grandmother. There is another useful modern book about Lady Mary: "Select Passages from her Letters; with a Connecting Narrative by Arthur A. Ropes, late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge." For other sources I will only mention the discussions as to her relations with Pope in the third and fifth vols. of Elwin and Courthope's great edition of "Pope," especially in the fifth chapter of Mr. Courthope's "Life of Pope" in vol. v.; and in the first vol. of Dilke's "Papers of a Critic."

Lady Mary was born in 1689, the year after the Revolution that placed William and Mary on the throne: she was just a year younger than Pope. Her father was Evelyn Pierrepont, a younger brother of the Earl of Kingston, and became Earl of Kingston himself, when she was a child. In the Civil War the Pierreponts had done what other prudent families did—the Earl of Kingston of that day adhered to the King, who created him Marquis of Dorchester, and his brother, Lady Mary's great-grandfather, nicknamed "Wise William," took the side of the Parliament. The earldom in time came to two of the grandsons of Wise William, and Queen Anne, in whose reign Evelyn, Earl of Kingston, Lady Mary's father, was a busy politician, revived in his person the title of Marquis of Dorchester. George I., in 1715, created him Duke of Kingston. He was a Whig, as his gaandfather had been, and Lady Mary inherited his politics, and was, as we shall see, always very hostile to Jacobites and Tories. Her mother was Lady Mary Fielding, a daughter of the Earl of Denbigh, and first cousin to Edmund Fielding, the father of the great novelist Henry Fielding, who also is one of our Twickenham celebrities.

Her father, Lord Kingston or Dorchester, as he was called during the time his daughter lived under his care, was a self-indulgent man of fashion and politician, and is said to have taken little heed of the three little daughters and one son who were left to him when his wife died in 1692, the eldest, Lady Mary, being only three years old. Lady Mary never speaks of him with affection; but there is rather a pretty story of his pride in her when she was a little girl of seven. The Kitcat Club, the fashionable Whig Club of which he was a member, were meeting to choose the "toasts of the year," *i.e.* the beautiful and fashionable ladies whose healths were to be drunk during the year at their meetings; and Lord Kingston nominated his little daughter, saying "that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the Club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. 'Then you shall see

her,' cried he, and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking glass. The company, consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet or patriot or statesman to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy; never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day."[1]

This is Lady Louisa Stuart's account of the incident: here is another fragment from that lady's anecdotes, describing Lady Mary's life at Thoresby, her father's place in Notts, when she was some ten years older. "Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task on his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office, which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country house was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone, since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate or subaltern or squire's younger brother, if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand."[2]

We have some few letters written by Lady Mary, when still quite young, full of the news of the day when she was in t[illegible] but more usually full of the French or English romances she [illegible]ding, or of

[1] *Letters and Works* (Moy Thomas), i. pp. 52, 53. [2] [illegible] i. p. 56.

her studies of Latin or Italian. Some of these were written to a dear friend of her own age, "Mrs. Anne Wortley" in the language of those days, whom we should call Miss Anne Wortley. They are but few, for Anne Wortley died young, when their correspondence had lasted barely two years. While it lasted, it was fast and furious and overwhelmingly affectionate on both sides, and it had important consequences on Lady Mary's future. Anne Wortley had a brother a good deal older than herself, and after a time it becomes evident to us, though slowly and mysteriously, from the cautious habits of letter-writers of those days, who hardly ever sign their name or mention other persons save by initials, for fear their letters might fall into hands they were not intended for, that under his sister's name, the gentleman is making violent love to Lady Mary, and that she is replying to him, in a colder and more matter of fact style, but with perfect intelligence, in letters addressed to his sister. On the sister's death in 1609 the correspondence between the lovers becomes direct, though mystery is still affected. The letters are, perhaps, the most curious love-letters ever written. Mr. Ropes says that they consist mainly of excellent reasons why they should not marry. It is almost as if each were trying to secure the power of saying "I told you so," if they did not prove happy together. Before following up the romance, we ought to know a little about the gentleman, Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu. His father was Mr. Sidney Montagu, a younger son of Lord Sandwich, the famous admiral of Charles II.'s time, who married a Yorkshire heiress, the daughter of Sir Francis Wortley, and assumed her name. The Wortleys were owners of the famous estate of Wharncliffe Chase, near Sheffield, the scene of the legend of the Dragon of Wantley. Sidney Montagu had so ill treated his wife that, long before the time we are speaking of, she had been forced to demand a separation from him. Here is Lady Louisa Stuart's account of him from her mother Lady Bute's recollections. "Mr. Sidney Montagu had not breathed the atmosphere of Charles II.'s reign during his best years without inhaling some of its poison. This old gentleman and the scene surrounding him were distinctly recollected by his granddaughter (Lady Bute). She described him as a large, rough-looking man, with a huge flapped hat, seated majestically in his elbow-chair, talking very loud and swearing boisterously at his servants. While beside him sat a venerable figure, meek and benign in aspect, with silver locks overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother the pious Dean Montagu (of Durham), who every now and then fetched a deep sigh, and cast his eyes upward, as if silently beseeching Heaven to pardon the profane

language which he condemned, but durst not reprove. Unlike as they were in their habits and their morals, the two brothers commonly lived together." [1]

Edward Wortley Montagu (most commonly spoken of by his contemporaries as simply Mr. Wortley) was entirely unlike his father. He was the most decorous and business-like of men. He was at the time we first come across him in Lady Mary's letters about thirty years old. He was a very great friend of Addison, who was a few years his senior, and in the same set of literary politicians to which Addison, Steele, and Garth belonged. "He was a good scholar, and had a passion," Lady Louisa Stuart tells us, "for polite literature." We do not know much of his early meetings with Lady Mary, but he would almost seem from his sister's letters (of which the original drafts in his handwriting are said to be still extant) to have been captivated more by her learning and wit than by her personal attractions. He had helped Addison and Steele in the *Tatler*, and in particular in a paper of Steele's written in 1710 on the folly of marriage settlements endowing unborn children with fortunes. This unfortunate paper for long prevented the course of true love from running smooth. For, when he made formal proposals to Lord Dorchester for his daughter's hand, and these were very graciously received, it appeared that one thing Lord Dorchester was most anxious about was that there should be such settlements as to prevent any risk of his grandchildren being left beggars. On this point he showed an obstinacy that we should hardly have expected from so careless a father. Edward Wortley was equally obstinate, and neither of the lovers seems to have contemplated the possibility of a compromise. So, when her father would not consent to a marriage without settlements, their correspondence soon begins to discuss in a practical and business-like manner, though of course with the usual vagueness and mysteriousness, which became more than ever advisable in so delicate a matter, the question of elopement. The discussion might perhaps have gone on for long, if Lord Dorchester had not expedited matters by choosing a husband for his daughter—a Mr. K., from Ireland, whose name it is rather strange that the industry of editors has never been able to discover—and insisting, in the manner of Squire Western, that she should marry him at once. One night in August 1712 the elopement came off; we do not know the circumstances or the place, but it was probably from West Dean, near Salisbury, where Lord Dorchester had a hor[illegible]d a Mrs. Thistlethwayte, a lady in the same neighbourhood, [illegible]om Lady

[1] *Letters and Works* (Moy Thomas), i. p. 50.

Mary afterwards, when in Turkey, corresponded, assisted in it. There had been a talk of Mr. Wortley bringing a coach and six and a marriage licence under her window; but that was when it was intended to be accomplished at Acton near London; at West Dean it is probable that, in her father's absence, the marriage was quietly performed, perhaps in Mrs. Thistlethwayte's house at Winterslow.[1]

Lord Dorchester never altogether forgave his daughter, and could not have been expected, after her open defiance of him, to be liberal in the allowance he made her. Both Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary were in after years satirised as miserly; and there is more evidence for this charge than for most of the others that Pope or Horace Walpole made against them. But in the affair of their marriage they had acted with the most romantic disregard for money, and their early married life was full of privations. They were for a time in a hired house at Middlethorpe, in Yorkshire, very ill-furnished and almost without servants; more often they were paying visits at Hinchinbrook (Lord Sandwich's), Wharncliffe, or the Deanery at Durham, and often separate. While Lady Mary was at Middlethorpe alone, came the news of Queen Anne's death and fears of a Jacobite invasion from the North, which made her think of taking refuge with Lord Carlisle's daughters at Castle Howard. But the accession of George I. and the departure of the Tory Ministers of Queen Anne's later years, opened a prospect of advancement in politics to Mr. Wortley, if he could only get a seat in Parliament, and Lady Mary's practical mind set itself busily to work to secure this object, so that her letters at this time, as has been remarked, read like those of an election agent. From 1707 till 1713 Mr. Wortley had sat for Lord Sandwich's pocket borough of Huntingdon, but at the election consequent on the new reign his father insisted on his prior right and ousted him, and after trying to get put in for York, Newark, Aldburgh, and other places, he was at last elected for Westminster. At the same time Lord Halifax, the Lord Treasurer, who was a relation, appointed him a Lord of the Treasury, and as he was the only member of the Board, except perhaps Halifax, who could speak French, the language in which George I. communicated with his English subjects, it was thought that he was likely to be an important person at Court. George I., however, took little or no interest in domestic affairs, and felt no want of a French-speaking Lord of the Treasury. But Lady Mary appears to have been a *persona grata* at Court, and, what was remarkable, as much so with the Prince and Princess of Wales

[1] Mrs. Thistlethwayte, like Mrs. Anne Wortley, was a maiden lady.

as with the old King. With the Princess, afterwards the good Queen Caroline, she corresponded when in Turkey. Her husband's knowledge of French was probably one of the reasons for his selection in 1716 for the Embassy to Turkey, an event that was important in Lady Mary's life, as giving her the most favourable opportunity that could have offered for obtaining a literary reputation.

In the letters to Mr. Wortley before their marriage, she constantly harps upon the idea that when married they might travel or live abroad. She did not care for the expense of a house in London, but thought that both of them would soon tire of life at a country house. Travelling abroad always appears as a pleasing alternative, and the pleasure she actually derived from it is plain in every page of the letters from Turkey. Horace Walpole, a good judge of letter-writing, pronounced these letters not so good as her letters to her sister Lady Mar, *i.e.* those written to her from London and Twickenham after her return from the East, and full, like Horace Walpole's own, of the gossip of society. But I confess that to my mind the letters from Turkey, including those on her journey overland to it and on her voyage back, are the best she wrote. I like Lady Mary pleased and enthusiastic better than Lady Mary hard and cynical. Their style as pieces of English composition seems to me excellent, and the courage and cheerfulness with which she faced the very considerable difficulties of her journey, and her energy in exploring Turkish cities and Turkish life, and collecting all the knowledge that fell in her way, seem to me the most admirable of her qualities.

An Embassy to the Grand Signior, as the Sultan was then commonly called, was in those days an affair of very great ceremony and splendour. Both Mr. Wortley and Lord Paget, who went on a similar mission in 1698, are said to have taken a train of 300 horses over the plains of Hungary and Servia. Madame de Bonnac, the wife of the French ambassador, a young French lady of the very bluest blood, a daughter of the Duc de Biron, whom Lady Mary met and made friends with at Adrianople and Pera, never went anywhere without her guards, twenty-four footmen, gentlemen ushers, &c., "not to mention a coachful of attending damsels yclep'd maids of honour." Mr. Wortley was sent out to endeavour to make peace between the Grand Signior and the Emperor; it is probable that M. de Bonnac was instructed to do his best to keep the war going, for during all this period the Turks were in alliance with the French, and made diversions on the Eastern frontier of A[illegible] to prevent the Emperor from concentrating his forces agai[illegible]ce in the

West of Europe. The Turkish power was then by no means as effete, though its Government was as corrupt, as it is now. Only some thirty-three years before this a Turkish army had fought its way to the walls of Vienna, and was only prevented from taking the city by the heroism of John Sobieski. Since that Belgrade, the frontier fortress, had been taken and retaken: it was in the hands of the Turks when Mr. Wortley passed through it, but was taken from them during his stay in Turkey. The Sultan, Achmet III., was an unworthy descendant of the Grand Signior who had led his army to Vienna; he had attained the throne, it was suspected, by the murder of his brother Mustapha. Pope's line—"Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne," was probably written in reference to him; his Government was, Lady Mary says, "bloody and avaricious"; she was "apt to believe the Turks were very impatient to see the end of it." But he was a soldier who spent much of his life under canvas, though his tents were nearly as large and as splendid as a palace; and he had achieved the important triumph of driving the Venetians out of the Morea. He appeared to Lady Mary to be miserably unhappy. She wishes some of the English Jacobites, with their ideas of passive obedience, could be sent out to Turkey to see an absolute monarchy in practice. "It is hard to judge whether prince, people, or ministers are most miserable" (i. p. 294). It was not, indeed, in those days, as now, the Sultan himself and the palace favourites who oppressed the subjects. The Sultan, his Vizier, and his pashas were all but tools in the hands of the Janissaries, the standing army formed of Christian captives forced to become Moslems, and more fanatical than those who were born such, who had been the instruments of all the Turkish victories for more than 300 years, and now were ready to assassinate any minister or pasha who attempted to check their licence.

I should make my paper inordinately long if I gave anything like a full account of these famous letters. I can only recommend all to read them. I should perhaps say here that the letters were not printed from those actually sent to her friends, but from copies carefully preserved by herself; and there is reason to doubt whether they are correct copies of those she sent, or whether the persons they purport to be written to (who can sometimes only be conjectured, owing to the custom I have referred to before of leaving proper names in blank) were those with whom she actually corresponded. We know that through her life she kept a full journal, which was destroyed after her death by her daughter, and the most probable account of the printed letters seems to be that they were copied from

this.[1] Her correspondents are her sister Frances, who had married in 1714 the Earl of Mar, the same who in the next year had been leader of the Jacobite rebellion in the Highlands, and had been obliged to go into exile; Pope; Congreve, the dramatist, now an old man; the Princess of Wales; Lady Bristol; Mrs. Thistlethwayte, and others.

I will mention only a few things in the letters—first the contrast between the leisurely travelling of those days and our railway speed. Lady Mary landed at Rotterdam on one of the first days in August, and did not reach Vienna till September 3. From Vienna they had to go back to Hanover to see King George I. before continuing their journey, and this took them nearly till the end of December. The accounts of German society at Ratisbon, Vienna, and Hanover are very curious. The postal arrangements were so irregular that the "pacquet" from Prague was tied behind the ambassador's chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden. "The secrets of half the country," Lady Mary says, "were at my mercy."[2] At Hanover she is astonished to find hothouse-grown oranges and lemons and pineapples, which she calls "ananas," and evidently had never tasted in England.[3] Towards the end of December she was again in Vienna, and early in January she started for Turkey. Old Prince Eugene, the general who had fought so much by the side of Marlborough, and whom she and her husband saw often at Vienna, tried hard to persuade them not to go till the Danube was thawed, and painted the horrors of the snowy plains of Hungary and Transylvania in colours that made Lady Mary feel uneasy. But her remarkable courage was not deterred by all she heard, and when she reached Peterwaradin at the end of January she was astonished to think how little she had suffered—the sledges on which their carriages were mounted helping to make the travelling pleasant. She mentions, without any hint of fear, the warnings they had that the woods near Essek were "scarcely passable, and very dangerous from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them."[4] She confesses, indeed, having been "uneasy" when after starting from Peterwaradin with 150 Imperial cavalry they were met on the way to Belgrade by 250 Turks,[5] who, however, did not fight, but simply received the ambassador from their enemies and gave a formal receipt for him. Towards the end of March, after

[1] It is quite impossible that any correspondent, however industrious, could have written on one day the nine letters dated Adrianople, A[illegible] 1, 1717, which take up thirty-three printed pages.

[2] *Letters and Works* (Moy Thomas), i. p. 258.

[3] [illegible] 262.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 274.

[5] *Ibid.* [illegible] 278.

nearly three months' travelling, they reached Adrianople, which the Sultan preferred as a residence to Constantinople. She tells the Princess of Wales that she was almost in tears every day to see the insolences of the Janissaries to the poor people in the villages they passed through[1]; some of those who supplied twenty waggons to bring the ambassador's baggage from Belgrade were sent away without any payment, and came round the house that Lady Mary was in, "weeping and tearing their hair and beards in the most pitiable manner," and all to no purpose; for whatever the ambassador might have given to comfort them, would certainly have been intercepted by the soldiers. The oppression of the country people was much the same then in Turkey as it is now. But once arrived at Adrianople, Lady Mary bids adieu to all such sad thoughts, and throws herself with keen enjoyment into the scenes of enchantment that Eastern life presented to her, with its splendour of jewels and clothing, the beauty of its gardens, its fruits and flowers, its poetry and music, and above all, the beauty of the ladies of the Court. She at once adopted a Turkish dress, and used to ride in a Turkish coach. The description she gives Lady Mar[2] of her Turkish dress does not answer to the very becoming dress she wears in Richardson's portrait, that was No. 250 in the catalogue of the National Portrait Exhibition at South Kensington in 1867; but I think that the cap in the picture may be intended for the talpock, "which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds—is fixed on one side of the head, hanging a little way down, with a gold tassel, and bound on either side with a circle of diamonds or a rich embroidered handkerchief." Her interest in Oriental life is full of intelligence: she is constantly reminded, by what she sees and by her studies of Turkish literature, of Homer or the Song of Solomon, and writes to Pope to point out these resemblances. She had been only a few days at Adrianople when we find her full of the value of inoculation. "I am going to tell you a thing," she writes to Miss Chiswell,[3] "that will, I am sure, make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together) the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She

[1] *Letters and Works*, i. p. 282. [2] *Ibid.* p. 297. [3] *Ibid.* p. 308.

immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell, and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those who are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their bed two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark, and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of anyone that has died in it; and you may believe I am very well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son." And accordingly the little Edward Wortley Montagu was "ingrafted" before they returned to England. The description is quite idyllic and pretty; but it has a serious interest as the beginning in Western Europe of a medical revolution, which has ever since been and is still extending its sphere of operation over a greater and greater portion of the diseases that animal life is subject to.

It is necessary to read history or biography to realise how great a scourge small-pox was in those times. The Stuart family in England and the Bourbons in France lost member after member by it. Lady Mary's only brother had died of it, and the great Duke of Marlborough's only son. Lady Mary herself had suffered from it, and has feelingly depicted in one of her "Town Eclogues" the sorrows of a lady who had been disfigured by it, though it is said that the only disfigurement she herself suffered was the loss of her eyelashes. Two brave women, Lady Mary at this time, and the Empress Catherine II. at a later time in Russia, lent the force of their influence in the great world to the introduction of this beneficent invention of science.

The Wortleys went on to Constantinople towards the end of May 1717, and Lady Mary spent the summer of that year at the village of Belgrade, on the Bosporus, amongst surroundings that reminded her

of the Elysian fields. She was in or near Constantinople till July 1718. In the winter her daughter, afterwards Lady Bute, was born there. She taught herself the Turkish language, and speaks warmly of the affection she felt for one or two ladies of the Court. In September 1717 Addison, then Secretary of State, wrote to Mr. Wortley to tell him that he was recalled, and held out hopes of a sinecure place in the Treasury. He and Lady Mary left Pera accordingly in an English frigate, which, after being driven out of its course to Tunis, and thus giving Lady Mary an opportunity of seeing the site of Carthage, landed them at Genoa, from which they came over the Mont Cenis, and by Lyons to Paris. Lady Mary was distressed at the crowds of starving beggars who everywhere thronged the roads in France, and she expresses a most patriotic dislike of the French generally, but admits Paris to have in certain respects the advantage of London.[1] At Paris she was pleasingly surprised to meet her sister Lady Mar. After narrowly escaping going to the bottom in crossing from Calais to Dover, she reached England at the end of October 1718.

For the next twenty-one years, till 1739, she was in England, and an important person in London society. Her husband was for most of this time in Parliament, sitting at one time for Huntingdon, at another time for Peterborough; he probably held some sinecure office, such as that on which Horace Walpole lived so comfortably, but he never again held any position of power in the Government. Sir R. Walpole, who from 1715 to 1742 was omnipotent in the country, though belonging to the same party with Mr. Wortley, was his personal enemy, and Lady Mary cordially reciprocated Walpole's dislike. When, just before Walpole was driven from power, an inquiry into his conduct as Minister was voted by the House of Commons, a grossly unjust rider that he should be excluded from the House while the inquiry was going on, was moved by Mr. Wortley. Lord Stanhope, in his "History," says on this occasion, "The mover of this last proposal, Mr. Wortley Montagu, was a gentleman of immense property,[2] and consequent weight upon his contemporaries, but only known to posterity as the husband of the British Sévigné. He appears to have combined very moderate talents with most overweening vanity;" and he goes on to say that

[1] In 1739, when she was next in France, she bears witness to the immense improvement in the state of the people, which she attributes to the peaceful government of Cardinal Fleury.

[2] His father had died in 1727, and he had succeeded to the great Wharncliffe estates.

a paper is said to be in existence containing a speech written out, which was evidently intended to be read from inside his hat, and that the MS. prescribes minutely where he is to look round, where to raise his arm, and where to pause and cough. If such a speech was written out for him, I think we may reasonably guess that the clever lady, who appears to have been always a devoted wife to him, had a hand in its composition. But for some time after the Turkish mission we hear very little of Mr. Wortley. In 1721 another series of Lady Mary's letters commences—those to her sister, Lady Mar, who in that year went to Paris to join her exiled husband. One would like to look upon Mar as a chivalrous Highland chieftain loyal to a fallen cause. But I fear it would more correspond to the truth to call him a double-dyed traitor, for there is little doubt he was at this time betraying the secrets of the Pretender to the Hanoverian Government, and, so far as he was able, betraying George I.'s secrets to the Pretender. There is no doubt that Lady Mar's letters to her sister were frequently intercepted. If the Government also opened Lady Mary's letters, the chronicle of scandal they contained must have been highly amusing reading to the Post-office clerks. The letters to Lady Mar, as I have already said, contrast unfavourably with those from Turkey. They are hard, and at times almost incredibly cynical. One is inclined to set her down as heartless, godless, and hopeless, when she enlarges on all the wickedness she sees going on around her, and then says how happy she could be in the world if it were not for the shadow of old age coming on, and behind old age the blind Fury with the abhorred shears. Yet there are redeeming points in this correspondence. Her affection for Lady Mar is undoubtedly genuine, and when her other sister, Lady Gower, dies, there is real tenderness in the account she gives of her last hours. Most of what I have to say about these letters is connected with her house at Twickenham, from which a number of them were written. Soon after she returned from Turkey she sat to Sir Godfrey Kneller for the portrait which is the frontispiece to Mr. Ropes' book, a pretty picture, but which does not seem to me so distinguished as Richardson's. Sir Godfrey lived at Whitton, and was churchwarden of Twickenham, and he seems to have had a house at Twickenham that was offered to Mr. Wortley. But it does not appear to have been the house that was actually taken, which was not then known by its present name of Saville House. This is first mentioned in a letter of Pope's written on March 16, 1720, not many months after he had come to live at Twickenham and become, as he said, a

"country poet." In this letter he says, "My own concern, that you should be settled in my neighbourhood, has put me upon further inquiries, and I find there is a pretty good house in the town opposite to that which my Lord Wm. Pawlett has taken; 'tis the same that Lord Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley would come and see it, he'll know all the particulars. Though still, that which I think you both would like best, is the house in the field I spoke to him about, and which I think the prettiest thing imaginable." Saville House was probably the first of these two houses, and Heath House, which is an old house, would have been Lord Wm. Pawlett's. The Wortleys probably came to live in the house Pope had chosen in the summer of 1720: but both Pope and Lady Mary seldom date their letters. In a letter certainly belonging to 1721,[1] she says, "I am come hither in hopes of benefit from the air," and in two letters of the same year she says, "I am still at Twickenham, where I pass my time in great indolence and sweetness," and "I grew at last so weary of these birds of paradise" (Lord Hervey, Pope's Lord Fanny, and his newly married wife, who were "perpetually cooing" in her rooms in London), "that I fled to Twickenham as much to avoid their persecutions as for my own health." In September, 1721, she says,[2] "My time is melted away here in almost perpetual concerts." Bononcini, a popular Italian composer, and Senesino and Anastasia Robinson,[3] the chief male and female opera singers of the day, were all lodging in the village. In another dateless letter, but which can be fixed to the late summer of 1722, she tells her sister, "At this instant I am at Twickenham; Mr. Wortley has purchased the small habitation where you saw me. We propose to make some alterations. That and the education of my daughter are my chief amusements." In a letter of 1723, again, "I am at Twickenham, where there is at this time more company than at London," and in the same year, "Twickenham is become so fashionable and the neigbourhood so much enlarged, that 'tis more like Tunbridge or the Bath than a country retreat." Two of her neighbours here were the young Duke of Wharton, "the scorn and wonder of our days," as Pope called him, and Lady Stafford, a French lady, the daughter of that Comtesse de Grammont, *la belle Hamilton*, whose face smiles still so sweetly upon us from the walls of Hampton Court. Of Lady Stafford,

[1] *Letters and Works*, i. p. 453. [2] *Ibid.* i. p. 459.

[3] Anastasia Robinson afterwards married (in 1735, not long before his death) Pope's friend, the famous Lord Peterborough, of whom Pope wrote:—

"And he, whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines,
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines."

Horace Walpole, writing to George Montagu on July 22, 1751, says, with an unwonted burst of enthusiasm: "She used to live at Twickenham when Lady Mary Wortley and the Duke of Wharton lived there; she had more wit than both of them. What would I give to have had Strawberry Hill twenty years ago!" In 1725 Lady Mary had taken to riding on horseback, and had a horse that was faultless. Apologising for not having written before she says, "That short silence is occasioned by not having a moment unemployed at Twickenham; I pass many hours on horseback, and, I'll assure you, ride stag-hunting, which I know you'll stare to hear of. I have arrived to vast courage and skill that way, and am as well pleased with it as with the acquisition of a new sense; his Royal Highness" (*i.e.* the Prince of Wales, soon to be George II.) "hunts in Richmond Park, and I make one of the *beau monde* in his train." And in November 1726 she says, "I ride between London and Twickenham perpetually." You will observe how often she speaks of the healthiness of Twickenham. In only one place does she speak ill of it—saying Twickenham is a very bad air for girls, not apparently meaning it is unhealthy for them, but that it makes them self-willed. Well, perhaps, it is not worse than other places in that respect. One passage from these letters on another subject is still interesting. "The last pleasure that fell in my way was Mme. Sévigné's letters: very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence,"[1] an anticipation that was not overweeningly presumptuous, though it certainly has not been fully realised.

In the year 1727 the letters to Lady Mar cease: for in that year Lady Mar became deranged, and never afterwards for any length of time recovered her reason. She was brought over to England, and the Lord Chancellor committed her to the charge of Lady Mary, with her daughter Lady Frances Erskine, a minor and an heiress. This charge involved Lady Mary in a bitter quarrel with Lord Grange, Lord Mar's brother, a man of the most desperate character, who carried off his own wife to the remote island of St. Kilda, and kept her imprisoned there for thirteen years till her death. He tried first legal means and then violence to get the control of Lady Mar and her daughter; but Lady Mary resisted him successfully till Lady Frances was grown up, and seems to have been a kind guardian to her sister. But Lord Grange's charges were part of the filth that Pope recklessly swept together when he set about to blacken Lady Mary's character, and he immor-

[1] *Letters and Works*, i. p. 499.

talised them in the stinging line, "Who starved a sister or foreswore a debt."

"Foreswore a debt" refers to another matter that distressed Lady Mary very much in the years 1721–2, and poisoned for her for some time the salubrious air of Twickenham. 1720 was the year of the famous South Sea Bubble, or, as we should call it now, the Boom in South Sea Shares. In August of that year the £100 share was worth £950, and by November 1 it had fallen to £210. Lady Mary, like some fine ladies of the present day, plunged we do not know how deeply into speculation in the shares. Having a very cool head for business and very good information, it is probable enough that she made a profit, at least she never mentions having lost. But in an evil moment she undertook to invest money for other people. Whether she did this for Pope, and whether this had anything to do with the hostility that from soon after this time became so violent, we do not know. We know that Pope bought South Sea Stock when at its highest, and was sanguine that it would rise. He was not a poor man at this time, and could afford to lose money. But Lady Mary's evil fate decreed that besides the English hunchbacked poet who was her adorer, there was a French poet, also a hunchback, or at any rate of very small stature and ridiculous appearance,[1] equally irritable and equally devoted to her. This was a M. Rémond, who had fallen in love with her before he had seen her, from merely reading the letters she wrote from Turkey to his friend the Abbé Conti, and had entered into a correspondence with her in the high-flown complimentary style in which Pope also wrote to her, which was almost *de rigueur* in a poet writing to a reigning beauty; she had replied to these, and in 1720 he came over to England, and found all the fashionable world mad after South Sea Stock. He was a poor man, but he had a capital of £500, which he would have liked to multiply by nine, and he asked Lady Mary, as a person having influence and private information, to lay it out for him. She with her usual good sense pointed out the imprudence of risking it all,[2] but he said it was too small a sum to be of any value, and "he would either have it double or quit." So she invested it for him just at the height of the fever, but managed to sell it before the crash at a small profit to "goldsmiths[3] of very good reputation." But when the settlement came, the goldsmiths were defaulters, and poor M. Rémond was left with his rapidly falling stock. She wrote and asked for instructions to sell at the best price that could be got,

[1] *Letters and Works*, i. p. 34. Quotation from St. Simon. [2] *Ibid.* i. p. 450.
[3] The goldsmiths were, of course, the stockbrokers of the time.

but got only a love letter in reply. Then when the [illegible]k had gone still lower, he appeared in his true colours—in a character we unfortunately meet with at all times, the blackmailer of ladies. He accused her of having appropriated his money and threatened that, if she did not pay him £2,000, he would send the letters she had written him to her husband. Whether he actually did this we do not know: *her* letters are not in existence, but Rémond's letters to her are among the Wortley papers, and have been read and docketed by Mr. Wortley himself. But his threats threw her into such terror—which she admits frankly in her letters to Lady Mar—that it looks as if her letters were very compromising, though it is difficult to believe she really encouraged the ridiculous little Frenchman. There is no evidence for any other accusation of this kind that was brought against her, and she continued always on the best terms with her husband, who was not a man to have overlooked any infidelity, though he must have learnt to be tolerant of all kinds of eccentricity. Her letters to Lady Mar on this affair, as I have said, are exceedingly frank: Lady Mar was to use all her influence to cajole or intimidate Rémond. If influence could have done it, Lady Mary would have gladly got him clapped into the Bastille, and in one letter she uses words that will bear the meaning that, if he came to England, she would procure his assassination.[1] After 1721 there is, I think, no mention of Rémond in her letters, but the affair must have been talked about in society—and in 1728 Pope put into the Dunciad an offensive reference to it—

> Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
> Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Marys;

and this allusion he pointed in a note to the second edition. The line I quoted above, "Who starves a sister or foreswears a debt," is in the epilogue to the satires dating from 1738, ten years later than the Dunciad, and seventeen years after the affair with Rémond.

Pope's violent animosity against Lady Mary is first shown in the lines from the Dunciad. But long before they had ceased to be friends, as is shown plainly by her letter to Lady Mar of April or May 1722, in which she says, "I see very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterraneous grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glass, and they tell me it has a very good effect." The grotto was as the apple of Pope's eye, and a near neighbour who had not seen it could not have been on friendly terms with him. T[illegible]count of the

[1] *Letters and Works*, i. p. 458.

origin of the quarrel given by Lady Louisa Stuart,[1] on Lady Mary's own authority, is "that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a declaration, he made such passionate love to her as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy." No evidence could be better than Lady Louisa's—*i.e.* no doubt Lady Bute's—and it is, I think, consistent with all we know of their previous relations. Not that we need suppose Pope meant anything serious by such a declaration. His style of addressing ladies, whether by word or in writing, was modelled on that of the Frenchmen whom Molière ridiculed in the "Femmes Savantes" and the "Précieuses Ridicules," and was "all compact" of affectation. But that his homage should not be received with the solemnity with which it was offered, but with boisterous ridicule, was sure to give mortal offence. It had all the bitterness of the snub, too contemptuous to be ill-natured, that a well-bred person is sometimes obliged to give to an ill-bred one. Mr. Courthope has pointed out that the tone of her replies to the high-flown rhodomontades he sent out to her when she was in Turkey is the same sort of snub, only more delicately veiled—when it came to a formal declaration, rougher methods were necessary. Just consider how unequal the contest was. Look at the portraits of the two—she a queen of society, a beauty only just, if at all, past her prime, a duke's daughter, the wife of a country gentleman of high character and position, used from her earliest girlhood to the position of mistress of a great house, perfectly self-possessed, in the most robust health, kept up by the rides we hear so much of, with a brain cultivated to the highest degree, and a heart as hard as a millstone. Pope, a poor deformed creature, who had never known a day's health, a man of the middle-class, whose talents had brought him into contact with the great world—a trying position for even a cool and strong man—warm in his loves and hates, full of imagination, vain and sensitive, with every nerve quivering and palpitating. The man discovers that he is ridiculed by the lady—or worse, has made himself ridiculous in her eyes, and she is his next door neighbour—their gardens separated by little more than the narrow footpath running then just as it does now. We need not wonder that the bitterness lasted long, and was increased by every fresh discharge of venom that came from Pope's pen. From 1728 he never left Lady Mary alone for long. In the second epistle of the "Moral Essays," in the epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, in the "Imitations of Horace," and the

[1] *Letters and Works*, i. p. 92.

Epilogue to the Satires, libel on her (and sometimes on her husband) follows libel, false, often filthy and unfeeling. It is a sad chapter of literary history, and Lady Mary's retaliation on Pope was equally undignified, whether she wrote to Arbuthnot in terms that we can only describe as Billingsgate, or asked Lord Peterborough to get an apology from Pope, which only brought her a more pointedly insulting reply, or wrote lines (in combination with her friend Lord Hervey, who had also wrongs from Pope to avenge) that were as vindictive and unfeeling as his attacks, only far worse as poetry. The only thing that seems to me worth remembering in the affair is this, which is innocent and rather amusing. In the epistle to Jervas the painter (Epistle 8 of the "Moral Essays"), written in 1717, Pope, in enumerating the beauties Jervas had painted, wrote :—

> Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise

(referring to the great Duke of Marlborough's daughters),

> And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes.

But when this epistle was republished in 1735, Lady Mary was not to be honoured, and had to give place to a Lady Worsley, of Appuldercombe, in the Isle of Wight, whose eyes were also famous, and whose name only differed by one letter from the original. In some pretty lines he sent to Gay, who had congratulated him on the completion of his house and grotto in 1722, at the time when the coolness was beginning, Lady Mary's name is introduced, and was left undisturbed in subsequent editions. The lines are these :—

> Ah, friend ! 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
> In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow ;
> In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
> Of hanging mountains and of sloping greens.

(This was, I suppose, the effect of his little magic mirrors inserted here and there and everywhere.)

> Joy lives not here : to happier seats it flies,
> And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.[1]

From 1727, when the correspondence with Lady Mar comes to an end, to 1738, we have hardly any letters of Lady Mary preserved. In 1738 a series of letters to Lady Pomfret, who had gone with her family to Italy, when relieved of her duties at Court by the death of Queen Caroline in 1737, begins. Lady Pomfret's letters seem to have revived in Lady Mary the love of travelling, which was so strong in her as a girl : she longed for the music, sculptures, paintings and architecture of Italy, and her husband, who looked upon change of air and scene as a panacea for all ill[illegible] tho[illegible] stay in Italy

[1] Pope, iv. 492.

would do her good. There is no need to suppose that she intended more than a passing visit to Italy, but in matter of fact she stayed abroad twenty-two years. Her letters to her husband were frequent —all are preserved in the Wortley papers, docketed by Mr. Wortley; he answered them at first rather anxiously, wishing to know exactly what she will do and where she will go. He intended to follow her in six weeks, when he had settled some business at Newcastle, but politics became more interesting, a war with Spain being in prospect, and he did not like to leave his place in Parliament. A year or two afterwards, as we have seen, he was active in the attempts to drive Sir Robert Walpole from power. Anyhow he did not join Lady Mary in Italy, and, in fact, never saw her again, though he was more than once abroad, after this. But the letters they exchanged show that they had no intention to separate permanently—only they clearly must have discovered that each could get on very well without the company of the other.

Lady Mary's letters to Lady Pomfret are full of affection and flattery that it is not altogether easy to understand. Lady Pomfret was not quite the person one would have expected to find on terms of intimacy with Lady Mary. She had the reputation of being something of a prude, and Horace Walpole, when at Florence in 1740, a young man just fresh from college, speaking of a meeting between her, Lady Walpole, his sister-in-law, a lady whose history was more curious than edifying, and Lady Mary—goes on, "Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics, all except the second understood by halves or quarters or not at all."[1] I think Lady Mary's gushing letters to Lady Pomfret are a little suspicious; she seems to have made every kind of excuse for staying at Venice when Lady Pomfret was the other side of the Apennines, and in fact was very little with her during her sojourn in Italy.

The letters from Italy or Géneva or Avignon, of which we have a large collection, have a great deal of the charm of those from Turkey, though she could not help in the chief Italian cities rubbing against a good many people she had known in London society, respecting whom the caustic cynical tone of her London letters reappears. She evidently thoroughly enjoyed travelling, and foreign society was piquant to her, and she was flattered at the great distinction with which she was everywhere treated. If she was laughed at by the whole town of Florence, as Horace Walpole said, she was as unconscious of it probably as of the description he wrote back to his

[1] *Letters* (ed. Cuningham), i. 55.

schoolfellow West of "her foul mob, her greasy black locks never combed or curled, and her old mazarine blue wrapper."[1] Her slovenliness had been a commonplace of polite criticism, since Pope had written of "linen worthy Lady Mary" and of "Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock." She did not think well of the young men she met who, like Horace Walpole, were taking the grand tour with a governor, "afraid of speaking any language but their own, and doing nothing but buying new clothes, a compound of booby and *petit maître*." This description would certainly not be a fair one of Horace Walpole, who appears to have paid her a visit at Genoa with Lord Lincoln, a year after he met her at Florence, a visit of which it is unfortunate that no account is extant in his letters. We know from a later letter of hers that she rather liked him. His hostility to her was persistent to the end of her life; one of the amiable traits in his character was his zeal for his father, which never allowed him to think well of anyone who had been his private or political enemy. But his tone towards her is very different from the vitriol of Pope.

After spending more than four years at Avignon, she was driven from it in 1746 by the crowd of Jacobites who flocked there after the rebellion of 1745. This was not merely annoying to her Whig feelings, but it really poisoned all English society for her, as anyone known to be Whig and Hanoverian was suspected and shunned as a spy. She had some difficulty in leaving it,[2] as France was at war with England, and Spanish armies were fighting with Austrians in North Italy; but after some perils she got safely to Brescia, which was in neutral territory, belonging to Venice, whose Doge Grimani was an old friend of hers. Soon after reaching Brescia she was very ill for two months with a fever, and on recovering from this, the doctors sent her to the baths of Lovere on the Lake of Iseo, and there she spent the next nine years of her life. Her letters from Lovere to Lady Bute are charming; she became a great gardener there, and kept poultry, bees, and silkworms. She is full of the beauty of the place, which she compares to Tunbridge Wells, with lofty mountains all round it. There she received boxes of books from England—novels—and writes criticisms to her daughter on her cousin Fielding, whose "Joseph Andrews" kept her up all night reading it;[3] on Smollett's "Peregrine Pickle," which contained a good deal of true history known very well to her; and on Richardson,

[1] *Letters*, i. p. 57.
[2] Avignon was then an enclave of Papal territory, surrounded by France.
[3] *Letters*, ii. p. 186.

whose ignorance of the high life he describes makes her angry, but by whom, notwithstanding, she is affected to tears. She also writes hints for the education of children, full of excellent, but rather hard, common sense. She continued her long rides on horseback ("in the manner of the Duchess of Cleveland"),[1] and seems to have enjoyed generally excellent health, though she was growing an old woman. Her eyesight not being good for long readings by candlelight, she passed away the long evenings at whist or piquet with some old priests her neighbours. Summer evenings were spent on the lake, where all the company used to resort with music.

Her letters to her husband from abroad are full of the trouble that their only son Edward Wortley Montagu the younger caused them. He had always been a scapegrace, who had acquired a large experience of the low society of all nations, under the care of tutors and governors, and had been begging, borrowing, or stealing all over the Continent. He was undoubtedly more or less mad, and his escapades afflicted his mother at times, and his father apparently more. It is curious that Lord Dorchester's apprehension that his grandson would be a beggar should have been literally fulfilled. No settlement could have saved Edward the younger from this fate.

The house at Twickenham continued in her husband's possession till (I think) 1758, and Lord and Lady Bute seem to have sometimes lived in it. Lady Mary was unwilling that it should be sold, thinking that, if he parted with it, Mr. Wortley, now an old man of eighty, would not come to London, and would grow melancholy at Wharncliffe. At Wharncliffe he died in the winter of 1760–1. Horace Walpole hears first that he has left half a million, then that it was as much as £1,300,000. Most of it went to Lady Bute, who was now —for George III. had ascended the throne—wife to the Prime Minister and a very great personage. Even Horace Walpole has nothing but good to say of Lady Bute. Lady Mary herself returned to England after his death to settle her affairs, and no doubt to witness the grandeur of her daughter and son-in-law. She wished to return to Venice, where she had lived for the last few years, and end her days there; but she was already struck by mortal illness, and complains that her old courage and cheerfulness were deserting her. She stayed some little time at Rotterdam on her way to England, and while there gave the manuscript of her letters from Turkey to Mr. Soden, the English chaplain there, who, after selling them for £500 to Lord Bute, who for many reasons wished them

[1] I imagine this means riding like a man.

not to be published, allowed them, either intentionally or not is not known, to be printed. She reached London in January 1762. Horace Walpole went to see her, and here is the description of his visit he sent to Sir H. Mann: "I found her in a little miserable bed-chamber of a ready-furnished house, with two tallow candles and a bureau covered with pots and pans. On her head, in full of all accounts, she had an old black-laced hood wrapped entirely round, so as to conceal all hair or want of hair. No handkerchief, but up to her chin a kind of horseman's riding coat, calling itself a *pet-en-l'air*, made of a dark green (green I think it had been) brocade, with coloured and silver flowers, and lined with furs; bodice laced, a foul dimity petticoat sprigged, velvet muffeteens on her arms, grey stockings and slippers. Her face less changed in twenty years than I could have imagined; I told her so, and she was not so tolerable twenty years ago that she need have taken it for flattery, but she did, and literally gave me a box on the ear. She is very lively, all her senses perfect, her languages as imperfect as ever, her avarice greater. She entertained me at first with nothing but the dearness of provisions at Helvoet. With nothing but an Italian, a French and Prussian, all men servants and something she calls an old secretary; she receives all the world, who go to homage her as Queen Mother, and crams them into this kennel. . . . She says that she has left all her clothes at Venice." Her lodging appears to have been in George Street, Hanover Square. There she died six months later. Horace Walpole chronicles her death, and bears witness to the fortitude with which she bore great sufferings. In a voyage to or from Genoa (Horace Walpole tells us) in Commodore Barnard's ship, a storm came on; he prepared her for it, adding that there was no danger. She said she was not afraid, and he found written on a window afterwards the lines—

> Mistaken seaman, mark my dauntless mind,
> Who, wrecked on shore, am fearless of the wind.

These lines seem to me the most suitable epitaph for her; they commemorate her two most striking characteristics—courage and hopelessness.

F. C. HODGSON.

# OLD ENGLISH SWEETMEATS.

A SUCCESSFUL cookery exhibition, lately held under Royal patronage, shows what a great advance the art of cookery has made in England during recent years. The extensive display of sweetmeats in that exhibition suggests the curious and interesting study of the origin and history of some of our common sweetmeats. It is not known who made the first pudding. The ancient Greeks and Romans made several sorts, using for the purpose flour, eggs, and cheese. One of the commonest dishes in Greece at the present time is a species of pudding made of honey, oatmeal, and flour. In Athens they use the asphodel-scented honey of Hymettus, which is too strongly flavoured for the palates of some, but which was highly prized by the ancients. This might well have come down unaltered through the centuries—it is so simple in its sweet stickiness. In the early days of the culinary art the Greeks obtained their knowledge of cookery from Oriental sources. Greek methods were copied by the Romans, who gave fashions to the rest of Europe. In England progress was slow. During the seventeenth century the old stews of savoury spoon-meats and sweets such as mortrews, buknad, marmeny, busbayne, blanche bruet, and gallimafrey, gave place to the first kind of pudding of chopped raisins, eggs, and bread-crumbs, put down with a cloth in a bowl and boiled. Combinations of rice and milk and eggs, which we know as the modern pudding, formerly went by the name of "white pots," the term "pudding" being applied only to sausage-meat, forcemeat stuffing, &c. The oldest sort of sweet pudding was "plumb porridge"—*i.e.* figs, raisins, dates, prunes, citron, bread crumbs, and spices, boiled together and served in bowls. At first this was made with beef broth, but afterwards wine was altogether used for the purpose. This was a modification of momene, a horrid mess consisting of plenty of wine and sugar, a quart of honey, a gallon of oil, a pound of pounded spices, ginger, cinnamon, saffron, and other flavouring boiled with the pounded flesh of eight capons. To the union of the dumpling with the old "plumb porridge" we are indebted for the national sweetmeat, plum-pudding. Jelly of the

sweet sort is comparatively modern. In the old cookery, "Gilly," or "Gelee," meant jellied meat or fish. When directed by the old cookery books to "Crystalle Gilly," we are told to "tak whyt wyn that will hold hir colour and boyl the fishe ther in and let it stand and serue it furthe." "A gilly of fleshe" was made of rabbits and pigeons and kids' flesh. Through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries many improvements were effected in the making and clarifying of jellies of calves' feet and isinglass, and methods were invented of running them into glasses in variously coloured strips or ribbons, the practice of turning them out of moulds being of later introduction.

At a very early period the Orientals were familiar with a kind of pastry, a mixture of flour, oil, and honey, and for centuries pastry-making went no further, even amongst the nations in the South of Europe. But in the beginning of the Middle Ages a change began to take place in the method of mixing the ingredients, and some other substances were brought into use. Butter, eggs, and salt found their way into pastry-making, and the result was a manifest improvement. Paste next came to be used as an enclosure for meat, seasoned with spices, &c. Afterwards it went a step further, the next use being for the inclosure of creams, fruit, preserves, &c., and later still it began to take the many fanciful shapes in which it has since been commonly found. In the early stages of English cookery the pastry cases were called coffins or "coffynes," and were made in various sizes from "gret coffynes with lowe liddes" for the "tartes of fflesche," to the "smalle coffynes" for "tartolettes" of "fische or fflesche," mixed with "stuf of boylled figges ground and good powdure and spices." Petruchio, in "The Taming of the Shrew," it may here be noted, calls a little cap "a custard coffin." These coffins correspond with the *vol-au-vent* of to-day. The art of making very light pastry, such as puff paste, is probably a modern one, but pastry of several kinds was anciently used. For meat-pastry butter was dissolved in boiling water, and worked into a soft mass with fine flour. As it cooled it would set in any form desired. Another paste of a flaky kind was made very much as at present, while still another kind, called pam puff, was made of fine flour and the yolk of egg, no water at all being used. This was for the finer kinds of confectionery.

During the reign of Henry VIII. English cookery underwent a considerable change for the better. At the court of that monarch luxurious eating and drinking received such encouragement as to give the art of cookery a decided impetus. The opinion expressed

centuries later by a distinguished Frenchman, that the invention of a dish is a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, was evidently held by Henry VIII., for that monarch, liberally rewarding those who assisted in the gratification of his appetite, was once so transported by the flavour of a pudding that he bestowed a manor on the inventor. In succeeding reigns this patronage of the culinary art was also remarkable. At the lavish court of Charles I., for instance, there were twenty-eight tables maintained, entailing a daily service of 500 dishes. It may easily be understood that in such a great number of dishes there must have been a continual striving for novelty, and the inventive faculty of the numerous court cooks must have been much exercised to provide new dishes or new variations of old dishes. It is recorded that Cardinal Campeggio, the Papal Legate, who visited the court of Henry VIII., drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with the Italian and the French. But Italy could have found little or nothing in English cookery worth the learning. To Italy was undoubtedly due the revival of the art of cookery, and it is a matter of history that the French received their first instruction in the art from the master-cooks who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Orleans (Henry II.) in 1533. The change which took place in English cookery in Henry VIII.'s reign, perhaps also due in no small degree to Italian influence, became more marked under Elizabeth, though that Queen had herself a strong disposition towards simple fare. "In the manner of dishes and the charge of meat," says Harrison in his chronicle of that time, "the nobility of England (whose cooks are for the most part musical-headed Frenchmen and strangers) do most exceed." He enumerates the great variety of meats, fish, and wildfowl, "and thereto sundry other delicacies wherein the sweet hand of seafaring Portugal is not wanting." This dainty diet was not confined to the nobility and gentry, for amongst the merchants and others of a similar grade, when they made their "ordinary or voluntary feasts," there could be found provided not merely "all manner of delicate meats from every quarter of the country," but also "jellies of all colours, mixed with a variety in the representation of sundry flowers, herbs, and trees, forms of beasts, fish, fowls, and fruit, and thereto marchpane wrought with no small curiosity, tarts of diverse hues and sundry denominations, conserves of old fruits, foreign and home-bred, suckets, cordinacs, marmelades, marchpane, sugarbread, gingerbread, florentines, wildfowls, venison of all sorts, and sundry outlandish confections altogether sweetened with sugar." Suckets were

dried sweetmeats of any sort, as crystallised fruit for sucking. In Greene's "Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" (1594), we read of—

> The Afric dates, mirabioles of Spain,
> Conserves and suckets from Tiberias.

The mirabole here mentioned was the mirabolano or betel nut, as popular for chewing then as it has ever been anywhere else since. With these nuts were mixed the generic areca nuts, anciently called in Spain, *avelana de la India.* The mirabolanos were of five sorts.

In the matter of general cookery, England was taking modes from other countries, especially from Italy, Spain, and France. "He doth learn to make strange sauces, to eat anchovies, macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and caviare, because he loves 'em," says one character of another in Ben Jonson's "Cynthia's Revels" (1600), and in the same play "a dish of sliced caviar" is mentioned. These were Italian dishes. Fagioli is a contraction of Fagiuolini, the Italian for French beans. Though caviar, the roes of the sturgeon, is now regarded a Russian dainty, it was first brought from Constantinople by the Italians and called caviare. And when the Italians brought these dishes from the East they copied also a large number of sweetmeats.

During the Elizabethan period there grew up in England a great national liking for sweet things. Not merely was this seen in the general taste for sugar confiture, but it was manifested in the general demand for sweet wines, the rich sherries, the charneco, the sack, the sugary almond-flavoured sack-posset, and other drinks of the same class. In drinking, as in eating, the increase of appetite for sugar grew by what it fed on. Though not a sweetmeat in the strict sense of the term, "sack-posset" so largely represented the taste of that time for sweetness and flavour, that the recipe of Sir Fleetwood Shepherd, given by Mr. Howard Staunton in his Shakespeare notes, is worth quoting: "To make a sack-posset. Take two quarts of pure good cream and a quarter of a pound of the best almonds. Stamp them in the cream and boyl with amber and musk therein. Then take a pint of sack in a basin and set it on a Chafing dish till it be blood-warm. Then take the yolks of twelve eggs, with four of their whites, and beat them well together; and so put the eggs into the sack. Then stir all together over the coals till it is all as thick as you would have it. If you now take some Amber and Musk and grind the same quite small with sugar and strew this on top of your posset, I promise you that it shall have a most delicate and pleasant taste." There was another mixture of the same class called "rambooz," made of eggs, ale, wine, and sugar.

It was not from either Italy or France that we got the best confectioners in the earlier days of English cookery. Spain, notably Toledo, furnished England with the most celebrated pastry-cooks, or *pasteleros* as they are called, though we have since looked most to France for these artists. Under the patronage of "Bloody Mary" and of Queen Henrietta Maria, Spanish methods flourished apace in the court cuisine. We read that when Mary entertained the Princess Elizabeth at Richmond, in the summer of 1557, a sumptuous banquet was served, in which there was introduced, as an ornament, a pomegranate tree in confectionery work bearing the arms of Spain, showing Mary's Spanish leanings in a rather ostentatious fashion. These Spanish and Portuguese confectioners were very skilful. In the comedy of "The Sun's Darling," by Ford and Decker (first acted 1623-4), the "Spaniard," who is one of the dramatic persons, declares himself "a confeccianador, which in your tongue is a comfit maker, of Toledo." He says, "I can teach sugar to slip down your throat in a million ways," and he professes himself skilful in "conserves, candies, marmalades, sinkadoes, ponadoes, marablane, bergamoto, aranxues muria, limons, berengenas of Toledo, oriones, potatoes of Malaga, and ten millions more." The confections here mentioned take us over a wide field. That Malaga potatoes were much used by the skilful comfit maker is indicated by a passage in Gerard's "Herbal" (1567), which says, "Potatoes may serve as a ground or foundation whereon the cunning confectioner or sugar-baker may make and frame many comfortable conserves and restorative sweetmeats." In Marston's "Satires" (1598) it is said, "Candi'd potatoes are Athenian's meat." This Malaga potato was not the potato now in common use, but the yam or sweet potato of Virginia, first brought to England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1584 and out of which our present common or garden potato has evolved. Harrison in his chronicle speaks of the Virginia potato as "brought out of Spain, Portugal and the Indies to furnish up our banquets," and states that they were in his time beginning to have a place in English gardens. These potatoes were doubtless candied as are now the chesnuts (*marrons glacés*), the cherries (*cerises glacées*), the mandarin oranges and other crystallised fruits which we serve up in pretty silver dishes at our desserts.

Reverting to the Spaniard's list in the play we find "berengenas of Toledo." These were the aubergines or egg plant, a vegetable of the pumpkin class, now to be frequently found on well-kept English tables. The aubergines were corruptly called berengenas from the Arabic *badelgian* or *badingian*, signifying the same thing. In the

Latin it was called *Solanum pomiferum*, and the offi[illegible] name in Spain was *mala insana*. There was an old pro[illegible] in Spain, "*Nunca de berengena se hizo buena calabaza*," "Never was a calabash made of a berengena," that is, "There is no making a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Probably the aubergines of Toledo were then especially good; the best we now get from France. Orijones were peaches dried and preserved with sugar. *Orejon* in the Spanish means a large ear, and the term was applied to the slices of dried peach because of their fancied resemblance to the human ear. These dried peaches found a place in English cookery books. I cannot trace "sinkado." If one may judge by his errors of description, the dramatist was ill acquainted with the Spanish. "Ponadoes" should perhaps read pomadoes, which might be some sort of apple preserve. "Aranxues muria" is not Spanish at all, old or new. Probably it was written to signify some species of confection made at Aranjuex in Castile. The word "muria" is not to be found in old or new Spanish. It may be a corruption or misprint of "murta" sometimes in the old Spanish, applied to the olive. It may have been written for *amexa*, the Arabic of prune or plum, or yet for *axennuez*, the Spanish of the herb bishopswort. Bergamoto was a preserve of bergamot pears, a favourite fruit at that time; or of the particularly fragrant orange grown at Bergamo in Italy. From the rind of this orange is extracted the well-known perfume bergamot. What was in those days known as bergamoto we now call marmalade; what was then called marmelado was a preserve of quinces, from *marmelo*, the Portuguese of quince. It is, of course, from this the word "marmalade" is derived. "Marablane" might be intended for marchpane, a then favourite sweetmeat, but it is more likely to have been some preparation of the Spanish mirabolanos mentioned before.

That Spanish methods were in favour at a very early period there is ample proof. The "Noble Boke off Cookery," a verbatim reprint of a rare fifteenth century MS. in the Holkam collection, gives in its pages a recipe for "Bruet of Spayne" as follows: "To mak bruet of Spayne take venyson and mak long lesshes (slices) then fry them in buttur and wasshe (wash) them in wyn then tak sugur almond mylk clowes (cloves) maces quybibes (Java pepper) and boil them to gedur (together) and sesson (season) them with poudure (salt) venygar and serue (serve) it;" and a cookery book published in the eighteenth century shows nur[illegible]itations of foreign methods in recipes. "To preserve cu[illegible] equal with any Italian sweetmeat." "To clarify sugar in the [illegible]nish way."

"To make Spanish fritters." "Artichokes preserved in the Spanish way."

These were many enticing odds and ends to satisfy the sweet tooth of our ancestors. "To mak creme buyle," a cold cream; "to mak bland sorre," a kind of blanc mange, "Crême of Almonds"; "to mak vatose" (marrow, dates, sugar, ginger, saffron, &c.); "Payn pardieu" (fried bread in batter), "breney" (wine, honey, dates, raisins, saffron, and sugar); "apetito" (a sort of fifteenth century *pâte de foie gras*), "Cawdelle (caudle) of almonds," "ryse," "peres in composte" (pears, apples, raisins, ginger, dates, honey), "rose" (rice, flour, almond milk, capons, flesh, &c.). In Mrs. Glasse's "Cookery Book," published at the middle of the last century, recipes are given for various sweetmeats preserved from the early days of English cookery. Beaumont and Fletcher in one of their plays refer to the sweetmeats of their time as "Kickshaws and delicate new-made things." The term "kickshaws," though thus used in a generic sense, was in reality the name of a sweetmeat much in favour with our ancestors. Mrs. Glasse's "Cookery Book" (said by some to be the work of Sir John Hill, M.D.) tells us how kickshaws were made: "Make puff paste, roll it thin, and if you have any moulds, work it upon them, make them up with preserved pippins. You may fill some of them with gooseberries, some with raspberries, or what you please, then close them up, and either bake or fry them and serve them up." Now, this sounds quite like the modern "flap-jack," and not unlike the confectioner's "puff."

Some sweetmeats have for centuries remained unchanged in their composition. The custards and omelettes of 500 years ago still remain unchanged. Again, centuries ago, slices of apple, parsnip, &c., were dipped in batter and fried, just as we make our *beignets*. In the fifteenth century "to mak payn pardieu" the cooks fried "paynmayne or freshe bred" and soused it with yolks of eggs sweetened. In the cookery books of to-day we find "pain perdu" means slices of stale bread soaked in milk, then dipped in beaten egg, and fried in boiling fat, and served hot in custard.

Concerning custard or "custad," as it was formerly called, it was a common "joke" at civic feasts in the olden time to place an enormous custard in the middle of the table, into which, at some stage of the proceedings, the clown unexpectedly jumped. Ben Jonson uses the term "custard leap-jack" of one who "in tail of a sheriff's dinner" took "his Almain leap into a custard" to "make my lady Mayoress and her sisters Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders." In "All's Well that Ends Well" Lafeu says, "You ha'

made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all like him that leaped into the custard." Of old sweetmeats, "a tansy" was much favoured. This was a sort of pudding made of eggs, sugar, juice of spinach, cream, biscuit, almonds, tansy juice, and butter. It was sometimes cooked on the frying-pan like an omelet, and eaten hot. The herb tansy was sometimes replaced by pounded violets, or cowslips, or gooseberries, and it was then called a violet tansy, a gooseberry tansy, &c. In the South of Ireland a sort of meat pudding, called a *drisheen*, made in long sausage-skins, is flavoured with pounded tansy. This meat or blood pudding is itself a survival of one of the oldest forms of cookery. Another old sweetmeat, "a cowslip pudding," was made of biscuits, cream, eggs, sugar, rosewater, and the flowers of a peck of cowslips, a pudding to modern ears savouring more of the meadows than the kitchen. "A Florentine" or "Florendine" was sometimes made of apples and sometimes of cheese curd. Here is a curious recipe of the fifteenth century for a confection of the pudding class, called "fraunt hemelle." "To mak fraunt hemelle tak and swinge (beat) eggs and cow creme togedure, put it to grated bred, pepper, ginger, clowes (cloves), and saffron, then mynce swet flesshe and fill the bage (bag) ther with, and sow it and boile it welle, and rost it on a gredirn and serue (serve) it."

In the old days even the making of a rice pudding was not a simple process, but was complicated with the flesh pots. Here is how it was done in the fifteenth century: "To mak ryse pik them clene, and then wesshe them in two or thre waters, and let the water be warm, and sethe them in clene water till they begyn to boile, and at first boile put out the water and sethe them with brothe of fleshe, or with the brothe of freche flesshe, or of freche fisshe, and put ther to sugar, saffron, and salt, and serue it." Mrs. Glasse preserved some rather curious old sweetmeats in her cookery book. Here, for instance, is "Sugar of Pearl": "Take damask rosewater half a pint, one pound of fine sugar, half an ounce of prepared pearl, beat to powder eight leaves of beaten gold; boyle them together according to art, add the pearl and gold leaves when just done, then cast them on a marble." Whether anyone ever ate this pearl and gold confection I do not know; it sounds more like the work of a house-painter and decorator than of a confectioner. "Fruit wafers" were made of the pulp of any fruit and sugar. Cooks would nowadays colour such things red with cochineal, but then it was done with clove gillyflowers—"gillivors" Shakespeare calls them—steeped in lemon juice. Gooseberry wafers were much used. Wafers and spices were eaten, and hypocras drunk at medieval desserts. Hypocras

was a species of light drink, used as we use liqueurs. When Samuel Pepys drank it at the Guildhall (October 1663), he was in some doubt whether in doing so he had not broken the pledge. He speaks of it as being "only a mixed compound drink and not any wine," and he adds the pious exclamation, "If I am mistaken, God forgive me! but I hope and do think I am not."

Our remote ancestors were not by any means ignorant of the art of ornamental sugar-work. They were not waiting for a Francatelli to show them the way. Here is a recipe of last century in proof. "How to make white cakes like china dishes. Take the yolks of two eggs, and two spoonfuls of sack, and as much rosewater, some carraway seeds, and as much flour as will make it in paste stiff enough to roll very thin; if you would have them like dishes you must bake them upon dishes buttered. Cut them out into such work you wish to candy them. Take a pound of fine searced sugar perfumed, and the white of an egg and three or four spoonfuls of rosewater; stir it till it looks white, and when that paste is cold do it with a feather on one side; this candied, let it dry, and do the other side so, and dry it also." Anciently great ingenuity was exercised in the making of ornamental sweetmeats for table decoration. At great banquets a "subtilty," or "sotelty," or "sotillee," as it was variously termed—an elaborate device in sugar or pastry, or in both—closed each course, and this device usually bore some reference, humorous or otherwise, to the occasion of the entertainment. It was to ornament the magnificent feasts which represented gastronomic taste and lavish expenditure during the reigns of William Rufus, Henry III., Richard II., and Henry IV., that subtelles were invented. At the coronation feast of Henry V., in 1421, there was a subtiltee of "A pelican sitting on her nest with her young," and "An image of St. Catherine holding a book and disputing with the doctors." The enthronisation feast of Archbishop Nevill at York was one of the most notable of historic banquets. Amongst the sweetmeats were "cold tartes, baked, 4,000; cold custards, baked, 3,000; hot custards, 2,000," besides "spices, sugared delicates, and wafers plentie." The subtiltees were of the most elaborate kind. One represented a Doctor of Divinity being led into his pulpit by a demon. At another great feast, the enthronisation of Archbishop Wareham, Chancellor of Oxford, in 1503, a subtiltee represented St. Augustine and his attendant in the act of petitioning King Ethelbert for leave to preach Christianity in his dominions. Another represented the eight towers of the University. In every tower stood a bedell, and under the towers were figures of

the king, to whom Chancellor Wareham, encircled by many doctors properly habited, presented Latin verses which were answered by his Majesty. Other devices, such as the four seasons, with Latin inscriptions, appeared at this feast. A favourite device of the master cook's was a real peacock, feathers, tail, and all. At Archbishop Nevill's feast there were no fewer than 104 peacocks so treated. Many of the subtiltees which appeared at banquets were upon religious subjects, and others related to incidents in English history. "Furnace," the cook in Massinger's "New Way to Pay Old Debts" (1633), speaks of raising "fortifications in pastry which, if they had been practised at Breda, Spinola might have thrown his cap at it and ne'er took it." The celebrated siege of Breda, it may be noted, lasted from August 26, 1624, to July 1 following.

In later days these confectionery devices were also much favoured. When Elizabeth Raffald, housekeeper to the Lady Elizabeth Warburton, gave up domestic service and opened a confectioner's shop, she published a cookery book entitled "The Experienced English Housekeeper" (1771), containing recipes in every branch of cookery. This work shows plainly that the gentry of that time were very fastidious about their sweetmeats, for the authoress gives, amongst other things, elaborate directions for spinning gold and silver webs in sugar for covering sweetmeat at dessert. The sugar was melted and spun with the point of a knife upon a mould which was removed when the sugar web had hardened. It was a process sufficiently tedious to demand great patience on the part of the cook or confectioner. Elizabeth Raffald also gives minute details of an ornamental Chinese temple or obelisk in fancy paste. Then she tells us how to make a dessert in spun sugar, baskets and globes for holding flowers and fruits, "a pretty dessert for a grand table." Among her more elaborate confections, she has a device which recalls the days of the "subtiltee," a "fish pond" in which fish made of flummery appear in a pond of clear calf's foot jelly. There is also a "Hen's nest," in which eggs of shaped flummery repose in "straw" of shred lemon rind. Another grand centre piece was a transparent pudding covered with a silver web. Mrs. Raffald was evidently a clever woman; she invented a "three-fire stove wherein any common fuel may be burnt instead of charcoal," and this would appear to have been a vast improvement upon the stoves then in use, and, in a sense, the pioneer of the modern cooking range.

In the great houses preserving was well looked to, and the still-room where the careful housekeeper manipulated the herbs for domestic medicine according to the directions of her "Gerard" or

her "Culpepper" and distilled the rosewater so plentifully used, was also the scene of much panning and potting in the fresh fruit season. Culpepper's method of preserving fruit in his time (1652) was very much the same as the present-day process, even to the dropping of some on a "trencher" to see if boiled enough. His method of preserving fruits without pulping them was also similar to that at present followed. Here is a recipe of Mrs. Glasse's, in which a pewter platter appears as an important item. "To stew pears purple. Pare four pears, cut them into quarters, core them, put them into a stewpan with a quarter of a pint of water and a quarter of a pound of sugar, cover them with a pewter plate, then cover the pan with the lid, and do them over a slow fire; look at them often for fear of melting the plate, when they are enough (cooked) and the liquor looks a fine purple take them off and lay them in your dish with the liquor; when cold serve them up for a side dish, at a second course, or just as you please." The preserving department was represented by abundant dainties, such as marmalade of cherries, conserve of roses boiled, pippins in jelly, dried peaches (the orijones before described), dried cherries, orange cakes, orange loaves, orange biscuits, lemon honey-comb (now known as lemon sponge), almond cakes, orange marmalade, marmalet, *i.e.* white marmalade of quinces, red marmalade, *i.e.* quinces stewed till red, syrup of clove, gilliflowers, red and white janautings, syrup of peach blossoms, of citron and of roses. The making of "Raspberry Giam" would appear to correspond with our method, however odd the spelling may seem. "To jar cherries Lady North's way" appears to have been a special recipe. It is noteworthy that it was the custom a century ago for noblemen and gentlemen travelling abroad to bring back with them recipes for the strange culinary dainties they discovered in the course of their peregrinations. We have thus "A Posset the Earl of Arundel's way," "The Lord Conway His Lordship's recipe for the making of Amber Puddings," and "The Countess of Rutland's recipe for the Rare Banbury Cake which was so much praised as her daughter's (The Right Honourable Lady Chaworth) Pudding," &c.

In the common sweetmeats of commerce at the present day, the jams and jellies sold for a few pence per pot, the consumer has to count upon chemical imitations of the best known fruit flavours. Some manufacturers of these artificial fruit flavours resort to the products of coal tar. When a pear flavour is wanted the manufacturer has recourse to the oxide of amyle or to the formiate of propyle, both of which yield an essence having a very agreeable flavour of the fruit. If confections with a pineapple flavour are

desired no money is wasted in buying the real fruit, since coal tar can furnish a butyric ether or an acetate of butyle, both of which produce on the palate and the tongue precisely the same effect as the pineapple. To make apple-sugar it is not necessary to have real apples, for the valeriate of oxide of amyle as well as nitric ether replace the real flavour perfectly. But these are the tricks of the trade used only for the cheap and nasty. Good pure preserves and sweetmeats are easily procurable.

Ice cream is an older sweetmeat than many would suppose. In the beginning of the seventeenth century goblets made of ice, and also iced fruit, *i.e.* fruit frozen over, were first brought to table. The *limonadiers*, or lemonade sellers, of Paris endeavoured to increase the popularity of their wares by icing them; and one more enterprising than the rest, an Italian named Procope Couteaux, in the year 1660, conceived the idea of converting such beverages entirely into ice, and about twenty years later iced liquors, *i.e.* liquors changed into ice, were the principal things sold by the *limonadiers*. By the end of that century iced liquors were quite common in Paris. Ice cream, or iced "butter," as it was at first called from its supposed resemblance to that substance, soon followed. It was first known in Paris in 1774. The Duc de Chartris often went at that time to the Paris coffee-house to drink a glass of iced liquor, and the landlord having one day presented him with his "Arms" formed in edible ice, this kind of sweetmeat became the fashion. German cooks at once took up the new art. It was not long in reaching England, for in 1776 a French cook, resident in London, named Clermont, wrote "The Modern Cook," in which sweet ices were first described for the instruction of English cooks. Present day cooks have elaborated the ice enormously.

It is a curious fact that some of the best known sweetmeats of our time were in favour centuries ago, mostly under different names. Angelica candied was used centuries ago, and is still in use for ornamenting cakes and other kinds of confectionery. The *pralines* of the present day, the sugar-coated almonds, and what not, were the "suckets" of old times. The familiar blanc-mange is a very old sweetmeat. Ben Jonson, in his comedy "The Devil is an Ass" (1614), makes one of his characters refer to "blanc-manger." This is described by old writers as "a confection of almonds and jelly." It was then as now white, and made of thickened milk. In English it was first called "bland sorre," "blank de sirre," "blank mang," or "blanche mang," then "blammange" or "blanc-manger." In the older time it was not made as cooks make it now,

of isinglass or gelatine, milk or cream, sweetened and flavoured. It was formerly composed of the pounded flesh of poultry, boiled with rice, and flavoured with almonds, &c. Here is the fifteenth century recipe: "To mak bland sorre, tak the mylk of almonds blanched mad with capon brothe then tak the braun of a capon and bet it in a mortair and mele the fleche and the mylk to gedur in the mortair with the pestelle and thik it with flour of rise and boile it put ther to sugur or hony and mak it stondinge then lesk it in dyshes and diaper it with turnsole (a drug or spice) and serue it." There was another recipe "to mak blaunche mang of fleshe," for which the direction was: "Tak ryse and wesshe it and draw it throughe a stren and temper it with almond mylk then teese the braun of capon or henn small and put the ryse to the mylk and boile it and charge it with the tosed flesshe sesson it with sugur and florishe it with almonds and serue it." There was still another sort, "blank mang" of fish. "Tak a pound of rise and sethe it and bray it till it brests (bursts) and cast it to almond mylk then tak a tenche or a lampry and cast ther to and sethe them togedure and serue it." Blanc-mange has always been considered very delicate food. Paul Scarron, a famous French comic poet (1610-60), the husband of Madame de Maintenon, commending the genius and delicacy of taste displayed by a friend, said of him, "He has been fed by the muses only on blanc-manger and chicken broth." It was, by the way, this same jocose poet who had such a high opinion of his own powers that when his weeping family gathered round his death-bed he exclaimed confidently: "My children! you will never cry so much for me as I have made you laugh," or as it is in the quaint French of that time, "Mes enfans! vous ne pleurerez jamais tant pour moi, que je vous ai fait rire." In old cookery and confectionery almonds were very largely used for flavouring, even more than they are at present, for where confectioners in the past used the almond itself, we now in many instances use artificial flavouring. Though almonds are cultivated throughout the South of Europe, Syria, Persia, and Northern Africa, those used in England are now as centuries ago, imported from Spain and the South of France. The Jordan almonds imported from Malaga are the best almonds procurable. Bitter almonds are brought from Morocco.

It is not surprising that in the sweet-toothed Elizabethan age the sweetest and most elaborate of sweetmeats, marchpane, was the best liked. Among all the old sweetmeats marchpane was the most desired because it bore the palm for quality. One of Ben Jonson's characters speaks of another as "the very marchpane of the court,"

and the liking of the common people for this sweetm   is clearly indicated by a passage in "Romeo and Juliet," when one servant of the Capulets hurriedly but earnestly appeals to another amid the bustle of festivities, "Good, thou, save me a pice of marchpane. Other writers of that time also refer to marchpane. The marchpane of old times was similar in composition to the sweetmeat now known as *marzipan*, and brought chiefly from Germany—"Lubecken" is the best brand—where it is now known better than elsewhere. Marchpane was formerly made of pistachio nuts, almonds, pine-kernels, sugar of roses, and flour, but the modern stuff, marzipan, is much less elaborate, being simply made of pounded almonds and sugar moistened with white of egg, and then set in shallow shapes. It is wafered underneath. Here is a recipe given by Mrs. Cowden Clarke for marchpane as it was most commonly made in the time of Shakespeare: "First ye must take two pounds of almonds blanched and dried in a sieve over the fire, then beaten in a stone mortar, then mixed with two pounds of bruised sugar, adding two or three spoonfuls of rosewater to keep your almonds from oiling. When your paste is beaten fine drive it thin with a rolling pin and lay it on a bottom of wafers; then raise up a little edge on the side, and so bake it. Then ice it with rosewater and sugar; then put it in the oven again; and when you see your ice is risen up and dry, take it out of the oven and garnish it with pretty conceits, as birds and beasts cut out of standing moulds. Then stick long comfits upright in it, cast biscuits and carraways in it, and lastly gild it before you serve it." A marchpane was most frequently made up in the shape of an ornamental tower. It cannot be stated with certainty when or where marchpane was first made, but many things point to an Italian origin. Books of reference—even the best—set it down as French, and confidently tell us that "marchpane" is an English corruption of *masse pain* or bread lumps. Francatelli, in his "Royal Confectioner," tells us to make it of pounded almonds, sugar, and white of eggs, and he calls it "masse pains." That is entirely erroneous. Hermolaus Barbaro, a Venetian scholar of the fourteenth century, terms it "mazza panis," and says it was vulgarly called *martius panis*. Herein we have the explanation of the English term. The literal English of *martius panis* is "March bread," so that it is easy to understand how the English would hit upon the name "marchpane." In the old Spanish this sweetmeat was termed *maçapan*, and macaroons were called *maçapanes*. The later sorts of subtiltees were made altogether of marchpane.

During Elizabeth's reign many of our most useful importations

were "made in Germany." We got our matches, clocks, gloves, fine needles, coaches, and many other things from Germany, and it is a curious fact that at the present time marchpane in its form of *marzipan* is a German sweetmeat—indeed, it is the German national sweetmeat. It is made by the Germans chiefly at Christmas, the making of it being invested with as much domestic importance as the making of the plum-pudding in England. In some households the whole family "take a hand" in making it, in our old fashion of the making of the family plum-pudding. It must, however, be remembered that at the period above referred to we also got many things from other countries. From Italy we got forks, toothpicks, &c. It may safely be conjectured that marchpane was rather a novelty in Elizabeth's day, for it appears from the account of the entertainment of the Queen at Cambridge, in the autumn of 1556, the University presented to Sir William Cecil, then Chancellor, "two pairs of gloves, a marchpane, and two sugar loaves," showing that these things must have been then prized as novelties. Gloves of the finer sort had just "come in" as a fashion; perhaps marchpane came in at the same time. Yet it may have been a survival of the Roman occupation, and *martius panis* may have been a "bread of war," made in the time of martial triumphs in ancient Rome. It is most probable it came to England amongst the Italian culinary fashions of Henry VIII.'s day.

Another very old English sweetmeat still survives. What we now term "cachoux," those little perfumed lozenges which we buy at the tobacconist's or the chemist's to take away the traces of our smoking, are the "kissing comfits" of Shakespeare's time. We use them to take away the remainder fumes of tobacco; possibly they were invented for this same purpose when tobacco was brought home by Raleigh. In Shakespeare's time they were made very much as a modern lozenge might be made, by mixing with half a pound of finest sugar a grain of civet, two grains of musk, two grains of ambergris, and a thimbleful of white orris powder, moistened with rosewater, thickened with gum. The mass was then rolled thin and cut into little lozenges. These were baked in an oven, and then kept boxed up a considerable time. They must have been very fragrant and very effectual to rid fine court ladies of the unpleasant odour of the dishes of sprats and the quarts of strong ale they consumed for breakfast.

J. W. FLYNN.

# LABOUR AND CAPITAL FOR CORSICA.

IT would be impossible for those who know our northern lands to picture the fertility of the soil of Corsica. Our own crops and the picturesque harvests of the sunny south thrive equally well in that favoured island. Mr. Warren Barry went to Corsica because (being a diligent student of arboriculture) he sought the most accessible country where virgin forests and the largest number of indigenous species might be found. But the mere bush round Ajaccio so captivated him, that his "Studies in Corsica" contain but a hint or two of his ever having got beyond that scented tangle of giant shrubs. In some of the Alpine Club journals there are glimpses of the Corsican woodlands. Mr. Tuckett, for example, records the girth of a laricio pine in the Valdoniella. It measured 13 feet. A chestnut above Zicavo, he says, was 33 feet round; and a beech-bole (he only estimated, being unable to tape, it) was 8 feet across. The laricio is known as the Corsican pine *par excellence*. Another Alpine Club-man, the Rev. W. H. Hawker, F.Z.A., says that no one seeing it could ever confound the laricio with the larch, though the mistake is made in conversation and in print. The laricio is evergreen, with a likeness to a giant Scotch fir. Miss Campbell records a visit to two trees, called the "King" and the "Queen" of their forest. The "Queen" still stood in the glory of a circumference of 22½ feet. The "King" had been burnt, but the charred trunk measured over 26 feet at the base. The special flora of Corsica is not shared even by the neighbouring Sardinia. Turning to the fauna for a moment, it may be said that the deer-like *mouflon*, or wild sheep, is found hardly anywhere except in this sparsely inhabited island-spur of the Alps. A land mollusc, the *Helix Ponzolzii*, connects the fauna of Corsica with that of Albania and Montenegro. It is doubtless because the island has only here and there known any serious attempt at husbandry, that it is filled with such curious and varied plants and animals, and that the earth still teems like another Garden of Eden.

The resident population is scarcely a quarter of a million, and is dwindling; though it is evident that the island could to-day support a million, and it has fed and sheltered two millions in the past. This fruitful French *département* is actually an annual item of serious loss to the Republic. In 1886 the Corsicans paid 5,761,198 francs in taxes, and that year the State's expenses in the island were 18,682,451 francs—say, in round numbers, 13 million francs difference between debit and credit, and 13 millions on the *wrong side* of the account! Paul Bourde, who has written luminously upon Corsica in the *Temps* (the articles are now to be had in book-form under the title, "En Corse"), maintains that Corsica has cost France considerably over a milliard of francs in the eighty-five years of the century that had elapsed when he was writing.

It seems almost incredible that there should be a melancholy tale of poverty attaching to a land as naturally rich as any that can be found in Europe. But so it is. And some of the reasons are not far to seek. The *Bulletin de l'Union Corse* sets forth a few of them: want of capital, and of the right ideas for utilising it; and absence of all notion of combination in production.

The islanders who existed, at the cost of constant vigilance, in hourly terror of the Saracens, and who rarely parted from their weapons, waking or sleeping, cultivated the arts of peace under disadvantages. The definition of "a citizen—a man who does not live by being killed," would hardly have fitted any Corsican citizen until quite lately. That is to say, Corsicans have had to risk their lives daily in order to exist. Even now the tenacious race lives on

In days
Of change, alarm, surprise.

Human blood flows freely; but it flows now not on account of the descents of foreign foes, but because of ancient feuds or sudden outbursts of anger. The code of the duel seems mild in comparison with the vendetta, which affects every class, and governs the actions of women, often, as well as men. A reader of faces sees the *guarded* look on every feature. Gestures tell the same tale. Even small matters of custom, such as the attendant dog for every human being (even in Ajaccio, the capital), speak of distrust ingrained in the local character.

In Bonifacio, the most peaceful quarter of the island, the tillers of the soil all live in the little town—nearly 4,000 souls crowded into the high buildings squeezed together on the top of an abrupt headland which the sea has largely undermined. The great grotto

beneath the town rivals in interest Capri's Blue Grotto. When storms lash the Straits to fury, the townsfolk wait in terror for the crash which shall precipitate Bonifacio, its human dwellers, and its famous donkeys (inhabitants of all the town's ground-floors) into the angry waves. The donkeys, though only about the size of Newfoundland dogs, are wonders of strength and endurance, and are a necessity of local existence—carrying out the whole family each morning to their distant fields, and bringing all home in the weary evening. Bonifacio also owes something of its popularity as a residence to the aguish complaint that is rife in the country round it; but of that more anon.

Corsican peasants feel safer when massed in the barrack-like houses of their villages, which almost always crown a height, and would be therefore easily defended. Life and property have been always too insecure in the past to favour the isolation of country cottages, or even of solid farmhouses, with their dependent buildings grouped round them. Naturally, under present circumstances, crops are indifferently guarded. For various reasons, fences hardly exist. Farming in Corsica is several centuries behind farming in England. The very exuberance of vegetation, where cultivation is so little understood, militates against good harvests; for weeds choke the rising crops, and the peasant sees in farming failures nothing but the "visitation of God." The older men recall their disappointments, and turn their sons away from husbandry. The race has two marked inclinations: first, for military life; and next, for study. Of the small portion of the island that has ever been brought into cultivation, much has returned to its primitive condition. To complete the discouragement of the cultivator, the phylloxera recently ravaged the vineyards, and land sank consequently still further in value. In 1891 Baron Mariotti, a patriotic son of the soil, estimated that colonists could buy good land, in one or another part of any district in the island, at an average of a trifle under £4 per acre, or 200 francs the hectare.

M. Mariotti, who is president of l'Union Corse, at a meeting held in Ajaccio five years ago, urged the buying up by a company of tracts of land from private persons and from Corsican communes. He suggested, as a means of retaining the proprietors' goodwill, that these former owners should share in the eventual profits of the company. It might not be enough that they were relieved of land which lay like dead weight upon their hands, receiving hard cash for it; nor that they and their belongings should [illegible] the rising prosperity of the neighbourhood. He decided [illegible] it would be

better, besides, to give them a direct interest in the new venture. It is always wiser to make friends than enemies. An enemy in Corsica has a thousand ingenious little ways by which he can put a spoke in a neighbour's wheel. Why, a mere "accident" in felling a tree may close the road in front of your waggon for hours, and make all your early vegetables late for the bi-weekly market-boat; or a mysterious hole in your new fence may let a whole flock of sheep into your young clover; or the well may be suddenly "bewitched," with sickly consequences to man and beast! A resolute new proprietor might declare he would "stand no nonsense; such 'accidents' should not occur twice to *him*," and so forth. But surely prevention is a thousand times better than cure in matters less serious than feuds between country neighbours!

Seventeen years ago a foreign proprietor took up some of the *Campo-di-loro*—the best land near Ajaccio. He engaged a Swiss farmer to come with herds and a staff and supply him with milk and butter. Cows' milk is still rare in the island. In those days you might milk straight into the lactometer, but that instrument would not even register zero, though new milk in the Swiss Alps would mark 28. Thus it will be seen how desirable would have been a dairying revolution in Ajaccio. But when everything was in train for the arrival of the Swiss farmer, his family, labourers, and cattle, certain Corsican well-wishers of the foreign reformer came to him and said, "Put it to yourself: would you feel happy if the man's hay-barns were burnt, if his house was pulled down about his ears, if he lost his life?" And the well-wishers were able to convince the foreigner that there was real danger of such acts of violence. He countermanded all his arrangements, and in course of time was thankful to get pretty good milk from the farm of a local magnate, whose property is now fairly well managed.

Herr Hofer ran an omnibus between the landing-stage and his hotel. The city portresses, who had hitherto carried all the passengers' luggage on their heads, clamoured. They said that the omnibus was taking the bread out of their mouths. Herr Hofer's windows were broken. He found means of soothing the malcontents without renouncing his omnibus; but he had to exercise much tact and forbearance. In time Ajaccian opinion veered round very strongly in his favour. Even the ex-luggage portresses now admit that he is giving employment and bringing strangers who spend money to the manifest advantage of the town. To-day he thankfully asserts that he "has not an enemy in Corsica." He does not take to himself the whole credit for this happy change. He says every year sees a

decrease of lawlessness, and a desire on the part of the islanders to bring themselves into line with the civilisation of "Continentals." When possible, it is advisable to avoid troubles altogether, rather than to meet them and struggle against them, even when final conquest is a foregone conclusion—which it is far from being in Corsica.

Baron Mariotti loves his native island, and he has invented a name for the cause of much of the friction between Corsicans and foreigners. He calls it, "le patriotisme vibrant du Corse"—a very euphemistic title for the jealous insular susceptibility which sometimes prompts to arson and murder.

Ethnologists say Corsicans are clearly Hamites—kin with the Guanches of Teneriffe, with the ancient Egyptians, the Berbers, and the Basques—little anthropological islands in an Aryan human sea. The Béarnais say of their neighbours, the Basques, whom they detest, "The good ones are very good, and the bad numerous and *very* bad." Their racial cousins of the island call for a modification of the Béarnais proverb: "*The Corsican's good qualities are many and great; his bad qualities are few and interesting.*" Nay, more: a Corsican who has turned away the less amiable side of his character is loving and lovable to the stranger; and "once your friend, ever your friend," is the common testimony to the fidelity of these islanders.

To return to figures. If we set down the price of the acre at £4, and accept M. Colonna de Cesari Rocca's estimate for clearing and planting the ground with vines at about £10 per acre, and add £8 for the current working expenses for three years, we arrive at a total outlay of £22 per acre for vineyards. Now Corsican wines are excellent. There is no question on the subject; so there is no danger here of the advantage of cheap production being outweighed by the inferiority of the produce. And how do the Corsican vineyards' accounts compare with those of southern France? M. Rocca does not hesitate to state publicly that £160 is the cost price and expense of cultivation per acre for five years of a French vineyard, with a maximum profit of 20 per cent. The Corsican expenditure will not amount to much more than an eighth of that of the French vineyard; and, as for the profits, M. Rocca, while basing his calculations with proper modesty, reaches a percentage of 13 per cent. above the French—*i.e.* 33 per cent. Corsica has, as a wine-growing country, many advantages over Algeria—where, nevertheless, the prospects are favourable. In Corsica the sirocco is not a danger; neither are locusts; and communication with Marseilles and Nice is cheaper, much more rapid, and, moreover, always improving. There are three main lines of

railway in the island, and various local branches are soon to be built. Besides, throughout the lower and most fertile parts of the country there exists a splendid network of roads.

Farm implements are hardly known; yet official statistics prove that wheat yields twenty-five to fifty-fold; barley is a still more paying crop, and Indian corn yields a hundredfold. M. Burnouf vouches for the fact that in land near Corte, that has not been manured or in any way "kept in heart," the acre produced from thirty to forty bushels of wheat. What could not "high farming" achieve in such a country?

The olive, in many varieties, flourishes. When the Government ordered a return to be made, twelve million *wild* olives were certified. Tobacco thrives. Forests of chestnuts feed thousands of the inhabitants, and Corsica used to export chestnuts to Algeria until the steamers for Bône ceased to ply. Alcohol is distilled from chestnuts, from arbutus, and also from the omnipresent wilding, Shelley's beloved asphodel. The cork-tree is of easy growth, and as the shore of the bay of Ajaccio is always strewn with enormous cast-off cork floats, this product, elsewhere valued, must here be held very cheap. Sugar-cane grows well in the hot lowlands. The cotton plant is found wild in the *makis.* As reeds are plentiful, doubtless the tougher cane would do well. Miss Campbell carried the first that ever grew in the island, from Nice, in a flower-pot. It flourished, and afterwards others of its kind; but the cane is not yet systematically cultivated, though the islanders could use it with a saving of labour for those purposes for which they now use the growths of their cane-brakes. The reed serves as, let us say, a pea-stick, or part of a wattle fence, for one season; but real canes would last for several years. Moreover, cane is a recognised article of commerce. Chairs, tables, flower-stands, screens, and many fancy articles are made from the light, strong stems; and Corsica would thus have a ready market at Marseilles, Nice, and elsewhere, for an easily-raised crop.

Near Capitello and Porticcio, where two or three more or less serious attempts at farming have been made, the beautiful dark earth, when freshly turned last winter, looked, to the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches, like rich loam. (It burnt to a brick-red on the surface afterwards in a long drought.) At Chiavari Penitentiary 750 Arab convicts, under agricultural experts, have transformed the wilderness. Thirty years ago the district was one of *makis*, rocky cliffs, and the ravines between them, in which was bred the local fever. To-day the climate is pronounced perfectly healthy, provided

certain precautions are observed. (For instance, the Arab in charge of a herd of cattle does not lie in a shady hollow on the bare earth, but has a stout carpet of at least four square yards of sacking upon which to rest. This preserves him from malarious exhalations, if such there be.) In this model farm there are about 500 acres under vines, which yield a good vintage in quantity and quality. There are orchards, and lemon and orange groves. Seventy acres are under almond trees. Nursery grounds and citron groves occupy eight or ten ; there are about ninety of ordinary meadow land, and at least sixty bear lucerne and rye-grass, or other varieties of "green meat." Over 400 acres are laid down in pastures ; vegetables and flowers cover nearly sixteen acres. Maritime pines have been planted to the extent of about 170 acres, and there are 1,000 acres under ilex. Of olives, the plantations are comparatively small. The Penitentiary still owns over 2,000 acres of unreclaimed *makis*. Arab labour under French direction has made an oasis in this wild stretch of country. There are buildings, paths, roads, and canals, surrounded by fertile fields and well-tended plantations, with the sea touching one part, and on all other sides the jungle, or the rocks, or a mixture of rock and jungle ! Plato described the mountains of Attica as "the mere bones of a wasted body." The south slopes in Corsica are worn to a skeleton ; the north are comparatively smooth, plump, and rounded, with turf even here and there between the shrubs. The southern face is thus as the face of Greece, and is greeted like a friend by the phil-Hellenists. North and south alike have been made to blossom by the poor convicts at Chiavari. Terracing, lavish labour (spade-husbandry to a large extent), good seeds, and good methods, have done absolute wonders. The contrast between the cultivated and the rough sides of the convicts' boundary-line fills the visitor with astonishment. It recalls the work of the Melleray monks on the Irish mountain ; and there is no rest or comfort for the spectator except in admiring cries of "Wonderful ! wonderful ! wonderful !"

In the deeper levels also the soil of Corsica yields treasure. There are ten varieties of serpentine (if not more) to be found in its quarries. There is protogine (talcose granite) of six sorts ; various jaspers, and fine agates ; porphyry, and splendid marbles of many named and famous kinds. The *façade* of the new Paris Opera House is enriched with the marbles of Bevinco ; as also the Sistine Chapel in Rome and the Villa Medici in Florence. Part of the Vendôme column was supplied by the Algajola Hill, near Ile Rousse. *Verd antique* is quarried at Orezza and Alesani. A creamy alabaster is one of the products of the island. In shops in Ajaccio, a stone which

is almost scarlet is sometimes to be found, cut and polished for buttons. It is called granite, but looks less unlike porphyry. Possibly it is the famous "garnet granite" of Sellola, but exact information is curiously hard to obtain in this land. Jade is picked up on the seashore and quarried inland. White statuary marble, worthy to vie with the snowy stone of Carrara, can be bought and delivered in Paris for £16 the cubic metre. If its destination be reached by long sea it might cost even less. The rose, red, and orbicular granites are some of the most prized. Iron ore is found in four districts, copper in ten or twelve; and there is lead mixed with silver at Tartagine and Argentella. Antimony is found at Luri, Meria, and Ersa; and oxidised manganese near Bastia. Corsica has furnished asbestos of a length sufficient for working up as ropes, and therefore fit for use in many manufactures. At Osani there is an anthracite mine. Euphotide, the magnesian rock so often found side by side with serpentine, is present in the northern part of the island in conjunction with amianth ("earth-flax") which is of the kin of asbestos. As it is here found in great varieties of texture, this amianth would surely have many commercial uses, besides being the delight of the mineralogist.

To descend to trifles. This year, when the fashion-papers announced that shells were to be the favourite dress-trimming, the shores of the great bay of Ajaccio were literally strewn with thousands of rare and bright-coloured treasures of the deep. A fisherman's wife sold the writer a handful of "Venus's Ears" for fivepence, in one of which there was a seed-pearl. A young Parisian engineer picked up on the beach near Carghese a *Pinna barbata*, in which he found several large pearls, which made a handsome ring for his mother, and six smaller pearls, which he gave to an English lady staying in his hotel. What remained of the shell after the extraction of these more important pearls has now gone to a private museum. It still boasts several leaden-coloured seed-pearls. These things are samples of the riches of Corsica, and of the islanders' neglect of them. Certainly it does not fall to the lot of every one to belong to "the nation of shopkeepers," and Napoleon, the very type and pattern of his race—which *despises* money—must have wondered at, and loathed, the commercial bent of his enemies over-Channel. But the struggle for mere life is growing ever harder for his compatriots. Without desiring them to become mammon-worshippers, their well-wishers ardently long that Corsicans should learn to use the gifts the gods have provided for them. And this will come to pass when they see foreigners reaping the golden harvests that might have been their own.

A word is due to the terrors inspired by the very name of the Corsican fever. Miss Campbell pointed out a quarter of a century ago that the most malarious regions of to-day were among the most thickly populated in bygone times. The *Bulletin de l'Union Corse* says: "It is universally admitted that the great cause of malaria is the shallowness of the river-beds near the sea." The prevention, then, of this plague would lie in the deepening of the chief water-courses where they cross the narrow level stretches along the coast. If l'Union Corse is not greatly mistaken, the shifting of 350,000 square metres of earth would set all right. This is no giant undertaking like that of the Dutch dykes. M. T. B. Castelli says, on the authority of Government statistics, that the local price for excavations is *2d.* the square metre, with a slight advance at lower levels—that is, when the worker gets below the surface of the earth. The Comte de Dienne has published a history of the draining of French lakes and marshes (Paris: Champion), and a Corsican, M. Costa de Bastelica, has written on "Torrents: their Laws, Causes, and Effects" (Paris: Baudry). From these works it will be seen that the drainage required to make an end of the Corsican fever would not necessitate a very large money outlay. The reclaimed marshes would perhaps be then the richest soil in this most fertile of Mediterranean islands. The various proprietors whose lands abut upon the marshy river-mouths, joining together for these works, would not have individually a heavy price to pay. Pines and eucalypti, planted in what are to-day considered the most deadly swamps, would, says M. Colonna de Cesari Rocca, "make the neighbourhoods perfectly healthy in a couple of years." It is a question if the Bonifacian district would be quite so simply dealt with; but there is nothing, even here, that offers insuperable difficulty. This long seaboard has a bed of non-porous marl and clay at a certain depth below the surface. The water has but little fall to the sea, and stays in the earth as in a wet sponge. This description fits the whole of la Plaine Orientale—the lowlands of the coast from Bastia to Bonifacio. Formerly, it must be noted, this plain was thickly peopled. The Romans held it. Then the Saracens devastated it. The historic trees of this region are now all gone. *They* would have rendered it wholesome; but it would be an over-long process *to plant, as a preparation for farming*, even if the subsequent reclearing of the land were not certain to restore the unhealthy conditions. Vines only have been planted here of late years; and the wild vines trail picturesquely over the sandhills of the region.

E. M. LYNCH.

# LEGERWOOD OF LEGERWOOD.

ON a sharp winter morning the elderly Laird of Legerwood was seated in his arm-chair by the fireside. He had finished breakfast, and was now occupied in turning the pages of a volume which stood upon a book-rest in front of him, and in taking its hard sayings to heart. For the book was the Book of Proverbs. In the days of his youth and strength, Mr. Legerwood had been in his own way a man of pleasures; nevertheless, one who had never gone so far as to forfeit the consideration of the world. When he was in middle life, his pleasures had begun to sour upon his stomach ; and now that he was old he was grown a moralist, the sworn foe to cakes and ale. The last phrase has here a literal, as well as a metaphorical application; for supposing that you had searched the sideboard which stood in the room, you would have found therein no supply of fermented liquors ; the cellars, too, were disused; the inmates of Legerwood House had all been rigorous abstainers for nearly three months and a half. For, as we all know, abstinence is sometimes possible where moderation is not. But it was not on the old Laird's account that this self-denial was practised.

As the old gentleman sat by the fire managing his book with his right hand, for he was the victim of a hemiplegy which had rendered his left side powerless, the sound of light hoofs at the gallop smote his ear. They approached, ringing upon the iron-bound earth, and a capless urchin on a pony sped past the window. Straightway Mr. Legerwood forgot his preoccupation with the book, for the old Adam was not dead in him yet; his existence had all the portentous dulness of an aimless life spent where events are few, and he caught at straws for amusement. Besides, when the circumstances were considered, the incident was not so trifling as at first appeared. The inmates of Legerwood lived too much to themselves to receive many messages. And the lad was evidently a messenger, evidently in hot haste—no staider emissary would have ridden at such a break-neck pace with the roads in their present condition.

Though unfortunately he had nothing of a pleasurable nature to look forward to, still it was with something almost like eagerness that

the old gentleman awaited the delivery of the message. He waited in vain; but patience was not his strong point; he struck smartly upon a handbell, which stood on the little table by his side. A somewhat uncouth maid-servant came at her leisure in response to his summons, and in answer to his petulant inquiry, replied that the reason why she had not given him the boy's message was that it was not for him.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed her master testily, striking upon the ground with his crutched stick, and speaking in tones such as Lear might have used soon after his abdication. "Nonsense! Not for me—what do you mean? Once and for all let me tell you that every message that comes to this house is for me."

The slattern's composure was not in any way affected by his vehemence, and she replied that the boy who brought the message had received strict injunctions from the sender not to deliver it to anyone but him for whom it was intended—to wit, the young Laird.

"Send the boy to me," was Mr. Legerwood's peremptory rejoinder, delivered in the manner of one who cuts short an unprofitable discussion.

The boy came—a callow, rough-haired, country lad of twelve or thirteen, with patches on his trouser-knees. But from him the old gentleman extracted little more than he had done from the maid. In answer to inquiry, however, the boy divulged the name of the sender of the message. This name, which represented the freak of a rustic fancy at the baptismal font, was *Pleasant Care*, or Ker. Once heard, such a combination of appellatives could never be forgotten, and sure enough the Laird instantly identified the sender as a girl who some three or four years before had been employed in field labour upon his farm. Besides the strangeness of her name, the girl had been noticeable for the beauty of her complexion, which had won her the name of the Weel-coloured Bondager. But what could this girl possibly have to communicate to his eldest son? Suspicion, reinforced by the charge of confidence, naturally pointed in one direction, and a vista of troublesome negotiations opened itself out before the Laird. This made him more than ever anxious to be informed of the nature of the message, so judging that civility would stand him in best stead, he informed the messenger that Mr. James Legerwood, who was out duck-shooting, was not expected back for some time, so the message could be left with him (the speaker). But the boy proved unexpectedly staunch to his charge, and replied that he would wait. It was in vain that the choleric old man expostulated, in vain that he stooped to explain that there were

no secrets between his son and himself, and that whatever the message might be, Mr. James would at once communicate it to him. The lad was quietly obdurate. Had this been in the days of his activity, Mr. Legerwood would have known how to employ more forcible means of persuasion. But ere he could chastise the lad, it was necessary to catch him, and how in his disabled condition was he to do this? So there was nothing for it but to pocket one more of many, many affronts which had come to him of late years, and to allow the urchin to retire.

But his thoughts continued busy with the message. A private communication addressed by an "out-worker" to young Mr. Legerwood seemed to imply that the most intimate relations existed between the two. Well, though he had never suspected this, such things were of common enough occurrence. About one thing, however, his mind was made up. If it were true, as he surmised, that the girl had applied to his son upon finding herself in trouble, he was determined at least that no alien brat should be fathered upon his too easy-going offspring. The matter should be sifted to the bottom. In the meantime, his desire to know the truth increasing, he grew more and more impatient for James' return.

Whilst he was thus speculating and chafing at his enforced inaction, his younger son, Andrew, entered the room. Andrew Legerwood was a dusky-skinned slight young man, very quiet, methodical, and reserved in his manner. He was in training to become a Writer in Edinburgh, and was now at home for the New Year. He carried a book—a Treatise on Conveyancing—in his hand, and having chosen a seat at a distance from his father's and near the window he sat down to read. Now Andrew was no favourite with his father, and to anyone sitting on thorns as the old man now was, the quiet, self-contained demeanour of the young one was positively irritating. At last the Laird could stand it no longer.

"There is a messenger come here this morning for your brother," he said.

Andrew deliberately marked with his finger the place where he had stopped reading, half closed his book, and looked up.

"A messenger from whom?"

"That is the strangest part of it. Do you remember a girl with a very queer name who worked here three or four years ago?"

"Pleasant Care?"

"The very same. Well, the message is from her."

As he received the information, a peculiar smile came over

Andrew's countenance. "I see nothing remarkable in that," he made answer drily.

The old man looked puzzled, and, half afraid that he might be baulked in his object, asked warily, "Why; do you know of anything between them?"

"Goodness, father! Is it possible that you yourself don't know?"

The Laird sighed. "I know nothing. You forget, son Andrew, that I'm a prisoner to my chair here, and that the clashes (reports) go by me."

Andrew's thin face lightened with a peculiar enigmatic expression. It seemed one of positive enjoyment, and yet was not agreeable to look upon. Then, without so much as a change in the tone of his voice, he made a communication which was received by the elder man with shocked amazement.

"You don't say so?"

"I should suppose that you were the only person in Lauderdale who didn't know it already."

Probably the old man would have liked to ask some more questions, but Andrew had resumed his reading, and—standing in some awe as he did of his town-bred son—Mr. Legerwood did not like to interrupt him, but digested the news which he had just received in silence. But he had heard more than he had bargained for; the excitement stirred by the information did not subside quickly, and for a long time, as he sat on by the fire, half-suppressed or involuntary exclamations—"Who'd ha' thought it?" and "To think I never guessed!"—kept rising to his lips. But these exclamations fell unheeded upon the Writer's ears. Indeed, now that he had delivered himself of what he had to say, Andrew paid no more attention to the old man's ejaculations than he might have done to the sounds proceeding from a caged bird in the room. Since his illness, Mr. Legerwood had grown accustomed to be treated as a cypher, yet perhaps in his heart he did not resent it the less. Yet in the background of his mind lay the consoling thought that there still remained one who was amenable to his power and discipline. This was his first-born son.

At last, whilst the old man and the younger one still sat on in unsympathetic companionship, the clattering of pony's hoofs was heard again, and the boy-messenger repassed the window, this time at a trot. A few minutes later a sound of heavy footsteps was heard in the transe—the name given in Scotland to a ground-floor passage. The door of the sitting-room opened, and the young Laird—the

Esau of his race—stood on the threshold. He was a large, but not a well-made man, with a weak countenance, and an eye that lacked in purpose—not exactly the type of man to win a girl's heart, it might be thought; but then it must be borne in mind that he was the Laird's son, and she little more than a child. His high-coloured and sodden face bore evidence of intemperance. He was, in fact, a hard drinker "caught on the rebound," and it was out of respect to his recent reformation that spirituous liquors were at present so rigorously excluded from Legerwood. As he appeared in the doorway, the traces of discomposure produced by the news he had just heard were very visible in his face. At a sign from his father, Andrew rose and left the room. Then for a few moments there was silence—such silence as may have preluded the interviews of the Czar Peter and his son Alexis. For whether from innate good-nature, weakness, or the result of early training, the grown man was still a boy in his father's presence. And the Laird knew this, and did not scruple to abuse his knowledge. At length the thunder-cloud burst.

"What's the meaning of this, sir?" the old man demanded sternly.

For Andrew's recent communication had so far exceeded his expectation as to reveal the fact that the *liaison* between James and the fair-haired bondager was of long standing, and indeed that she had already borne him three children.

The big fellow was breathless, his unhealthy heart still palpitating under the shock of the news which he had learnt just ere entering the room. To be addressed as "sir" by his father had always, from old associations, a shaking effect on his nerves. He dropped into a seat. At that moment he would have sold his birthright for a glass of spirits.

"She is dying," said he, half gasping, half whimpering. Yet it was noticeable that there was nothing whatever of grief in his demeanour—at most only consternation and self-commiseration.

Either the painful helplessness of his son, or his own surprise at the announcement, caused Mr. Legerwood's sternness to relax.

"*Dying*, is she!" he exclaimed. His completed thought was, "Under the circumstances, the best thing that could possibly have happened." But, as a penitent sinner, living in terror of the unknown, he had learned to keep some watch over his lips, and he did not now speak out his mind, but said instead, "I suppose, then, that the message was to tell you of that?"

James Legerwood signified assent, and after a pause added helplessly, "She wished to see me once more."

His father misunderstood the use of the past tense.

"What, is the girl dead then?"

"No; she may last till night."

"And, pray, what d'ye intend to do?"

Poor weak Jim, whose bane through what promised to be but a short life was that he could never say no, looked undecided, hesitating between the dying request of the woman who was in the sight of God his wife and the fear of his father's displeasure. With him, the latter party, being the nearer at the moment, had the best chance of carrying the day. Looking the very picture of vacillation, he turned to his father and tried to read the old man's thoughts in his face. Not succeeding, he asked, with something not unlike affability of manner, "What would *you* recommend?"

The Bible which he had been reading still lay at Mr. Legerwood's elbow. The old man laid his hand impressively upon the book, and sternly quoted, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off. . . ." It may be noticed that, of all the Holy Book, it was on passages such as these that the mind of the repentant sinner best loved to dwell. The text is a terribly hard one, but surely never was stern precept more readily received.

"I will," exclaimed the facile lout; "I will do even so." And there was in his voice an evident accent of relief. His short-lived passion for Pleasant had long since given place to the vice of later years, and though somewhere far down in the depths of his nature affection had still its place, there was nothing in his immediate surroundings at this moment to call it forth. What he experienced was rather a sense of fortunate escape in being no longer called upon to face the death-bed scene, so trying in prospect to one of his feeble nerve. "I *will*," he continued, with positive firmness now that he felt certain of support. And then after a pause he added, "Yes, it is always best to let sleeping dogs lie, let the Minister say what he will."

But poor blundering Jim little guessed the effect which his last words were to produce. At the mention of the Minister, Mr. Legerwood pricked up his ears.

"The Minister?" said he. "What has the Minister to say in the matter?"

At this inquiry, Jim's uneasiness returned. He did not speak at once, but it now became noticeable that he twirled a piece of paper between his fingers.

"What have you there?" asked his father as he did not speak.

The old man then held out his uninjured hand, and Jim, with perfect docility, delivered up the note, for a note it was. It consisted of a few hastily written lines, and as Mr. Legerwood's eye travelled over these the expression of his countenance changed. Alas! it was but too true that the old Adam was alive in him yet; he had been thinking only of the material interests connected with this matter, and now it was flashed upon him that interests of a higher kind were involved in it as well. The note was signed by the clergyman of the parish in which Pleasant now resided, and in substance it consisted of a most earnestly-worded appeal to James Legerwood, whilst there was yet time, to make good the wrong he had done her.

The effect of this document was to revolutionise Mr. Legerwood's view of the case. Masterful in temper as, before his affliction came upon him, he was wont to be, he was not in reality so very much stronger in intellect than his half-imbecile son. After he had become disabled and confined mainly to his chair, during the long hours which he spent in solitude, his mind had reverted to the days of his youth, and dwelt much upon his early sins. Hence had arisen what to himself he called his "repentance." But this repentance had no softening or subduing influence, like the south-west wind blowing over snows. Its influence was harsh and bitter rather, and itself composed of remorse and selfish terror. Whilst Mr. Legerwood was in this state of mind, his principal, and, indeed, almost his only visitor, was an austere Elder of the Kirk, a well-meaning man, who, judging the occasion favourable for making what is technically called an "impression," had dwelt much in his discourse upon the more terrible and gloomy aspects of religion. God's vengeance on the evil-doer, the day of reckoning, and the wrath to come were themes and phrases often on his lips. In this manner hell-fire was become a very reality to the old man's mind. And, at the same time, as if a last chance had been given him, he seemed endowed with a new power of perception, enabling him to distinguish with a terrible clearness between the easy, pleasant wrong and the repellent right. Now the present case of his son's marriage was evidently one in which that choice had to be made, and to be made quickly, too, so the "fell sergeant," Death, is strict in his arrest.

But Legerwood of Legerwood had been a proud man all his days, and he could not now bow his mind at once to the thought of an alliance between his own blood and that of a nameless "outworker." The scandal of the connection touched him, too, for he was grown sensitive to such matters. And so, dismissing the

*insouciant* oaf from his presence, he continued to sit in hard and bitter rumination over his lonely fire. Thus the morning wore on. He remembered how the woman's hours were numbered. The village where she lay was distant some five miles from Legerwood.

Meantime, the business of the day went on, the sounds of household work penetrating to the parlour. But the old man either heard or heeded them not. Towards noonday a powerful odour of cooking pervaded the house, and presently the early dinner-hour arrived. The inmates of the house gathered round the table, and discussed their meal almost in silence. Each was occupied with his own thoughts, but it was noticeable that such attempts at conversation as were made proceeded from him who, of the three, had most cause to be thoughtful—the recipient of the message. Dinner over, Mr. Legerwood was helped back to his seat by the fire.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon of the short winter's day, and the sun already sinking, when the old gentleman, having at length triumphed over the weakness of the flesh, after perhaps seeking spiritual assistance, summoned his first-born son, and impressed upon him that, having sinned, it was meet that he should now make retribution. He added that though there was still plenty of time to reach the bedside of the dying woman, and have the marriage ceremony performed, the sooner Jim was off the better.

Accordingly Jim came out from his father's presence, and, curiously enough, as he did so there was a pleased expression on his countenance. Little enough was there in the circumstances to bring it there, but somehow or other in his dull brain the mere notion of being married seemed sufficient to call up smiles. In the passage outside the sitting-room, he met his brother face to face. The expression of his foolish countenance caught the eye of the Writer, who casually inquired where he was off to in such a hurry.

"I'll warrant you'll never guess," replied the booby with a self-conscious look, which was all there was to show that the levity of his manner was due to sheer stupidity and not to brutality of nature. "I'm off to be married!"

"To be married!" exclaimed Andrew in amazement, and then added the question, "to that girl?"

Jim nodded.

"Never in this world! My father wouldn't hear of it."

"You're out there, brother Dand; for as it happens he himself has ordered the marriage."

"It's a disgrace to the family, then, that's all I know."

But this observation had no effect on Jim. On the contrary,

without reflecting, and from a wish which he had often entertained (though never successfully) to appear knowing in his brother's sight, Jim winked his eye.

But Andrew was serious. He opened the door of an unoccupied fireless room, and drew his brother into it.

"James," said he, using his legal manner, "this is no laughing matter. You won't go for to make a fool of yourself?"

But James had too often thrashed his weaker brother, when they were boys together, to care much for his opinion now.

"I shall do as I please," said he, disengaging himself from Andrew's grasp.

But it was too much to expect that such independence should last, and he added more doubtfully, "The old man must know best." The Writer now thought he saw his opportunity, and, seeking to make the most of it, said in judicial tones :—

"His judgment is not what it was before the stroke."

But James had no reason to love his brother, whose superior brains had been to him first and last the cause of many humiliations, and the weathercock of his human now swung round again.

"Judgment be d—d!" he exclaimed impatiently. "I'm off, or I shall be too late!"

Perhaps the last two ominous words brought him back to some sense of what was due from him to decency and humanity, for he went more soberly and thoughtfully upstairs to make his preparations.

Left behind in the transe, Andrew, usually a model of impassivity, betrayed traces of considerable agitation. For Andrew had reasons of his own for objecting very strongly to the tardy act of justice which it was proposed to perform towards Pleasant Care. These reasons were as follows. For some time past, in fact ever since James had given way to drink, Andrew had become to estimate his chances of succeeding to his father's property. The estate of Legerwood was entailed upon the eldest son, and thus for Andrew to attempt to use his influence with the old man to his brother's detriment was as he (Andrew) knew useless. But a drunkard's life is often worth but a few years' purchase, and as James plunged ever deeper and deeper into the slough, the younger brother had begun to estimate his own chances of the succession very highly. Nor had he any faith in the permanence of James's present good resolutions; this was not the first time that the poor weak fellow had forsworn drink, but he had always returned to it again after an interval. Thus Andrew, whose views stretched far ahead, had come to regard

himself as the ultimate owner of Legerwood; and now, all of a sudden, an unexpected development of events threatened his prospects with immediate annihilation. For he did not need to be a lawyer to know that, in regard to legitimacy, marriage in Scotland has a retrospective action. The locality in which he lived afforded an instance in point. A woman who had already borne several children to a neighbouring proprietor had been espoused by him after the death of his father—the latter having been opposed to the match—her children being concealed under her coats (skirts) during the ceremony, in order that the virtue thereof might extend to them. And the eldest of these children, thus legitimised, had in due course become heir to his father's entailed property. What, then, after Jim's forthcoming marriage, was to prevent the existing offspring of his alliance with Pleasant from inheriting Legerwood? But if Andrew realised the full peril in which his prospects of lairdship stood, his fertile brain was not long in devising an expedient by which the danger might be met. He knew that where his brother was concerned persuasion was in vain; but besides persuasion, he had another string to his bow.

In the meantime the foolish bridegroom, mistakingly supposing that it became him to *fête* the occasion, had been adorning himself in his chamber. An old flowered satin waistcoat—a piece of finery which enjoyed a great reputation in the family—had been disinterred from its hiding-place, and having donned it, James emerged resplendent on to the landing, and came downstairs. As he did so, his brother appeared in the doorway of the little chamber off the transe, and beckoned him into it with a noiseless Hist! As James, fully conscious of his own importance, was obeying the summons, Andrew with difficulty repressed a smile at the figure which he cut. However, for him large issues were at stake, so he pulled himself together and observed, "That is right—since you *are* to be married, it is right you should be smart for the occasion."

In spite of himself, Jim felt flattered, for he had a great respect for his brother's superior abilities. Andrew continued: "Well, I wish you luck, brother Jim. You will excuse my not going with you! Stay! ought we not to have a glass together before you go? We don't have marriages in the family every day."

Jim rushed, like a rat, into the trap. At the mention of spirits an instant and striking change came over him.

"Hush! have you got it?" he asked, speaking in soft wheedling tones, whilst a queer smile appeared on his countenance. It was not right, he knew; but he was going to do a right thing, so he

could afford to do a wrong one. Besides, a glass of spirits was just the thing which he required to steady his nerves for the exploit before him.

"I have a bottle here," said Andrew, lifting one from the floor beside him, where it stood hidden, on to the table. "I know it is not very good for you; but, of course, you must only have one glass." So saying, he shut the door and poured out two glasses of whiskey.

A little later, Mr. Legerwood, still seated by his fireside, heard the sound of wheels leaving the stables, and muttered to himself, "He's off."

But Andrew, not Jim, was the occupant of the dog-cart. For some reason of his own, he seemed to have determined to start on a late evening drive. Possibly he remembered the sharpness of Mr. Legerwood's hearing, and the old gentleman's habit of drawing inferences from the sounds he heard.

Meantime darkness had begun to pour into the little room on the other side of the passage. Such light as was left caught the pale satin of a flowered waistcoat, whilst from a dim figure extended on the floor there proceeded a stertorous breathing. On the table stood a bottle emptied.

And a little later, in the box-bed of a humble cottage some miles off, the short and chequered life of Pleasant Care, the bondager, attained its close.

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

# *ILLICIT DISTILLING.*

"OATS is gone to the divil entirely." "Whist! Paddy, sind it up to Ballymahon Castle."

This short dialogue, accidentally overheard amid the hum and bustle of market day in an Irish county town, naturally led the writer to consider by what conjuring trick half a dozen bags of grain were to be profitably disposed of at the remote ruin referred to —one of the still numerous fifteenth century keeps or castles, most of which bear the marks of Cromwell's victorious march through the southern counties of Ireland. Illicit distilling had been common enough in the district at a time when the supervision of the Excise authorities was not so well organised as at present, when constabulary barracks were less frequently to be met with than to-day. Indeed, to such a degree was it practised that on occasions when the market price of oats fell short of ten shillings per barrel (fourteen stone), the grain, as a matter of course, "went to the shtill," to be converted into "Poteen"; nay, more, a mixture of grain (oats and barley) was frequently sown for the sole purpose of being set apart for the manufacture of that most *pungent* of all spirits, the virtues of which have been sung by no less an authority than Theoricus: "Being moderately taken," he says, "it sloweth age, it strengtheneth youth, and helpeth digestion; it cutteth flegme, it abandoneth melancholie, it relisheth the heart, it lighteneth the mind, it cureth the hydropsie, it healeth the strangurie, it keepeth and preserveth the head from whirling, the eies from dazeling, the mouth from snaffling, and the throat from rattling; it keepeth the weasan from stifling, the stomach from wambling, the sinews from shrinking, the veins from crumpling, the bones from aking, the marrow from soaking. Trulie it is a sovereign liquid if orderlie taken."

"Sind it up to Ballymahon Castle." Here was plain English enough, and had other locality mentioned been a mountain side, valley, or lonely wood, I should have had no hesitation in comprehending the object in view, but to connect that wind-swept ruin with an establishment for the manufacture of spirits (although I had seen

and heard of such in the most unexpected places) seemed altogether too absurd an idea. I determined, however, as soon as the distilling season set in, that a business call should take me in that direction.

Some six weeks later, a suitable opportunity having offered, I made an early start, and, putting up my horse with a farmer at a point of the journey at which further advance only became possible on foot, I set out to cover the three miles of rough mountain, heath, and turf-bog which constituted, from that side at least, the only approach to Ballymahon Castle.

Half an hour's steady walking brought me, having breasted a stiff incline, within sight of the object of my expedition, a desolate spot in all truth, but still not wanting in a certain wild lonely beauty which to some minds appeals more forcibly than does a landscape possessing more varied and striking characteristics.

Standing on a fairly level stretch of ground, and surrounded on three sides by heath-clad mountains absolutely devoid of any sign of life or habitation, the proud old walls stand erect as ever, apparently defying the hand of time. Roof and floors have long since disappeared, but the architectural features and plan of construction are still quite apparent, and the angles in many places are as sharp and fine as the hands of the stonecutter left them. On former occasions I had visited the place, taking a pleasure in peopling again the banqueting hall, in examining the clever construction of its mural staircase, and admiring the cut stone frames and mullions of its windows; in fact, I know more about Ballymahon Castle than any-one else in the district—good, bad, or indifferent. My illusions on this subject were, however, to be very forcibly dispelled before many hours had passed.

Having gained an entrance I found nothing in my surroundings to call for attention: the same uneven grass-grown floor, the elder bush and tangled growth of briars in the corner, the wind singing through the different apertures, and, over all, the rectangular space of sky, with a cloud now and again floating across it. And, as a heavier and denser mass drifts along, what is that trembling appearance, that almost imperceptibly quivering column which passes across it? I rubbed my eyes; yes, there it was again, the shimmer of some strong heat such as one observes at times rising from the funnel of a steamer or locomotive, or hanging over a stone pavement exposed to an August sun.

A fire was burning somewhere in my immediate neighbourhood. Here at length was a clue, and full of eagerness I climbed the staircase and gained the summit of the walls, only to be checked

by a mass of mason work which completely cut off my further approach to the point from which the peculiar effect I have described appeared to spring.

Returning to *terra firma* I examined the broad, arched fireplace: there was the flue board and straight for a considerable distance, and then lost in a deviation in its course, but not the slightest sign of heat or remains of fire was to be noticed in this quarter. After the manner of a fly upon a window pane, I risked my life in climbing the main wall, so as to gain what was originally the floor level of the apartment above, when a second such opening appeared, but with no better result.

On my return I slipped, fell heavily a distance of some ten feet, and came down with a heavy crash. That the ground felt hard and solid under me I have no hesitation in saying, but it gave out, it struck me, a dull hollow sound, and the pain occasioned by my fall was somewhat alleviated by a new idea. "I have it," said I, as I rubbed my bruised person and examined a badly "barked" elbow, "the fire and whisky-making appliances are underground, and I won't leave the place till I find them." So within those old grey walls I tramped, up and down and to and fro, sounding here and there, and lifting with enormous labour huge stones which lay scattered about, which might by any possibility conceal an entrance. But all to no purpose, and at length somewhat weary and disappointed I paused near the tangled thicket I have referred to to consider whether a search for some entrance from outside the walls would be worth attempting. As I stood my eyes fell upon a few twigs which had been freshly broken from the elder bush close by, and peering into the mass of brushwood I observed a track, along which I eagerly pushed my way. It led me up to a heavy stone slab. Heavy was no word for it; I pulled and dragged at that stone until I groaned again, and at length with a tremendous effort up it came and partially rolled over against the main wall of the building, revealing an opening some three feet square, from which a rough ladder led down to dark and unknown regions.

There are those to whom subterranean research is a most enticing pursuit. To such the unearthing of some treasure in the nature of an ornament, an implement, or what not, hidden or discarded a thousand years ago, carries with it an extraordinary charm, and for a moment I paused to give full play to the pleasant sensation which the unexpected discovery of this chamber had aroused—probably the dungeon of the castle in those good old days when the half-clad and half-armed Gallowglasses or foot soldiers, the attendants on

every chieftain, carried rapine and plunder through the district, when trial by jury, or indeed by any other method, was not even dreamt of.

With a keen anticipation I cautiously commenced to descend, and presently found myself upon a paved floor in almost complete darkness, the only light being given out from the embers of what must have been a few hours before a mass of glowing peat : at any rate the escape of heat I had observed from the summit of the wall was now accounted for,

By the faint light thus afforded I next proceeded to examine the apartment. On all sides were evidences of a thriving distilling business, and the air felt thick and heavy with spirituous fumes. There was the boiler, the copper "worm," the strainer—the whole paraphernalia of the trade, and scattered about the floor were various tin vessels, a number of sacks, some buckets, and a quantity of evil-smelling grain. Presently a current of air from the opening through which I had entered fanned the glowing embers into a blaze, illuminating a distant corner of the chamber hitherto obscured in gloom, where, upon a rough wooden settle, a man in a heavy sleep lay stretched. It was but a passing flicker, and the next moment we were again plunged in gloom. But slight as the disturbing influence had been it proved sufficient to call back the wandering senses of the sleeper, for he shook himself, and I could just discern his efforts to get his ugly form into a sitting position.

"Who are ye at all, and what in the name of hell brings ye here?" he yelled ; "Dan," he continued, and here followed a command in Irish, as a figure I had not until that moment observed made its appearance. In response to the order the lad, for such he turned out to be, gave the foot of the ladder a violent kick, which brought it clattering to the floor. I was trapped, and the situation for a moment seemed an awkward one. If less active than I, my antagonist, should he prove such, was much more powerful; besides, would he not have on his side the boy of seventeen or so? And for all I knew there might be other occupants of this strange place.

My only means of escape was gone, and it flashed across my mind that the disposal of my remains, on being knocked on the head, would be a simple matter, away in some recess of these dark vaults known only to a few more or less lawless country people, whose interest of course was to keep the very existence of them a dead secret.

Standing with my back to the wall, and feeling instinctively on

either side for anything that might come to hand in the nature of a weapon, I waited some development of the curious situation. Presently, out of the gloom the voice came again in the shape of some further command to the boy in the Irish language, this time clearer and more natural, the influences of sleep and probably drink to a certain extent having been overcome in the interval. What the tenor of his exclamation may have been I am unable to say, but the tone carried with it for me, at any rate, a very gratifying sensation, as I immediately recognised the owner as a farmer in my neighbourhood for whom I had quite lately been able to do a service; and while aware of the statement that an Irish dictionary does not contain a word expressive of the sentiment of gratitude, my experience of the charmingly careless, happy-go-lucky and impulsive character goes to prove the contrary.

Stepping across the chamber without a moment's hesitation, I took a seat on the settle by his side. The action seemed to disarm him. "Well, C——," said I, "did they take Moireen to hospital?" knowing full well that through my advocacy his little daughter, to whom I knew him to be deeply attached, had gained admittance free of charge to the nearest infirmary.

"Yer honour, is that yerself? I do be prayin' for ye night and day;" and fierce and bullying as his manner had been a moment ago, he was now cringing and almost on his knees before me. "Wirra! wirra! it was a bad day for me that I took to this business," and away in the far corner a whimper was heard from the boy, who so far had been most successful in keeping himself in the background.

"Cheer up, C——," I said, "there is no one else outside, and I'm not going to turn informer."

"Well, God bless ye for that same, and won't yer honour be afther havin' a taste of Poteen?"

For an hour or more I remained in this gloomy place, examining by the light of a very indifferent lantern (for the fire could not be replenished during the day lest the smoke occasioned might attract attention) the curious construction of the vaulted chambers, which extended beneath the entire floor of the castle, and some of which my companion told me even he had never explored. The main apartment, that in which I had found myself on descending the ladder, extended across the entire width of the castle, some 30 ft., and was 16 ft. in breadth. From this a central passage opened, by which access was gained to smaller chambers on either side, varying from 6 ft. to 12 ft. in width. The floors of all were paved with large

slabs of limestone, and the roofs cleverly arched. From beginning to end no communication whatever with the outer air appeared to exist.

Those in use for "trade" purposes of course called for special attention. Here, in one, were sacks of grain; stacked in the adjoining vault was a supply of excellent peat-fuel; odds and ends appeared to occupy a third, for I indistinctly made out an iron cylinder worn into holes in the service, a couple of shovels broken, some decaying boards, and a quantity of nondescript metal articles. Then we came to the cellars, a much larger and more interesting chamber than those we had hitherto visited, where a number of casks of spirit were neatly arranged, most of them containing the production of the previous year. Last of all we inspected the result of the more recent operations, which appeared to require a good deal of care and attention before the final stowing away in cask. Standing in a huge tub was the brew of the previous night, carefully covered with sacking, through which heavy, and to me an almost overpowering, vapour issued, and so pressing had my guide become by this time that I should refresh the inner man from almost every sample, that I found him earnestly urging me to swallow a small tin measureful of this his last effort—warm, reeking, and laden with the fusel oil which renders the use of the spirit, to ordinary constitutions at any rate, an impossibility for five years, at least, from the date of manufacture.

Among other interesting details, C—— informed me that at seasons when work was in full swing, he had often remained for a week at a time in this miserable abode, occasionally with a companion but more often alone, until relieved by some other experienced distiller, and it became a difficulty for me to understand how existence was possible under such conditions—the heated, spirit-laden atmosphere, gloom, and absence of fresh air and ventilation, having already had an injurious effect upon me.

The grain, I learned, was brought in by night in bags thrown over the backs of mules or mountain ponies, its weight being roughly estimated on arrival, and together with the name of the owner noted down in a rough account, in some cases by means of notches upon a stick. Indeed, these notched sticks until quite recently have been in use in many small country towns and wayside shops where illiterate attendants are employed, and the writer has seen them taken as legal evidence in court in cases of process for debt, where cash book and ledger were not forthcoming. The peat was also conveyed to the castle by night, and generally in panniers carried by

donkeys; and the equivalent of these two all-important factors was made in the most indirect ways, but rarely if ever in cash. Indeed, all those who supplied the requisite materials for the trade were more or less participators in the profits, and worked together in a sort of easy-going harmony. A ten-gallon cask of spirit would be a "set-off" against a large quantity of oats supplied perhaps two years before; the loan of a pair of horses and plough for a week would discharge a claim in another quarter, while a jar of the spirit, found in the early morning in the piggery at the back door, would square matters in the case of a third debtor. It was a remnant of the old system of dealing "in kind," still to a great extent in vogue in out-of-the-way parts of Ireland, and which I have observed always tends to foster neighbourly action and good feeling.

The only point upon which I found my informant at all inclined to be reticent was that relating to the disposal of the main bulk of the spirit produced at the castle, and in that I was not surprised, as he would necessarily have to refer to individuals in the district with whom he knew me to be well acquainted, and whose names might be compromised by my knowledge of their complicity in such a traffic. *Shebeens*, or houses where the sale of spirits is carried on without a licence, were and are common enough in the district, and I could probably have caused surprise by naming without any hesitation some half-dozen of the principal customers, had I been asked to do so.

Finally, C—— explained that when late spring came round things were put into order, the slab covering the entrance secured and covered with earth, and the establishment was not revisited until the following season for operation arrived. And as I wished him a hearty farewell, and thanked him again for the interesting experience I had gained, I felt conscious of a certain sense of shame at having in the past looked upon this bright intelligent business man as more or less of an Omadam (Omadhaum, *Anglicè* simpleton) of a farmer, and inwardly determined to judge men less by their outward and everyday appearance for the future. . . .

I often meet C—— now, but we never allude to the visit I paid him at Ballymahon Castle, and even on the occasion of the discovery of a neat two-gallon cask of excellent illicit whiskey under my study table (no one of course knew from whence), a mere look, as much as to say, "We understand each other," was all that passed between us as we met next day at the Court House door. Nor have I broken the promise which I made him under such peculiar circumstances, for though the mountain slopes are just as desolate, though

the wind sings through the openings up aloft, though the grass grows high within the grey old walls, and a tangled growth of briars and an elder-tree flourish in one corner, the vaults beneath are silent, mouldy, derelict—the "shtill" at Ballymahon Castle is a thing of the past.

R. E. HODSON.

# *MATTHEW ARNOLD AS SEEN THROUGH HIS LETTERS.*

THE well-known saying of Goethe, that his works formed part of the grand confession of his life, was one which Matthew Arnold would have heartily endorsed in the case of his own poems and prose essays. It was through his writings alone that he wished all biographical hints to be made accessible to the great reading public, and so left it on record that no life of him should be written. And yet, in reading the works of a favourite author, we wish at times to have some more commonplace account of his everyday life and character with which to compare the ideal biography of him which has been insensibly forming itself in our minds. His works, especially his poetry—if he be a poet—are the outcome of some rare moments of spiritual insight; of some mood of suspense, or joy, or sorrow; of some delicate handling of a pressing intellectual problem; and our indebtedness to them for the furtherance of our deepest and truest life only serves to increase the personal interest felt for the author, and makes us wish for a more detailed account of his life than those indirect hints which his literary productions can suggest. And of such an account, in spite of the fact that no regular biography is to be written, we are not deprived in the case of Matthew Arnold, whose letters, published in two volumes, exhibit the writer in an admirable light as a most devoted son and brother, husband and father, and a perfectly charming friend to those whose correspondence with him has found a place in these volumes.

Altogether, and read in conjunction with his published works, they supply biographical matter of the highest importance, and thus lessen our regret at his strict injunctions against a written life.

One main source of the charm experienced in reading these letters is the perfect frankness and naturalness with which everything is set down. As they were never composed with an eye to future publication, there is a complete absence of all posing, and addressed, as the majority of them are, to members of his own

domestic circle and family relations, they contain what is uppermost in the writer's mind at the moment: matters relating to school inspection and educational reform, the preparation of an Oxford lecture, the issue of a new volume of poems, the criticisms—favourable or adverse—passed by friends and current journalism upon his writings.

The aspects of Nature, too, which his periodical rounds of school inspection in different counties, or on the Continent, enabled him to observe are lovingly recorded; and his life-long devotion to fishing, by rendering him keenly sensible to the prevalence of east winds, and the wetness or dryness of the seasons, imparts a freshness to that much-worn topic of epistolary news—the state of the weather—which he is often careful to mention. Then, too, his love for the things that are more excellent in Life, in Literature, and in Society, his patience, his cheerful acquiescence in the routine of official drudgery, his unselfish care for others, his playfulness and tenderness towards children, his fondness for dumb animals—all these traits in his character, clearly revealed as some are in his poetry, gain an additional lustre when displayed in that everyday setting of ordinary affairs, of which these letters, dating from the year 1848 to the year 1888, form an uninterrupted chronicle.

It is evident then from what has been said thus far that these letters can give us exactly that sort of information necessary to confirm, if at times also to correct and supplement, the ideal biography of Matthew Arnold which we had formed for ourselves from the study of his poems and prose essays. With this object in view, it will be best to collect from the abundant material at our disposal in these letters such passages as have a bearing upon the multifarious occupations of his busy life—his work as a school inspector, his more congenial literary labours as poet and critic, and his hours of relaxation in the society of his family and much-loved and sympathising friends—in order that a portrait of the real man may outline itself in our minds.

The most interesting letters, on the whole, are those to his mother, of whom he justly said: "She had a clearness and fairnes of mind, an interest in things, and a power of appreciating what might not be in her own line, which were very remarkable and which remained with her to the very end of her life." The first letter in the collection, dated January 2, 1848, is addressed to her, and until her death, at the age of eighty-two, in the autumn of 1873, there is a constant interchange of letters between them. There was no concealment on his part of the modification which his own views under

went in matters of gravest import as the result of his constant endeavour to turn "a stream of fresh and free thought and feeling upon our stock notions and habits," and that in his mother he always found a sympathetic, if not a convinced, reader, is shown by his own words about her letter to him on the publication of what to many religious souls was a very disturbing book—"Literature and Dogma." "It was a wonderful letter. I can think of no woman in the prime of life, brought up as my mother was, and with my mother's sincere personal convictions, who could have written it; and in a woman past eighty it was astonishing."

Very interesting are those letters—and they are fairly numerous—in which Matthew Arnold alludes to what the work-a-day world would call the main business of his life—his duties as an inspector of schools—though he himself was conscious that his true vocation lay elsewhere. "Yet, after all," he says in one of his letters, "it is absurd that all the best of my days should be taken up with matters which thousands of other people could do just as well as I, and that what I have a special turn for doing I should have no time for."

But in the higher departments—in all that related to the theory and principles of education—he took the warmest interest. Letter after letter proves what care he bestowed on the drawing up of his reports, and how constantly they formed the subject of his anxious thought. He was always foremost in pressing upon the Education Office the need of reforms, and it was a vigorous article of his in *Fraser's Magazine* that occasioned the discomfiture of the late Lord Sherbrooke and his Revised Code. It is pleasant after all this to come upon the following sentences in a letter to his mother bearing upon his educational work: "Altogether I am in request just now, for I am being taken into their secrets, *very confidentially*, by three different centres of educational power at once. I think and hope I have been of some use; I do not mean to them, but to the cause. These confidences come when I can truly say that I do not wish to turn them to my own private account, or to use them to trip anybody up, but I do not even care whether they come or not. If I am wanted in the work, my influence is sure to come to tell upon it somehow, and if it does not come to tell upon it, it is because the work can go right without me." Even what was most peculiarly distasteful to him in his official work—the perpetual looking over examination papers—merely finds expression as it were, *passim*, and with a kind of playful humour, in occasional letters. But the humour has an element of tragic pathos in it when we read of him sitting up by the bedside of his dying child until four o'clock in the

morning and correcting papers all the while. Really, when we come across a statement to the effect that for two or three official years the average number of papers to look over was fifty or sixty a day, or the mention, on one occasion of a consignment of seven hundred closely written grammar papers to correct, we can only admire the unfailing good-humour with which he harnessed his Pegasus, and kept him down on his mundane course, when he might have soared with him into the higher realms of thought and feeling to which the natural bent of his genius inclined him. But his duty was plain, and he never wavered. The words which he wrote his wife just after he had been appointed an Inspector of Schools in 1851, at the age of twenty-nine, indicate the spirit in which he undertook his work, which inevitably brings in the long run that sort of appreciation alluded to in the letter quoted above: "I think I shall get interested in the schools after a little time; their effects on the children are so immense, and their future effects in civilising the next generation of the lower classes, who, as things are going, will have most of the political power of the country in their hands, may be so important."

Lovers of good poetry will eagerly turn to these letters to discover how it was that so exquisite a poet, who has interpreted for them certain phases of modern thought and feeling as no other great contemporary writer has succeeded in doing, discarded the art in which he had produced such remarkable work, and devoted himself to prose essays and political pamphlets. Nor will they be disappointed; for in a letter dated August 6, 1848, after a passing reference to some favourable reviews on his tragedy "Merope," an instructive passage follows, containing a tolerably clear hint of the reasons which induced him to give up writing poetry: "Indeed, if the opinion of the general public about my poems were the same as that of the leading literary men, I should make more money by them than I do. But more than this, I should gain the stimulus necessary to enable me to produce my best—all that I have in me, whatever that may be—to produce which is no light matter with an existence so hampered as mine is. People do not understand what a temptation there is, if you cannot bear anything not *very good*, to transfer your operations to a region where form is everything. Perfection of a certain kind may there be attained, or at least approached, without knocking yourself to pieces; but to attain or approach perfection in the region of thought and feeling, and to unite this with perfection of form, demands not merely an effort and a labour, but an actual tearing of oneself to pieces, which one does not

readily consent to (although one is sometimes forced to it) unless one can devote one's whole life to poetry."

That he himself regretted the absorption of his powers in the ordinary routine work of inspection, and in the various critical writings which the state of the intellectual and social condition of his countrymen induced him to issue from time to time, is clear from a passage in a letter to his mother, dated August 15, 1861, when he was in his thirty-ninth year: "I must finish off for the present my critical writings between this and forty, and give the next ten years earnestly to poetry. It is my last chance. It is not a bad ten years of one's life for poetry, if one resolutely uses it, but it is a time in which, if one does not use it, one dries up and becomes prosaic altogether." Nearly three years later, writing to Sir M. E. Grant Duff, he says: "One is from time to time seized and irresistibly carried away by a temptation to treat political, or religious, or social matters directly; but after yielding to such a temptation I always feel myself recoiling again, and disposed to touch them only so far as they can be touched through poetry."

But as years went on the temptation to treat these matters *directly* proved too strong for him, and his "Criticism of Life" more and more took the form of the prose essay and pamphlet, his fondness for the latter as a vehicle of opinion being attributed by him to inherited tendencies from his father, of whom he writes:—

"Whatever talent I have in this direction I certainly inherit from him, for his pamphleteering talent was one of his very strongest and most pronounced literary sides, if he had been in the way of developing it. It is the one literary side on which I feel myself in close contact with him, and that is a great pleasure."

Nevertheless, there is a remarkable passage in a letter to his mother, dated June 5, 1869, showing what importance he himself attached to the "Criticism of Life" embodied in his poetry. The case for himself is put pretty strongly, and may cause considerable demurrings on the part of the unconvinced—that is, those who are not prepared to assign Matthew Arnold a very high place amongst the representative Victorian poets. But to the already convinced, who will bear in mind some pregnant observations at the beginning of his lecture on "Heinrich Heine" about distinguishing the *master-current* in literature, which illustrate the particular passage referred to in this letter, the words will not savour of self-complacency, being, as they feel them, the utterances of one who [illegible]est conviction that the special gifts with which he was end[illegible]tted him to produce an effect in this line of literature. The [illegible] reads thus:

"My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter of a century, and thus they will probably have their day as people become conscious to themselves of what that movement of mind is, and interested in the literary productions which reflect it. It might be fairly urged that I have less poetical sentiment than Tennyson, and less intellectual vigour and abundance than Browning; yet because I have perhaps more of a fusion of the two than either of them, and have more regularly applied that fusion to the main line of modern development, I am likely enough to have my turn, as they have had theirs."

His mother and sisters seem to have been his best friends in what he calls "the early and needy days" of his poetry, and so whenever any favourable notice appeared in the reviews, or any distinguished literary person expressed the pleasure and profit he or she had derived from reading them, mention is always made of it in the next letter to the Westmoreland home, with the perfect frankness which such dear and intimate relationships admit of, and yet with no suspicion of conscious self-laudation. Thus, in a letter to his mother (May, 1853), he mentions the saying of Lord John Russell that "In his opinion Matthew Arnold was the one rising young poet of the present day"; and in a letter to his sister, in February, 1876, he alludes to the opinion of George Eliot, who says: "That of all modern poetry mine is that which keeps constantly growing upon her;" and again, in the June of the same year, writing to this correspondent, he speaks of the following warm encomium upon his poetry: "I am going to dine with the Bishop of Derry on the 3rd of July. I could not refuse a man who told me that my poems were the centre of his mental life, and that he had read many of them hundreds of times."

Nor were humbler admirers wanting who ventured to write and thank him for intellectual and spiritual benefits no less sincerely felt, as in the case of a young man in America, too poor to buy books, who wrote to him a letter of thanks on behalf of himself and a friend, to whom, in his last illness, he had read from a newspaper his poem entitled "A Wish."

But what gave Matthew Arnold especial satisfaction was the appreciation felt for him by distinguished French critics, such as Sainte-Beuve, Scherer, Renan, and George Sand, the latter of whom said once to Renan about him that "Je lui faisais l'effet d'un Milton jeune et voyageant." Some very interesting facts are related about the composition of "Thyrsis," which he was meditating two years, and made several excursions to the Cumner country in the vicinity of

Oxford, for the purpose of reviving the early impressions of that quiet upland district, with which he wished to connect the memory of Arthur Hugh Clough. Of "Thyrsis," when it was published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, he wrote to his mother: "It is probably too quiet a poem for the general taste, but I think it will stand wear." Numerous as are the references to his poetry, the allusions to his prose writings are more frequent still. Most, if not all, of the famous "Essays in Criticism," the essays "On Translating Homer," and those "On the Study of Celtic Literature," were originally delivered as lectures in Oxford during his tenure of the Professorial Chair of Poetry, and references to their composition, the date of their delivery, the manner of their reception, and the name of the magazine in which they subsquently appeared, occur again and again in these letters. When he entered the arena of political, social, and religious discussion, and raised a storm of controversy, he vindicated the turning of his powers in this direction on the ground that he was carrying out the work of his father, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby—in spirit, that is, and making allowance for the changed times and different modes of thought.

That Matthew Arnold had a deep sense of the abiding spiritual presence of his father, as a power at work in the world, is evidenced by the delight with which he traces its influences in the lives and works of men, both in England and America—in the sermons of men like Dean Stanley and Robertson of Brighton—and its far-reaching effects upon the people of New England in the United States. In his letters to his mother and sisters every notice of his father met with in books and reviews, every evidence afforded by personal testimony of the weight of his example, is lovingly recorded.

Of his prose writings he set much store by his "Culture and Anarchy," attaching great importance to those chapters on Hebraism and Hellenism, as might have been expected, and the knowledge that the distinction there drawn met with the approval of so notable a man as the late Dean Church of St. Paul's gave him much pleasure; but the following passage from a letter to his mother, written in 1869, is interesting as revealing a new quarter in which the book found sympathetic readers: "I heard the other day from Morier, the British Resident at Darmstadt, that Princess Alice is quite fascinated with my 'Culture and Anarchy,' uses all its phrases, and knows long bits by heart. The Crown Pri[illegible] now reading the book. You will see that it will have a co[illegible] effect in the end, and the chapters on Hellenism and Hebr[illegible] in the main,

I am convinced, so true, that they will form a kind of centre for English thought and speculation on the matters treated in them."

Fifteen years later, when cheap editions were being issued of "Literature and Dogma" and "God and the Bible," he sends a copy of the latter to Professor C. E. Norton in America, "because in preparing it for the press I seem to find in it some chapters to be the best prose I have ever succeeded in writing."

The mention of America at once recalls his visit to that country in the winter of 1883-4 to deliver a course of lectures in various cities of the United States. They were an immense success, and the gratification he felt at the reception everywhere accorded to him is expressed in all his letters to his relatives and friends at home in England. But what gave him most satisfaction were the indications that his writings were leavening the minds of the more thoughtful American public, as he says in one of his letters to his sister: "What strikes me in America is the number of friends 'Literature and Dogma' has made me, amongst ministers of religion especially, and how the effect here is conservative;" and again, in another letter: "'Literature and Dogma' has certainly done good here in New England; at a critical moment it has led many back to the study of the Bible, and has given reality to the study of it."

The letters in these two volumes addressed to personal friends are few in number compared with those written to members of his own family, and the majority of them are to three correspondents only—Lady de Rothschild, M. Fontanés, and Sir M. E. Grant Duff. To M. Fontanés he seems to have written at regular intervals, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, on many interesting topics—the state of public affairs in England and France, notable English books which he wished his friend to read, news of friends dear to both, as Dean Stanley; of such matters, in short, as would tend for intellectual and spiritual purposes to bring England and France into a closer bond of union. To Lady de Rothschild some charming letters are addressed. She was throughout one of the most consistent and sympathetic readers of his books, and it was to her that he owed an introduction to some of the most prominent men of the age, including the late Lord Beaconsfield and others. Being thus brought into touch with the centres of political life, the letters make it clear that he strove to improve these opportunities by pressing home upon those responsible for the administration of public affairs such reforms in the matter of education as his large practical experience, no less than his reflections upon the principles of the subject, seemed to him to be necessary. In other directions, too, he worked for the good of

his countrymen, and his love for his country was deep and sincere, as is unmistakably expressed in several letters. The following extract shows in what direction he wished to help her forward: "That England may run well in this race (*i.e.* of the nations and men who have carried the intellectual life farthest) is my deepest desire; and to stimulate her and to make her feel how many clogs she wears, and how much she has to do in order to run in it as her genius gives her the power to run, is the object of all I do."

To Sir M. E. Grant Duff, a friend whom his poetry won for him in his earlier life, he imparted his views on subjects of religious, political, and social interest, with digressions every now and then of a botanical nature. For flowers of all sorts, but especially wild ones, Matthew Arnold had a great fondness, and this friend induced him to carry his interest a step further, and acquire some scientific knowledge about the species, which added greatly to the interest he took in the American flora when he visited the United States on his lecturing tour, as his descriptions in his letters home to this friend and his sister, who shared his love of flowers, sufficiently prove.

During the long journeys on the Continent, which his official work sometimes compelled him to take, as well as on the occasion of the visit to America, his love of Nature comes out in the descriptive sketches, taking the place of a more formal journal, which he wrote to the various members of his family at home; and a strong historic and antiquarian sense (always traced to his father) is evinced in the references to the famous cities in which he happened to stay. These letters, as might be expected, are not without their record of the trials and sorrows incident to our common humanity, and it is here that the spirit of fortitude and resignation, which he had not cultivated in vain, found ample scope for its exercise. To a tender and affectionate parent like Matthew Arnold the loss of three sons must have been a heavy grief. In the letters which have reference to these sad events he places a rare self-restraint upon himself. But the feeling breaks out occasionally, and when the last of the three boys died at Harrow in 1872, a letter to his mother on the subject of his loss closes with the words: "I cannot write his name without stopping to look at it in stupefaction at his not being alive."

That the poet of the "Forsaken Merman," who could write the letters to his remaining son and two daughters which find a place in the second of these two volumes—letters playful, tender, and unselfish, as if the obligations of love were all on his [illegible]de—should carry the same spirit of kindness into his work [illegible]ool inspection will occasion no surprise; and the followi[illegible]act from a

letter to his mother, dated December, 1867, is an eloquent comment on his ruling principle, "The great thing is humanity": "What I like best is such a letter as I saw the other day to the Council Office, not meant for me to see, from a teacher defending his school against a severe report of mine. He finished by saying that he had not a word against the inspector, whom he would rather have had than any other he had ever come in contact with, 'as he was always gentle and patient with the children.'"

In conclusion, we rise from the reading of these letters with the conviction that in them there is unfolded the character of a genuinely good man. More nearly confined, as the majority are, with the exception, perhaps, of Cowper's "Letters," to the circle of home, they exhibit to us one who was admirable in all his family relationships, bestowing upon those who were connected with him by ties of blood or friendship such an amount of unselfish affection as only a truly loving and lovable nature can impart or receive. In his public official work of thirty-five years we see him ever striving to realise the Englishman's highest conception of duty, and helping on the cause of education in this country, both elementary and secondary, by his writings and personal influence upon the various leading public men with whom he was brought into contact.

In speaking of his literary life as a whole, the eulogy which he pronounced on his friend, Arthur Hugh Clough, at the conclusion of his "Lectures on Translating Homer," at once occurs as the most just and natural tribute that can be paid to his own unique gift. "His interest was in literature itself, and it was this which gave so rare a stamp to his character, which kept him free from all taint of littleness. In the saturnalia of ignoble personal passions, of which the struggle for literary success, in old and crowded communities, offers so sad a spectacle, he never mingled. He had not yet traduced his friends, nor flattered his enemies, nor disparaged what he admired, nor praised what he despised."

Who can doubt but that the prayer to the Spirit of the World, with which he concludes his lines on "Heine's Grave," was largely fulfilled to Matthew Arnold?

May a life
Other and milder be mine!
May'st thou a mood more serene,
Happier, have uttered in mine!
May'st thou the rapture of peace
Deep have embreathed at its core;
Made it a ray of thy thought,
Made it a beat of thy joy!

CHARLES FISHER.

# *FORGOTTEN SITES OF THE SCAFFOLD.*

TYBURN—chief scene for centuries of the last act of innumerable social and political tragedies—has had an immense amount of literary work expended on it—albeit even now the *precise* site of the "triple tree" seems undecided—and not long since an exhaustive article in a monthly periodical was devoted to the subject. But the average Londoner, who is about the most ignorant person to be found of the past history of his dwelling-place, every street of which is full of former associations, is quite unaware that in various other places than Tyburn the scaffold has often been erected in the past, and that some of the most crowded thoroughfares—places where the roar and din of commonplace traffic drowns, save for the student, the echoes of the past—have been the scenes of some of the grimmest episodes in our social history.

Forgotten, indeed, are most of the sites of the scaffold in the vanished centuries other than Tyburn—whether now covered by Connaught Square or Connaught Place—and the pavement opposite the dreadful Debtors' Door first used when Tyburn Tree was demolished in 1783. There is a curious tradition by the way that the gallows itself was cut into butts for the support of beer barrels at a public-house called the "Carpenters' Arms"—a remarkable conjunction indeed on which doubtless moralists could enlarge.

There was, however, another site for the gallows, which for some centuries rivalled Tyburn, though on a much smaller scale in its episodes. One famous execution, at any rate, took place here, that of Anthony Babington and his thirteen comrades, for the plot against Elizabeth's life. This site was in what was anciently known and marked on the antique maps as St. Giles's Pound, in St. Giles's Fields, and was as nearly as possible where Broad Street, St. Giles's, abuts on Oxford Street. An enormous crowd of pedestrians and vehicles daily passes this spot going east and west. It would be di[illegible] find, save here and there, any individual of that crowd who [illegible]are of the tragedy enacted here in 1586, when the spec[illegible]bed full of

horrors, for by order, though it was unusual, the execution was prolonged, in order to terrorise the partisans of the unhappy Stuart Queen, for two days, none of the hideous details of hanging, drawing, quartering, and burning being omitted. This site was one which commanded views of open country until the last century, unimaginable by the Londoners of to-day. In one direction ran the Tyburn Road, hedge-bounded on either side, on another that to Tottenham Court, flanked by meadows, while behind the gallows, which was a permanent object by the Pound, were the fields of St. Giles, full of rural sights and sounds, and with the most utter absence of any suggestion of being part of London. The gallows was the one unsightly object of this fair place, where kine lowed and birds sang, and royalty hunted with horse and hound. Unsightly that is in our eyes—our ancestors, under the old laws which made so many offences capital, were too much accustomed to the gallows for the living, the gibbet for the dead, to see much incongruity in their presence in any places. There was, indeed, as late as the accession of George III. or thereabouts, a row of gibbets along the Holloway Road—then far enough from London proper to be deemed a lonely place for deceased murderers to swing in chains in—but these were all cut down in one night—nobody knew by whom.

An organised movement, as secret and successful as those of the smugglers who defied authority in those days (and who had distinguished themselves in 1746 by the unspeakably horrible and slow murder of two informers in Sussex, named Chater and Galley, whom they succeeded in capturing when asleep at an inn, the landlady of which was in league with the smugglers), was frequently made against all departments of law and authority and their symbols, as when the Spitalfields mob took by force the body of a man who had been hanged, and put it before the door of his prosecutor in Spitalfields, in the reign of George II. So that, especially in the then lonely unlit rural road, and no police force worth the name, it was easy to cut down all the gibbets. But a very curious reason, quite foreign to any idea of revenge, has been suggested. There was a widespread superstition, still existing in some parts, that the chips of a gibbet whereon a murderer had hung, cured headaches, and they were in consequence readily saleable. Also the hands of any of those hanging in chains were in request for the making of the "Hands of Glory," so credited by burglars.

Though the Babington conspirators were slowly done to death on the St. Giles's gallows, which, as has been said, was a permanent

local ornament of the neighbourhood, some authorities state that this and not Tyburn, where most traitors met their doom, was selected for the execution on the ground that their rendezvous had been in the fields adjacent, and on the principle acted on up to the end of the last century of hanging murderers and others whose cases were deemed of special atrocity close to the scene of the crime—which brings to mind two very notorious cases of the last century, and affords a couple more sites for the student of London past to bear in mind. Very few of the usually volatile *habitués* of the Haymarket and Coventry Street probably ever dream that in George II.'s reign the corner of Panton Street was selected as a place of execution, and one of the largest crowds ever seen there was collected round the gallows. The case was one of what would now be termed the most sensational class, and, had editors and proprietors of the few and leisurely journals of those days known the use of "special editions," there was material enough for any amount. On the south side of Leicester Square, where some of the houses still look unchanged save as to their fronts, but at which it is doubtful, some authorities mention 37—some 38—there lodged Theodore Gardelle, a miniature painter of some reputation. His landlady was a Mrs. King. Gardelle appears to have had a violent dispute with her, which took place in her bedroom—the free and easy style of the days and the lady's house not preventing her interviewing him in her *robe de chambre.* Recrimination on both sides led to action, and according to Gardelle's last confession he, frenzied with rage, took a long-tailed comb from the dressing-table and plunged it into her throat, the gush of blood which followed almost depriving him of his senses. The woman dropped back on the bed. Frightened, as he says, he picked her up and found she was dead. He then resolved to conceal the evidence of his crime so far as he could. He sent the servant out on an errand and meanwhile carried the body of the murdered woman up into an attic. On the girl's return, he coolly informed her that her mistress had gone into the country and given her a holiday for a few days, and he would obligingly open the door to any visitors. The girl, though somewhat surprised, was glad enough to get a holiday and went off. Gardelle then began dismembering the body with great difficulty, making a big fire in the attic and burning portions. This gruesome operation went on for three or four days. But the servant of another lodger in the house remarked that there was a smell as of bones burning. This created some suspicion, which was greatly increased when a charwoman who came to the house to clean it found in the water-butt (from which the inmates had their drinking-

water!) some blood-stained bedclothes. The house was searched, the attic broken open, the mutilated remains found, Gardelle was arrested, tried, and convicted. On the way to the gallows, at the corner of Panton Street, the cart was stopped opposite the house in order to allow the murderer the pleasure of his reflections. Then they moved on to Panton Street, and before an uproarious mob Gardelle was duly hanged, being afterwards anatomised at the old Surgeons' Hall, which by the way is shown in the fourth of Hogarth's "Four Stages of Cruelty," and which was open to view as a fine eighteenth-century moral lesson.

A similar case of execution near the scene was that of Sarah Malcolm, the young and handsome Temple laundress, in the same reign, for a triple murder. It seems that two ladies and their female servant occupied a set of chambers in Tanfield Court, another eighteenth-century arrangement, which shows that our ancestors were actually in some things more advanced than ourselves. One night Sarah Malcolm, tempted by the valuables the ladies possessed and incited by some ruffian, murdered these three women *seriatim*. Old Tanfield Court was demolished some years back. Who next occupied that particular set of chambers, and whether they ever felt eerie about midnight when alone with guttering candles, it would be interesting to ascertain, but information is lacking as to the number of the house; indeed the time—George II.'s reign—was long ere numbering houses was in vogue. However, the plunder, especially a silver tankard, which Miss Malcolm thoughtfully placed in another Templar's chambers, led ultimately to her execution. Hogarth painted her in the condemned cell. The site of her gallows was the Fleet Street end of Fetter Lane, a fact which a very small percentage of the crowds who pass it daily know anything about. The crowd was enormous, in fact wedged together. At the *other* end of Fetter Lane, which thus possesses an exceptional place in the catalogue of our subject, the gallows was erected during the Protectorate, and a couple of cavaliers were hanged thereon for plotting against the Commonwealth. Add to this the recollection of Mrs. Brownrigg's now vanished house in Fleur de Lys Court, and Fetter Lane has three sufficiently interesting associations. Why, by the way, Mother Brownrigg was not on the same principle hanged in Fetter Lane it is impossible to say, for her long torture of the unhappy girls under her roof surpasses almost any instance of feminine fiendishness, and we have had a few even in our own day. But possibly the reason was to enhance the final penalty by a journey as slow as that of Lord Ferrers to Tyburn, so enormous was the mob of women who

trudged all the way from Newgate to the "triple tree," howling curses at the beldame with a vigour worthy of the *tricoteuses* of the Terror—only *they* never had any victim to curse with a hundredth part of Mrs. Brownrigg's atrocity—unless it be Robespierre and Fouquier Tinville.

We must not omit to mention a Fleet Street site. It was opposite the great gates which opened on Whitefriars—Alsatia as it was then. The gallows was a high one, and thereon in Fleet Street was suspended the Scottish Lord Sanquhar, who had basely incited two ruffians in his pay to shoot a poor fencing master named Turner, who had accidentally put out his eye while fencing, and the gallant Henri IV., when Sanquhar was in Paris, had innocently excited Sanquhar's cowardly revenge by saying when he heard the story of the disfigurement, "Doth the man live?" which Sanquhar, little knowing the chivalrous king, who was the last man to suggest such a thing, took as a covert reproach to him for his inactivity. Doubtless the Fleet Street mob and "the bravoes of Alsatia" cheered loudly as the culprit was pushed off the ladder, for James I. seldom gave his loving subjects south of the Tweed a chance of saying he could be just when Scotchmen were in fault.

The modern City of London, with its concentration of the world's business within its teeming streets and practical view of everything, would hardly seem to offer any memories of tragedy. However, there are some gallows sites here—aye, and in the busiest parts, though when they were last used there was plenty of space in the streets, and many a fair garden behind the houses, each inch of which is now worth its measurement in gold. Three centuries and a half ago there was a May Day, which was as usual observed as a merry festival, but ended in riot and slaughter. The London 'prentices took this most practical form of showing their objection which still exists to the importation of aliens. The Lord Mayor and the Court exercised their authority, and by order of that *really* "dread lord" Henry VIII. "pairs of gallows on wheels" were set up in Cheapside and other thoroughfares as far as distant Aldgate *in terrorem*, and there as a rough and ready object lesson dangled some of the rioters, the more fortunate being marched to Westminster Hall with halters round their necks and there lectured by the Chancellor and pardoned by the King in person.

It is also on record, though not strictly within the limits of the subject, that in the troublous reign of the Second Ed—d, who was then in France, the furious London mob captured [illegible] Bishop of Exeter, who was very unpopular, hauled him to the Cr[illegible]s at Cheap-

side, and there beheaded him as a proof of their sentiments. From Cheapside to Smithfield is not a far cry, and, apart from the stake, memories of the gallows crowd round it in that part where stood the "Elms." Here various culprits from time to time had a long rope and a short shrift. But the greatest name in connection with this site of the gallows is that of Wallace. By the way, although not by the gallows—which he would much have preferred—one Rouse, who had attempted to poison Fisher, Bishop of Rochester—was in the reign of Henry VIII. boiled to death in a huge cauldron in Smithfield, under an Act then making this the penalty of his crime.

The inhabitants of the handsome houses which line Stamford Hill would probably be much surprised if told that their staid suburban locality had been the scene of an execution. So, however, it was in the reign of James I. A manservant cut the throat of a wayfarer whom he met in the lonely road, then and now known as Queen Elizabeth's Walk, hard by the New River Reservoir. On the old maps of Stoke Newington there is a path marked Cutthroat Lane, which is probably associated with this murder—one that seems to have been of a particularly atrocious character. The murderer was captured and convicted, and sentenced to be hanged on the then lonely and uninhabited Stamford Hill, as a place well within view of the locality where he was probably afterwards hanged in chains.

Kent Street in the Borough long had a notorious name, but though this has long been well known, far less so is it that a most remarkable execution took place there in the final years of the last century. Townsend, the famous Bow Street runner, and terror of highwaymen (he and the equally famous Joe Manton were once stopped on Hounslow Heath, and Townsend's familiar white hat, thrust through the postchaise window, incontinently made the highwayman set spurs to his horse and vanish, nor think of using his pistols), gave some notable evidence early in this century before a Parliamentary Committee on Capital Punishment. He mentioned that he remembered some years before seeing the gallows set up in Kent Street in front of a house in which a burglary had been committed. To this spot the cart conveyed seven people—six men and a woman—who had been convicted of this burglary—without murder. And for this offence the whole seven were duly hanged in a row in Kent Street, as a moral lesson to the inhabitants of that street in particular, and the Borough in general. There is a place, by the way, not far from here which was formerly marked by a brook crossing the road, and for some special reason this was in

the earlier centuries used as a place of execution for culprits within certain boundaries.

Returning once more to the City, let us look at St. Paul's Churchyard, a place which, of all others, would be deemed to have been free from the ghastly shadow of the gallows. But it is not so. Does one in a thousand of the myriads daily passing through it give a thought, or, indeed, possess any knowledge of the grim scene which was enacted at the west end of the old cathedral in 1606? For here was the gallows erected, and the fire lit, and the hangman's knives and quartering block made ready for the hanging, drawing, and quartering of Guido Fawkes and his fellow conspirators. The sight was a long and horrid one, and devoured by the eyes of thousands, who could not, despite the inflamed state of public opinion—whether legitimately or not has of late been keenly questioned—but admire reluctantly the gallant bearing of Guy Fawkes, pallid and muscle-wrenched as he was from his prolonged sufferings on the rack in the Tower, where he had been persistently questioned by special order "before torture, during torture, and after torture," not one item of all the details of the treason sentence being omitted. The top of Ludgate Hill had the advantage of being a rising ground, which, when available, was always preferred on these occasions. Thus an instance occurs in the case of Clerkenwell Green, usually associated in our days with nothing more tragic than meetings and mob orators. Here, however, in the reign of George II., which period seems the particularly prolific one in instances of our subject, the gallows was erected, and on it were two murderers duly hanged, their victim having been a turnkey in the adjacent New Prison of Clerkenwell.

There are some instances in the highly respectable district of Bloomsbury, which was in the last century and the first quarter of this one a colony of legal luminaries. The Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Mansfield, lived in 1780 in Bloomsbury Square, and against his house the Gordon rioters directed some of their most energetic efforts. They burnt and plundered his house, priceless MSS. being the most precious things which fed the flames. For this crime some of those convicted—as usual the least guilty and youngest were the ones caught—were hanged in Bloomsbury Square, and some in the adjoining then open spaces now covered with streets and squares, devoted to the boarding-house interest.

Hyde Park, so far as that part of it near the Marble Arch goes—probably chosen from Tyburn tree standing just across the road surrounded by open fields—one Davis who was hanged there in 1733 actually "ran across two open fields till knock'd down by a country-

man "—was the site of the gallows. One sergeant in the army at any rate was here hanged for correspondence with the French—therefore treason, and buried under the gallows—and I believe other executions took place on the same spot. The usual place for military executions —but by the muskets of a firing party—was the Tower Ditch. The hanging was limited to Hyde Park, and the special Corner named was then bordering on open country, and hardly if ever frequented by visitors, who confined themselves to the vicinity of the Ring unless for duels, when the part near the magazine was one of the favourites, and where by the way the sentries were alarmed by, and hundreds of people daily congregated in 1807 to listen to, a "groaning elm," the secret of which was discovered when it was cut down and a nest of noisy young owls found within the trunk.

One would imagine it were needless to mention the site of the scaffold on which Raleigh was sacrificed by James I. in 1618 to the vengeance of Spain, but for the fact that I lately read in a great daily paper an allusion to the famous Englishman having been buried in the chapel of the Tower, presumably as one of the many who were decapitated on the blood-stained hill. But this being so, it may not be needless to include Old Palace Yard within the list of scaffold sites of the past, though this was one of far nobler sort than any yet mentioned—excepting perhaps that of the two cavaliers at the Holborn end of Fetter Lane. It was in this yard that the scaffold was reared on that cold October morning which induced the gallant hero to ask the Sheriff to "dispatch and take his head off ere ten of the clock, as then his ague fit would come on and his enemies would say he trembled with fear." Perhaps some too have forgotten that Lincoln's Inn Fields was the site of Russell's scaffold on the July morning in 1683, when the patriot as the coach turned down Little Queen Street glanced at Southampton House, then facing the Strand on the opposite side, and shed "some natural tears" at the memory of his early wedded happiness therein.

Even now by some *fin de siècle* smart writers who deem all ancient literature, however classic with old-fashioned people, "long-winded," the execution of the Jacobite prisoners, of the Forty-Five, "Jemmy Dawson" of Shenstone's ballad (which records a mournful fact), prominent among them, is alluded to as having taken place at Tyburn. Kennington Common was the site, now a pleasant park and with a church built over the exact site of the gallows on which these gallant adherents of a lost cause died so bravely—but the same site on which were hanged many burglars and murderers, among them the notorious Jerry Abershaw. A contrast indeed !

F. G. WALTERS.

# "*TOM OF TEN THOUSAND.*"

ON the western wall of the south aisle of Westminster Abbey there is a monument to one Thomas Thynn, Esq., of Wilts. He is reclining beneath a canopy, and below him, on his right, is a cherub, who points upwards to where, but for the discretion of Thomas Sprat, then dean (and at the same time bishop of Rochester), there would have been an elaborate Latin panegyric, now to be read only in the pages of the antiquary and family historian. Underneath the recumbent figure is a carved representation of the manner in which the subject of the monument met his death. The story makes a page in the history of two noble English families, the Thynnes, whose head is the Marquis of Bath, and the Percies, who for centuries have held the title of Earl or Duke of Northumberland. Sir Bernard Burke thinks that no incident in family history ever obtained greater notoriety; and he was one who should have known.

In this case, albeit at least one noble lady was closely concerned in the matter, it would perhaps be unjust to apply the maxim *cherchez la femme*; though Swift, with his usual reckless unscrupulosity towards a political opponent, did not hesitate years after the event to throw coarse imputations upon a noble and innocent lady.

Thomas Thynne was a well-known figure in the fashionable society of the days of King Charles II. He was popularly known as "Tom of Ten Thousand," in allusion to the reputed amount of his fortune, in those days deemed a very large one. Some twelve years before his death he had inherited from his uncle the Thynne estates, which lay chiefly in Wiltshire, Somersetshire, and Shropshire, but were not confined to those counties. The chief family seat, Longleat House, which has been called the first well-built mansion in England, had been begun in the early years of Elizabeth, and since added to by its successive owners. The great Queen had stopped there in 1575, and Charles II., with his consort and whole court, were "nobly entertained" nearly a century later at the expense of Sir James, Tom Thynne's predecessor. The present owner made a

specialty of the stables, where he kept those Oldenburg coach-horses which he presented to his friend the Duke of Monmouth. That ill-fated prince made frequent private visits to Longleat, and by his friendship gained for Tom Thynne a place in Dryden's celebrated political satire, where he figures as Issachar, Achitophel's "wealthy western friend." It was this close intimacy with so prominent a political personage which gave to Thynne an importance that neither his wealth nor his ability would have gained for him.

The witty Rochester indited a couplet which says enough for his individual qualities :—

> Who'd be a wit in Dryden's cudgel'd skin,
> Or who'd be rich and senseless like Tom ——?

For the rest, Thynne was not remarkable for personal beauty, though he was painted both by Lely and Kneller. Nor was he devoid of the vices of his day. As member for Wiltshire he had been among the "Petitioners" of 1679, who were the prototypes of the Whigs. When he presented his county petition to Charles II. he received a sharp rebuke from the astute monarch, who denied the representative character of the petitioners, said they came from a company of loose disaffected persons, and added: "I do not meddle with your affairs; I desire you not to meddle with mine, especially in a matter so essentially a part of my prerogative" (the calling of Parliament and settling the business to be transacted).

To make matters worse, when Monmouth was recalled from banishment the next year, he stopped at Longleat in the course of his semi-royal progress: for this Thynne was dismissed from the command of the Wilts militia.

But the catastrophe which overtook "Tom of Ten Thousand" arose in reality from a private feud, of which the chief cause was his marriage with the young widow, Lady Ogle.

The lady was at the time not sixteen. She was the daughter and heiress of the twelfth Earl of Northumberland, and had been married when a young child to a promising boy, Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, son of the Duke of Newcastle, who died within a year.

When Lady Ogle's mother took a second husband, her grand-mother, the Dowager-Countess of Northumberland, seems to have obtained control of her person. The heiress of the Percies did not need to wait for suitors, though she was not allowed, even if she were old enough to be capable of it, to make her own choice from among them. Her grandmother decided in favour of Thomas Thynne of Longleat, and other persons in her *entourage* had pecuniary interests in promoting his suit.

Lord Essex told John Evelyn, in confidence, that he thought the match an inadequate one for the lady, but had consented to deliver particulars of the settlement proposed by Thynne, "on the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth." The poor child seems to have had no great pretensions to beauty, and was obviously the prey of fortune-seekers and match-makers.

The marriage took place privately, and then the lady immediately went away (some accounts say "escaped") to Lady Temple in Holland, where she intended to stay for a year. The fact of the ceremony was doubted for some time, and great preparations were made for a "mighty suit," to prevent Thynne touching her property, to which he seems to have lost no time in laying claim.

The "mighty suit," however, was postponed, though "eminent civilians of Doctors' Commons" had been retained. Finally, however, the proctors decided for Thynne; and it was reported that his wife was coming to live with him. But on Sunday evening, February 12, 1682 (new style), he was murdered while riding in his coach in Pall Mall. The crime caused great excitement, more particularly because it was known that Monmouth, already the popular darling, had but just left his friend's coach. Whig poetasters improved the occasion, and the King was fully alive to the necessity of clearing the court of all complicity.

A Roxburgh ballad, "The Matchless Murder" (to the tune of "Troy Town"), expresses with clumsy vigour the feelings of the perhaps not untutored mob :—

> Up to his coach three villains ride,
> As by his servants, it is said,
> With weapons which they did provide,
> Whilst he poor soul was not afraid.
>
> . . . . . . .
>
> Meeting with him as they desired,
> Their hellish courage then grew hot,
> Into his coach at him they fired,
> And into his belly him they shot.
>
> . . . . . . .
>
> Away like villains then they fled,
> With horror doubtless in their mind,
> This worthy soul three-quarters dead,
> Bleeding i' th' coach they left behind.
>
> . . . . . . .
>
> When these unwelcome tydings came
> To noble Monmouth's wondering ear,
> His courage, which none e'er could tame,
> Did on a sudden plain appear.
>
> . . . . . . .

This noble hero did all night
  Pursue these murtherers all in vain,
Till Sol, with his resplendent light
  Did to our sight return again.

. . . . . . .

But Heaven did presently find out,
  What lovely Monmouth could not do;
'Twas well he was the coach gone out,
  Or he might have been murthered too.
I fear that they who this squire killed,
Poor Jamey's blood would feign (*sic*) have spill'd.

Sir John Reresby, who left memoirs of his time, was just going to bed when "Mr. Thyn's gentleman" came to him to grant a "hue and cry," and to summon him to the bedside of the dying man. By the information of a chairman one of the assassins was arrested, and Sir John in person took another in the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields. The third was also taken; and Reresby was examining them at his own house when he was sent for by the King, who himself undertook to investigate the matter. Of the three prisoners, the one who had actually fired the shots was a poor ignorant man, whose name is printed in the State trials as Borosky *alias* Boratzi, but was probably in reality something more Polish. He was very fond of horses, and had, it was said, come over from Hamburg to superintend the stud of a certain Swedish Count Königsmark, of whom more anon.

Another of them was a Swede named Stern, who had held a lieutenant's commission.

Both made a clean breast of the matter, and afterwards published confessions.

The most important of the three was a certain Captain Vratz, who had lately commanded a forlorn hope at the siege of Mons, and had received commissions both from the Prince of Orange and the King of Sweden in reward for his bravery. He denied that he had given the Pole, who was his servant, any order to fire, and declared that he had stopped Thynne's horses only to prevent his escape from a duel which he wished to fight with him, in which the Swedish lieutenant was to act as his second. The cause of the quarrel was some injurious words spoken by Thynne of his friend Count John Philip Königsmark. Thynne had called him "Hector," and disparaged his horses, and had even when he and Königsmark were in France, sent six men to assassinate them, two of whom they had killed.

Now this Count Königsmark had been one of the unsuccessful

suitors for the hand of the Lady Ogle, and had twice challenged his successful rival to a duel. He was distinctly implicated in the affair by the two confessions (had really in all probability planned it), and when his lodgings were searched he was found to have fled. It appeared at the trial that on the night of the crime he had made pretended preparations for a journey to Windsor, but had in reality gone in the opposite direction. On the day week following he was taken, with the assistance of a servant of Monmouth, disguised "in a black wig," and with a naked sword under his cloak, just as he was about to embark on a Swedish vessel at Gravesend. He was forthwith brought up to London and examined before an extraordinary council, and afterwards by Chief Justice Pemberton. He was then committed to Newgate, where he "lived very nobly," and was visited by many persons of quality.

Reresby describes Königsmark as a fine man, with very long hair, and says he appeared with great assurance before the council. His examination was "very superficial," and Sir John saw that the King was not anxious to press the case against him.

The magistrate himself, before the meeting of the grand jury, was offered a large bribe by the Count's "governor," which he refused. It is doubtful whether his contemporary, Samuel Pepys, would have been equally scrupulous.

The trial came on at the Old Bailey on February 27 before Chief Justice Pemberton, Chief Justice Francis North, and Lord Chief Baron Montagu. Königsmark was arraigned as an accessory to and inciter of the murder. He challenged several names on the jury panel, as friends of Thynne, and was granted his demand that half of the jury should be foreigners.

Sir Lionel Johnson, a travelled man, was appointed by the Court interpreter, for the benefit of two of the prisoners and the foreign section of the jury.

The Crown case against the three principals was tolerably complete. The part which concerned Königsmark, who alone was allowed to address the jury, consisted of strong circumstantial evidence. He had come to England in disguise, accompanied with his friend Captain Vratz, about three weeks before the murder; had been heard to speak of his quarrel with Thynne; had furnished the Pole with a sword and kept him at his lodgings; and had fled from London, again in disguise, on the night of the crime. Strongest fact of all, he had authorised his tutor (even if he had not directly sent him) to ask the Swedish ambassador whether, if he should kill

Mr. Thynne in a duel, he could by the laws of England afterwards marry the Lady Ogle.

The Count's defence was that he had come to England to raise a regiment for the King of England in case an alliance should be formed with Sweden and Holland against France; that he left London to avoid the mob, who thought he had tried to kill Monmouth; and that he stayed privately in the country on account of illness. It was also contended that it was customary for all foreign servants to go heavily armed, and that "the Polander" had only come "to dress his horses in the German manner."

Pemberton summed up rather in his favour, and though the other prisoners were of course found guilty, Königsmark, much to the surprise and anger of the public, was acquitted.

On hearing the verdict, the Count exclaimed, "God bless the King and the honourable bench!"

It was said that most of the foreign ambassadors had interceded in his favour; and Narcissus Luttrell shrewdly hints that the jury had been convinced by the distribution of golden guineas.

It is clear that the King had no wish to punish a foreign soldier with a reputation such as that of the Count, although anxious enough to conciliate public opinion by having justice done on his agents.

Königsmark, nevertheless, found it expedient to leave England without delay; and, notwithstanding his professions of zeal for the English Crown and the Protestant religion, to serve in the French army. After a military career of some credit, he was killed at the siege of Argos in the Morea four years later.[1]

From the accounts given of them by Dr. Burnet (the future Bishop of Salisbury) and Dr. Anthony Horneck, who visited them in prison and received their confessions, both Stern, the Swedish lieutenant, and "the Polander," seem to have been by no means members of the criminal classes, but simply the victims of their needy circumstances and feudal code of honour. The latter described himself as "son by the left hand of a baron of Sweden." Vratz had promised him maintenance if he would assist him in an affair of honour, and had consulted him about weapons.

Vratz himself was a man of some character. He thought it "a piece of Popery" that he should be asked to confess; and told Dr.

[1] It was his brother Philip Christopher who was in 1694 assassinated (or in some way made away with) by George, electoral Prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., on account of his intrigue with Sophia Dorothea of Zell. Their sister, Maria Aurora, whom Voltaire called "the most famous woman of two centuries," was the beautiful mistress of Augustus the Strong (Elector of Saxony and King of Poland) and mother of Marshal Saxe, ancestor of George Sand.

Horneck that "he was not such a fool as to believe that souls could fry in material fire, or be roasted as meat on a great hearth." On the other hand, "he could scarce believe that there was any man so sottish in the world as not to believe the being of a God . . . nor could any man that was not either mad or drunk believe things came fortuitously; or that the world was governed by chance."

In the accounts of the execution which we have from Burnet and from Evelyn, "the captain" plays a conspicuous part. It took place on March 10, in Pall Mall, on the exact spot where the crime had been committed, which was close to the site of the present United Service Club.

Vratz was undaunted and even cheerful, and "smiled often" as he looked down from the cart.

When the rope was round his neck his legs did not tremble; he would not, like the others, have his face covered, but "looked often about on those that stood in balconies and windows."

While the poor Pole was hanged in chains at Mile End, Vratz, "being of a good family," was allowed to have his body sent to his friends in his own country. Evelyn, a fortnight after the execution, saw it "embalmed in a very rich coffin lined with lead."

Thus ends the story. It soon came to be recognised that in spite of Thynne's connections and position at the time, his murder was not a case of political assassination. It was now recalled by those who did not accept the guilt of Königsmark, that Thynne had once betrayed a certain lady who had previously resisted the advances of his friend Monmouth; and a homely saying became current "that if he had wedded her whom he had bedded, or bedded her whom he had wedded, he had never come to this untimely end."

His girl widow in a very short time married Algernon, Duke of Somerset, and became the mother of a large family. Of her husband, "the proud duke," it was related that when his second wife (a member of the comparatively recently ennobled family of Finch) tapped him playfully on the back, he said to her, "My first Duchess was a Percy, and she never dared to take such a liberty."

In the days of Anne the *triste héritière* of the Court of Charles II. had become the powerful Whig Duchess of Somerset, and enjoyed a large share of the Queen's favour.

Her character was irreproachable; but it was possible to attack her on two points—the death of Thomas Thynne and the colour of her hair, for which she was about equally responsible. Swift, the disappointed Churchman and bitter Tory, revenged himself for the

loss of his bishopric upon her, to whom he attributed it by writing in his "Windsor Prophecy":—

> England, dear England, if I understand,
> Beware of *carrots from Northumberland.*
> *Carrots* sown *thin* a deeper root may get,
> If so be they are in *summer set*;
> Their *cunning's mark* thou, for I have been told,
> They assassine when young and poison when old.
> Root out those carrots, O thou, whose name,[1]
> Spelled backward and forward is always the same.
> And keep close to thee always that name,[2]
> Which backwards and forwards is almost the same.
> And England, would'st thou be happy still,
> Bury those carrots under a *Hill.*

G. LE GRYS NORGATE.

[1] Anna (the Queen).

[2] Masham (Lady), the Duchess's Tory rival, whose maiden name was Abigail Hill.

# *TABLE TALK.*

## "THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY" ON SHAKESPEARE.

I HAVE not as yet drawn my readers' attention to the monumental work now nearing completion, the "Dictionary of National Biography." The reason is that, workmanlike as is the execution, spirited as is the undertaking, and great as is the boon to scholarship, it is, as a whole, that the work is noticeable, and special claim for consideration has until now been put in by no individual article. It is otherwise with the latest volume, which the life of Shakespeare, by Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor, raises into pre-eminence. Not only is the biography, as is natural, the most important in the work, and, as might have been anticipated, the best that has yet seen the light—it is the best monograph on Shakespeare that our literature can boast. Whether it is considered as an account of the poet's origin and family, an explanation of the particulars of his life, a description of the genesis of his separate labours, or a bibliographical catalogue of his work, it is equally entitled to admiration. It holds the balance evenly to what is historical and orthodox, and, if I may use the words, with regard to mythical or apocryphal, and comes accordingly with an amount of authority that few or none will be found to dispute. This is high praise—higher is not often to be bestowed, and it is a privilege, as well as a pleasure, to be able thus to speak.

## SHAKESPEARE'S BIOGRAPHERS.

CONSIDERING the amount that has been written concerning Shakespeare—an amount putting to shame all previous records, for the commentators upon Homer, the Greek tragedians, and Dante are insignificant in number beside those on the English dramatist—Shakespeare cannot be regarded as fortunate so far as concerns his biographers. Huge gleanings of conjecture and emendation of text have been made, with a few grains of wheat to bushels of chaff. Substantial and important gain to the student has at [illegible] the concordances of Mr. Bartlett, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Mrs. H[illegible]e Howard

Furness, and the admirable and indispensable Shakespeare Lexicon of Dr. Alexander Schmidt. I might go far beyond this in praise, since it is scarcely possible that, in a library such as exists concerning Shakespeare, there should not be some, even many, works that are good. The editing, moreover, of men such as Dyce, W. Aldis Wright, Furness, and a score of others deserves all praise. When we come to the question of biographies there is much shortcoming. Nothing could exceed the industry of Halliwell Phillipps, and his "Outlines" is, on the whole, the most important collection of materials we possess. Through some crotchet, however, he refused to give his authorities, inspiring thus a little sense of the mistrust which in overflowing measure attaches to Payne Collier. Malone, the first serious labourer in the field, has left his works without an index: a fault even more to be deplored in the case of the "Life and Works of Shakespeare," of Mr. Fleay. There is accordingly no work to which the searcher after facts can be unhesitatingly referred, especially since not a few who have passed for authorities refuse absolutely credence to any story that reflects the slightest discredit upon the morals of Shakespeare—the morals, that is, of the Tudor times, as seen through the spectacles of the Victorian.

### MR. SIDNEY LEE'S LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE.

FROM the mass of materials at his disposal Mr. Lee has extracted the most condensed and trustworthy life I have seen. As much is due to the robust common sense of the writer as to his industry and power of organisation. One finds thus the poaching adventure, which rests on the statement of Rowe, accepted as a "credible tradition," while the amended legend solemnly confided to Sir Walter Scott in 1828 by the owner of Charlecote "seems pure invention.' Again, Mr. Lee maintains that no authenticity can be allowed the worthless lines beginning, "A parliament member, a justice of peace." Such an incident as the tradition of the deer-stealing reveals "has left a distinct impress on Shakespearean drama." Justice Shallow is, beyond doubt, a reminiscence of the owner of Charlecote. Concerning Theophilus Cibber's assertion that Shakespeare's original connection with the play-house was as holder of the horses of visitors outside the doors, Mr. Lee says that "there is no inherent improbability in the tale." The amplified version, naturally growing out of this, that Shakespeare organised a service of boys for the purpose of holding visitors' horses, "sounds apocryphal." That Shakespeare visited Scotland with his company, as has been advanced,

Mr. Lee sees reason to doubt. That he visited the continent, a theory often propounded, seems even "less probable." Shakespeare's exploits as a drinker are simply regarded as unproven. His "homely ideals" in valuing his literary gifts as a means of providing for himself and his children, he is said to have shared, among men of highest genius, with Chaucer and Sir Walter Scott. Innumerable further proofs of the sanity of Mr. Lee's judgment could be furnished.

### SHAKESPEARE'S PARTNERS IN AUTHORSHIP.

BUT one other point will I raise; and I am the more ready to do this since it supports the views I have long held: this is Mr. Lee's views as to Shakespeare's share in the works published under his name. In the case of the three parts of "King Henry VI." it is emphatically stated as proved beyond doubt that Shakespeare, in these works, "did no more than add to, revise, and correct other men's work." His share in the first part is held to be the selection of the roses in the Temple Gardens, the dying speech of Mortimer, and possibly Suffolk's wooing of Margaret. Not greater is the proportion that is Shakespeare's in the second and third parts, though the humours of Jack Cade can be ascribed to no one else. To Shakespeare are allotted the three principal characters in "Henry VIII." Only four or five scenes bear traces of his best workmanship, and the remainder are held to belong to Fletcher, who might perhaps have had some assistance from Massinger. In "Timon of Athens" Shakespeare, it seems probable, collaborated with George Wilkins, the author of "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage." To this same writer Mr. Lee would assign much of "Pericles," to which, he holds, Shakespeare only contributed Acts III. and V., and portions of Act IV. The "Two Noble Kinsmen" is due, as the title-page of the first edition says, to Shakespeare and Fletcher. In this assumption all the best authorities concur. I have no space to go further into this deeply interesting subject, and I have no need to recommend students to investigate this admirable life. It can never be neglected by any one making a pretence to serious scholarship.

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## *A WESTMORLAND STORY.*

BY ALBERT FLEMING.

### CHAPTER I.

THERE had been no rain for five long weeks, and that in Westmorland is a serious matter. Already a hot May was merging into a hotter June, all the ferns and mosses had withered into dry brown patches, and the waterfall in the village, which the guide-books, with a poor sense of proportion, called "majestic," was now nothing but a silvery sliding thread, across which the children gaily jumped on their way to school. The guide-books were justified in late autumn, for then the river swept sheer over its rocks—thirty wide feet of foaming, tumbling water.

One evening early in June when the farmers, in their serious Westmorland way, had resigned themselves to a very light hay harvest, the clouds gathered low on Langdale Pikes. First of all came a cap of film on Pike o' Stickle; then it crept, waist downwards, and at seven o'clock it broke in a burst of warm rain. There is no music so sweet as that of the soft patter of rain on dry leaves and parched grass. For two hours the rain lashed the hot gaping earth, filling the cracks with little runlets, and beating the long grass into bent quivering swathes. Then the clouds packed away in the west, and the steaming earth offered up her delicious thanksgiving of sweet fresh odours, every leaf and blade broadening in the cool air. Down below in the valley a little soft mist crept abroad, veiling all the low-lying fields.

As the long June daylight faded, a girl came down from Red Ghyll Farm, and stood at the little gateway overlooking the common.

She was about twenty-three, tall, straight, and full of the easy grace that comes of an open-air life in a hilly country; her dress was of some simple white stuff, falling in ample draperies, and broken at the waist by a cluster of wild poppies, but one would never have noticed either dress or poppies with her face above them. It was not that she was absolutely beautiful, but it was rather the intense living force of the face, and the strong reliant peace that a pure heart and strong will can give. Before her spread a sea of rain-drenched bracken, and behind her rose the tall purpling spikes of the young foxgloves.

She leant against the rough stone wall, quiet and silent. It is easy for the Westmorland woman to be quiet and silent, for she is trained to be slow to do and tenacious to hold. The strong peace of the hills enters into her heart and moulds her. There was care on the smooth white brow, and trouble in the grave eyes, but both the brow and eyes grew smoother and brighter when she saw a young man climbing the rocks and crossing the common. She went forward to greet him, crushing beneath her eager feet the drifted snow of the dainty bed-straw, and then gladly she gave herself to his kiss, the kiss that comes before any word of greeting, for all true kisses have precedence of speech. Then she laid her head on his shoulder like a tired child, and said:

"Dennis, I am in sore trouble." His arm tightened round her as he answered:

"Tell me, dear; what is it?"

"Nell is ill; I have put her to bed. I think it is only a bad feverish cold. These things come and go. If not better to-morrow, you must see her and prescribe."

"Let me see her to-night; a bad cold may mean much."

"No, she is asleep, and sleep is a better doctor even than you; and, Dennis, I must go to her. I can only give you ten minutes, and I had so much to say; enough for ten hours. Come again to-morrow."

"And be sent away again?"

"It isn't *I* that send you away; it is this trouble. Make haste, Dennis, we have only nine minutes left now. Tell me——" she paused just the hundredth part of a second.

"What am I to tell you?" he asked, with a man's usual slowness of perception. She drew a little closer to him, and raised her face to his, a smile breaking through the wet trouble in her eyes.

"Tell me again you love me. When I am in tr[illegible]e I want to be more than ever sure of it. Tell it me a h[illegible]ed [illegible] over."

And Dennis told her in the same unsp[illegible]e that pure

young souls have always used since God put His primal two, side by side, in Eden.

Dennis had been born and bred in Crossthwaite village, and had worked his way up till he was now a young doctor practising in the little town of Ambleside three miles away. His father and all his forbears had been the true Westmorland statesmen, stalwart in build, steadfast and serious in character. So he went back to his dull rooms in Ambleside, and Mary to her sick sister.

Nell's room was deep in shadow, and she still lay sleeping on her little white bed. Mary quietly sat beside her in an arm-chair and waited for her wakening. Quickly her thoughts ran back over the last five years of their joint lives, stopping at the point where their father, John Craven, died in Red Ghyll Farm in the very room where Nell lay sleeping. She seemed to hear again in the quiet hush of the darkening room his voice, saying :

"Guard her, Mary, as the apple of your eye ; you are strong and wise ; be watchful over her, she is weak and tender. I leave my darling to you ; promise me—swear to me—to be all I have been to her and more." And she remembered how she had bent over and kissed the dying lips, and said :

"I swear to be all to her that you would have been ; to watch over her, to work for her, if needs be to die for her." And in her heart she felt that vow had been faithfully kept. She had worked the farm, been wise and prudent, held the old Craven name high amongst the villagers, and made Nell's life pleasant to her. She had sacrificed her own ease and comfort for her darling's sake, tried to lift her step by step to her own level, and Nell, in her pretty airy way, had clung to her and honoured and loved her.

There were six years between them, and those years gave Mary a feeling of motherhood and responsibility. As she sat there self-questioning, she wondered if the new joy and meaning that Dennis had given to her life had made her even for a moment disloyal to her trust. She taxed herself to see if in the wonderful mysterious sweetness of that new life she had for one moment been false to her vow, and her conscience rose up and justified her. The strength that comes from duty fulfilled was hers, and the quiet half-hour spent by Nell's bedside was a happy little pause in her life's work.

By-and-by the door opened quietly, and Margaret, her old nurse, looked in inquiringly. Mary waved her back gently, and touched her lips as a sign that Nell still slept. When it was quite dark she rose and joined Margaret in the kitchen, and prepared some broth and lit a shaded lamp, and went back at ten o'clock to the quiet

room. Nell was awake, her pretty eyes still clouded with the dews of long slumber, and as Mary felt her pulse she thought it quieter.

"You are better, darling; your hands feel cooler. Dennis need not see you after all."

"Dennis see me!" Nell answered quickly. "Oh, no, I don't want any doctor. I am all right. I shall be up to-morrow." There was a quick irritability in her tone which Mary noticed and put down to her illness.

"We will see how you are to-morrow, dear; take your soup and sleep all night." Mary tidied up the room, settled her patient comfortably, and knelt beside her and read the evening prayers, and then she went with an easy heart to her own room.

## Chapter II.

Mary was always up betimes, but the next day she was up even earlier than usual. The pink light of dawn was still lingering on the Pikes as she opened her window and drew in with delight the sweet smell of the freshened fields. Then she came down and put all the farm work in train, and at eight o'clock was beside Nell. Her patient's chief symptom seemed to be a feverish desire to get up and be about again.

"I am quite well this morning; I don't want any more nursing, and I don't want the doctor." Mary took a letter from her pocket.

"Here, dear, is your medicine. Jack will be your best doctor. Read it, and by-and-by you shall get up." Nell's hand trembled a little as she took the letter and put it under the pillow. Mary took this as a sign that she wanted to be alone, and she went into the house-place to prepare her breakfast. Suddenly she heard a low cry; and, running in, she saw the little face turn very white. In a moment her arms were round her.

"Not bad news, darling; be brave, it will all come right."

Nell laughed a bitter little laugh.

"I don't know what you call bad news; it is only to say that he has gone abroad and left me. No, don't read it; put it back under the pillow, and don't leave me; I'm afraid to be alone." Mary flushed into sudden anger.

"Left you? Oh, how shameful, how cruel! Had you quarrelled? but lie down; I won't ask you any questi[illegible]; we'll talk about it after breakfast."

Jack and Nell had been enga[illegible] for six months. [illegible]e was in a

bank at Kendal, and Mary had never quite liked him; he was handsome, gay, and reckless, but after long struggling she had given way. After breakfast Mary found Nell white and frightened-looking, huddled up in the bedclothes, but without a sign of tears. She took her in her strong motherly arms, and said:

"You shall tell me all about it another day, and we will see what can be done."

"Nothing can be done, Mary; you wouldn't understand it, only take me away from here."

"Yes, dear, we will go away after the hay is in, and stay at the seaside."

"Don't let us wait for the hay, take me away soon; oh, Mary, take me away now." The tears began to gather, and soon Nell broke into a tempest of weeping. Mary held her to her breast and let her cry, stroking her hair tenderly; by-and-by Nell spoke.

"Mary, can I trust you, dare I speak? Don't judge me hardly, I've something to tell you."

"Tell it to me, darling; let me share your trouble."

"Mary, I want to whisper it; don't look at me as I tell you."

Mary bent her head, full of the tenderest compassion, and Nell whispered in her ear just for a moment. When Mary looked up again the pity was still in her face, but with it were horror and anger. She sprang upright and stood beside the bed, her hands clasped upon her breast. At first her pale lips refused to speak; at last she said:

"Knowing this, he left you?" Nell went on crying in a feeble, fluttering way, her face buried in the pillow.

"Don't turn me out, Mary, don't leave me, and promise you'll never let anyone know; perhaps he'll come back: he did love me once, I am sure he did."

"Yes, I will take you away," said Mary; then to the utter horror of Nell, the strong sister, who rarely shed tears, burst into a storm of weeping. Mary's seldom-shed tears had all the meaning of a man's; a thousand bitter self-rebukes passed through her mind as she took the weak, pretty little creature in her arms. This was the way she had kept her vow to her dead father; here was the end of her watching over her and guarding her. In that bitter moment she blamed Nell less than she blamed herself. The violence of her grief was terrible to Nell. She was in a stupor of amazement that Mary had said no single word of reproach to her; she had feared her anger, dreaded her pure recoil, and now as far as she could understand, Mary was more angry with herself than with her. In her shallowness and selfishness N[illegible] thought it had all passed off a

hundred times better than she had hoped. When night came Nell tucked herself up cosily in bed and slept contentedly, but Mary watched through the long hours self-tortured and self-abased.

## CHAPTER III.

MARY took Nell to Greysands, and left Margaret in charge of the farm. She wrote a hasty note of explanation to Dennis, and did not wait to bid him farewell. Greysands is a little west-coast seaside place in the process of making. It is a small bay shut into a big one, and the only possible attractions are its sunsets. Rows of villas struggle along the sea-front with gaps between, where half-finished houses speak of the builders' bankruptcy. The sea goes out so far that it becomes a thin white line on the horizon, and once a day it comes slowly back again, crawling and slipping quietly over the miles of wet sands. You never see a white-crested breaker, and there are only two boats in all the village, and they can very seldom be used.

No one here knew anything about the Cravens. The very day they arrived Mary went out and found a shabby little jeweller's shop. Her face was white, but her voice firm when she asked for a wedding ring. To her clear, high nature, it was the first step in the system of lies and deceit, and it cut her to the very quick, but it had to be done, and she did it. As she walked back she remembered she had to give Nell a new name. She found Nell lying on the sofa reading a yellow-backed novel. It was Nell's temperament to take things lightly, it was Mary's to view matters seriously; there was a tremor in her voice as she said:

"Nell, dear, it is very terrible, but we have to act a part and lead an outwardly false life; please put this on your marriage finger." Nell blushed when she saw the ring.

"Oh, I forgot, thank you, dear," Mary went on. "And then you must, of course, take a new name; you must be Mrs. Norman and I remain Mary Craven, and we must say your husband is abroad." She said it in dull, level tones like a child saying its lesson. Nell looked at her hand bearing the badge to which she had no right.

"Oh, how difficult it will be to remember; I shall always be making mistakes. What name did you say, Mary? [illegible], Norman; I will learn it all by heart."

Walking that evening on the [illegible]nds a whole [illegible] dishonour

opened before Mary. She must go on deceiving Dennis; she had already told him a lie by saying she was taking Nell by easy stages to London to consult a famous doctor, and that he was not to write to her. She had told more lies to Margaret, and more and still more to everybody she met; every time she had to invent some fresh subterfuge she felt herself sinking a step lower. She had no feeling against Nell, only a dull ache of pain and a passionate motherly pity; against herself her anger burnt fiercely. She lashed herself for her want of care and watchfulness; had she been a wise shepherdess, and watched more closely over her one ewe lamb, she might have kept the wolf from the fold.

So the weary days grew into weeks, and long weeks lengthened into months, and they brought with them a separate burden to each sister. Mary lived a life of utter self-sacrifice, and over Nell came a terrible shrinking of flesh and spirit. Day by day the whims and fancies of Nell became a law to Mary. Nell's one fear was, "Perhaps I may die," and the one unfailing response of Mary was, "The blame is mine as the forgetfulness was mine; put the shame and burden on me."

At last, in the short November days, the child came; through desperate pain and suffering, through hours of agony, Nell entered into the mother's kingdom. For Mary all the shame and tears of the past months seemed to end in the sorrowful moment when she faced the doctor and said:

"Is all going well with my sister?"

"No," he answered frankly. "Things have gone very badly, she is in a critical state, her life hangs by a thread, I dare not let you go to her yet." Mary's face slowly whitened, but her voice was steady as she answered:

"Tell me plainly—will she die?"

"Ask me that question in an hour and I will answer it; I have but little hope; be brave, wait here patiently, and in an hour I will let you know how she gets on."

Mary waited alone in the hideous lodging-house parlour. Years afterwards she could recall the furniture, the slippery black horsehair sofa, the varnished sideboard, the print of Frith's Derby Day on the wall, a waterlily floating on looking-glass on the little side table. Outside the sea had crawled back over the waste of sand and lay shimmering under the morning sun. Slowly all the past came back to her; during all that long hour she never moved on her chair, but her brain was working with intense and pitiless rapidity, reviewing the past, and scourging herself with a thousand self-rebukes.

She heard sounds of stealthy footsteps overhead; she could distinguish the doctor's firm tread and the nurse's lighter one. At the end of the longest hour in her life the doctor opened the door; his face gave her his message, he merely said:

"Come at once, she is dying." She rose quietly, pausing even for an instant to straighten mechanically the antimacassar at the back of her chair.

When she saw Nell she wanted no doctor to tell her she was nearing the dark river; the pinched, bloodless face on the pillow was plainly that of a dying woman. They left the sisters alone. Mary knelt beside the bed and kissed the parched lips, and spoke a few sweet and comforting words.

"Yes, Mary, I know I am dying; it is hard to die when one is so young; I think God has been very hard to me." Her fingers played idly with the sheet. "Before I go, Mary, I want you to promise me something, I shan't ever ask you anything more, dear, swear you will grant it me before I ask you."

"Yes, Nell, I will promise, be quite sure I will do anything you ask of me."

"Even if it brings shame and disgrace to you?" Mary hesitated one little moment, and then said firmly:

"We have had shame and disgrace enough, but if there is anything more to bear I will face it."

"I want you to be a mother to the little one, a real mother."

"Why, Nell, of course I will."

"But you don't understand, Mary; I mean to own it as your very own, to shield my name in my grave."

Mary sprang to her feet, pushed her hair back from her face, and trembled; she found no words to say. Tears gathered in Nell's eyes and ran down her cheeks. She rallied her little remaining strength and raised herself in her bed.

"Mary, I shall die to-day—I am dying now. Put no name on my grave; if ever I am mentioned save me from the world's laughter and scorn." Then she made her last appeal: "Save me, Mary, when I am dead; you know if you had watched over me better you might have saved me when living."

Her final words echoed the accusation of her own conscience. With an exceeding bitter cry, Mary spoke:

"I promise I will own the child as mine; the shame and bitterness shall be mine; no one shall ever know the truth; I will shield your memory; I will make your burden m[illegible] it to the end." A shadowy smile broke over Nell's [illegible]e, [illegible]h a look

of great content she drew Mary's lips to hers and kissed her. She said little more, and as the sun sank that evening across the great stretch of wet, gleaming sand, she passed softly into the unknown.

Her grave is in a quiet corner of the little churchyard. On the stone are the simple words, "In loving memory of Nell," and the date of her death.

Then Mary sat down to shape her new life. It meant a breaking of the old ties, and practically the breaking of her heart also. It meant selling the old farm, giving up the old home, and worst and hardest of all, giving up Dennis. It meant a whole life of deceit—the burden of a perpetual secret. Very quietly and steadfastly for a whole week she thought out and arranged the future. She hired a nurse for the child, and settled to go to London, and, under the shelter of its obscurity, to hide herself and the child. If the farm sold well, there would be ample means to live upon for a year or two, till suitable work turned up.

Then she wrote to Dennis, giving no address, and saying Nell had died of typhoid fever, that she was going to sell Red Ghyll Farm, break up the old home and go to live in London; and then she wrote the hardest lie of all, saying she found after all that she did not love him, what she had thought was love was merely friendship. Again and again the tears blotted the treacherous words, and the letter had to be rewritten many times. She knew perfectly well that sooner or later she must meet him face to face and justify herself. In many a walk along the bay she braced herself for that struggle, the hardest and bitterest of all, and tried to arrange a story that would hold together; she took her stand upon one grave, and already she seemed digging another, in which to bury all the joy and sweetness of her own life.

She arranged to go back to Red Ghyll Farm and see to the sale, and say good-bye to the old home and to Dennis. She left the child with its nurse at Greysands, and the next day found herself back at the farm. She had written a brief note to Margaret, and all was ready for her return. Very wearily the black-robed figure walked up the little path. She noticed the garden all tangled with months of overgrowth, and her heart seemed to turn to stone.

Margaret met her with a burst of motherly love.

"Aye, but my lass thou hast coome back alone wi' thy sorrow, and there's grey hair amang th' broon, aye my bairn greet thy heart full." Margaret flung her rugged arms round her, and held her to her breast, and for the first time for days the blessed tears came to

Mary's help. She wept stormfully, as if there was a breaking-up of strong restraints within her.

Margaret led her inside, wise in her merciful silence, holding her hand and letting her cry. The dear old house-place looked new to Mary, for the old nurse had re-arranged the furniture, hidden away Nell's little fancy work-table and other nick-nacks, only just leaving a memorial of her here and there. Mary held the faithful hand.

"The old home, and I the only one left of the old stock, and you Margaret the only link with the past; all seems passing away, and only death and suffering are the real things."

"Nay, luv remains, and as lang as luv lasts all will be well, for luv's stronger than death or grief; thou mun be patient and hold teight, and all will coome round."

As Mary went from room to room each familiar thing gave her a fresh start of pain, and a deepened feeling of utter loneliness; but when she came down to the homely tea she was quiet and strong again. She told Margaret briefly the story of the last days; she gave the usual particulars of a death by typhoid fever; she forced herself with a sick horror to tell the lies, to answer the loving questions; it was as it were a rehearsal of a series of lies which no amount of practice would ever make easy to her, and which she must go on telling all her life.

The next day Dennis was to come. She waited for him in the little room leading out of the house-place. As she sat in her father's old chair she looked pitifully bent and broken; there was nothing to brighten the deadness of her black dress save the neat linen collar and cuffs. When she heard his step on the garden pathway outside her pale face flushed, and she clasped her hands so tightly that her fingers bore the red marks: "God give me strength; I will go through with it," she murmured.

He entered the room and stood before her, white, eager, and angry. He half advanced to take her in his arms, but shrank back at the icy stillness of her attitude.

"Mary, what is the meaning of it all; what have I done to be treated like this; are you doing it to try me?" There was a very angry light in his handsome dark eyes.

"No," she answered, "you have done nothing; it is all my fault. Don't make a scene, Dennis; I am in trouble, and very weak and weary. I have told you my reasons in my letter; it is no good going over the old ground. Other women have [illegible]ged their minds, and I have changed mine; you must let me

"I won't let you go," he answered hotly; "I love you utterly, just as I always did. Nell's death is no reason for my losing you."

"You must; I have settled once and for all never to marry."

"Look me straight in the face, and say you don't love me."

She shrank back, her hands grasping the arms of the chair, there was a hunted look in her eyes, her lips moved but no sound came. He pressed his advantage, he laughed gladly.

"You can't say it, Mary, you know it is not true, you do love me still; I can see it in your eyes, I can hear it in your voice; as I passed the window I saw you flush when you heard my footstep." His face was all aglow with passionate joy, and before she could stay him his strong arms were round her, and he kissed her lips, her eyes, her hair. Every nerve in her body thrilled with joy and gladness at the touch of his dear lips; for a moment she lay in his arms in sweet surrender, a thousand temptations came to her to lie there always, he seemed too goodly a man to give up; but gathering together her fast-waning strength she slipped from his arms, glad tears upon the cheeks he had kissed.

"You have kissed me for the last time, dear," she murmured; "that shall be our farewell; if it is any comfort to you I will own I love you still; the gladness that our love has brought me will give me strength in my loneliness; I shall love you always, but I shall never marry you." He laughed in the strength of his young manhood.

"Mary, are you mad? What can come between us now? Nothing shall separate us." She lifts the weary brown eyes to his, sweet in their drowned depths of blinding tears; suddenly she clasped her hands and cried to him piteously:

"If you have any love or mercy in you, spare me, let me go, and go yourself. I am leaving home, and you will never see me more; there is a reason why I may never marry you, I swear to you I never can."

"Answer me," he said harshly; "has any other man come between us?"

"In God's name, no; nor ever will."

"Tell me the reason," he answered hoarsely.

"I cannot." He grasps her wrist masterfully, looks searchingly in her face.

"I *will* know it."

"I will never tell you." Then in a sudden passion of tears she falls prone at his feet, and leans her face against his knees.

"Oh, my love, forgive me; I know I have done you a cruel wrong,

I have darkened your life for a time, but I too have suffered. In the dreary future that lies before me leave me the remembrance of your love and the memory of our last kiss." Then before he knows she kisses him on the lips, and passes to her own room.

Very silent, stern, and white he stands; then, taking a piece of paper, he writes, "I will find out that reason, I will give my life to remove it, nothing in all the world shall take you from me. I shall wait; wherever you go I shall follow, till you once more call me to your side."

He gave the note to Margaret, and hurried away across the common, where in the long summer evenings they had walked hand in hand, and told each other the old story which, thank God, is always so new and so sweet.

## Chapter IV.

Mary sold the farm, pensioned off old Margaret, said good-bye to her neighbours, and journeyed to London. She did it all mechanically, without giving herself time to think. She had no idea what her future life or work would be; her one idea was to get away and bury herself, the rest would shape itself as time went on. She took furnished rooms in Gray's Inn Road, and when she had settled in, she wrote to Greysands and told the nurse to bring up the child. She herself met them at Euston, paid the woman, and sent her back. She wore a wedding ring, she called herself Mrs. Norman, and she hired a new nurse, an absolute stranger. She drilled herself to call the boy "my child," and to call herself "his mother." London was new to her—the rush, turmoil, and the heavy skies gave her sleepless nights and weary days, but it was merely a dull, aching pain compared to the sharp stabbing agony of the old home.

She had a capital safely banked of £2,000, and she could afford to wait to try to fit into the new life, and to let the old wounds heal a little before she sought for work. The one ray of light that came to lighten those dark days was her growing love for the boy. The nurse she had got was a friendly young woman who knew London ways, and was discreet, silent, and wise. The story of a young widow left with a baby, and coming up to fight her way in London, was too old and ordinary a tale to cause her any surprise.

After a month or two Mary turned her thoughts to nursing, and entered as a probationer at one of the hospit[illegible] T[illegible]rd work took her out of herself. The wrench with the [illegible]ad been

complete; she never wrote home, she tried not to think of Dennis, she plunged heart and soul into her work, and gradually, in healing others, she herself was healed. But strive, work, and struggle as she would, in her dark moments she realised perfectly that the old love was as strong and as lasting as ever.

One evening, after a long day in the hospital, a knock came at the door and the landlady announced a gentleman, and in a moment Dennis stood before her. One glance at his face told her what he had gone through in those past months; she saw the lines of care and pain, and her heart smote her; but instinctively she had the presence of mind to draw her handkerchief from her pocket, and under its cover to remove her wedding ring.

"I have found you," he said, "in hiding, calling yourself Mrs. Norman. May I sit down?"

Mary was in her nurse's costume; the pure oval face and the sad eyes looked additionally beautiful in the plain blue with the neat white cuffs and collar.

"When we parted," she answered, "I told you not to follow me—to leave me to fight my battle alone."

"And I told you then I would follow you all the world over, and I will, till I know the reason why you flung me off." Then it was that Mary took a sudden resolution.

"I told you then I would never tell you the reason, nor will I, but to end it all once and for ever, I will show it to you."

She glided past him into the bedroom which led out of the little sitting-room. She paused for a moment, and gathered herself for the supreme lie of her life. She was as it were holding the knife to her throat. Then she took the child in her arms, went back to Dennis, and stood before him.

"This is the reason why I shall never marry you." She heard him whisper, "Oh, my God, is she mad or am I?" Then he sprang to his feet and faced her, dangerous and pale.

"Whose child is this?" The moment had come, and looking him straight in the face she drew the knife across her throat.

"The child is mine." He wrenched up her left hand, and seeing the blank third finger he flung it back fiercely.

"It is false, you are incapable of it, you are as pure as God Himself. You lied to me before when you said you had ceased to love me, you have lied to me a second time to-night. I will come again, and the third time you shall speak the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Deep down in her heart was a triumphant joy that he knew it

was not true, but she drained the cup to its bitter dregs; she looked across the ruins of her wrecked life, she hardened her face to a stone as she answered:

"My child and my shame stand between us for ever; you will come back no more."

"I will come back again, not to ask you for proofs but to give them, and remember I shall come back to claim you as my wife." Before she could guess his object he had caught her left hand, and on the dishonoured third finger, where no ring shone, he stooped and impressed his kiss.

## Chapter V.

In Dennis's long search for Mary he had traced her from Red Ghyll Farm to Greysands, and as Greysands was on the direct road from her old home to London, he imagined she had merely broken the journey there, and he had been content to follow on to London, and there begin his weary hunt for the woman he loved. Some instinct took him back to Greysands, and he stayed a night or two at the little inn. It was the quiet time, and there was no other guest at the inn, and the landlady was glad to have anyone to talk to. His thoughts went back to the long ago June day when Mary suddenly took Nell away from the farm.

As the landlady laid his dinner he said:

"Did you have two young lady visitors here in June last year?"

"Many a young lady I've had, sir, and many an old one. What were your two friends like?"

"One tall with dark hair and eyes, a beautiful, wise, silent lady, and the other a girl of eighteen, pretty and very delicate. Their names were Craven."

"I don't recall them, sir, but about June last year there was a young married lady and her sister staying at my sister's lodgings; they were there for five months and one of them died there, but I forget their names." He put the address of the lodgings in his note-book.

As he ate his dinner he thought and pondered, and after dinner he went for an evening stroll and wandered into the churchyard. The rooks were drifting homewards, their stay-at-home brothers cawing them a welcome back. Behind t[illegible] church t[illegible]r the sun sank in a cloudless sky, turning the shallow [illegible] a[illegible] t[illegible] wet sands into blood and fire. He wandered aiml[illegible] al[illegible]oss-grown

paths till his eye was caught by a grave-stone newer and whiter than the others. He drew near to it, and read the inscription, "In loving memory of Nell, who died 15th November, 1893." He had only the name and the date, but he felt he was on the right track. In a moment he decided on the next step. He hurried on to Sea View Villa, and he asked to see the landlady. She answered his eager questions frankly and freely.

"Do you remember two ladies staying here in June?"

"Why, that I do, sir. I have good cause to; they were here for months—a young married lady, a Mrs. Norman, and her sister, Miss Craven."

"Miss Craven died, I think, whilst with you?"

"No, sir, excuse me, it was the younger lady, Mrs. Norman, who died. She lies in the churchyard, only the name Nell on her grave-stone." His head began to swim. Mary bore the name of Mrs. Norman, and here, according to the landlady, Mrs. Norman was dead and in the churchyard. He steadied himself with an effort.

"Any way, she died of typhoid fever?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir; she died in childbirth, and if you don't believe me you can see the doctor and the nurse." In an instant he saw it all, he knew the truth, the glad tears came to his eyes as he clasped his hands and said, "Thank God!"

The landlady looked scandalised, and interposed:

"And a kinder, prettier little lady never was, and she under twenty. Miss Craven was terribly cut up. She left the baby here a few weeks, and then sent for it to London."

"Can you describe the two sisters to me?" That the landlady did with elaborate details as to eyes, hair, height, manner, and voice. There was no longer a shadow of doubt. A great rush of love and tenderness filled Dennis's heart; he saw clearly that to save Nell's reputation Mary had sacrificed her own.

It seemed scarcely necessary to go to the doctor, but he did early next morning. The doctor remembered the case, but he turned to his books, and made sure. Yes, he had certified the death as in childbirth.

In five days after leaving Mary he stood once again in the dingy London parlour. It had been a bad day for Mary; the life, the pressure of heavy work, the sordid London surroundings all began to tell upon her, above all the terrible sense of loneliness, the feeling of no one to turn to, of no strong arm and loving heart to lean upon. Now and then a woman's weakness asserted itself, and went out in desperate longing for love or even for friendship. As a rule she

never allowed herself to dwell upon the past or to think of the might have been—to-day she indulged in that perilous luxury. Very tired out in the evening, she lay on the sofa, and closing her eyes she pictured the possibilities of her life if fate had been kinder—long, happy years in the dear old homestead with Dennis beside her, his children on her knee, his love about her, the old familiar hills, the cry of the corncrake, the rush and ripple of the beck, it all came back to her; and then she contrasted it with the dead monotony of her present life, the long struggle in the hospital with pain and death; in all that dead grey life of hers her love for the motherless child was the only bright spot. Her eyes filled with bitter tears, and she lay there too weary to wipe them away as they gathered and fell.

A ring came at the street door—it did not trouble her. No one ever came to see her, but in a moment without tap or announcement her door burst open, and Dennis was kneeling beside her sofa; in an instant his arms were round her, his lips to hers as he pressed her again and again to his heart, and murmured, "My love, my wife." Without a word she knew that he knew, without protest or question she opened her heart to the wave of delicious joy, she let her head sink on his breast and lie there; her arms stole round his neck; she had sailed on stormy seas, and had now come to the haven where she would be.

That evening she told him all, of her rash vow to Nell, and all that followed, and the only bargain she made with Dennis was that the child should remain with them, and to this he agreed. It was striking eleven o'clock as their talk ended; then Mary said:

"Now, knowing all, how I have had to lie, and live a life of deceit, and say and act a shameful part, will you still take me as your wife and love me as you did in the dear old days?" Then Dennis answered:

"No, dear, not as in the old days, but a hundred times better; see, I kneel to honour the noble woman who took upon herself another's burden and bore another's shame, and I rise to take to my heart the one woman in all the world to me."

# THE EVOLUTION OF TELEGRAPHY DURING THE VICTORIAN ERA.[1]

THERE has been of late a notable revival of public interest in matters telegraphic. This was inspired by certain reminiscences brought up after the death of the celebrated "Cable King," Sir John Pender, G.C.M.G., and continued by the projection of a suitable memorial to him, as well as by the arrangements subsequently set on foot for commemorating (in 1901) the Jubilee of effective submarine telegraphy.[2] It has been kept alive by a matter of still greater public importance—namely, the proceedings of the Pacific Cable Conference. The Commissioners of the latter have recently come to the end of their labours, and it is reported that the greatest of cable enterprises which the world has ever witnessed is not likely to be much longer delayed.[3]

As we were reminded the other day by the President of the

[1] It was on June 10, in the year 1837, that Cooke and Wheatstone's first patent for "Electric Telegraph Alarms" was signed by his Majesty King William IV. and received the Great Seal. But the first practical experiment took place on July 4 of the same year—*i.e.*, after our Queen's accession to the throne. Thus this is, contemporaneously with her Majesty's reign, the Diamond Jubilee of electro-telegraphy.

[2] With this object in view an executive committee has been formed, composed of: The Marquis of Tweeddale (Chairman), the Right Hon. Viscount Peel, Lord Kelvin, G.C.V.O., F.R.S., Lord Sackville Cecil, Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B., Sir E. M. Shaw, K.C.B., Sir Albert J. Leppoc Cappel, K.C.I.E., Mr. J. C. Lamb, C.B., C.M.G. (H.M. Post Office), Mr. W. S. Andrews, Mr. W. H. Baines, Mr. F. A. Bevan, Mr. G. Von Chauvin, Mr. C. W. Earle, Dr. J. A. Fleming, F.R.S., Mr. R. Kaye Gray, Dr. John Hopkinson, F.R.S., Dr. Alexander Muirhead, Mr. John Newton, Mr. F. C. C. Nielsen, Mr. J. Denison Pender, Mr. J. W. Swan, F.R.S., Mr. J. H. Tritton, Mr. E. M. Underdown, Q.C., the Editor of the *Electrician* (Mr. W. G. Bond), the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers (Sir J. Wolfe Barry, K.C.B., F.R.S.), the President of the Institution of Electrical Engineers (Sir Henry Mance, C.I.E.), and the author of this article, while Mr. G. R. Neilson acts as Honorary Secretary.

[3] Since the above lines were written, it appears probable that the "All-British" line will be brought about in an entirely different way—albeit a perfectly satisfactory one, from a political and national point of view, at any rate.

Institution of Electrical Engineers (Sir Henry Mance, C.I.E.), oceanic telegraphy—the science, that is to say, of the construction, working, and maintenance of telegraphic communication between countries separated by the sea—is really the work of many hands. That, however, is but one—albeit a most important—branch of the whole science of the transmission of signals by electricity. Sir H. Mance's remark would have been still more applicable to telegraphy in general, the origins of which are very little understood or remembered by the world at large—nay, even by the present generation of telegraphists.

This appears, therefore, to be a timely moment for presenting the general reader with some account of the evolution and early history of the electric telegraph as now in use. Accordingly, the object of this article will be to pass in brief review the events that led up to signalling by means of electro-magnetic apparatus, together with the most noteworthy modern developments of the latter.

Until quite recent times no apparent connection had been established, or seemed likely to be established, between the art of signalling over long distances and the twin forces of electricity and magnetism. The two latter subjects, although some of their phenomena had been scientifically investigated by Gilbert, Boyle, and others during the seventeenth century, can hardly be said to have been raised to the rank of true sciences (in the modern sense of the word) until well on in the eighteenth; voltaic electricity and electro-magnetism, of which modern telegraphy is an application, are, of course, still later branches from the same twin stems. In some respects, pre-Wheatstonian telegraphy has a more important bearing upon our present subject than pre-Galvanic electricity. Visual and acoustic signalling had a place among the primitive arts of man. The histories of the remotest times contain evidence that attempts to transmit intelligence were incipient with civilisation: "to write afar" (τῆλε γράφειν) has been the desire of all ages. The word "telegraph" is, at the present time, so closely associated in our minds with the electro-magnetic systems as to be almost synonymous with them; it becomes necessary, therefore, to point out that this term was coined in the days of the early semaphore. Still, *acoustic* telegraphy, in the fullest sense, can scarcely be said to have existed previous to the introduction of the electric "sounder" and telephone—certainly not on any practical scale—for string, water, and tube telephones have never been succ[illegible]lly [illegible] over long ranges. It cannot even now be said t[illegible] [illegible]aphs have entirely ousted their more mechanical pr[illegible] [illegible]To-day Sir

Henry Mance's heliograph and the various flash-light systems are notable examples of visual telegraphy. The dynamo-electric machine and the electric arc lamp have transformed the meagre flash-light into a formidable weapon of war; the modern search-light is now an important part of the armament of our navy, besides an invaluable aid in military manœuvres. For short, stretches signalling by flag or by semaphore are the methods still employed in the navy and the army, as well as the mercantile marine services. But these are purely mechanical telegraphs, and will not be considered further here;[1] to this class also belong the various pneumatic systems for conveying written messages by forced currents of air through smooth tubes.

With these preliminary remarks let us now turn to the electrical antecedents of the modern telegraph *par excellence*. As mere *discoveries* the manifestations of force now designated electricity and magnetism had doubtless been observed and theorised upon by mankind thousands of years ago. The former was certainly known to and (very partially) experimented upon by the ancient Greeks; while the more obvious properties of the loadstone were not only familiar to, but were probably applied for various practical purposes by, the Chinese, Indians, Persians, and other nations and tribes of the pre-European epochs of civilisation. The loadstone, tourmaline, and amber formed for ages past indispensable parts of the stock-in-trade of pseudo-magicians and other itinerant quacks. Finally, it is worthy of remark that the greatest of the gods, in more than one ancient religion, was the God of Thunder.

But from the time of the alleged first discovery of electricity by the sage Thales, of Miletus (who was surprised to find that the piece of ἤλεκτρον, or amber, which he rubbed, possessed a "soul") down to the time of our first great English physicist, Dr. Gilbert—a period of over 2,200 years—the latent powers of this wonderful force were allowed to slumber, the very knowledge of its most important properties to remain a secret of Nature! Its sister-force, magnetism, was somewhat better appreciated, even before Gilbert's time. The empirical familiarity with it which the use of the mariner's compass had brought about caused many to experiment further with it; still none before him can be said to have reduced its study to a science. The small attention paid to electrical and magnetic phenomena by

[1] For additional information thereon, see a paper by Captain (now Vice-Admiral) P. H. Colomb, R.N., "Journal of the Society of Telegraph Engineers," Vols. I. and II., 1872-3.

philosophers of the ancient world is the more surprising when we consider what brilliant advances were made by them, notably by Euclid and Archimedes, in the sciences of mathematics and mechanics. Neither did Arabian science advance the world any farther in the domains under our consideration.

The earliest stages of progress of the science of static electricity, as well as that of terrestrial magnetism, do not concern our present subject very directly. Nor is this article the place for discussing the elementary principles of electricity and magnetism.

We will now pass on to more positive statements.

Great ingenuity was brought to bear during three parts of the last, and the early part of this, century in trying to apply to telegraphic purposes the only so-called "kind" of electricity then known—*i.e.*, the aforesaid frictional or static electricity which, owing to excessive intensity and tenuity, defied all efforts to control it with this object. Foremost among those who endeavoured to utilise this form of force was Otto von Guericke, who, in 1672, made the first frictional machine with a globe of sulphur on an axle, improved on by Hawksbee in 1709 with a revolving glass cylinder, the electricity being developed by rubbing. The means of storing and accumulating this force were discovered by Muschenbroek and others, who introduced the "Leyden jar" in 1746.

Currents were passed through short lengths of insulated wire in the open air by Stephen Grey, a Charterhouse pensioner, in 1727. Various attempts were made after that time to ascertain the distance to which the electric fluid could be transmitted by this means. The inquiry was followed up by Du Fay and Symner, but no fresh results seem to have been obtained. Subsequently Benjamin Franklin and others became identified with physical experiments of this character, but no one at this time appears to have conceived the idea of turning their investigations to practical account for signalling purposes or otherwise.

It was Dr. Watson (afterwards Sir William Watson), a Welsh bishop, who for the first time made use of the earth as a return circuit in 1747. This distinguished divine stretched an insulated wire along Westminster Bridge, and subsequently repeated the experiment on a greater scale by transmitting an electric charge through 2,800 feet of wire. In the following year he succeeded in operating through a length of 10,000 feet, suspended on wooden poles erected upon Shooter's Hill.

The honour of being the pioneer in attempti[illegible]ly electricity in any form to signalling should probably be [illegible] to Charles

Morrison, of Greenock, who in 1753 devised a complete telegraph with an aerial wire (run through insulators on poles) for each letter of the alphabet. The insulators were to be of glass, and the signals to be made by pith balls with the letters attached. Morrison communicated his idea to the *Scots' Magazine* under the initials "C. M." ; and this gave rise to some errors of identity, many imagining that the letters stood for Charles Marshall, of Renfrew, the town at which Morrison was then living, and from which therefore his communication was dated. This, the first complete telegraph, was subsequently improved upon by Lesage, of Geneva, in 1774, and by Lomond, who employed two wires only, in 1787. It is also said that Don Salva established an electric telegraph system between Madrid and Aranjuez (a distance of twenty-six miles) in 1798, but no authenticated particulars are to hand. It is curious to note that among those who at this period studied (but only to abandon) the application of electricity to signalling was Claude Chappe, who afterwards succeeded much better with his semaphore telegraph.

The last telegraph operated by frictional electricity was that of Sir Francis Ronalds, who, so late as 1816, employed clocks moving isochronously and exhibiting the letters of the alphabet, one by one, by means of a slot in the dial, the sign to denote each letter being given by the convergence of two pith balls on the electric charge being withdrawn. Ronalds' conducting wire was insulated by glass tubes coated with pitch. At another time Jacobi, at St. Petersburg, is said to have laid somewhat similarly insulated lines underground ; in this case the wire was first covered with indiarubber.

We must go back several years again for the discovery which ultimately gave a new and a much more practical and fruitful turn to inventive efforts in this field. The electric current produced by the chemical decomposition of water was first observed accidentally (during the famous experiments with a frog) by Professor Galvani, of Bologna, in 1790. It was Professor Volta, however, who investigated the subject more systematically, and invented in 1800 the "pile," or series of cells, constituting what has ever since been known as a voltaic battery. Galvani's animal electricity was after all but a false scent ; still it undoubtedly contributed to the more valuable discovery of Volta, and the two names must therefore be coupled together for our present purpose.

It was in Italy also that the next important stage was reached in the fabrication of these scientific materials upon which the modern telegraphic instrument was based.

Thus in May, 1802, Dr. Gian Domenico Romagnosi, of Trent, made a most important discovery—that the magnetic needle deviates from its normal direction when under the influence of an electric current passing along an adjacent wire—and he published an account of his experiments in a local newspaper on August 3, 1802, as a "communication to the physicists of Europe." These remarkable observations were referred to by Giovanni Aldini (nephew of Galvani), of Paris, in 1804, in the following words: "M. Romagnosi, physicien de Trente, a reconnu que le galvanisme faisait décliner l'aiguille aimantée." This great discovery of Romagnosi was again mentioned by Joseph Izarn, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the Lycée, Paris, in 1805.[1]

Dr. G. Romagnosi not only showed that any magnet, including a pivoted compass needle, tended to be influenced by the passage of an electric current in a neighbouring wire, but he also showed that the direction in which it would tend to move or turn would depend on the direction of the current in the wire. He, in fact, laid down the actual and complete law regulating the influence of currents upon magnets.

The extraordinary value of this discovery, which has formed the basis of modern telegraphy, was not, however, realised until Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, republished it as his own, seventeen years afterwards, in 1819; and he has ever since been incorrectly credited with it. As Oersted knew Aldini, and was in correspondence with him concerning his book in 1802-3 as well as in 1813, and as Romagnosi's experiments are referred to in the index of the book, it appears scarcely credible that Oersted was unaware of them in 1819. *Palmam qui meruit ferat.*

In the same year Sir Humphry Davy is accredited with the discovery that a "current of electricity" in the neighbourhood of a piece of iron will render the latter magnetic; and in 1820 Ampère framed the conditions under which the movements of the magnetic needle near an electrical conductor were governed.

Again, in 1820, Schweigger, of Nuremberg, ascertained that the motion of the needle was increased in its degree of deflection by forming a coil with a number of turns of the wire insulated from each other. Then Arago, in the same year, found that the transmission of the current also temporarily magnetised the wire through which it passed.

To turn aside once more from discoverers to in[illegible]s. In the

[1] *Essai théorique et expérimental sur le Galvanisme*, p. [illegible] y G. Aldini, Paris, 1804. *Manuel du Galvanisme*, p. 120, Professor I[illegible]ris, 1805.

year 1813 John Robert Sharp appears to have exhibited before the Lords of the Admiralty a system of subaqueous telegraphy. Through a line of about seven miles, laid in a pond in his garden, he had succeeded in transmitting electric signals.[1] Somewhere about 1823 a Scotchman named Ritchie invented a needle telegraph actuated by voltaic electricity. But the most important and permanent contribution to the progress of electrical art was that of Sturgeon, who, in 1825, invented the electro-magnet, by winding wire spirally round the ends of a soft iron rod (in such a way that each turn was separated from the next) bent into the form of a horseshoe, and coated with varnish, as an insulator, from the wire. This was greatly improved upon—and, indeed, perfected—by Professor Henry, of America, in 1829–30, by insulating the wire with silk and winding it in layers round the soft iron core.

In 1827 Ohm worked out the law showing the relationship between the strength of the electric current with reference to the electro motive force set up at the so-called generative agent, the voltaic cell, and the resistance to current flow offered by the conducting wire between its extreme poles. The accuracy of this important law (always known as Ohm's law) has since been daily proved—with reference to all its bearings—in every sort of electrical calculations and electrical tests.

The following year (1831) Professor Faraday formulated his discoveries of induction and magneto-electricity.

Schweigger's coil, Sturgeon's electro-magnet as improved by Henry, and Faraday's magneto-electric machine and induction coil, coupled with Sömmering's use of voltaic decomposition, have indeed formed the basis of all the various practical telegraphs that have followed.

Soon after the publication of the law regarding the deviation of a pivoted, or suspended, magnetic needle by Oersted, La Place, the illustrious French astronomer, pointed out to Ampère that it might form the basis of an electric telegraph; but it was not till twelve years later (1833) that Professor Gauss, of Heidelberg, assisted by Professor Weber, invented a practical working telegraph making use of this fact. In this instrument the deflections of a delicately-suspended magnet (due to the traversion of a current through the wire surrounding it) were magnified by means of a mirror at a certain distance off, thus increasing its degree of sensibility so far as the

[1] The Sea Lords "spoke approvingly of it, but added that as the war was over, and money scarce, they could not carry it into effect."—*Saturday Review*, August 21, 1858.

human eye is concerned. This device was the germ from which subsequently sprang Professor William Thomson's infinitely lighter and more sensitive mirror galvanometer and speaking instrument of 1858, as well as other more recent inventions based on the same principle.

About 1834 Baron von Schilling devised a telegraph on the coil and magnetic needle system ; and Professor Steinheil at Munich, in 1836, used magneto-electricity generated by moving electro-magnets before the poles of permanent magnets. He thus recorded the signals on a single wire, by combinations of dots made by the positive or negative current, on a band of paper drawn by clockwork beneath capillary ink-tubes attached to the ends of the magnetic needles, two of which were in the receiving coil and actuated respectively by one or the other current. He also introduced signalling by striking bells of different pitch, and rediscovered the earth's circuit, originally employed (as already mentioned) by Dr. Watson in his experiments on Shooter's Hill nearly a century before.[1] The earth has been turned to account for the "return circuit" ever since Steinheil's "rediscovery."[2]

The first person to put into operation a recording telegraph of a practical kind between places at a substantial distance apart from one another was Steinheil, who in 1836 had his telegraph at work with eight stations in circuit between Munich and Bogenhausen, with a circuit of about twelve miles.

In this very year Mr. Cooke, afterwards Sir William Fothergill Cooke (a retired officer in the Madras Army), invented a reciprocal telegraph, signalling by means of three needles with their corresponding surrounding coils. He, moreover, at the same time set forth many essential details for practical working, including the application of electro-magnets to stop or release clockwork both for signalling and alarums.

Cooke had been a student in Professor Gauss's class at the time when Gauss and Weber's telegraph was first shown, and was so much attracted by it that he could think of little else, but forthwith

[1] It is interesting to note that previously, in 1812, Schilling had laid the first continuously insulated conductor (across the River Neva), the insulation being effected by indiarubber. This line was utilised for exploding mines at a distance, by the current igniting a charge of gunpowder.

[2] In 1856, however, Mr. Samuel Statham and Dr. Wildman Whitehouse positively secured a patent (Specification No. 1,726 of that year) for the old plan of a metallic circuit. Presumably they had found that by [illegible]ying a wire each way, in becoming independent of the earth as a "return," [illegible]obviated the disturbing effects of earth and inductive currents.

determined to devote all his energies towards turning it to practical account, with the result above stated.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway having proved a great success, new lines were in course of construction in various parts of the United Kingdom, and Cooke saw how useful the telegraph would be in the working of the trains. Returning to England he started to make a needle telegraph of his own device (as above), to show the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway.

Professor (afterwards Sir Charles) Wheatstone had also been experimenting for some time with electro-magnets for telegraphs; and in 1837 Cooke and Wheatstone joined forces.[1] Together they took out, on June 12, the *first galvanic electric telegraph patent* in any country.[2]

The apparatus of Cooke and Wheatstone was first tried on the evening of July 25, 1837, between the Euston and Camden Town stations of the London and North-Western Railway, in the presence of Stephenson and Brunel, the famous engineers, who accompanied Mr. Cooke at Camden Town. "Never did I feel such a tumultuous sensation before," wrote Professor Wheatstone, who received the first message at Euston Square, "as when, all alone in the still room, I heard the needles click, and as I spelled the words I felt all the magnitude of the invention now proved to be practical beyond cavil or dispute." In this experiment many miles of extra wire were interspersed, being suspended in a great carriage shed.

The following year the telegraph was adopted for railway service work on the London and Blackwall Railway; a little later on the Great Western line from Paddington to West Drayton, and afterwards on to Slough. Here it was that messages were first sent for the public, and at the low rate of one shilling without regard to their length. The capture of Tawell, a murderer, by the agency of the telegraph, brought the new invention into great repute from the very first.

The telegraph now spread rapidly in the United Kingdom; but the five-needle instrument was superseded by others and relegated to the museums, where it remains like the fossil of some antediluvian

[1] It was in this year also that these two first adopted an experimental line, insulated with pitch, to contend with the—electrically speaking—unfavourable conditions of the Primrose Hill Tunnel.

[2] For further information regarding telegraphy by electrical means prior to this period, the reader should refer to *A History of Electric Telegraphy to the Year* 1837, by J. J. Fahie, M.I.E.E. (London: E. & F. N. Spon.) Here he will obtain *the fullest* particulars and an abundance of interesting matter.

monster.[1] The "single" and "double" needle instruments took its place, as they required fewer wires, and the message was signalled by the needles moving to the right or left according to an arbitrary code of signs which stood for letters of the alphabet, as at present in use with instruments based on this principle. By 1845 this form of telegraph had come into very general use.

In the United States, S. F. B. Morse, a professor of drawing, appears to have thought of employing the electro-magnet for telegraphic recording in 1832, and to have experimented with apparatus much as Wheatstone did, but nothing practical seems to have come of it. He entered a "caveat" on October 6, 1837, and lodged a preliminary specification in April, 1838, which was held back at his request (while the Professor went to Europe again) till the beginning of May, 1840, when it was returned to him by his friend, Mr. Ellsworth, of the U. S. Patent Office. He then sent in a new specification, and obtained his first actual patent on June 20, 1840. This was four years after Steinheil had worked his experimental apparatus between the Munich Academy and the Observatory at Bogenhausen, and three years after Cooke and Wheatstone had patented and publicly opened a section of their telegraph on the London and Birmingham Railway.

Morse's first line in the United States between Washington and Baltimore—forty miles long—was completed on May 27, 1844, when Miss Ellsworth sent the first message in America, "What hath God wrought?" The apparatus employed was, however, excessively cumbersome: the receiving electro-magnet alone "weighed 185 lbs. (equivalent to the weight of a rather heavy man), and its bulky construction made it necessary for two men to handle it whenever it had to be moved." . . . "It was then supposed by Professor Morse to be indispensably necessary that the wire surrounding the magnets should be the same size as that stretched upon the poles of the line."[2] This arrangement was not reciprocal, but could only signal in one direction, the return communications having to be passed back through reversed apparatus on another wire.

Under a deed of partnership between Morse and Alfred Vail, the latter now undertook to put the instrument into a more practical

[1] This original telegraph of Cooke and Wheatstone had five magnetic needles and five separate wires to convey the electric current, the ground serving as the "return" common to all. The five needles were mounted on a diamond-shaped dial marked with the letters of the alphabet, and each signal was given by sending a current along two of the wires so as to make two of the ne[illegible] point to a particular letter.

[2] *Telegraph Manual*, New York, 1859, by T. P. Shaffner, p. [illegible]

form on the mechanical side. During the ensuing years many improvements were made by Vail, Professor Charles G. Page, and others, in addition to those contributed by Professor Morse himself, assisted by Professor Leonard D. Gale. Finally, the instrument was so much simplified and cheapened that it came into general use, not only in the States, but throughout the world.

When Morse had sufficiently perfected his apparatus for marking the message in "dots" and "dashes" on a slip of moving paper (according to the code now universally known by his name), it gradually supplanted those of Cooke and Wheatstone, excepting on the railways. On the latter, however, the needle instrument is still adhered to, owing to its greater simplicity and the smaller amount of skill required to operate it.

Some years later various companies were formed for working telegraphs all over the United Kingdom, the first being the Electric Telegraph Company, established in 1846, followed shortly after by its principal rival, the Magnetic Telegraph Company, resulting from several amalgamations. Finally, in 1870, all these land lines were taken over by the State, to be worked as a department of the Post Office.

As regards priority in the production of a successful system, many lines had been constructed before 1840, in England, by Cooke and Wheatstone. To the last-named couple alone, according to an impartial investigator,[1] is due the great honour "of having given the example in applying the electric telegraph to practical use for society at large, not only in Great Britain, but throughout the world."

The simplicity and ease of working their single-needle instrument was such that it received the nickname *toujours prêt*, first given to it by that veteran telegraph contractor, Mr. William Reid.

The decomposing power of the current, first taken advantage of by Sömmering in 1808 for signalling by bubbles, was subsequently used by Edward Davy, in his patent of July 4, 1838, for marking a prepared fabric (and thus recording signs representing letters) by pressure brought about by platinum rings, actuated by electro-magnets, and working by decomposition. He also employed relays of circuits on long lines, actuated by electro-magnets. The same principle was subsequently utilised by Alexander Bain, of Glasgow, in 1840, for passing signals, composed of dots and dashes, through chemically-prepared paper moved under a metallic style at the end

[1] *Historical Account of the Telegraph*, 1859, by Dr. Hamel, of St. Petersburg, member of many learned societies.

of the conducting wire by a drum revolved by clockwork and connected to earth at the receiving station.[1]

Electro-magnetism was shortly afterwards applied to printing alphabetical letters, with clockwork as a motor, by Professor Royal House, in the States (who in England associated himself with Mr. Jacob Brett[2]); but, although this system worked for a time to a small extent, it was superseded by an extremely clever invention due to Professor D. E. Hughes, F.R.S., by which, instead of sending a series of separate currents to bring round each letter of the alphabet consecutively, the duration of each contact determined the letter to be printed.

Subsequently Messrs. Siemens introduced very ingenious dial telegraphs, and many improvements in relays and other details; while in 1849 Mr. W. T. Henley turned magneto-electricity to account in apparatus which was largely employed in the United Kingdom, and much improved by Charles Tilston and his brother, Edward Brailsford Bright. The acoustic telegraph of the former,[3] by which the ears receive and interpret the signals, was also extensively used, and is still for a certain class of work, owing to the high speed attainable, though largely supplanted, where a record is not considered essential, by the Morse (or Vail) sounder, which, although slower working, has the advantage of greater simplicity. In another form of acoustic telegraph, invented by the late Sir C. Bright, and now extensively used in connection with the needle instrument, the bells are replaced by metallic cylinders.

It seems strange at first sight that the sounder should have come forth to the world subsequently to the Morse recording instrument (in its varied stages and forms), considering that the former—a simple electro-magnet with provisions for the representation by sound of each movement of the armature—was the same electrically as the Morse recorder, but without the elaborate arrangement for recording the motion of the armature on paper by an inked style, or for drawing off the latter by clockwork.

In connection with the chemical telegraph, Bain turned his attention to an automatic method of sending messages, with the

[1] The above chemical apparatus of Bain was capable of working at a much higher speed than any other instrument of that time. It was, however, soon found to be too inconvenient, owing to the necessity of preparing the paper before it could be used for recording signals.

[2] Whose death we have so recently had occasion to deplore.

[3] *The Students' Text Book of Electricity*, by Henry Noad, [illegible]D., F.R.S., revised by W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S. Crosby Lockwood [illegible]

idea of increasing the speed beyond human possibilities. This device, which represented the hand of the sending clerk, was worked by a slip of paper in which holes had been punched, representing the separate signals of the message. Wheatstone, seeing the advantage of this arrangement, applied it to the construction of an automatic transmitter in a Morse circuit, by which means a speed of seventy-five words a minute was attained. Principally owing to the ingenious and elaborate mechanical improvements of Mr. Augustus Stroh (in 1866), this figure has been raised to no fewer than 500 and even 600 words per minute. Such automatic transmission is almost entirely adopted for press traffic, the slip at the receiving end being divided up and attended to separately by a number of clerks.

In the present day the sounder instrument which clatters out the message has to a large extent superseded the old Morse, as designed for inking it on paper. The Hughes apparatus, which prints the words in Roman type, is now employed for all the traffic to and from the Continent, where it is in general use. The pneumatic tube system—as introduced in a practical form by Mr. Latimer Clark in 1854, and further developed by the late Mr. Cromwell Varley in 1863—is extensively used for short distances, *i.e.*, within the area of a town. The diplex, duplex,[1] quadruplex, and multiplex methods of working—by which two or more messages can be sent over one wire simultaneously in the same or in opposite directions—have also been adopted to increase the working capacity of the lines.

During the step-by-step development of practical telegraphy, its application to railway working was not lost sight of. It was gradually applied to the block system by means of several ingenious forms of apparatus, such as the semaphore signal of Preece, introduced in 1861, the instruments of Spagnoletti, Walker, and Tyler, besides the combined electrical and mechanical signals of Sykes, Saxby and Farmer, Langdon, and others. At the present time the ordinary telegraph instrument for train signalling from block to block is the Cooke and Wheatstone "single needle," fitted with two different sounding cylinders, as aforementioned. The phonopore, a diplex-system apparatus devised by Mr. C. Langdon-Davies, has of late years been tried by several of the railway companies on their telegraph lines, and with material success.

[1] Chiefly associated with the names of J. B. Stearns, John and Alexander Muirhead, and Herbert Taylor.

Besides the postal and railway telegraphs, and besides the important applications of electricity which have been made to fire and police calls, there is a town service of current news licensed by the Post Office, and worked by the Exchange Telegraph Company, which was promoted in 1872. This concern has, in fact, over a thousand type-printing instruments at work, mainly in clubs and newspaper offices. They convey the latest prices of the market, as well as various items of news, home and foreign. In this way over three millions of words are distributed throughout each large city in the course of a day by electrical type-printers especially designed for the purpose, and all worked at one operation from a central office.

A general survey—as perfect perhaps as the necessary limits of an article like this permit—has now been made of the step-by-step progress of scientific discovery[1] and invention leading up to the chief electro-magnetic signalling appliances now in use.[2] It may be deemed sufficient so far, at least, as land telegraphy is concerned. Submarine telegraphy, no less than telephony, demands an article to itself. Incidentally its requirements have stimulated further invention in signalling and testing apparatus generally. The development of machine transmission is a good instance of the former. As regards the more special requirements of submarine working, suffice it to say here that they were first successfully provided for by the mirror instrument of Professor Thomson (now the Right Hon. Lord Kelvin, G.C.V.O., F.R.S.), which has already been referred to. His siphon recorder, invented in 1870, has proved a still more important adjunct to the cable station and the ship testing room.

Finally, there are many new developments of latter day electro-

[1] Wonderful, indeed, is electricity! To show what was expected of it in those days, there was actually one patent taken out by a person of the name of Wagner (Specification No. 173 of 1854) for "indicating a person's thoughts by the agency of *Nervous Electricity*!" This, however, is not so very far in advance of what is even now looked for, or assumed. For a brief *résumé* of the leading discoveries and inventions connected with electro-telegraphy, the reader cannot do better than peruse the introduction to the early volumes of the *Abridgment of Specifications* as issued by the Patent Office every ten years.

[2] An excellent *résumé* of early telegraphic history was furnished by the Abbé Moigno (*Traité de Télégraphie Electrique*). A paper read at the Institution of Civil Engineers in 1852, by Mr. C. Adley, gives full particulars of electro-telegraphic instruments and methods up to that date, discussing in [illegible] priority of inventions and inventors. Since then the same subject has [illegible]ll illustrated in a lecture by Mr. E. March Webb, at the Tate Institute, [illegible]n, in 1888.

telegraphy—some practical and successful, others merely hopeful—which must be left without any attempt to describe them here, even in the barest outline. Our present tale is told.[1]

At a certain stage in the development of animal life a nervous system becomes indispensable; it is then "evolved" by Nature. If we may judge by the globe we live on, something of the same kind happens on the larger scale of the planets themselves—regarded, that is to say, as the corporeal tenements of human society, or whatever may be the biological and spiritual equivalent of humanity in other parts of the universe. It was only after steam locomotion had prepared the way that the electric telegraph made its appearance; historically speaking, the one forms the complement of the other, just as, physiologically, nerves form the complement of muscles, and muscles and nerves both depend for their nutriment upon blood-vessels. There is action and interaction in both cases, mutual dependence and mutual sustenance. World-industry, world-commerce, and world-finance are the blood-vessels; world-locomotion (by train and boat) the muscles; and world-correspondence (by telegraph) the nervous system.

And what of the future? Will telephony become applicable, by future improvement, to long distances by sea and land? Will electrostatic induction, that bane to cable-telephony, be either avoided, or its consequences obviated? If so, then telephony will in its turn oust ordinary telegraphy from most of its present employment, just as surely as the latter ousted the semaphore. The invention of some mechanical means of recording voice sounds so that they could be subsequently *read off* would even now give the telephone a much more extended use in the business world—especially if some of its other and obvious little drawbacks were got rid of at the same time. Another still "darker horse" is inductive telegraphy; if some of our leading electricians (including Mr. W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S., Engineer-in Chief of H.M. Postal Telegraphs) are right, it is in this direction that we must look for the next great advance. Again, Dr. Cornelius Herz, from his invalid couch, promises us a new system of signalling, applicable both to telegraphic and to telephonic instruments, which shall enormously multiply the speed of working the former, and correspondingly reduce the cost of the transmission of

[1] For further details regarding up-to-date systems of telegraphy, instruments employed, &c., the reader should refer to the periodic lectures and papers of Mr. W. H. Preece, C.B., F.R.S., before the British Association and the Society of Arts, besides his several contributions to the Institution of Civil Engineers on the "Progress of Telegraphy," "The Applications of Electricity," &c.

news.[1] So wonderful is the activity of inventors just now, that this or other great inventions may come out to surprise the world before it finds "time to say Jack Robinson," or, at any rate, before this article is in print.

Meanwhile the new system of machine-transmission already referred to, which is now being employed on ocean cables, is a sufficient guarantee that telegraphic science has not come to a standstill. Based upon the Wheatstone automatic sender,[2] it transmits fifty words per minute on the last-laid Atlantic cable. Indeed, with this instrument, the working speed is only limited in practice by the type of conducting line. Land lines are operated by it in this country at a rate of up to 600 words per minute. This, surely, is one of those advances made by the present generation, of which Old England and her telegraphists have no cause to be ashamed.

May it not even be said that electro-telegraphy forms the most conspicuous characteristic of this Victorian Era in its effect on civilisation as regards methods of life and business—aye, even more so than the corresponding effect of steam and railways?

CHARLES BRIGHT.

[1] The last published reference to Dr. Herz's inventions is made by Sir Edward Reed, K.C.B., F.R.S., in the first article of the *Fortnightly Review* for January of this year.

[2] The ingenious modifications which rendered automatic transmission applicable to cables are due to Mr. Herbert Taylor, M.Inst.C.E., Dr. Alexander Muirhead, Messrs. P. B. Delany, Charles Cuttriss, T. J. Wilmot, Arthur Dearlove, and others.

# *JACQUES CALLOT.* 1592–1635.

IT is to be deplored that Jacques Callot left no memoirs. His life, viewed through the telescope of time, appears eminently picturesque; it is a record which would have delighted the elder Dumas or Théophile Gautier to describe in romance—one of great vicissitude, action, and strange adventure, lived with independence, courage and manliness, and at last crowned with success and honour. His memoirs would have equalled in interest those of the admirable Benvenuto Cellini, and brought us into contact with many illustrious men and women, and, what is more, have shown us the author himself. Though lacking this written autobiography, the world is by no means destitute of the details of his life's history—his chronicle is to be found in his work, for which he doubtless reserved all his wisdom. His etchings are the best commentary to his life; every plate that came from his hands teaches us something about him, and exhibits his extraordinary knowledge of human nature and of the world he lived in. He shows us seventeenth century France and Italy as he saw them; he shows us his mind in its varying moods of fantasy and melancholy; we note his acute power of observation, his perseverance towards excellence, his exquisite management of detail, his independence of thought, and the confidence in his own powers. We see him labouring through his long and self-imposed apprenticeship, and suddenly surprising the world with his album of "Caprices" in a series of grotesque figures, which for originality and abandon have no parallel. His work, too, enables us to follow him in his travels. From Florence to Nancy, from Nancy to the Low Countries, and thence to Paris, &c.; and we may watch him steadily rising in popularity and increasing in prosperity by studying the dedications of one who was the recipient of pensions from princes, and commissions—the most honourable form of patronage—from kings.

In "Les Caractères ou les Mœurs de ce Siècle," published in 1687, La Bruyère, while ridiculing the follies of fashion in general, and the mania for collecting in particular, describes a man who had all

Callot's prints but one, and that one the worst he ever did. "I have hunted after this print for twenty years," says the collector, "and now I despair of ever getting it." This was written about fifty years after Callot's death, and is interesting as evidence that even at that date his popularity as an engraver was such that collecting his prints had become a regular practice. At the present time it would be safe to say that no museum in the world owns a complete collection of his prints; and the impossibility of forming one will be obvious to any person who has examined M. Meaume's invaluable monograph[1] on Callot, or even turned over the leaves of the six handsome folios devoted to such specimens of his work as our National collections boast in the comfortable print-room at the British Museum.

Admiration for Callot's work, however, has not been confined merely to collecting his prints. Albeit his particular style is unique and defies imitation, he is looked upon as the master of that kind of etching which is so well associated with his name. He has had, of course, countless followers, many of whom, inspired by his work, have distinguished themselves as etchers or engravers of importance. Chodowiecki, for example, spent much of his time while qualifying for future work in copying Callot's etchings. And our own William Hogarth owed a debt to Callot. Mr. Sala, in his Essays on the English engraver, has drawn a singular parallel between the two men, and has pointed out in the work of the former undeniable indications of the latter's influence, and not unnaturally believed him to have been a great admirer and a careful student of Callot.

Doubtless Callot had his influence too on literature. It would be interesting to know if he affected Italian Comedy in any way; it is possible that he did. There is no question, however, but that he greatly influenced Hoffmann, the eccentric author of "Fantastic Tales," who founded his extravagant romance, "Prinzessin Brambilla," on the "Caprices"; and also Charles Baudelaire, who has commemorated him in his famous Essay, "De l'Essence du Rire."

His name even has suggested a phrase of unique significance. The expression "*in the manner of Callot*" is almost as common as *Rembrandtesque* or *à la Watteau*, though like others of its class it has degenerated to a mere *tag*; and its use, no longer restricted to descriptions of drawings and etchings, is often employed by writers to convey a meaning of the bizarre or fantastic. It frequently occurs in the pages of Théophile Gautier's works, and indeed is now generally a favourite property of French authors.

[1] *Recherches sur la vie et les ouvrages de Jacques Callot.* [illegible]53–60, 2 vols.

Jacques Callot, or "noble" Jacques Callot, as his admirers loved to call him, was a native of Nancy. The year of his birth, which is given by his early biographers as 1593 and 1594, has now been fixed, it would seem beyond dispute, by M. Meaume as 1592. He was one of the eight children of Jean Callot, a Herald in the Army of Lorraine, and a member of a family of noble descent.

Young Jacques was a prodigy who developed an early passion for drawing; many stories have been preserved of his childhood testifying to his precocious resolution to become an artist, a resolution which met with opposition from his parents, but he does not seem to have been disheartened or to have hesitated in his decision to consider the hardships and privations attendant on so precarious an occupation. His family, on account of its good standing in the State, was well able to place him in the way of advancement better fitted to his station than that of a mere engraver. But it is not unreasonable to hazard that his mind dwelt on the pleasanter side of the picture—on the lives, for instance, of the great Italian painters, Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, the favourites of Popes and Princes; though one cannot believe that the determination to devote his life to Art was actuated by other than genuine love for it.

We are told that the boy showed a wonderful talent with his pencil, and produced innumerable caricatures of his friends without ever requiring to erase a line; and that he made the acquaintance of Israel, the son of Claude Henriet, chief painter to Charles III., and of Demange-Crocq, engraver and master of the mint to the Duke of Lorraine. He spent much of his time with them in their studios, where he must have frequently heard the art treasures of Rome declaimed upon with enthusiasm. Towards the end of 1603 Claude Henriet died, and his son obtained leave to study in Rome. This circumstance must be considered as an epoch in the life of Callot—it seems to have thoroughly unsettled him. He, too, must see Rome, and as he could not accompany his friend Israel, he decided to follow him.

It was early in the year 1604 when this boy of only twelve years set out on his journey for Italy on foot. His little store of money was soon exhausted, but he luckily happened on a band of wandering Bohemians which he joined, and he travelled with them as far as Florence. That he enjoyed the journey with his strange companions one can well imagine. What boy of high spirits would not have done so? But it is certain this experience made a life-long impression on him. To the end of his days he was fond of drawing beggars and tramps, and in four of his most interesting plates—those of "The Travelling Bohemians" (engraved in 1622)—are recorded what were

no doubt his actual experiences of the journey. He has depicted a straggling procession of strangely dressed folk on foot and mounted on horseback. The beasts with their heavy burdens, the women with their children, and the dogs, and men striding in front and at rear with long guns across their shoulders; such a company was the very thing to delight Jacques with his dormant love of the bizarre. The idea of these rough wayfarers caring for and befriending this well-born child is delightful to entertain. Did he, we wonder, in return for their kindness amuse them at night by drawing droll figures and telling them of the wonderful things which he intended to do when in Italy? It is not difficult to imagine this strange company encamped round their night fire, their flame-lit faces big-eyed and open mouthed, such faces as he has drawn in his series of beggars, listening to the prattle of the boy, understanding little of what he says and less of what he draws—but always agape.

On arriving at Florence he took leave of his friends in the following manner. He was noticed by an officer of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had come to see the Bohemians. On hearing the boy's account of his strange adventures, and the object which prompted him to undertake the journey, the officer interested himself in the lad and set him to work under a painter named Canta-Gallina, who taught him the use of the graver. He soon began to produce work which bore a striking resemblance to his master's, and made such rapid progress that after a few months study he quitted Florence for Rome, where he joined his friend Israel Henriet. Here his adventures came to an end for a time. He was recognised by a merchant from Nancy who had heard of his escapade, and was taken home to his parents.

Jacques soon got tired of life in Nancy. Such adventures as he had experienced were enough to turn the mind of any lad; he could think of nothing but Italy, and thither he started off one day on his second journey. He got as far as Turin, but as ill-luck would have it he chanced to encounter in the street his eldest brother, who happened to be doing business in that town. He was followed and once more carried back to Nancy.

All these adverse circumstances, however, did not discourage Jacques. He was determined to study in Italy, and his father, who either saw the futility of thwarting him in his resolution, or was struck with the lad's talents, consented to him joining the suite of a gentleman whom the Duke of Lorraine was sending to the [illegible]pe, and he set out with them for Rome on December 1, 1609. [illegible] Rome he entered the studio of a painter and engraver, one [illegible]sta, under

whom his friend Israel was studying; but soon afterwards, being in want of money, he was constrained to offer his services to a French engraver named Thomassin, in whose employment he spent some three years, engraving plates of such pictures as were then in vogue. At the end of which time, in December 1611, he returned to Florence in order to take lessons from Jules Parigi, a celebrated painter and engraver. Here he had the good fortune to receive the patronage of the Grand Duke Cosmo II. de Medici—a liberal benefactor of Art and Literature—who on seeing some of his plates, not only granted him a pension, but found him an apartment in his palace. After having executed a considerable number of engravings under Parigi, the greater part of which were copies, he decided to abandon such work and in future to depend entirely on his own imagination for designs. In taking to original work he gave up the graver for the etching-needle as more faithfully rendering the spirit and vivacity peculiar to his drawings. His probation was now over; he was no longer an apprentice—he had been far from an idle one, and he soon began to reap the harvest of his labour. In what one might call the first-fruits of his genius, a series of plates entitled "Caprici di varie figure" (published in 1617), he showed those characteristics so peculiar to his work and familiar to everyone who knows anything about his prints. M. Vachon, in his valuable study of Callot, thus admirably describes the "Caprices": "He reproduced with his biting satire the spectacle of the street-people, soldiers, officers, honest tradesmen and rogues, mandoline players, loiterers of the cross-ways and bridges, turnpike-keepers, cut-throats, buffoons and types of the Italian comedy, grimacing pantaloons, fops, coquettes, rope-dancers, duellists, peasants, and grand lords—besides horse-races, country scenes, &c. The whole is picturesque, pleasing, original, and unforeseen; designed with delicate fantasy, and picked out with a light touch."

Three years after the appearance of this wonderful work—during which time he was by no means idle—he published what many deem his masterpiece; certainly it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most remarkable etchings ever produced, namely, "La Foire de L'Impruneta." This composition, which represents the fair held near Florence on St. Luke's Day, in the piazza before the church of the Impruneta, was dedicated to Cosmo II. The plate almost defies description. Into comparatively a small space he has crowded a vast number of figures, the largest of which are small, the smallest microscopic; there is, however, life and movement in every detail, each line is instinct with verve and vim, nothing

is laboured, the composition is a unity conceived and executed in a style which leaves nothing to be desired. In one corner of the plate we see a mountebank show on a raised platform—where a fellow is performing a trick to an admiring crowd of country-folk, with a serpent curled round his arm. In another corner is represented a booth thronged with hungry and thirsty people, which displays a vast assortment of delicacies. Here come in two falconers, one carries the bird on his wrist, while the other drives the dogs before him. People are flocking in from all quarters—here is a grand chariot, heavily laden, and drawn by four horses, a man is hanging on behind the chariot in the fashion of the street-boys of to-day—here a man and woman, riding pillion, have evidently just arrived from the country. There are all manner of amusements and merry-makings —dancing, feasting, drinking, gaming, and shows; and a variety of booths, many of which are under canvas awnings. Such a plate shows at a glance how the people enjoyed themselves in Callot's time, and has a distinct historical interest as well as being a remarkable specimen of etching. Cosmo II. showed his appreciation of the print by presenting Callot with a gold chain, the same which, no doubt, he is represented as wearing in Van Dyke's celebrated portrait of him in the heyday of his fame.

Fortune now smiled on Callot. He was patronised by the grandest people in Florence and honoured and courted by the fashionable. He was not, however, the man to rest content. At this time, when his society was so much sought after, he was more prolific in his work than ever. Yet every design bears evidence of care and the stamp of originality.

On the death of Cosmo in February 1621, Callot was affected by the changes which immediately followed. The Regency found it expedient to reduce expenses, and began doing so by suppressing the pensions which had been conferred by the late Duke. Callot and a large number of artists similarly situated decided to leave Florence, and he to return to his native place. But while in Florence it occurred to him to try for the purpose of etching with aquafortis, a varnish used by the makers of lutes, which rapidly dries and hardens; he was quick to recognise its advantages over the softer kinds then in vogue, and its importance to his particular style of work, namely, of working in pure line and of obtaining the effect of light and shade by increasing or diminishing the thickness of the line as necessity demanded, and of avoiding cross-hatching. This style has of course been widely imitated, not only by etchers, but by en[illegible] He carried a quantity of the varnish to Nancy, and is said to [illegible] in the first

to use it for etching. At home once more he threw himself into his work with redoubled energy. In 1622 he produced "Les Balli," "Les Gobbi" (or the Hunchbacks), two series of marvellous grotesques; "Les Gueux," a series of mendicants; which, with "Les Bohémiens," remind one of his early experience in the caravan; and "Les Massacres des Innocents," comprise the chief work of this busy year.

He produced in 1623 "Les Figures Variées," an interesting collection of leaves from his sketch-book; also "Les Caprices de Nancy," a second series of grotesque figures, in no respect less remarkable than the first. The fertility of his imagination and the accuracy of his observation were indeed extraordinary in so readily finding material for this second collection. In 1625, at the age of thirty-three, Callot married Catherine Kuttinger, a young lady who is said to have been descended from a noble family of Marsal. They had no children.

His reputation had by this time spread over all Europe. The heir-apparent of the Low Countries commanded him to design a plate of the taking of Bréda by the Marquess Spinola. The story that he visited Brussels to collect material for this work is borne out by the fact that at the Albertine in Vienna there are preserved a number of sketches which he made of the scene of action, and in one of them is a group at the side of the drawing where Callot has represented himself at work, surrounded by a number of soldiers, who are watching him with interest. This gigantic plate of the Siege of Bréda, comprising six sheets, each measuring about 55 inches by 47, occupied him for many years, and was not published until after his death. It is a marvel of accuracy and detail, and displays minutely all the houses, monuments, and fortifications, as well as the topography of the situation. During his visit to the Low Countries, Callot made the acquaintance of Van Dyke, who painted his portrait.

He visited France in 1628, and Louis XIII. commissioned him to design the Sieges of Rochelle and Ré, which he went to Paris to engrave. He here executed, among other things, his celebrated "Vues de Paris" and "Passage de la Mer Rouge." He also discovered his old friend, Israel Henriet, who was now engaged as an engraver as well as a printseller and publisher. Callot did not fail to do him a good turn; henceforth we find many of his designs etched by *son amy Israel.*

Callot returned to Nancy after leaving Paris, just before a terrible calamity fell upon his native place. Richelieu, who had long been wishing to make war upon the Duke of Lorraine, furnished himself

with an excuse in the secret marriage of Gaston, brother to Louis XIII., with Margaret, sister to Charles IV. On August 26, 1633, the army of the King raised the siege before Nancy, and a month later, in consequence of a treaty made between Charles IV. and Richelieu, for the occupation of the capital of Lorraine by the French King for four years, Louis XIII. made his entry into Nancy. According to Felibien, the King sent for Callot, and requested him to represent his new conquest, as he had done the Siege of La Rochelle, but Callot begged to be exempted from such a task as a native of Lorraine, who did not wish to do anything contrary to the honour of his prince or his country. The King accepted his excuse, and said that the Duke was very happy in having such faithful and affectionate subjects. But Callot, on overhearing some courtiers speaking of his failure to oblige his Majesty, responded with much firmness that he would rather cut off his thumb than commemorate the dishonour of his country. The King, far from allowing Callot to do himself any such violence, treated him with great kindness, and, in order to keep him in France, offered him a pension of 1,000 crowns if he would attach himself to his service. But while Callot assured the King that he would always be happy to work for him, he declined the offer, as he had no desire to leave his native place. However, notwithstanding Callot's declaration that he could not quit Nancy, he seems to have gone to Florence in this same year. He was in bad health, and the distressing state of poverty and unhappiness to which Lorraine was reduced, doubtless aggravated his illness.

To the student of French history and morals in the early years of the seventeenth century, the works of Callot are invaluable. The tragic series of "Les Grandes Misères de la Guerre" (which he produced during this year) is perhaps the most eloquent chronicle, the most vivid record that we possess of the unspeakable horrors attendant in those days on war in general, and in particular on the war which ravaged and laid waste his own beloved Lorraine. Contemporary writers have described how the prosperity and beauty of that country, that "wonder of Nature and Art," was reduced through the folly of Duke Charles to a horrible desert. One has but to turn to these plates to realise how deeply this misfortune had sunk into Callot's heart; they speak for themselves; as of all great works of art, comment upon them is superfluous. But one cannot help observing the absolute temperance which governs h[illegible]tment of this, a subject so excusably lending itself to e[illegible]. It is sufficient to admit that he had a very fine sense [illegible]utiful, a

remarkable conception of the fantastic and humorous, and a great capacity for interpreting them. Above all, he possessed an unerring grasp of proportion. If the "Horrors of War" shows Callot at his best, it must not be forgotten that it only exhibits one side of an extraordinarily versatile genius. He has immortalised the age in which he lived, he has succeeded in doing what few chroniclers have achieved, namely, that of making his own time an absolute reality to us.

His life was now drawing to a close. To the following year belong "Les Fantaisies," another series of grotesques. One of the last things that he produced was his celebrated "Tentation de Saint Antoine," dedicated to the Duke de la Vrillière. This monstrous conception is one of the most fantastic of his whole work, and is perhaps for that reason accounted a treasure by collectors. It exhibits all the old wealth of his imagination and the cunning of his touch, and pathetically testifies to the immaturity of his death, which took place on March 24, 1635, in his forty-third year. He was buried in the Cloister of the Cordeliers at Nancy.

It has been of course impossible in this short sketch to describe in detail all the more important of Callot's compositions, much more to give the names of his minor pieces. Besides separate plates and series, he executed a quantity of illustrations and titles for books, coats of arms, portraits, jousts and tournaments, and funeral processions; the number of his prints amounts to over 1,400. His industry was extraordinary; it was his habit to make rapid sketches of everything of interest that struck him to serve for future use: he would often execute several drawings for the same plate before he was satisfied with the arrangement of his subjects. It has been stated that four different designs have been seen of his "Tentation de Saint Antoine." And he found time, too, for the study of the great masters; Lucas van Leyden is said to have served him in good stead, also the works of Dürer and Leonardo da Vinci; but his sketch-book, which is preserved in the Albertine, shows that he studied the work of Holbein deeper and longer than that of anyone else—it contains no less than eight copies of the "Dance of Death."

ROGER INGPEN.

# *A FEW SUPERLATIVES.*

MANY people deal largely and rashly in superlatives, and seldom moderate their views to just proportions, but it may be interesting to give a little budget of optimist opinions from various persons of more or less celebrity.

It is only right to begin with Love, and this is what Mr. T. Hardy says of it in three phases: "New love is brightest, and long love is greatest; but revived love is the tenderest thing known upon earth;" and all the world knows Coleridge's beautiful lines, which a thousand repetitions have not withered into commonplace:

> He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast.
> . . . . . . . .
> He prayeth best, who loveth best
> All things both great and small;
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all.

Of beauty of character Mr. R. D. Blackmore says: "The purest and grandest beauty (far beyond that of the fairest flower, and high above Nature's noblest work) is of the mind and soul, that labour to enlarge our humble course; by no defiance, or heroism, or even conscious teaching; but by patience, cheerfulness and modesty, truth, simplicity, and lovingkindness."

The same eloquent writer tells us that "the happiest of mankind is he who does what he likes, and yet works hard." And who will not agree with Mr. Blackmore in claiming Captain Robinson Crusoe as the grandest of all rovers?

Emancipated women will hardly subscribe to the dictum of Miss Brightwell, the biographer of Mrs. Opie, that "The proudest and dearest reward of woman is the approbation of a husband at once the object of her respect and love."

Still fewer will agree with the judgment of the *Edinburgh Review* in 1806, that Mrs. Opie's "Adeline Mowbray" is "[illegible]s the most pathetic and the most natural in its pathos of any fict[illegible]s narrative

in the language." And who knows anything now of Pomfret, the most popular English poet during part of the eighteenth century?

Mr. Walter Thornbury, on the other hand, will win more consent to his opinion that the "Essays of Elia" are "the finest ever written."

How many actresses have deserved such superlative eulogy as Kitty Clive? Mrs. Kitty Clive, says Fielding, was "the best wife, the best daughter, the best sister, and the best friend"; "and the words," continues Mr. Austin Dobson, "are more than mere compliment; they appear to have been true. Madcap and humourist as she was, no breath of slander seems ever to have tarnished the reputation of Kitty Clive, whom Johnson—a fine judge when his prejudices were not actively aroused—called in addition "the best player that he ever saw." Happy Kitty! Surely she deserves beatification.

Curwen, in his "History of Booksellers," gives us five interesting superlatives: "Jeffrey, the greatest English critic of all time, and the most eminent Scottish lawyer of the day." "Sydney Smith, the wittiest man certainly of his century." "De Quincey's 'Opium Eater,' filled with the weirdest fancies and the loveliest word-pictures in our literature." "Edward Irving, by far the greatest orator and most eloquent speaker of our later times;" and, lastly, "Dandy Cruikshank, who maintained that he himself was the handsomest man in England."

Charles Kingsley was rather given to the *issimus*; here are a few specimens: "The most wonderful female head I ever saw yet from the hand of man—the head of the Virgin in that great triptych of Koloff's, the 'Adoration' at Coln." "The most ravishingly beautiful glen scenery I ever saw—the bed of the Iss-bach." "The finest green walks in England—Trinity Walks, Cambridge." "The cleanest people the world has ever seen—the Romans." "The vastest pile of stone I ever saw—that terrible fortress at Avignon which the Holy Fathers of mankind erected to show men their idea of paternity. A dreadful dungeon on a rock. Men asked for bread, and they gave a stone, most literally." "A country destined to be the greatest in the world—America." "There is one thing more glorious and precious than the whole material universe—and that is woman's love." "The most awful and beautiful thing I ever saw—the Falls of Montmorency on the St. Lawrence." Of Kingsley himself it is said that "the dearest and most lasting friendship of his life was with R. C. Powles, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford."

How surprised we should have been had not the versatile Professor Blackie considered Greek the noblest of all languages.

From Macaulay a very large assortment of bests, biggests, and greatests might be culled; a few will suffice. "William Pitt was the greatest master of the whole art of parliamentary government that has ever existed, and the most powerful subject in Europe before he was twenty-five." "'The Task,' incomparably the best poem that any Englishman then living had produced." "The greatest work of Dryden was the last, the 'Ode on Saint Cecilia's Day.'"

In the second series of "Obiter Dicta," we have two notable critical awards; in the first Matthew Arnold is quoted, saying that Emerson's Essays are the most valuable prose contribution to English literature of the century.

Yet we remember that Archbishop Whately could not sufficiently ridicule Emerson and what the Archbishop (quoting from Bishop Copleston) called "the magic-lanthorn school."

The other example from Mr. Birrell touches Pope and Milton. "To say that the 'Rape of the Lock' is the best mock-heroic poem in the language is to say nothing; to say that it is the best in the world is to say more than my reading warrants; but to say that it and 'Paradise Regained' are the only two faultless poems of any length in English is to say enough."

Some readers will surely say more than enough.

The mention of Pope recalls his famous lines on Bacon in the "Essay on Man":

> If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
> The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

And, notwithstanding our enforced admiration of Bacon's great powers of mind, we can but sorrowfully admit that Pope's epigrammatic characterisation is correct. Archbishop Whately says, justly enough, that "all the attempts made to vindicate or palliate Bacon's moral conduct tend only to lower, and to lower very much, the standard of virtue. He appears but too plainly to have been worldly, ambitious, covetous, base, selfish, and unscrupulous. And it is remarkable that the Mammon which he served proved but a faithless master in the end. He reached the highest pinnacle, indeed, to which his ambition had aimed; but he died impoverished, degraded, despised, and broken-hearted."

It was handsome, clever John Gibson Lockhart who, writing to the Murray of 1825, called Byron "the most remarkable man and poet of our time"; and Thorwaldsen told Hobh[illegible]t Byron's was the finest head he ever had under his hand. A [illegible]ears later, in 1832, B. Disraeli, also writing to Murray, gave [illegible]nion that

"Anglomania" was the best farce in the French language. Dean Stanley will hardly be contradicted in his assertion that Hooker is the most majestic of English divines, and it would require special knowledge of an uncommon kind to controvert the statement of Dr. Smiles, that Brougham's epitaph on Watt is beyond comparison the finest lapidary inscription in the English language.

Mr. W. H. Pollock treats us to a very dashing dictum as to burlesques. "Rebecca and Rowena" towers not only over Thackeray's other burlesques, excellent as they are, but over every other burlesque of the kind ever written. Its tastes, its wit, its pathos, its humour are unmatchable; and it contains some of the best songs of a particular kind ever written—songs worthy indeed to rank with Peacock's best.

It was the sober and laborious Southey who said that Maria del Occidente, the authoress of a forgotten work called "Zophiel," was "the most impassioned and most imaginative of all poetesses, a most interesting person of the mildest and gentlest manners." Had Southey been asked to write in a lady's confession book he would have recorded his belief that the most delightful bird is the nightingale and the violet the sweetest flower. He might, too, have found space to record of himself, as he elsewhere recorded, that "a healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart are the three best boons Nature can bestow, and God be praised," says Southey, "no man ever enjoyed them more perfectly than myself."

Miss Bertha Thomas claims that George Sand was the most remarkable woman that had made herself heard of in the literary world since Sappho, and it is noteworthy that Ellesmere, in Sir Arthur Helps's neglected book "Realmah," praises "La Petite Fadette" as the prettiest story he had ever read. We remember Mrs. Browning's sonnets to George Sand, apostrophising that "true genius, but true woman":

> While before
> The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
> We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
> Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and higher,
> Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore
> Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire!

'Tis over a quarter of a century ago since Mr. Blackmore courageously termed the first Lord Lytton the greatest writer of his age. What does Mr. Christie Murray say to this? From "Realmah" we gather two more superlatives. First, "the greatest of sentimental writers has brought before us the miseries of imprisonment by repre-

senting vividly the wretchedness of one single prisoner." Next, the poetical assertion that "perhaps a starlight night is the greatest instructor that is permitted, otherwise than in revelation, to address mankind":

> A fiery throb in every star,
> Those burning arteries that are
> The conduits of God's life afar.

If any one is tempted to ask what is harder than the hardest, Mr. Blackmore has the answer ready, for, says he, "the baobab is the hardest of all things to kill, but a harder is Hope in the heart of a young and good man." In the same poetic strain he assures us that in the wings of the pratincole (a kind of plover) Nature has furnished the swiftest of all embodied speed.

Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter has a good word for "Ouida," for he calls "Two Little Wooden Shoes" "perhaps the most pathetic story ever written."

Miss Mathilde Blind asserts that "George Eliot" was the greatest realist, and "George Sand" the greatest idealist of her sex; and Miss Braddon dubs Scribe the airiest and most delightful of modern dramatists.

Admirers of Mr. George Moore, and they are many, will be interested to know that he considers, or did consider four or five years ago, that "Anna Karenina" is the greatest novel ever written.

Charles Reade said that Sydney Smith was the wisest as well as wittiest man of his day, and that the Americans are the vainest and most generous nation in the world.

Dickens was ever enthusiastic in his prepossessions, but many will agree with him that the "Vicar of Wakefield" is the most delightful of all stories, and that actors form the most generous profession in the world, even if they question his opinion that Macready was the greatest of all actors. His appreciation of art was not of a high order, but some may like to know that he considered Tintoretto's "Assembly of the Blest," at Venice, to be, take it all in all, the most wonderful and charming picture ever painted. He had, however, one wholesome dislike: "Beware of fresco!" he exclaims; "sometimes (but not often) I can make out a virgin with a mildewed glory round her head, holding nothing in an indiscernible lap with invisible arms." He exulted in Washington Irving's captivating laugh, "the brightest and best he had ever heard."

Mr. Froude assures us that the most beautiful composition which had appeared in English prose up to 1537 was that bo[illegible] of practical divinity, published under orders from Henry VIII., [illegible]led "The

Bishops' Book; or, the Institution of a Christian Man," but this is a judgment to be taken *cum grano.*

Leigh Hunt avers that Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" is the chief pastoral play in our language, though we can hardly think it ought to have been such, considering what Shakespeare and Spenser have shown that they could have done in this Arcadian region.

Dr. Smiles need fear no contradiction when he calls Molière the greatest of French comedians, but hardly carries us with him when he pronounces Racine to be the greatest of French poets and dramatists, for many will go with Mr. Andrew Lang and avow that they do not care for the elegant plays of M. Racine.

Mr. Birrell, in his "Essays about Men, Women, and Books," does not hesitate to call Swift the greatest Englishman of his time, "for," he says, "to call him an Irishman is sheer folly." In the same work De Quincey is with justice termed the most accomplished rhetorical writer of our time.

Not a few people take interest in Red Indians, and they will be glad to know that the best book about them which Mr. Andrew Lang ever came across is called "A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner," which was published at New York in 1830. We have also to credit Mr. Lang with the opinion that Malory's is the best of all romances, and he has lately reminded us that Coleridge defined poetry as the best words in the best order.

George Borrow may be pardoned for any ultra-enthusiasm about gipsies, and he affirms that "the race of the Rommany is by nature perhaps the most beautiful in the world; and amongst the children of the Russian Zigáni are frequently to be found countenances to do justice to which would require the pencil of a second Murillo." The lovely and accomplished Countess Tolstoy of his day was, he says, a Zigana by birth, once one of the principal attractions of a Rommany choir at Moscow.

The name of Borrow reminds us that he was deemed by some who knew him to be the handsomest of his day, though that vivacious Quakeress, Caroline Fox, thought him a tall, ungainly man.

Young Benjamin Disraeli writes to Murray from Edinburgh, September 21, 1825: "I never preconceived a place better than Edinburgh. It is exactly what I fancied it, and certainly is the most beautiful town in the world." Canon Benham, the well-known "Peter Lombard" of the *Church Times*, considers Winchester High Street the most picturesque thoroughfare he knows, at home or abroad.

Visitors to Holland will wish to test the verdict of Mr. H. M.

Doughty, that Apeldoorn is the finest village in the Netherlands, and will look with interest at the radiant glass windows of St. Jan at Gouda, noble works of art with which no stained glass Mr. Doughty ever saw is comparable. No inhuman creatures, limbed like skeletons with corpse-like countenances and monstrous feet, such as fribbly little fallers-down before ecclesiastical old clothes feebly affect to admire, but figures of God-created men and women, healthy and beautiful, painted in colours glorious beyond compare.

About praises Naples as "la ville la plus remuante de l'Europe," and the local proverb says, "Vedi Napoli e poi mori," an equivoque meaning "See Naples and die," but also, "See Naples and then Mori," the latter being, it is said, a little town not far off. Mrs. Minto Elliott, in her "Roman Gossip," opines that the mountain district between Siena and Rome is the grandest and loveliest in Italy—little changed since the Etruscans spread art and civilisation in Umbria and on the sea-shore of Liguria. Opinions notoriously vary as to the part of England which affords the best scenery. Constable, "the Handsome Miller," as he was called in his youth, declared the Hadleigh district of Suffolk to be the most beautiful in England. Surely a pardonable pious opinion. Mrs. Opie, another East Anglian, considered St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, to be the greatest sight, and perhaps one of the most unique in Europe. According to so good a judge as Mr. Pater, Auxerre is the prettiest town in France.

A lawyer has told us that "Absalom and Achitophel" is the greatest satire in our language; and, according to Lord Jeffrey, the most perfect translation of a Latin classic into English is Sotheby's version of the "Georgics." If we have forgotten Pomfret, what can we say of Crashaw? Yet this is what the Rev. G. Gilfillan says of Crashaw's "Music's Duel": "Let our readers read the whole, and they will agree with us that they have read the most deliciously-true and incredibly-sustained piece of poetry in probably the whole compass of the language." A French critic avers that Persius' line—

> Virtutem videant intabescantque relicta—

is "le plus beau vers moral que l'antiquité nous ait légué."

We are all familiar with the "best hundred books" controversy, and with Sir John Lubbock's list in his essay "On the Choice of Books." Southey, a veritable *helluo librorum*, said that, if his library were reduced to a dozen books, it would contain Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Milton; Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, [illegible]th; Isaac Walton, Sidney's "Arcadia," Fuller's "Church H[illegible]" and Sir

Thomas Browne. What a wealthy and well-stored mind would that man have, what an inexhaustible reservoir what a Bank of England to draw upon for profitable thoughts and delightful associations, who should have fed upon them! More to the point is Mr. Birrell's assertion that the volumes with which every man of ordinary literary taste would wish to be familiar can only be numbered by thousands. By the way, perhaps the hundred books idea arose from a sentence in a notable passage in "Realmah," scorning the people who find life dull: "What, dull! when you have travelled over so few minds, and have not read the hundred great books of the world." Oddly enough Sir John Lubbock, writing of "The Value of Time," quotes part of the striking passage, but omits the reference to the hundred great books of the world. One can hardly imagine what would become of a reading man deprived of all books, although a frivolous bard has said of man:

> He may live without books—what is knowledge, but grieving?
> He may live without hope—what is hope, but deceiving?
> He may live without love—what is passion, but pining?
> But where is the man who can live without dining?

Not every one will acquiesce with Mr. S. Smith, M.P. for Flintshire, in the statement that Wales is the most religious part of the United Kingdom; but were we to begin *chopiner théologalement*, we should soon sink into a dreary Malebolge far removed from the pleasant land of optimism, and from Voltaire's "best of all possible worlds."

The opinions more or less of wise men as to what is best in any region of letters, or art, or nature, must always have a certain value; but when we come to compare the "doctorisms of the doctors," we find a pleasant diversity which gives us good heart to form our own little ephemeral conclusions. Conclusions of to-day opening the door, perhaps, to confusion of to-morrow, teaching us, as Montaigne says, that "tous jugements en gros sont lasches et imparfaicts," and leading us to sympathise with the humour of the worthy Begum Saumarooz, who, seeing the general welter of diversities and uncertainties in the doctrines with which she was plied, resolved to take Heaven by storm, and so gave bountiful largess to Mohammedans, Roman Catholics, and Protestants alike.

JAMES HOOPER.

# *BOILEAU.*

## I.

VICTOR HUGO, in the year 1829, prefaced "Les Orientales" with a manifesto in favour of free Art, similar, though not nearly equal in length, to the one he had prefixed to his "Cromwell" in 1827. He denied the right of criticism to inquire why the poet had chosen a particular subject—had ground a certain colour—gathered from a certain tree—drawn from a certain source.

Is the work good or is it bad?

In that question lay the whole domain of criticism. Such was his pronouncement. And in the word *ouvrage* he implied, perhaps, more the workmanship than either the motive or the effect of the performance.

There was something at first sight very taking in this aphorism; it had an air of simplicity, of candour, and it contained an element of undeniable truth. But reflection soon showed that the dictum was imperfect in more than one direction. It took no notice of selection—a most important process in art; it was indistinct as to the tribunal entitled to decide on merit or demerit; and it did not recognise in received opinions some of the authority of experience.

The claim for art that its field embraces all that exists in nature has led to some of the worst faults of realism. Art *has* to exclude—anyone can plainly see—parts of nature from her *répertoire*. A breach of the tacit prohibition would raise an indignant outcry: the civil arm would be expected to interfere. And with regard to all unusual subjects, the question should be carefully considered whether they are suitable for description. Disregarding this duty, Zola has done much to damage his really splendid capacity.

Then, as Victor Hugo did not appeal to the suffrages of the learned, or of those who professed to have collected rules from the ancients, it may be presumed that he left the verdict as to the goodness or badness of a work to the general public. If this was so, he was really following in the footsteps of those very lawg[illegible]s for whom he admitted a sincere contempt.

For with the exception of some restrictions ap[illegible]y arbitrary,

and others that had grown out of mere custom, the rules laid down were severally backed by a sanction. If, said the Solons of art, you lengthen out details, you will weary; if you venture on certain incidents, you will shock—you will disgust; if truth to nature is pushed to servile imitation, you will repel.

But weary whom? disgust whom? repel whom? Why, clearly the ordinary reader, for whose benefit Hugo claimed exemption from all rules. So that if the critics had made a mistake, it lay in supposing that sufficient experiments had already been tried, and sufficient evidence been accumulated, to show beforehand and without danger of error, what would be acceptable and what offensive to the public appetite. To Hugo's question addressed to the legislators—Why should I obey your rules?—the answer might have been, They are not our regulations, they are laws engraved on tables of stone by Time himself. In war, in politics, in religion you allow authority to the voice of experience, and why not do the same in literature?

Moreover, Hugo seemed to have overlooked or, perhaps, had not cared to remember, that part of the task of the critics had been to denounce bad writers, whose productions the public did not really relish, but which in the face of fashion—the vogue and feverish partisanship—it was unable, without guidance and support, to reject.

Hugo himself would have agreed to the condemnation of the charlatan poets, though he would not acknowledge the rules for breach of which they were punished.

As the conflict in which the so-called romantic school was about the middle of the French restoration period engaged had for its object the abolition of restriction, artificiality, convention, and other obstacles to the flow of free thought and free song, it happened that Boileau, most of whose writings were in imitation of classical models, and whose "L'Art Poétique" was a sort of codification of laws held to be existent, came to be looked upon as the leader of the hostile camp, and the very embodiment of all that was antiquated, academical, and ineffective; the forger of the chains which had weighed down French poetry during the years from the Sun-king to Louis XVIII.

And so, in the preface already quoted, Hugo proceeds to say: "Other nations extol the names of Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. We put forward that of Boileau." Certainly, if any responsible critic ever placed Boileau on the same footing with the three giants mentioned, the opinion was not less than preposterous. At the same time, it would be difficult to pick out any other French poet, before the present century, worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare.

Hugo, although he selected Boileau as the chieftain of the party against whom he declared war, was well aware that Boileau had peculiar merits of his own, and was not responsible for the title of arbiter which had been bestowed upon him. And the brilliant romancist was too just not to testify as much. In the notes to "Cromwell" he had already put down: "We shall always be ready to pay homage to this Nicolas Boileau—this rare and worthy genius—this Jansenist of our poetry." The professors of rhetoric, he indicated, were to blame for the foolish adulation Boileau neither claimed nor valued.

But many of Hugo's followers, though agreeing with him that Boileau, the legislator, was the arch-enemy of literary freedom, did not feel, or at any rate express, any admiration for Boileau the poet. And it has ended, according to modern estimation, in a writer once so highly valued, occupying much such a place in French literature as Gottsched does in German literature, who, though a man of undoubted energy and devoted to the advocacy of the Gallic school, appears to have been as wholly destitute of creative faculty as of a sufficient excellency of style to embalm a single sentiment for the benefit of posterity.

Although the revolutionists of Charles X.'s reign deprecated and despised the terms classical and romantic, and though it may be conceded that the words were neither exhaustive nor final, still they served to indicate with some degree of clearness two opposite sets of opinions. The dispute, as far as poetry is concerned, seems to lie in the question whether a writer who, provided with a not difficult metrical form capable of musical, if sometimes monotonous effects, can illustrate his chosen subject with brightness, wit, and fancy; and supply pictures of material nature permeated with a graceful rhetoric, rather than with any deep sympathy called forth by nature herself; whether such an one can be admitted to the same brotherhood as a poet who has a faultless ear for the niceties of metrical variety; who always sings rather than says what he wishes to convey; whose eye rests like a lens on the object attracting his attention; whose vocabulary is rich, coloured, and free; who is master of the gift and the passion of lyrics; and who seems at times possessed by a spirit breathing exuberant life into his language?

If the question thus put is deemed long-winded, and condensation insisted upon, we must boldly reduce the matter to this: Are those who can write lyrics, and those who, though otherwise endowed, cannot, to be both considered poets? The [illegible] ould, in the interests of freedom, be a strong affirmative.

Catholicity of taste surely increases our sources of enjoyment, though it is true that exclusiveness intensifies admiration, or the expression of it. Pope is not Coleridge—is not Shelley, of course. But he is exceedingly well worth reading. And it is falling back on old restrictions, to deprive ourselves of pleasure because the poet who could gratify us in one direction would be found wanting if tried in another. Pope had no lyric power whatever, but on his own harpsichord he was charmingly vigorous, lively, and entertaining. And his admirers might urge that it is possible to conceive of a poet nursed in the Elizabethan traditions, and possessed of ear, of colour-sense, and of music, who yet could not sustain a line of thought, could not draw a character, relate an incident, or indeed, express an opinion without distorting emphasis.

Boileau was not Malherbe; but he was ingenious, amusing, and witty, constantly appealing to reason and common sense; intentionally bitter as the stimulant of a tonic, rather than as a result of peevishness; and, in many ways, well fitted to guide the judgment of the general reader. It is proposed, most briefly, to show the circumstances under which Boileau wrote, and the nature of what he produced.

## II.

THE associations of Boileau's life were almost entirely confined to that ancient part of Paris, the Île de la Cité. It was in the little Rue de Jérusalem, hard by the Palais de Justice, that he was born in 1636. Exactly opposite was a house occupied later on, in 1694, by Maître Arouet, whose illustrious son, known as Voltaire, first saw the light there in that same year. In the very room where Boileau made his bow to this world, the celebrated satire, "La Ménippée," had been elaborated by its secret authors, one of whom, Jacques Gillot, was owner of the house. He was councillor-clerk to the Parlement of Paris, and canon of the Sainte-Chapelle. This man dying, left his two houses, the one he occupied in the Rue de Jérusalem, and another at no distance, to his nephews Tardieu. The elder nephew was a criminal magistrate of some distinction, but so miserly in his habits, that, abetted by his sister of equally penurious tastes, the couple gained a disastrous reputation. This evil fame reaching at length the dangerous classes, brother and sister were assassinated in the night by thieves in search of hidden treasure. The younger nephew was a canon of the Sainte-Chapelle, and succeeded to

the house occupied by the late Canon Gillot. Contrary to the regulations, this ecclesiastic let his principal apartment, and it was taken by Gilles Boileau, registrar of the council of the great Chamber. The poet was the fifth child of his father's second marriage; a marriage not approved of by the Boileau family, for Anne de Niellé was the daughter of a law officer of low degree. There were eight children by the first marriage, and the second wife was quite a girl whilst the registrar was forty-six, so that the element of imprudence was not wanting; but Gilles Boileau looked on the pretty face of his bride and forgot the future in the happy present. The poet Boileau lived almost all his life within the precincts of the Courts; he drew the characters in his satires and epistles from people moving around him; the scene of his famous mock-heroic poem was laid in and near the Sainte-Chapelle, and in his decay, when he finally deserted the familiar buildings surrounding the Palais, it was only to take up his residence in the cloisters of Notre-Dame, so that he had not to leave his native island of the Seine.

In 1638, at the infantile age of one year and four months, Nicolas had the great misfortune of losing his mother, who died in child-bed. This event had, doubtless, a great effect upon his future. As his years passed on, his naturally genial disposition remained unnurtured by female tenderness, and his acute sense of the ridiculous having no encouraging direction given to it, he became silently observant, and, in a measure, saturnine. As a child he was badly treated, entrusted to a harsh nurse at his father's little country box at Crosne, and greatly neglected. There were, however, round this small tenement, a garden and two closes of meadow-grass, greatly delighted in by the boy whenever he could get his liberty. His predilection for these enclosed fields led to his nickname of "Despréaux," a title by which in his lifetime he was almost as well known as by his patronymic, and to which, in modern journalistic days, he owes the accident of having been divided into two poets.

It is interesting to record that the house at Crosne still exists, opposite the church; and the more so as no traces whatever are left of the Rue de Jérusalem and its neighbouring houses and passages. The improvements of Napoléon III. did much to alter the scene: the devastations of the Commune rendered even identification of the sites scarcely possible. At the early age of seven, Nicolas was placed at the Collége d'Harcourt, and introduced to the unwholesome dieting too common in French schools of that [illegible]. The coarse vegetable food produced after a time an attack of [illegible], for which in his eleventh year he underwent an operation, [illegible] [illegible]ilfully per-

formed as to cause him inconvenience for life. It is not necessary to go into a question much discussed, as to whether this mishap induced him to remain a bachelor; but it may be mentioned that the evidence that this was so is wholly unsatisfactory. From the Collége d'Harcourt he was removed to the Collége de Beauvais. Here he read romances and poetry, and such Latin classics as suited his particular tastes—Horace, Juvenal, Persius, and the like; but he did not distinguish himself, taking away little but mental caricatures of his tutors, and only sufficient scholarship to convey to him the merit of the poets he determined to imitate. It may here be stated that though even in his full maturity he complained of a difficulty in finding rhymes, he, from an early age, was greatly addicted to versifying, so that to a certain extent he may be said, like our own Pope, to have lisped in numbers. On leaving the College, Nicolas was expected to study law, and, to give a practical turn to his labours, he was installed in his father's office. Here he slumbered over his jurisprudence, as he had done before over his Cicero, and though his father insisted upon his obtaining a license as an advocate, he never had the smallest aptitude for his profession, and indeed migrated to the Sorbonne to try his luck with theology. But in 1657 his father died, and this event entirely changed the course and aim of the future poet's life. The worthy registrar passed away under the complete impression that he was leaving behind him in Nicolas an amiable incompetent. And Nicolas was afraid of his father,—saw little of him till the evenings, when indisposed by fatigue for intercourse. And yet the father would have been tickled and gratified by his son's wit, whilst the growing satirist might have profited by the anecdotes of the registrar, who was much at Court—was one of the hundred gentlemen of the King's chamber, considered himself a success with ladies, and to the last preserved the moustache of Louis XIII.'s day, and had his head dressed *à la Royale*. Jérôme Boileau, the eldest son of the first marriage, succeeded his father as registrar, and was good enough to receive his three half-brothers—Gilles, Jacques, and Nicolas—into his house, situated in the court of the Palais de Justice. Madame Jérôme, though a perpetual annoyance, formed a valuable model for the nascent satirical powers of Nicolas. She was meddlesome, ill-tempered, always finding fault, and one of those indefinite invalids, whose complaints being nervous, supply them with the excuse for sudden seizures, when their presence chances to be needful. She tortured her husband and probably drove him to gambling, whilst the servants were so frequently discharged, that the house seemed always

in the hands of strangers. The imaginary diseases were attended to by a doctor, Claude Perrault, who played into the woman's hands; and who for this, and for bleeding the poet himself in the foot to cure a difficulty in breathing—a treatment which did not relieve the chest, but produced lameness—was subjected to a series of sarcasms and epigrams for the rest of his life.

Gilles Boileau, who had an appointment in the Hôtel de Ville, was fond of versifying, and displayed some wit, if also insufficient skill; and Jacques, a canon of the Sainte-Chapelle, must needs indulge in a similar amusement, but only with the result of being laughed at. Gilles was clever enough to discern in the poetical attempts Nicolas soon began to make, a genius of which he became exceedingly jealous. Cramped in a garret, and with few opportunities of seeing society, it was astonishing to what good purpose Nicolas turned the materials lying near his hand. He began to form a gallery of portraits for future use, in which he introduced, first and foremost, his sister-in-law, Madame Jérôme; then the poor miserable wretches named Tardieu, brother and sister mentioned before; the eccentric barber, Lamour; the canons of the Sainte-Chapelle; many oddities about the Courts; and his own relatives, the gambling Jérôme, and the addled man of letters, Gilles, with the minor writers, who, notwithstanding the latter's incapacity, came to flatter and ask favours from him.

After many specimens in the nature of studies of what he could do, Nicolas in 1660 completed his first satire; and in 1666 he was ready with six more, which he published, prefaced by the "Discours au Roi."

The years of youth were not likely to have passed away with one possessing a lively imagination, without adventures of a tender description; and accordingly some such are met with, the most serious of which was an attachment the poet formed for Marie de Bretonville, the niece of one of the Sainte-Chapelle canons. His affection was reciprocated; but means were wanting, and the canon strongly recommended Boileau to turn his thoughts in a different direction, continue his theological studies, and finally take orders. The lover obeyed so far that he approached the church near enough to obtain a small sinecure, but as he could not give up the idea of Marie, he was conscientious enough to refuse to retain the benefice. Whilst hopes were dormant, but not extinguished, the canon died, and Marie rather heartlessly, as Nicolas thought, entered [illegible] convent. The dream was over; but its memory remained, and the poet —accidentally passing remembered scenes associated [illegible] the affair

—wrote some lines, which Lambert set to music, and secured for them an ephemeral success.

The refrain was touching enough, and may be roughly rendered thus:

> Why sigh for one whom time could faithless prove,
> Hast thou forgotten, heart, I've ceased to love?

If Boileau was not altogether fortunate in love, he was singularly blessed in the matter of friendship. Three most distinguished men—Racine, Molière, and La Fontaine—were at one time his constant companions. From 1662 to 1666, the four cronies formed a sort of club, though Boileau was indeed the host, and provided an apartment in the Rue de Colombier, at the entry of the Faubourg St. Germain, for their meetings. Jérôme's house was rendered unsuited for social enjoyment by the presence of Madame Jérôme. Literature was of course most fully discussed—interchanges of wit and fancy were constant—whilst proposed productions were often read and criticised. Boileau, perhaps, in the matter of composition was the least able of the four, but still by quickness of thought, by force of character, and firmness of judgment he quite held his own; and indeed appears to have been often looked upon as the leading mind. To be so valued by such men is of itself a testimony of the highest value to the intellectural power of the satirist; and even those who cannot find pleasure in Boileau's writings must admit that the capacity of the man is independently established. M. Nisard considers that the meetings in the Rue de Colombier add great interest to the "Art Poétique." He sees in the manual, if it may be so called, more than the work of one superior mind. It is a declaration of the literary faith of a grand age. The doctrines had been thoroughly thrashed out (as appears by the traditions floating down to the present day [1]) by mental forces representing the tragedy, comedy, fable, and satire of the age. In the general society of the world, Boileau was, perhaps, not especially calculated to shine. His youth had been passed in taciturnity and observation. He was rough in manner, and a little eager and peremptory in stating his opinions. Still, on the breaking up in 1666 of the circle he had formed, chiefly owing to a coldness between Racine and Molière, Boileau seems to have visited at distinguished houses—at that of Madame Plessis-Guénégaud; at the Hôtel Lesdiguières, where the Cardinal de Retz lived in retirement with his niece; and both at the town residence of M. de Lamoignon, president of the Parlement of Paris, and at his country place at Baville.

[1] See also La Fontaine's *Psyche.*

Nine of the Epistles appeared between 1669 and 1675, and twenty years later, the remaining three. "L'Art Poétique" was finished in 1674, and the four first books of the "Lutrin" date also from the same year.

In 1679 Boileau lost his brother Jérôme, and the event necessitated his seeking another abode. He took refuge with his nephew, M. Dongois—whom he always termed "my illustrious nephew"—for Dongois' office of Chief Registrar of the Parlement led to his giving himself great airs. Voltaire in his lines, called an "Epistle to Despréaux," recorded:

> With your nephew Dongois I lived as a child;
> A cit by imagined importance beguiled.

The house of the Chief Registrar was very dull, but it was in the court of the Palais de Justice, and that locality was always a magnet to Boileau. However, in the course of time, Dongois' daughter married and came to live with her father, and this arrangement ultimately drove the poet away, though he held out for a year or two. At last, in 1685, he bought a house and garden at Auteuil, a village now famous among French racing men. Here for awhile he amused himself with repairs and embellishments, and took especial delight in his flowers. But his health, which had always been bad—for he suffered extremely from asthma—broke down without hope of permanent recovery. He became very deaf and lost his voice. In the embarrassments caused by his illness—though he did not give up his country house—he lived principally in the cloister of Notre-Dame, changing, however, his apartments more than once. Next, perhaps, to his favourite court of the Palais, the shadow of the great church most pleased him, as awakening recollections of earlier years. It is recorded that the house at Auteuil, though containing pictures and bijoux, was never very clean; and the poet—himself neglectful in dress and care of his person—was thought to be much in the hands of friendly but self-willed servants. His garden, however, was carefully kept up.

Boileau was well off. He had embarked his patrimony in the city of Lyons' loan, which investment he was exceptionally permitted to retain, when others had to give up their claim. The King also assisted him in various ways, and he was appointed historiographer in company with Racine. His deafness prevented his attending Court much, but Racine explained matters to the authorities. Indeed, Boileau was not fitted for Court. He had alr[illegible]y h[illegible]ified the courtiers by making a severe remark about Scarron—[illegible]e former husband of Madame de Maintenon—in the King's pr[illegible].

At length he was persuaded to give up Auteuil, and retire altogether to the cloister precincts; and there at last, overwhelmed with disease, he died in the May of 1711. He was appropriately buried in the Sainte-Chapelle, which had been the centre of his most cherished associations all his life.

For a satirist he had seen but little of the world; but he made the best use of his opportunities, such as they were. His health reduced all enjoyment to very simple pleasures, but his nature was bright and cheerful, when not oppressed with pain or darkened by low spirits. He had attached friends, and his kind heart prompted him to many benevolent actions. His judgment was sound and the atmosphere surrounding him sane and rational; and however opinions may differ as to his poetry, his name will remain among those of the distinguished men of France.

## III.

ALTHOUGH the satires of Boileau were largely suggested by what had been effected in that direction by the ancients—indeed, the subjects of some were directly taken from writings that have come down to us—yet he managed to make them perfectly original. The outlines were Latin, but the details entirely French. His versification and general style were considered extremely good. The following opinion of M. Demogeot may be held to express the estimate formed by the fairest judges. After remarking that Boileau had apprehended and emphasised the most vital character of the national taste—namely, a raillery founded on intelligent good sense; and after declaring that the ancient French spirit of Villon and Marot had been ennobled by the language of the classics, and the elegant niceties of the age of Louis XIV., so that Boileau's real position was that of a bourgeois of Paris in the grand gallery of Versailles, he adds: "His criticism was clear, simple, accessible to all; negative rather than suggestive, reducing the principles of art to those of common sense. It was piquant, full of raillery and delicate malice, and enlivened by personalities. In truth, it delivered its precepts in imperishable verses, brilliant alike from imagery and pregnant meaning; and condensing what was desired to be said into proverb-like expressions, to be received without remonstrance, and remembered without difficulty."

Of Boileau's earlier satires, four were literary; and the others, against bad writers, kept the reader amused with unexpected sallies; though the objection applies to some of them which has been urged

against the "Dunciad," that they have resuscitated for a second witty extinction names on which oblivion had already set her seal. Their author lived to indite the frigid diatribes, scarcely to be called satires, on "L'Honneur" and "L'Equivoque;" and the attack on women, which was so resented; though it is simple justice to say that it was not an attack on women in general, but on disagreeable women—no attempt being made to depict a good woman, except in a wretched compliment to Madame de Maintenon.

The writings of Boileau are, of course, well known to everyone who has studied French literature, but the romancists have succeeded in discrediting him to this extent, that a tyro on opening his pages would expect him to be dull. But dull is what he never is; and a few lines from the opening of the sixth Satire are here offered in translation, with the sole object of showing how brightly the satirist goes off at once into his subject, and exhibits his national vivacity with a happiness which shows no trace of effort:

> The air is filled with cries—good heavens! what now?
> Does bed in Paris mean, not rest but row?
> And what fell demon, full of spiteful wiles,
> Collects all neighbouring cats upon the tiles?
> I am fit to spurn the couch I longed to press,
> All hell seems loosed to compass my distress.
> O hark! that roar a tiger might have roared—
> A child's scream next, and then a mixed discord.
> And that's not all, the squeaking mice and rats
> Swarm round me, by arrangement with the cats;
> More pertinacious in the night obscure,
> Than that day-pestilence—L'Abbé de Pure.

This last line contains a hall-mark of the author; nothing pleased him more than the sudden introduction of a personality. One of his first hits was devised in the same manner:

> Plain French for me, whatever is the vogue;
> I must call spade a spade, and Rolet—rogue.

Of the extract which has just been Englished above, it might perhaps be said that the subject necessitated a not unpleasantly flippant style. But Boileau could lead off an argument on a grave subject, with the same light touch. The following may be taken as a representation of the commencement of his eighth Satire, addressed to the theologian Morel:

> Of all the animals that fan the sky,
> Tread on the earth, or in the waters ply,
> From Paris to Peru, Rome from Japan,
> The silliest of the lot is surely—man.

What! you will cry, worms, emmets from the heap,
A creeping mite that scarcely lives to creep;
Bulls chewing grass, and goats the prickly tree,
More wise than man?

Yes, so it seems to me.

This view perplexes, doctor, your good soul.
O'er nature man, you say, has large control;
Woods, fields, and herds are all to him assigned,
And reason dominates his pliant mind.

'Tis true; he *has* been trained in reason's school,
And hence he figures as—the biggest fool.

The "Art Poétique" falls next under notice, and it labours, at the very outset, under the disadvantage of being an attempt to teach that which is unteachable, except to the specially endowed.[1] For what are called the rules of poetry are mostly founded on a careful observation of the causes of success in the productions of those who wrote often without rules, and were, indeed, making the laws rather than following them. But still, as a codification of directions for amusing and instructing the general reader, suggested by a study of what had previously amused and instructed, the metrical treatise may be considered an advance on anything that had appeared before. And when the circumstances are considered—the tone of the epoch, and the necessity, or, at any rate, the great temptation a writer in Boileau's position was under not to run counter to the opinions of the Court, the catholicity and toleration exhibited in his estimates of French poets are, at the lowest, respectable.

The author would not extend his sympathies very far back; he did not profess to admire the startling irregularities of mediæval imagination; he was not beguiled by *les magots de la Chine*; and therefore, when we find him admitting that Villon was the first to disentangle the confused art of the old romance-writers, and recommending an imitation of the elegant badinage of Marot, whilst equal praise was given to the same poet's ballads, triolets, rondeaux, and the rest, we can scarcely withhold approval of such impartiality. Some of the rules laid down in Boileau's code seem arbitrary, as we have said before, and others carry no authority except that of custom; yet, on the whole, reason, good taste, and good sense form the basis of the legislation, and much which is there enunciated was true in Homer's age, and will be true till that period arrives (which may Heaven long delay!) when science shall extinguish poetry as

[1] Genius can be educated. Keats was first taught wrong by a friend; and his style, afterwards, purified by the old masters.

superfluous, not to be proved by experiment, and contributing nothing to the physical benefit of mankind.

In gauging the value of the "Art Poétique," it must not be forgotten that French poetry was, and in some measure continues to the present day to be, highly artificial. The laws of French prosody have only to be examined to prove that usages remain for which it would be difficult to assign a reasonable cause. If the great coryphеus of the romantic movement of the Bourbon restoration and of 1830, Victor Hugo himself, had been an Englishman, he might have been claimed by the Elizabethan votaries on account of his lyrical power alone. But yet he deliberately chose to write many pieces which are distinctly in the manner of Pope. They are didactic, argumentative, full of wit and brilliant character-drawing, but, submitted to a metrical system, frequently producing a mechanical rise and fall, are governed strictly by the old rules as to rhymes, and could not be read out aloud effectively, without a certain monotonous sing-song, recalling the cadences to be heard in such a Mohammedan school as Decamps would have loved to paint. And one point more. The French language itself has, during the century now ending, been rendered far more pliable and elastic than it was in Boileau's time. The efforts of Gautier, Musset, Baudelaire, Banville, and others have largely unfolded its capabilities, and have made effects possible which were never contemplated before. Indeed, the danger now seems to be lest freedom should exempt even from the restrictions of grammar.

To the English the mock-heroic poem of the "Lutrin" will always be interesting, as having admittedly suggested Pope's immortal "Rape of the Lock." It was by style and character-sketching alone that Boileau succeeded in making a hit. Our own poet was much more fortunate in his theme; it lent itself most readily to graceful affectation, and the machinery of the sylphs was admirably fitted to harmonise with the tone of trivial foppery and delicate banter adopted. Boileau's subject, on the contrary, was as heavy as the wooden reading-desk which supplied it. The removal of a piece of church furniture from a place where it was deemed inconvenient; a dispute between rival authorities as to the wisdom of the step; and, finally, a pelting-match between them, where the missiles were books—these incidents afforded little opening, indeed, for graceful merriment. The personifications, too, of Discord, &c., are tiresome; but the introduction of the fantastic hairdresser, Lamour, was a happy thought. Boileau had long had him in [illegible] eye, and secured him for the puppet-show at last. It may be t[illegible]ully said

that the "Lutrin," after all, is interesting, and the ironical atmosphere well sustained; and this is equivalent to saying that its author successfully compassed a *tour de force*. Voltaire assigned a higher place to the Epistles of Boileau than to his Satires, and this judgment has been acquiesced in by the later critics. Both style and thoughts are in their full maturity, and if there is less sparkle there is a richer flavour. The Epistles are twelve in number, of which three are addressed to the King. The first of these panegyrics (for, of course, they are that) is a dignified assertion of the poet's own position. He declines to follow the servile herd, who were never tired of exaggerating the royal victories; he could not successfully compete with them, and he boldly reminds the King that the conquests of peace are more lasting than those of war, and that his real claim to glory must be founded on the internal advancement of his country, and the happiness of his people. He had to interweave, naturally, some subtle compliments, and, it is said, made his fortune by the last fourteen lines. The King commended them highly, and made the happy remark that he would have praised them more if Boileau had praised himself less.

The piece was written in the year 1669; but alas! for poor human nature—in 1672 the poet indited another epistle to his monarch, in which the conqueror was exalted in terms which would have been exaggerated if addressed to Julius Cæsar. But he overdid it, and in at last reaching the unhappy line where he bepraised Louis for *not* crossing the Rhine, he roused the ridicule of Europe, which found fit expression in the laughter of our English Prior.

The Epistles, however, to M. de Lamoignon, to Racine, to the Marquis de Seignelai, and to his own poetry, well deserve careful perusal, and show the pacified satirist at his wisest and his best. His familiar address to his gardener at Auteuil has much charm, and though, of course, suggested by Horace's lines, "Ad Villicum suum," yet the turn of thought is entirely Boileau's own. This faithful old servant was named Antoine Riquet (the spelling is doubtful); he was greatly attached to his master, and long survived him. The poet contrasts the steady toil of the gardener with his own inconstant inspirations and his varying success in recording them. He conjectures that Antoine considers himself much the more industrious and useful of the two, but assures him he would cut a very poor figure as a literary man. These home-spun English lines may give an idea of the turn of humour:

> Of me and you, amidst these beds, I see
> You think yourself the more employed to be;

But both your notions and your speech would change,
If for two days alone, a labour strange,
Instead of gardening, were upon you laid,
And in your hand a pen and not a spade.
To have to polish writings, Tony mine,
And without sinking, build the noble line
On common subjects; turn me out a rose
Or glowing pink, where now the thistle grows.
The knowledge must be also yours to grace
A rustic theme, and its dull parts efface;
So that the piece may please the witty town,
Or at the palace gain a brief renown.

When worn and faint Tony again appears,
Thought staining more than all the freckling years,
I hear him cry: Give back my hoe and rake,
I'd level acres and less trouble take.

In direct epigram, Boileau was not strong; the best that has come down to us is too plain-spoken for modern ears; though it is right to say that the broad jest was one he usually avoided carefully.

But he could express himself, if occasion called for it, with slaughtering smartness.

We all know Matthew Arnold's enjoyment of what Heine said regarding the opponents of Napoléon, that they came to bad ends, the German professor especially remaining the German professor. But surely the following is not bad and somewhat in the same vein? Boileau, writing to a military friend in 1676, commences: "There is a physician living in Paris named Perrault, a notorious opponent of health and good sense; but, to be sure, an intimate friend of M. Quinault." This was a neat instance of two birds wounded by one stone.

There is no wish to claim for Boileau the position of a great poet; he was not that by any means. At the same time, he must certainly rank as a representative man of his epoch. The contempt which the romancists have thrown upon him might lead an unguarded English reader to class him with Blackmore of the eighteenth, or Tupper of the nineteenth centuries. But such an estimate would do great injustice to Boileau's French gaiety, to his wit and his intellectual perceptions. Posterity very properly claims to judge for itself; but some weight must surely be given to the opinions of the acknowledged immortals of the age of Louis. And they did not disdain to accord him their companionship; nay, they were willing to recognise his guidance, and submit to his judgment.

J. W. SHERER.

# THE TURKS IN BOSNIA.

THE accession of Mohammed II. to the Turkish throne in 1451 was the beginning of a new era for the Balkan peoples. Since the battle of Kossovo the Sultans had been content to allow the Serbs the shadow of independence under "Despots" of their own, while Bosnia had bought off invasion by a tribute, more or less regularly paid, according to the vicissitudes of the Ottoman power. But the new Sultan resolved to bring the whole peninsula under his immediate sway, and lost no time in putting his plans into execution. The capture of Constantinople startled the whole of Christendom, and the great victory of Hunyady before the walls of Belgrade was small compensation for that hero's death. There was no one left to champion the cause of the Balkan Christians, who were still occupied with their own miserable jealousies. Bosniaks and Serbs were disputing the possession of the frontier towns, which the Kings of Hungary had long ago made an apple of discord between them, and Duke Stephen of the Herzegovina was invoking the aid of the Turks at the very moment when all religious and racial enmities should have been silenced in the presence of the common foe. But it has been the misfortune of the Balkan peoples to have, like the Bourbons, learnt nothing and forgotten nothing in their centuries of suffering. They have never learnt the lesson of their mutual jealousies, and have never forgotten their historic aspirations from which those jealousies spring. Even in our own day, if the Austrian were to cease to rule in Bosnia or the Turk to be driven from Macedonia, the quarrels of rival creeds and rival races would be renewed. Nothing is sadder to the friends of the Southern Slavs than their inability to sink their differences for a common object.

The King of Bosnia in this extremity sought aid from the West of Europe. As an obedient son of the Roman Church, he had a right to expect the help of the Pope ; as a friend of the Venetians, he felt entitled to the support of the Doge. But he met with little response to his appeals. Venice, selfish as ever, was not anxious to embroil herself in Bosnian affairs, and the Pope contented himself

with proclaiming a new crusade, addressing the King as the "warrior of Christ," and promising him "a glorious victory," in which no one else seemed desirous to share. Under these circumstances Ostojić had no alternative but to pay the tribute, which he had refused in the first flush of Hunyady's victory at Belgrade. The one bright speck on the dark horizon was the possibility of the union of Bosnia and Servia under one ruler by the marriage of Stephen Tomašević, eldest son of Ostojić, with the only daughter of the Servian "Despot." On the latter's death in 1458, the King of Hungary acknowledged Stephen Tomašević as "Despot" of all Servia as far as the river Morava, and it seemed for the moment as if the ancient jealousies of the two neighbouring States had been finally settled and a new bulwark erected against the Turks. But the aggrandisement of the Bosnian royal family only increased its responsibilities. The important town of Semendria, which the "Despot" George Branković had founded on the Danube years before as a refuge from his enemies, and the two-and-twenty square towers of which still stand out defiant of all the ravages of Turks or Time, was strongly fortified, but its inhabitants regarded their new master, a zealous Catholic and a Hungarian nominee, as a worse foe than the Sultan himself. When Mohammed II. arrived at their gates they surrendered without a blow. The other Servian towns followed the example of Semendria, and in 1459 Servia had ceased to exist as a State and became a Pashalik of the Turkish Empire. It was the turn of Bosnia next. But Ostojić was spared the spectacle of his country's fall. Two years later he fell in an obscure quarrel in Croatia by the hands of his brother and his own son, Stephen Tomašević, who succeeded to the sorry heritage of the Bosnian throne, of which he was to be the last occupant.

Stephen, son of Thomas, lost no time in seeking the aid of the Pope against the impending storm. "I was baptized as a child," he said through the mouths of his envoys, "and have learnt to read out of Latin books. I wish, therefore, that thou wouldst send me a crown and holy bishops as a sign that thou wilt not forsake me. I pray thee also to bid the King of Hungary to go with me to the wars, for so alone can Bosnia be saved. For the Turks have built several fortresses in my kingdom and are very friendly to the peasants, to whom they promise freedom; and the limited understanding of the peasant observes not their deceit, for he believes that this freedom will last for ever. And Mohammed's ambition knows no bounds; after me, he will attack Hungary and the Dalmatian possessions of Venice, and then march by way of [illegible] and Istria into Italy, which he means to subdue; even of [illegible]e ofttimes

speaks, and yearns to have it. But I shall be his first victim. My father foretold to thy predecessor and the Venetians the fall of Constantinople, and now I prophesy that if ye help me I shall be saved; but if not, I shall fall, and others with me." To this eloquent appeal, which so exactly depicted the position of affairs, the Pope replied by sending his legates to the coronation—the first and last instance of a Bosnian king receiving his crown from Rome. The ceremony took place in the lovely citadel of Jajce, Hrvoje's ancient seat, whither the new King had transferred his residence from Bobovac for greater security. The splendour of that day and the absolute unanimity of the great nobles in support of their lord cast a final ray of light over the last page of Bosnia's history as a kingdom. Tomašević made peace with all his own and his father's enemies—with the King of Hungary, with his step-mother, Queen Catherine, and with her father, the proud Duke Stephen Vukčić of the Herzegovina, now seriously alarmed at the advance of the Turks, who had placed a governor at Foča and had carved what was called the "Bosnian province" out of the district round it. The King assumed all the pompous titles of his predecessors—the sovereignty of Servia, Dalmatia, and Croatia—at a time when he could not defend his own land, and made liberal grants of privileges to Ragusa at the moment when he was imploring the Venetians to grant him a castle on the coast as a place of refuge.

The storm was not long in breaking. Mohammed II., learning that Tomašević had promised the King of Hungary to refuse the customary tribute to the Turk, sent an envoy to demand payment. The Bosnian monarch took the envoy into his treasury and showed him the money collected for the tribute. "I do not intend," he said, "to send the Sultan so much treasure and so rob myself of it. For should he attack me, I shall get rid of him the easier if I have money; and, if I must flee to another land, I shall live more pleasantly by means thereof." So the envoy returned and told his master, and his master vowed vengeance upon the King. In the spring of 1463 he assembled a great army in Adrianople for the conquest of Bosnia. Alarmed at the result of his own defiant refusal Tomašević sent an embassy at the eleventh hour to ask for a fifteen years' truce. Konstantinović, a Servian renegade, who was an eye-witness of these events, has fortunately preserved the striking sce of Mohammed's deceit. Concealed behind a money-chest in t Turkish treasury, he heard the Sultan's two chief advisers dec upon the plan of campaign. "We will grant the truce," said of them, "and forthwith march against Bosnia, else we shall e

it, for it is mountainous, and besides, the King of Hungary and the Croats and other princes will come to its aid." So Mohammed granted the envoys the truce which they desired, and they prepared to return and tell the good news to the King. But early next day the eavesdropper went and warned them that in the middle of the next week the Turkish army would follow on their heels. But they laughed at his tale, for they believed the word of the Sultan. Yet, sure enough, four days after their departure, Mohammed set out. One detachment of his army he sent to the Save to prevent the King of Hungary from effecting a junction with the Bosniaks, while the rest he led in person to Sjenica, on the Bosnian frontier. His march had been so rapid and so secret that he encountered little or no resistance, until he reached the ancient castle of Bobovac, which had stood so many a siege in Bosnia's stormy history. The fate of this old royal residence was typical of that of the land. Its governor, Prince Radak, had been converted by force from the Bogomile faith to Catholicism. He could have defended the fortress for years even against the great Turkish army, if his heart had been in the cause. But he was, like so many of his countrymen, a Bogomile first and a Bosniak afterwards. On the third day of the siege he opened the gates to Mohammed, who found among the inmates the two envoys, whom he had so lately duped. Radak met with the fitting reward of his treachery. When he claimed from Mohammed the price for which he had stipulated, the conqueror asked him how he could keep faith with a Turk when he had betrayed his Christian master, and had him beheaded. The giant cliff of Radakovica served as the scaffold, and still preserves the name, of the traitor.

The fall of the virgin fortress filled the Bosniaks with dismay. At the news of Mohammed's invasion, Stephen Tomašević had withdrawn with his family to his capital of Jajce, hoping to raise an army and get help from abroad while the invader was expending his strength before the walls of Bobovac. But its surrender left him no time for defence. He fled at once towards Croatia, closely followed by the van of Mohammed's army. At the fortress of Ključ the pursuers came up with the fugitive. The secret of the King's presence inside was betrayed to the Turks; and their commander, anxious to avoid a lengthy siege, promised Tomašević in writing that, if he surrendered, his life should be spared. The King relied upon the pardon and gave himself up to Mohammed's lieutenant, who brought him as his prisoner to the Sultan at Jajce. Meanwhile, the capital, like the King, had thrown itself upon the [illegible] of the conqueror, and thus, almost without a blow, the [illegible] strongest

places in Bosnia had fallen. Tomašević himself helped the Sultan to complete his conquest. He wrote, at his captor's direction, letters to all his generals and captains, bidding them surrender their towns and fortresses to the Turk. In a week more than seventy obeyed his commands, and before the middle of June 1463 Bosnia was a Turkish Pashalik, and Mohammed, with the captive King in his train, set out for the subjection of the Herzegovina. But the "heroic Herzegovina" offered greater obstacles to the invader than "lofty Bosnia." Against those bare limestone rocks the Turkish cavalry was useless, while the natives, accustomed to every cranny of the crags, harassed the strangers with a ceaseless guerilla warfare. Duke Stephen and his son, who in better days had wasted their energies in civil war, now joined hands against the common foe, and Mohammed, after a fruitless attempt to capture his capital of Blagaj, withdrew to Constantinople. But before he left he resolved to rid himself of that encumbrance, the King of Bosnia, who could now be no longer of use to his conqueror. Mohammed was bound by the solemn promise of his lieutenant to spare his prisoner's life. But, as soon as his wishes were known, a legal excuse was invented for his inexcusable act of treachery. A learned Persian in his camp, Ali Bestami by name, pronounced the pardon to be invalid because it had been granted without the previous consent of the Sultan. Mohammed thereupon summoned Tomašević to his presence on the "Emperor's meadow," near Jajce, whereupon the lithe Persian drew his sword, and, with a spring in the air, cut off the head of the last Bosnian King. According to another version, Tomašević was first flayed alive. By the command of the Sultan, the *fetva*, in which Ali Bestami had composed the captive monarch's sentence, was carved on the gate of Jajce, where as late as the middle of the present century could be read the words, "The true believer will not allow a snake to bite him twice from the same hole," an allegory by which the pliant Persian strove to excuse his master's treachery by representing his victim as the traitor. The body of Tomašević was buried by order of the Sultan at a spot only just visible from the citadel of Jajce. In 1888 Dr. Truhelka, the distinguished archæologist and custodian of the museum at Sarajevo, discovered on the right bank of the river Vrbas the skeleton of the King, the skull severed from the trunk just as history had said, with two small silver Hungarian coins, current in Bosnia in the fifteenth century, on the breast-bones. When the present writer visited Jajce, he found the skeleton set up in the Franciscan church there—a sad memorial of Bosnia's past greatness.

Thus, after an existence of eighty-seven years, fell the Bosnian kingdom. Mainly by the faults of her people and the mistakes of her rulers, mediæval Bosnia lost her independence. The country is naturally strong, and under the resolute government of one man, uniting all creeds and all classes beneath his banner, might have held out, like Montenegro, against the Turkish armies. But the jealousies of the nobles, and the still fiercer rivalries of the Roman Catholics and the Bogomiles, prepared the way for the invader, and when he came the persecuted heretics welcomed him as a deliverer, preferring "the mufti's turban to the cardinal's hat." This lesson of Bosnia's fall is full of meaning for our own time, and those who meditate on her future destinies should not forget her past mistakes. She is perhaps the best and the saddest example of what boundless mischief religious persecution can accomplish.

Bosnia had entered upon her four centuries of submission to the Turks. Her King was dead, his consort and his stepmother, Queen Catherine, in exile, and his people at the mercy of the conqueror. Many of them were enlisted in the Turkish corps of janissaries; many more fled to Croatia, Istria, and the Dalmatian towns; a few took to the mountains, like the more or less mythical hero Toma, the Robin Hood of the Bosnian ballads, and lived as brigands and outlaws; most of the Bogomiles embraced the faith of Islâm, and became in the course of generations more fanatical than the Turks themselves. It seemed as if they would be left in sole possession of the land, but the earnest appeal of a Franciscan monk induced Mohammed to grant the Christians the free exercise of their religion and thus stay the tide of emigration from the country. But, though Bosnia could not defend herself, the Turks were not allowed undisturbed possession. Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, had been outwitted by the rapid march of Mohammed, but in the autumn of the very year in which Bosnia fell he set out to her rescue. The campaign was successful, and, aided by Duke Stephen's heroic son and a Herzegovinian contingent, the Hungarians recovered Jajce, Banjaluka, and about twenty-five other towns. Even the return of Mohammed in the next spring failed to secure the second surrender of Jajce. Such was the terror of the Hungarian arms that the mere report of the King's approach made him throw his cannon into the Vrbas and raise the siege. Matthias Corvinus now organised the part of Bosnia which he had conquered from the Turks into two Duchies or *Banats*, one of which took its name from Jajce and the other from Srebrenik. Over these territories, which embraced all lower Bosnia, he placed Nicholas of Ujlaky, a Hun-

garian magnate, with the title of King. Thus, under Hungarian rule, two portions of the old Bosnian kingdom remained free from the Turks for two generations more, serving as a "buffer State" between the Ottoman Power and the Christian lands of Croatia and Slavonia.

The Herzegovina, which had repulsed the conqueror of Bosnia, did not long survive the sister state. The great Duke Stephen Vukčić died in 1466 and his three sons for a time held out against the Turks. But the two eldest were soon forced to take refuge at Ragusa, in all ages the haven of Bosnian and Herzegovinian exiles, while the youngest embraced the creed and entered the service of the conqueror. Under the name of Achmed Pasha Hercegović, or, "the Duke's son," he gained a great place in Turkish history, and after having governed Anatolia and commanded the Ottoman fleet, attained to the post of Grand Vizier. His name and origin are still preserved by the little Turkish town of Hersek, on the Gulf of Ismid, near which he was buried. Duke Stephen's only daughter, whom we have mentioned as Queen Catherine of Bosnia, obtained a much more notable grave. Two years after the fall of the Herzegovina in 1476, the luckless Queen died at Rome in the midst of a little colony of faithful Bosniaks, who had followed her into exile. In her last will she bequeathed to the Roman see the Bosnian kingdom, unless her two children, who had become converts to the Mohammedan faith, should return to the Catholic religion. She was laid to rest in the famous church of Ara Cœli on the Capitol, where a monument with a dubious Latin inscription still preserves her memory.

All Bosnia and the Herzegovina, with the exception of the two newly formed *Banats* of Jajce and Srebrenik, were now in the hands of the Turks. On the death of Nicholas of Ujlaky the meaningless title of "King of Bosnia" was dropped, and his successors contented themselves with the more modest name of *Ban*, which had already been so familiar in Bosnian history. But the Turks did not allow the Hungarian viceroys undisturbed possession of their lands. Jajce became the great object of every Turkish attack, and against its walls the armies of Islâm dashed themselves again and again in vain. But after the capture of the *Banat* of Srebrenik in 1520, it was clear that the doom of Jajce could not be long delayed. Two great feats of arms, however, shed lustre over the last years of the royal city. Usref, the Turkish Governor of Bosnia, who will always be remembered as the founder of the noble mosque which is the chief beauty of Sarajevo, had vowed that he would succeed where his predecessors had failed. So he collected a large army and invested

Jajce. But, finding force useless, he pretended to raise the siege, so as to take the place unawares. But Peter Keglević, who was at that time its *Ban*, easily outwitted his crafty assailant. He bade the wives and daughters of the garrison sally forth and dance and sing—for it was the eve of a festival—on the "King's meadow" outside the walls. Deceived by this feint, the Turks made a night attack upon the town. As they came near, they heard the sound of the *gusla* and saw the feet of the maidens dancing in the moonlight on the green sward. The sight was more than they could bear. Casting their scaling ladders aside, they rushed upon the damsels instead of climbing the walls. At that moment Keglević charged at the head of his men, while at the sound of the cannon a second detachment, which he had sent out into the woods, attacked the besiegers in the rear. Even the women bore their part in the fight, and not a Turk left the field alive. Once again Keglević held his capital against the foe. Usref reappeared with a new army and laid siege to the city for a year and a half. Hunger began to make its appearance, even horse-flesh was unprocurable, and one mother threw her child into the Vrbas rather than see it die a lingering death; it seemed as if the garrison must surrender or starve. But Keglević managed to despatch a trusty messenger to Buda-Pesth, where, in Count Frangepani he found a ready listener. Backed up by King Louis II. of Hungary and the Pope, he raised an army and relieved the town, after a great battle. Frangepani received from the delighted King the title of "Defender and Protector of the Kingdoms of Dalmatia, Croatia, and Slavonia" in return for this signal service. But next year King Louis fell in the fatal battle of Mohács at the hands of the Turks, and from that moment Hungary was unable to protect her Bosnian outpost. Keglević, weary of warfare and old in years, gave up the *Banat* of Jajce to King Ferdinand I., who put a German garrison into the capital. But the German soldiers had had no experience of Turkish warfare, and their new commanders lacked the spirit of old Keglević. Usref saw that the moment had come to redeem his former failures. Hungary and Croatia were in the throes of civil war, and not a hand was stretched out to save the doomed city. A ten days' siege by the allied forces of Usref and his colleague, the Vizier of Servia, was sufficient to make Jajce surrender. Banjaluka held out a little longer, and its brave Governor set fire to the town rather than give it up to the enemy. With its fall, in 1528, all Bosnia was in the possession of the Turks, and for [illegible] next 170 years the German Emperors, who were now also Ki[illegible]ungary, could make no effort to substantiate the old Hu[illegible]laims to

the lands south of the Save. Bosnia served as the starting-point from which Turkish armies ravaged their adjoining territories, and until the Ottoman power began to wane at the end of the seventeenth century, the Hapsburgs had quite enough to do in defending their own land.

Left to themselves, the Turks organised the conquered provinces, without however interfering with the feudal system, which had struck its roots so deep in Bosnian soil. A Turkish Governor, called at first by the title of *Sandjak Beg* and then by those of Pasha and *Vali*, represented the majesty of the Sultan, and moved his residence according to the requirements of Turkish policy. In the early days his seat was at Vrhbosna, round which the city of Sarajevo grew up; but, as the Turkish arms advanced farther, Banjaluka was chosen as the official capital, while, when they receded at the close of the seventeenth century, the Pasha moved to Travnik, whence he issued his proclamations as "*Vali* of Hungary." But, however high-sounding his titles, the Turkish Governor was often, as the Bosnian kings had been, the mere figure-head, while all real power was in the hands of the great nobles, who gradually became hereditary headmen or *capetans* of the forty-eight divisions of the province. So strong was their influence that they long resisted all attempts to transfer the Turkish headquarters from Travnik back to Sarajevo, and permitted the Pasha to visit the present capital only on sufferance and to remain there no more than forty-eight hours. It was not till 1850 that Omar Pasha put down all resistance and re-established the seat of government at Sarajevo, where it has since remained. But throughout the Turkish period the native aristocracy of Bosnia merely tolerated the Sultan's representatives, of whom there were no less than 214 in 415 years, or an average of one every twenty months, and at times even flatly refused to obey orders from Constantinople itself. In a word, Bosnia under the Turks was an aristocratic republic, with a titular foreign head.

The social condition of the country changed, indeed, very little with the change of government. The Bogomiles, who had formed the bulk of the old Bosnian aristocracy, hastened to embrace the faith of Islâm upon the Turkish invasion. They had preferred to be conquered by the Sultan than converted by the Pope; and, when once they had been conquered, they did not hesitate to be converted also. The Mussulman creed possessed not a few points of resemblance with their own despised heresy. It conferred, too, the practical advantage upon those who embraced it of retaining their lands and their feudal privileges. Thus Bosnia presents us with the curious

phenomenon of an aristocratic caste, Slav by race yet Mohammedan by religion. Hence the country affords a striking contrast to Servia. There the Mohammedans were never anything more than a foreign colony of Turks; here the Mohammedans were native Slavs, men of the same race as the Christians, whom they despised. But, while the Bosnian nobles, henceforth styled *Begs* or *Agas*, according as they were of greater or less distinction, never forgot that they were Bosniaks, they displayed the customary zeal of converts, and out-Ottomaned the Ottomans in their religious fanaticism. On the one hand, they carefully preserved the heirlooms of their Bogomile forefathers, the Serb speech, and the old Glagolitic script; on the other, they were keener in the cause of Islâm than the Commander of the Faithful himself. The iron of Papal persecution had entered into their ancestors' souls, and the legacy thus inherited influenced the whole future of Bosnia. The Turks were not slow to recognise the merits of these new allies. It soon became a maxim of state that "one must be the son of a Christian renegade to attain to the highest dignities of the Turkish Empire." In the long list of Pashas of Bosnia, we notice several who were called "the Bosniak" from their race. As early as 1470 we find mention of a native governor, Sinan Beg, who built the mosque at Čajnica, his birthplace. Just a century later a Herzegovinian renegade became Grand Vizier, and his successor was a member of the famous Bosnian family of Sokolović, to whom tradition ascribes the foundation of Sarajevo. The natural aptitude of the Bosniaks for managing their own countrymen led the Sultans to choose their representatives from among them; for, in a highly aristocratic community like Bosnia, the head of an old family enjoyed far more respect, even though he were poor, than an upstart foreigner, who had nothing to commend him but his ostentation and his office. Now and again we hear of a Turkish governor like Usref, the conqueror of Jajce, whose word is supreme, and whose religious endowments are "richer than those in any other province of the Empire." But the general rule is that the native nobles are the repositories of power, while the Sultan's representative is a mere fleeting figure, here to-day and gone to-morrow.

While most of the Bogomiles had gone over to Islâm, there still remained some who adhered to the ancient doctrines of that maligned sect. The question has been much discussed as to the existence of these sectaries in Bosnia to-day. That some of them were still to be found in the beginning of the se[illegible] century is clear from the report of a traveller of that period. A [illegible]tury and a half later the Franciscans asserted that the sect [illegible]nct. This

sweeping assertion does not, however, accord with later discoveries. There are parts of the Herzegovina, almost inaccessible till the construction of the railway from Sarajevo to Mostar, where traditions of the Bogomiles still linger. Thus, in the neighbourhood of Jablanica, a region covered with Bogomile tombstones, the women, although Mohammedans, go unveiled—a custom all the more remarkable because the Mussulmans of Bosnia are, as a rule, far more particular about veiling than their co-religionists at Constantinople. It is, therefore, thought that this may be an old Bogomile observance, and it is stated by a recent ecclesiastical historian that only a few years before the Austrian occupation a family named Helež, living near Konjica, abandoned the "Bogomile madness" for the Mohammedan faith.

Bosnia, "the lion that guards the gates of Stamboul," as the Turkish annalists called her, had to bear the full brunt of the struggle between Christendom and Islâm, as soon as the power of the Turks was beaten back from before the walls of Vienna, and driven out from within the walls of Buda-Pesth. The tide of Ottoman invasion began to ebb at the close of the seventeenth century from Hungary, Croatia, and Slavonia, and the rivers Save and Una once more formed the boundaries between the domains of the Crescent and the Cross. Not without reason did the Bosniaks talk of "going to Europe" when they traversed the Save.

And now, after more than a century and a half of forgetfulness, the House of Hapsburg remembered the ancient claims of the Hungarian Crown to the old Bosnian kingdom. Henceforth, from being the starting-point of every Turkish attack upon the Hungarian dominions, Bosnia became the object of every expedition from beyond the Save and the Una. Ten times did the Imperial troops enter the country without permanent results, until at last in our own days the Austro-Hungarian forces occupied it with the consent of Europe. The first expedition, led by Prince Louis of Baden in 1688, entered Bosnia from the East, captured Zvornik, but collapsed before the strong fortifications of Banjaluka. Two years later an Imperial general beat the Turks near Dolnja Tuzla, and took back a number of Catholic Bosniaks with him to Croatia. In that year, indeed, the condition of the country was most miserable. Famine and pestilence raged unchecked, and the quaint old Franciscan monk who wrote a chronicle of that time, tells us how "blood-red snow fell upon the mountains," and how the devil went about with bow and arrows to slay the people. One memorial of that *année terrible* still remains in the shape of a Turkish copper coin, which

was minted in Sarajevo to defray the expenses of the Turkish army, and is almost the only example of a separate Turkish currency for Bosnia. A third invasion from the side of Croatia in 1693, although fairly successful, pales beside the daring exploit of Prince Eugène in 1697. This twenty days' campaign has never been forgotten, and it is all the more interesting, because the dashing Prince of Savoy took the same route which was followed by the main body of the Austro-Hungarian army in 1878. Crossing the Save at Brod with 6,000 men, the Prince went straight down the valley of the Bosna, along the course of the present railway to Sarajevo, capturing on his way Doboj, Maglaj, Žepče and the picturesque Vranduk, rightly named in Turkish "the gate" of the country. Sarajevo itself seemed at his mercy, but the Bosnian Christians did not respond to his appeals, there was no rising of the *rajah* in his favour, and he retired with an immense booty and 40,000 Christian refugees, whom he settled in Slavonia. The peace of Carlovic two years later ratified the old boundaries of the Turk and Christendom.

But the war between the Emperor and the Sultan, which broke out in 1716, and was terminated by the peace of Požarevac, had favourable, if only temporary, results for Bosnia as well as for Servia. The military efforts of the Imperial troops in Bosnia were unsuccessful, but at the peace, just as Belgrade and half Servia were rescued from the Turk, so also North Bosnia was transferred to the Emperor in his capacity of King of Hungary and Croatia. But the disastrous peace of Belgrade in 1739 restored all that had been gained at Požarevac in 1718. The strategy of the Duke of Hildburghausen and Baron Raunach, the Imperial commanders in Bosnia, utterly failed before Ostrvica and Banjaluka, and the Save and the Una once more became the frontiers. No Imperial army crossed them again for half a century, and even then it merely crossed to return empty-handed. The peace of Sistova in 1791 ratified that of Belgrade, and Bosnia remained, in spite of Austrian victories, a Turkish province.

A new feature, however, now became apparent in the relations between the Turkish officials and the Bosnian nobles. So long as the former could give the latter the pleasurable and congenial excitement of successful campaigns, all went well. For the Bosnian Begs, as a native historian of the last century has observed, were very warlike, and took a keen delight in the joys of battle. But with the decline of the Turkish power, and its manifest incapacity to deal with the Servian revolution, it became obvious that the feeble Government could no longer show sport to its fiery vassals. And

when, in the person of Mahmoud II., a reforming Sultan sat upon the throne, the unreformed and privileged aristocracy of Bosnia found itself placed in direct opposition to its liege lord. The discontent of the Begs began with the arrival of a Pasha in Bosnia, who was not content to remain a mere figure-head, but practised stern, yet even-handed justice to all classes and creeds alike. But the destruction of the janissaries in 1826, and the military reforms to which that was the prelude, excited the utmost indignation in Bosnia. Sarajevo had been a favourite station of the disbanded corps, and when its fanatical inhabitants learnt that henceforth the Turkish soldier was expected to wear two crossed belts on his breast after the Austrian model, they exclaimed with sarcasm, that if they had to take the cross at all, it should be from the hands of the Austrian or Russian Emperor. Under the leadership of Ali Pasha of Zvornik, the rebels drove out the *Vali*, whom the "Giaour Sultan" had sent them, and it required the most vigorous measures on the part of his successor to re-establish his master's authority. But it was only for the moment, and, when the conclusion of the disastrous Russo-Turkish war in 1829 gave the Sultan time to continue his well-meant reforms, the Bosniaks rose a second time against a movement which they regarded as a menace not only to their class privileges but to their religious liberty. In Hussein-Aga, the *capetan* or headman of Gradiška on the Bosnian bank of the Save, they found a natural leader. Hussein-Aga is one of the most romantic figures of his country. Young, handsome, and rich, he had the courage of a hero, and the reputation of a saint. His friends called him "the Dragon of Bosnia," and if he had been a real dragon his enemies could not have fled more rapidly before him. He had but to unfurl the green flag of the Prophet in Banjaluka, and the religious fanaticism of the country rose to fever heat. Hussein marched at the head of his enthusiastic followers into Sarajevo; the Sultan's officials were either driven out of the towns or killed, and the *Vali* only saved his life by flight.

But even this did not satisfy the zeal of this new apostle. He meditated nothing less than a campaign against the Sultan beyond the boundaries of Bosnia. On the fatal plain of Kossovo, where four and a half centuries before the Bosnian Christians had fought in vain against the Turks, the leader of the Bosnian Mussulmans now assembled his followers against the same foe. The discontented flocked to his standard from all quarters—the Pasha of Albania, at the head of 20,000 warlike Arnauts from "bloody Scutari," the Pasha of Sofia with a detachment from Bulgaria. So long as the

three chiefs were united, they carried all before them, but the astute Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, succeeded in separating the Albanians from the Bosniaks, and dealing with each apart. The newly appointed Governor of Bosnia made himself master of Sarajevo, and set the native nobility at defiance by establishing his residence there. Hussein fled across the Save to Slavonia, where he was received by the orders of the Austrian Emperor with every mark of respect. But his presence so near the frontier was a source of embarrassment, for Bosnian bands were perpetually plundering the confines of the Austrian Empire, and on three occasions the Austrian Government had to take upon itself the duty of chastising the rebellious vassals of the Sultan. Hussein was accordingly given his choice of residing under closer supervision or of returning to Turkey. He chose the latter, and died in exile on his way to Trebizond.

But the rising of 1831 was only the precursor of further troubles. When the new Sultan, Abdul Medjid, proclaimed the equality of all his subjects, Christians as well as Mussulmans, before the law in the famous *hatti-cherif* of Gul-khané, the reactionaries of Bosnia once more displayed an obstinate resistance to these liberal reforms. At last in 1849 the rising had attained such formidable dimensions that the Sultan resolved to make an end of the feudal system altogether. He accordingly despatched the celebrated Omar Pasha to crush all opposition to his will. The rebels were secretly abetted by Ali Pasha Rizvanbegović, the last great figure in the history of the Herzegovina, who had taken the side of the Sultan in the revolt of 1831, and had been rewarded with the Governorship of that province. In his castle at Stolac, and in his splendid summer residence at Buna, near Mostar, Rizvanbegović lived like an independent prince. He called the Herzegovina "my province"; his subjects called him "a second Duke Stephen." He was, indeed, the father of his people. He taught them to grow rice in the marshes of the Narenta; he planted the olive and the vine; he strove to extend the culture of the silk-worm. Severe against the Christians who dared to revolt, he naturally sympathised with the refractory Mussulman nobles. But he was no match for Omar in cunning. As soon as he had subdued Bosnia, the Generalissimo of the Sultan entered Mostar. Omar invited his wily antagonist to his table, and when the old man came had him dragged down to the bridge over the Narenta and placed upon an ass, as a sign of his contempt. In this humiliating position, Rizvanbegović implored his captor to send him to the Sultan for judgment. But Omar feared to send so wealthy an enemy to the Turkish capital. One of those lucky accidents so common in Turkish

history relieved him of all anxiety. A gun—so the official version ran—chanced to go off in the night and the head of the captive happened to be in the way of the bullet. Bosnia and the Herzegovina were at Omar's mercy. The *Begs* lost their old feudal privileges, and their country was administered by officials from Constantinople. As a token of his power, Omar made Sarajevo the definite seat of government, and retained the post of Governor-General for nearly twenty years. But even his authority was unable to restrain the mutual animosity of Christians and Mussulmans. Whenever a Christian rising took place in the Herzegovina, the Montenegrins came to the assistance of their brother Serbs, men of the same race and the same religion as themselves. The existence of that nest of warriors, which has preserved its independence for five centuries, had always been a sore vexation to the Turks. All their efforts to conquer it were futile, and the overwhelming victory of the Montenegrins in the plain of Grahovo in 1858 increased the hopes of the Herzegovinian Christians. When, three years later, they rose again, their rising entailed another Turco-Montenegrin war, and when in 1875 their sufferings drove them to a final and successful revolt, it was to Montenegro that they looked, not in vain, for aid.

The Cretan Insurrection of 1866–68 enormously weakened the authority of the Sultan, and set an example which was not lost upon the Christians of the Herzegovina. The social condition of the two countries was not unlike, for in Crete, as in Bosnia and the Herzegovina, the Mussulman oppressors belonged to the same race as their Christian victims. The latter had benefited but little from the formal declaration of equality before the law, made so ostentatiously by Abdul Medjid. Whatever the theory might be, the Bosnian Christians were virtually debarred from giving evidence in the higher courts, and could only obtain justice against members of the dominant creed by enormous bribes. "All provincial authorities," wrote the British Consul some years before the final insurrection broke out, "with rare exceptions, act according to the inspirations of their own personal interest," and he added the significant warning that, "without some powerful intervention, Bosnia and the Herzegovina might soon witness scenes similar to those which have lately terrified Europe in Syria." No Christians were employed in the administration; the police purchased their places and reimbursed themselves by extorting money from those whom they were intended to defend; and, worst of all, the exactions of the tax-farmers were such that the peasant seldom kept for himself more than a third of his crop. It was this last iniquity which occasioned the ultimate outbreak in 1875.

The harvest of 1874 had been a very bad one, yet the tax-farmers did not on that account diminish their demands. The unhappy peasants of Nevesinje, a place a little to the east of Mostar, were unable to pay and rose in revolt. The insurrection, at first disregarded by the Turks as a mere local disturbance, soon spread. The Catholic clergy, who had long looked to Austria for aid, were excited by the visit of the Emperor to Dalmatia; the Orthodox Serbs turned their eyes to the Black Mountain, whence help had so often come, and where the fugitives from Turkish tyranny were only awaiting the moment to strike. A manifesto was issued demanding vengeance for Kossovo and the five centuries of servitude which it had caused. The agitation extended to Bosnia, volunteers came down from the crags of Montenegro, and the movement, which had at first been directed not against the Sultan but against the local authorities and the Mussulman landowners, developed into a revolt against Turkish rule. All attempts at conciliation failed. The Powers sent their Consuls to confer with the rebels, but in vain; the Porte made its usual promises, but its Christian subjects had heard them before. The famous note of Count Andrássy, intended to secure peace, was as barren of results as the negotiations of the Austrian Baron Rodić with the insurgents. Unsubdued in the field, and encouraged from both Servia and Montenegro, they now increased their demands and insisted that one-third of the land should be handed over to the Christians. A final effort of Germany, Austria, and Russia, to make the Sultan carry out reforms, met with no support from the British Government. Servia and Montenegro now armed, and in July 1876 declared war against the Turks. The intervention of Servia had, indeed, little effect; for, instead of concentrating all his forces on Bosnia, and thus supporting the onslaught of the Montenegrins on the Herzegovina, Prince Milan wasted the greater part on an invasion of Bulgaria, while the Servian commander in Bosnia remained stationary before Bjelina in the angle of the Save and the Drina. But with the Montenegrins it was otherwise. Prince Nicholas defeated the Turks at Vučidol, and his advance-guard actually took up its position within ten miles from the Herzegovinian capital on the heights above Blagaj, where once Duke Stephen had "sat as a prisoner." But the necessity of defending his own Principality prevented him from reaching Mostar. In the campaign of the following year he captured Nikšić after a four months' siege, and, when the war ended in 1878, he felt that he was entitled to territorial compensation in the Herzegovina—[illegible]e [illegible]d [illegible]hence his ancestors had come, the land in which were the gra[illegible]f many of his subjects.

But the Congress of Berlin had other objects in view. A portion of the Herzegovina, including Nikšić, was, it is true, given to Montenegro, but Austria-Hungary was, on the proposal of the British plenipotentiaries, entrusted with the task of occupying the rest of that province and the whole of Bosnia. The 25th article of the Berlin Treaty further provided that the Austro-Hungarian troops should have the right of garrisoning the *Sandjak* of Novibazar without, however, displacing the Ottoman Administration from that part of the old *Vilayet* of Bosnia. In spite of the opposition of the Hungarians, who saw in this large increase of the already large Slav element in the Dual Monarchy a menace to their own racial supremacy, the Austrian Emperor accepted the mandate thus laid upon him, thankful to be thus able to obtain in the Balkan Peninsula territorial compensation for what he had lost in Italy, for Bosnia and the Herzegovina were in his eyes some consolation for Lombardy and Venetia.

It only remained to carry out the mission of the Congress. But the task did not prove so easy as had been anticipated, for the Austrian Government reckoned without the fanaticism of the Bosnian Mussulmans. A single army corps was considered sufficient for Bosnia, a single division of infantry for the Herzegovina, the former under the command of Baron von Philippović, the latter under that of Baron Jovanović. On July 29, 1878, the troops crossed the Save in four columns, the chief column following the same route along the valley of the Bosna which Prince Eugène had taken in 1697. On August 4 a brisk encounter took place between Doboj and Maglaj, and on the previous day a squadron of Hussars, who had gone on to reconnoitre, were treacherously cut down almost to a man by the Mussulmans of Maglaj on their way back to the main body. The capture of Maglaj was followed by a series of skirmishes, but the second column, which had routed the Mussulmans in the gorge of the Pliva and captured the old city of Jajce, effected a junction with the main body and pressed on to Sarajevo. When the Austrians approached, an insurrection broke out in the capital, the Turkish Vali was deposed and a fanatic, named Hadži Loja, preached a holy war against the Christians. On the 19th the Austrians opened fire upon the city, which, after a desperate resistance, fell into their hands; a large part of the town perished in the flames, and the grave of many an Austrian soldier still bears silent testimony to the fury of the defenders. Meanwhile, a guerilla warfare had broken out in the rear, under the command of Muktija-Effendi, an Albanian from Novibazar, who was joined by some Turkish regulars. The Bosna

valley was once more the scene of constant conflicts, and the Herzegovina, which had at first submitted almost without a blow, became restive. It was necessary to send four more army corps to the relief of the army of occupation. The valley of the Bosna was now cleared, the Herzegovina was subdued by the end of September, and on October 20 the last stronghold of the Bosnian insurgents surrendered. Thus, after 415 years of Turkish rule, the country was in the hands of a Christian Power.

W. MILLER.

# *SERJEANTS-AT-LAW.*

THERE is scarcely any more ancient order to be found than that of the Coif, with the exception, perhaps, of some of those of a monastic character. The annals of the Coif form an important part of the history of the law of England. The position of Serjeant-at-law is undoubtedly the oldest, and was until comparatively recent times, the very highest dignity a barrister could achieve below that of a judge. The order dates from about the middle of the thirteenth century. Until the year 1875 the judges of this land were invariably selected from the order of the Coif, and so strictly was this rule adhered to, that even a Queen's Counsel, who had spent perhaps half his life under that title, was compelled, on his being appointed a judge, to become a serjeant, perhaps the day before he was sworn in as a member of the Bench. The small black patch on the top of the wig distinguishes a serjeant from the other members of the Bar. As to the origin of this black patch on the top of the serjeant's wig, Mr. Serjeant Pulling, in his interesting work entitled "The Order of the Coif," p. 13, says: "The round patch passes off among the uninformed as 'the coif.' It certainly is not so—the quaint device, unlike the actual coif of the order, has not antiquity to recommend it, having been introduced at the beginning of the last century, when, the fashion of powdered wigs in lieu of natural hair having reached Westminster Hall, it became necessary that the head-dress of the judges and serjeants of the Coif should not altogether hide the honourable badge of the order; and as on the top of the *white coif*, the old fashion had been for the judges and serjeants to wear a small skull cap of black silk or velvet, the peruquiers of the last century contrived the round patch of black and white as a diminutive representative of the coif and cap." The real coif, which is described by Chief Justice Fortescue as the "principal and chief insignment of habit wherewith serjeants-at-law on their creation are decked," in its original state was of *white lawn* or *silk*, forming a close-fitting head-covering, in shape not unlike a Knight Templar's cap. The word coif was also used for the iron skull-

cap, or *coif de fer*, worn by the thirteenth-century knight, for the cap of chain or *coif de mailes*, and for the head covering or *coif de toile* worn under the knight's helmet. The coif has always represented, like the coronet and the mitre, distinct rank and dignity, and has from time immemorial been conferred with much form and ceremony, and the members of the order had the special privilege of remaining covered even in the presence of the Sovereign.

As far back as the records of our law extend the order seems always to have had great power in the State, and they were bound by a solemn oath to give counsel and aid to the King's people. The order of *Conteurs* is recognised in the "Grand Coustumier" of Normandy as the only regular pleaders. Matthew Paris speaks of them as well known in his time under the designation of *banci narratores*, and they are so referred to in our oldest law-book, "The Mirrour of Justices," and by our earliest text-writers, Bracton and Fleta. Their title of "Serjeant Counters" seems attributable to their sworn obligation to be to all the King's people "Servientes ad legem." It is not easy to describe the exact position of the order of the Coif before the time of Edward I., as the records we possess of the proceedings in the Anglo-Saxon Courts and the *Curia Regis* are very scanty. They rarely give the names of even the judges, and never of the pleaders. The old order, so long in existence here, and reinforced from the *Conteurs*, who at the Norman Conquest came over here from Rouen, constituted, it is certain, for many ages the English Bar, performing all the duties and obligations belonging to that position: always to be found at their post by those who sought their aid, standing by the litigant in the hour of trial, in loyal accordance with the spirit of the ancient oath, "truly to serve the King's people," and truly and loyally to counsel and aid their clients without delay or deceit.

The great meeting-place of the serjeants many centuries ago was the *Parvis* in St. Paul's Cathedral, where they might have been seen daily, wearing their distinctive costume, the robe and the coif, always ready to receive those who sought their aid, to give counsel *pur son donant* to the rich and gratis to the poor suitor, and to give assistance when called upon in the judicial business of the King's Courts. Chief Justice Fortescue, in his lectures to the son of Henry VI., describes the serjeants at their allotted pillars at St. Paul's, holding consultations with their clients, and taking notes and cases upon their knees. As the Roman advocates paced up and down the Forum waiting for their clients, so the old serjeants were to be found at the Parvis of St. Paul's with the same object, or engaged at their

allotted pillars in consultation with their clients after the rising of the courts. The Parvis, or Paul's Walk, was in days long gone by the great place of general resort. Strictly speaking, the Parvis was only the church porch, but in the case of St. Paul's Cathedral it included the nave or middle aisle of the old cathedral. But St. Paul's was not the only church in those days where lawyers and their clients congregated to consult and dispose of legal business. As late even as the time of James I. we are told that the Round of the Temple Church "was used as a place where lawyers received their clients, each occupying his own particular post." Ben Jonson, in the "Alchemist," refers to such business in the Round of the Temple Church; and Chaucer, in the "Canterbury Tales," refers to the practice which prevailed of lawyers using St. Paul's as a place for transacting legal business:

> A serjeant of the law, ware and wise,
> That often hadde ben at the parvis,
> Ther was also, full rich of excellence,
> Discreet he was and of great reverence.
> He seemed swiche; his wordes were so wise,
> Justice he was ful often in assise,
> By patent, and by pleine commissum;
> For his science and for his high renown,
> Of fees and robes had he many on.

Even at the period when Chaucer wrote his "Canterbury Tales," the order of the Coif was an ancient institution, and the members of the order formed the body from which were exclusively chosen the judges of this land. The judges have for more than six hundred years always been serjeants-at-law, and Coke tells us that it was the rule of the common law that the judges should be selected from the order of the Coif. It was deemed an abuse on the part of the Crown to appoint other than serjeants-at-law to be judges. For ages it was the practice for the King in Council to appoint a new judge from the practising serjeants, and it was only by a course of gradual innovation that this custom was departed from, and the provisions of the old law evaded by selecting men who were not of the order of the Coif. When this was done, the selected judge was first called by writ *ad statum et gradum servientis ad legem*, and soon afterwards appointed to the judgeship by letters patent, describing him as *Servientem ad legem.*

Until within a few years of the abolition of the order, there were always appointed a certain number of them as counsel to the Crown, who acted like the Attorney-General, not only as the legal adviser or counsel of the Crown, but as the Crown advocates or public prose-

cutors, and who were termed King's Serjeants (*Servientes Regis ad legem* or *Narratores Regis*). The King's Serjeant was at the head of the law in every county, sitting in the County Court with the sheriff, and judging and determining all suits and controversies between the people within the district. The Common Serjeant of the City of London seems for many years to have stood in the same relation to that community as the King's Serjeant in old times did towards the Crown. The Common Serjeant is mentioned in the civic records as early certainly as the beginning of the fourteenth century.

At the present day the English Bar recognises no clients but solicitors. But in the days when the serjeants congregated in the Parvis of St. Paul's, or at their allotted pillars, it was otherwise. Every member of the order communicated directly with the suitor who sought his aid. In his own chambers, at his accustomed pillar, in the *Aula Regis*, in the Parvis, or wherever else he could be most serviceable, the old Serjeant Counter was at the proper time always to be found at his post. It must be remembered that up to the beginning of the thirteenth century there was no general right to appear by attorney or substitute in an action or suit; and that the clients or suitors were compelled to select and retain their own counsellors, and throughout the legal business to instruct them personally. The serjeant, when retained, gave his legal aid to his client, and stood by him in the hour of trial. In those days the courts did not generally sit for more than three hours a day, the hours being from eight till eleven in the morning. "The judges, when they have taken their refreshments, spend the rest of the day in the study of the laws, reading of the Holy Scriptures and other innocent amusements at their pleasure. It seems rather a life of contemplation than of much action. Their time is spent in this manner free from care and worldly avocation."

The ancient costume of the order of the Coif, according to Chief Justice Fortescue, consisted not only of the coif, but of a long priest-like robe with a furred cape about the shoulders and a hood. "A serjeant-at-law is clothed in a long robe not unlike the sacerdotal habit, with a furred cape, *capicium penulatum*, about his shoulders and a hood over it, with two lapels or tippets, such as the Doctors of Law use in some universities, with a coif as is above described." The priest-like robe, the furred cape, and the other ornaments of a serjeant, are still worn by the judges, as well by those who actually belong to the old order as by the judges appointed since the Judicature Act, and who have not taken the degree of serjeant-at-law. The cape and hood from a very early period formed part of the robes of the judges and serjeants, being delivered to them as soon

as the coifs were put on their heads. The cape seems at first to have been a short cloak, worn quite separated from the gown or robe, but in course of time made to form a part of the dress of the order. Fortescue mentions the furred cape about the shoulders of the judges and serjeants, with the hood over, among the principal ornaments of the order, and he tells us that in his day this furred cape differed only in the case of the serjeants from that worn by the judges in the circumstance that the judge's cape was furred with minever, whilst the serjeant's cape (as long as it was in use) was usually furred with white lamb-skin or budge. The furred cape of the serjeants and judges is mentioned in "Piers Plowman," and by Chaucer and other writers of the fourteenth century.

With regard to the colour of the robes of the judges and serjeants, we find much variation. The accounts of the King's Wardrobe show allowances to the judges of scarlet minever, and green cloth, "violet in grayn," &c.; and the serjeants had to provide themselves with similar robes. At a call of serjeants in October 1555, every serjeant subscribed for one robe of *scarlet*, one of violet, one of *brown-blue*, and another of mustard and murrey, with tabards of cloth of the same colours.

There is one particular part of the dress belonging to the order of the Coif—the *black cap*—which the judges always put over their wigs when passing sentence of death. Little is known concerning this black cap, and many mistakes have been made about it. Mr. Serjeant Pulling in his work "The Order of the Coif," previously referred to, says: "The black cap, or sentence-cap, of the judges and serjeants is certainly not the coif, as Lord Campbell repeatedly states. It is, on the contrary, the covering expressly assigned to veil the coif, on the only occasion when the coif was required to be hidden. By the ancient privileges of the serjeants, the coif was not to be taken off even in the Royal presence. The chief insignia of the order, it was, as we have seen, to be so displayed when sitting on the Bench or pleading at the Bar, but this rule seems always to have been departed from in passing sentence of death. The head of the Administrator of justice was then covered as a token of sorrow by the *black sentence cap*. This cornered cap, black cap, or *sentence* cap, as it is sometimes termed, is a piece of limp black cloth, which is put on the top of the wig. The cap is rarely put on, except when a prisoner has been convicted of murder, and then the judge places the cap on the top of his wig and passes sentence of death." When the judges sit in the criminal courts and when attending church in state, they always carry the black cap in their hand as part of their regular judicial attire. The black cap is also worn by the judges on the day when

the new Lord Mayor of London goes in state to the Royal Courts of Justice to be sworn in.

The old course prescribed as to the creation of new serjeants was for the judges to decide amongst themselves who were the most proper persons for the *call*, and for the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas to recommend a certain number of these (being Readers, Ancients, or Utter Barristers of the various Inns of Court) to the Lord Chancellor, so that they might be summoned by the King's writ to take upon themselves the dignity of the Coif. This writ is, according to Lord Coke and others, more than nine centuries old. Before the call of serjeants, there were in former times great ceremonies to be gone through in the Inns of Court. The newly chosen serjeants assembled each in the hall of his Inn, where learned addresses were delivered. The ceremony of putting on the coif for the first time was at one time a very solemn affair. The white coif having been placed on the head of the serjeant-elect, the Lord Chancellor, or Lord Chief Justice, to whom the Royal power was entrusted, addressed the newly-made serjeants in an elaborate speech, setting forth the antiquity, the honour, the rights and the duties of the serjeants-at-law. Among the ceremonies on the creation of serjeants, one of the oldest was that of the presentation of gold rings (about twenty-eight) to several persons of different grades—the Sovereign, the Lord Chancellor, the Judges, and the Masters of the Common Pleas. Even the chief usher of that court received one, but it finally dwindled down to a hoop of not much greater breadth than a curtain ring and about one tenth of its thickness. The Sovereign's ring was a very massive one; the Chancellor's and the judges' were about one-third of an inch in breadth, but not very thick. Each newly-elected serjeant on his being sworn in before the Lord Chancellor was attended by his colt, who was generally a young professional friend, and who walked in behind his principal. After the serjeant had taken the oath and risen from his knees, he received the congratulations of the Lord Chancellor.

The newly made serjeant on his creation severed his connection with his Inn of Court. If the creation took place during term a breakfast was given in hall, and afterwards he was escorted to the door, which was closed against him, and the bell solemnly tolled in token of his being dead to the society in future.

In former times, on the creation of new serjeants great feasts were given. The ordinary business of the courts at [illegible]inster was suspended, the judges and other members of the o[illegible]f the Coif, the Benchers and apprentices of the Inns of Court, [illegible] the highest

officers of State, and even the Sovereign and members of the Royal Family, nobles and bishops, and the Lord Mayor and City officials, assembled in large numbers to witness the ceremony of call. The halls of the Serjeants' Inns, or of the Inns of Court, as they were even in the sixteenth century, did not afford sufficient accommodation for these feasts, and they were therefore usually held at Ely House in Holborn, or Lambeth Palace, or St. John's Priory, near Smithfield. In the old chronicles we find full accounts of many of these feasts, of which some are certainly memorable.

The Serjeants' Feast in 1464 was held at Ely House, where the preparations were on the usual grand scale, and the guests included the *élite* of the nobility, the Church, the law, and the City; but the chief incident recorded is of an unsuccessful attempt on the part of the Lord Mayor to have at the feast precedence of the Lord High Treasurer of England (also a guest at Ely House), this palace being within the City limits.

Another Serjeants' Feast, also at Ely House, is recorded in 1495, where there was less confusion, the serjeants being again honoured with the presence of the King and Queen, and all the chief lords of England; another at Lambeth Palace in 1504, where Henry VII. and the nobility again attended, together with the Mayor and Sheriffs of London in full state. Henry VIII., like his father, honoured the Serjeants' Feasts with his presence. On one of these occasions, the creation of eleven serjeants in 1531, we find that Henry VIII. and Queen Catherine of Aragon were both present. The proceedings for dissolving the marriage of the King and Queen were then going on, and Queen Catherine came in state to the feast, but we are told she occupied a separate apartment. These feasts gradually lost their importance. In the time of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and James I. we read of such celebrations (comparatively small gatherings), but they were held in the hall of the Serjeants' Inn or the Inns of Court. Kings and queens ceased to attend the banquet on Grand Day, the Royal patronage of lawyers' entertainments being diverted in favour of the masques and revels at the Inns of Court which had become the order of the day, and were more attractive to courtiers than the grave banquets of the judges and serjeants. These entertainments had begun early in the sixteenth century, and the masques and revels of the students and barristers of the Temple and Gray's Inn served at all events to afford gratification and amusement to the Court of Queen Elizabeth and James I., the members of these Inns vying with one another in their efforts to carry off the palm. After this time we hear little of the Serjeants' Feasts.

From time immemorial the judges and serjeants have been very distinctly identified with St. Paul's Cathedral, and the new serjeants after the feast was ended were accustomed to go to St. Paul's in their robes, and there choose their pillar whereat to hear their clients' cause; and this custom continued to be observed as late even as the seventeenth century.

Like the bishops and nobles in olden times, the members of the order of the Coif had, from an early period, their hostels or inns in London. There were at various times three of these inns—one opposite St. Andrew's Church in Holborn, called Scrope's Inn, after one of its owners, Lord Scrope of Bolton; another in Fleet Street, belonging to the Dean and Chapter of York; and a third in Chancery Lane, held by other members under lease from the Bishop of Ely. Scrope's Inn was not occupied by the serjeants after the fifteenth century. The one in Fleet Street, though still called "Serjeants' Inn," was in 1758 wholly given up by the serjeants; and the one called Serjeants' Inn in Chancery Lane, which was originally called Grey's Place and then Farringdon Inn, belonging to the See of Ely, was in 1496 let to certain members of the order of the Coif, and subsequently to other members from time to time with certain breaks until 1730, after which it was held by nearly the whole body of members of the order for more than a century as lessees of the Bishop of Ely; and in 1833, a fund being raised for the purpose, partly by private subscription among the members and partly by way of loan, the society acquired the freehold, and the place was entirely rebuilt out of the funds. The only recognised inn of late years was that in Chancery Lane, the whole of which was sold some twenty years ago, and the proceeds divided amongst the serjeants. The property consisted of a long range of buildings in Chancery Lane, let out as offices, an ancient but not very picturesque hall, a remarkably handsome dining-room, a reading-room, spacious kitchens and cellars, and other conveniences adapted to an ordinary club-house. On being elected to the mess, a practising serjeant had to pay an entrance fee of £350; a judicial one—that is, anyone so created preparative to a judgeship—paid £500; and every member paid £15 a year. Of more recent years, the large hall was never used for any other purpose than for dining in it, on the first and last days of the term, when there was always a large attendance of members. On these occasions the members' clerks dined with them, sitting at the bottom of the tables, one of the few remaining instances of the old custom of the retainers of a household taking their meals with their chief and his family, being seated below the

salt. When the judges and serjeants had taken their places at dinner, their clerks marched in, each carrying before him a large mug of beer, with a small loaf on the top of it; but although the old form was kept up they got nearly as good a dinner as their masters. On ordinary occasions the serjeants dined in the banqueting-room upstairs—a very lofty room, hung round with portraits of ancient and modern judges, all of which were, on the inn being sold, presented to the South Kensington Museum. The members sat at a round table which, at its smallest dimensions, would accommodate eight persons; but it was very expansive, and by means of curved segments added to its outer rim it could be made to comfortably seat twenty-two. Round the room, in a double row of separate panels, were placed the coat-of-arms of every serjeant that had been created for the last 150 or 200 years. When the serjeants sold their inn and divided the proceeds amongst themselves, a great deal of adverse comment was made, it being maintained that the inn was public property to which the serjeants had no exclusive right. It was the general impression that to render the title of serjeant complete it was necessary that he should become a member of the Serjeants' Inn, that it formed, as it were, a part of the ceremony of induction, and that by conferring the rank the Government created a temporary interest in the funds of the inn, which ceased on the incumbent's death and reverted to the State. But this was a very great mistake. The inn was a voluntary association, like any other club, which a serjeant might join or not at his pleasure, without either course in the least degree affecting the newly-acquired rights and privileges. That membership was almost invariably sought was quite natural, but has nothing to do with the necessity.

In days long gone by the judges and serjeants appear always to have gone to Westminster Hall on horseback, with a retinue of men in livery. And in the addresses to the serjeants on their call, advice was given them as to the number of horses they should keep when riding the circuit. The judges up to the middle of the sixteenth century seem usually to have gone on mules, like the old bishops and abbots. Serjeant Whiddon, who was made a Judge of the Common Pleas in 1553, is said to have been the first to introduce the custom of riding on horseback instead of mules. It is said that the cavalcade was sometimes very imposing, the Lord Chancellor and great officers of State, with the judges and leaders of the Bar and many of the nobility, going on horseback in full state. Such was certainly the case when Bacon obtained the Great Seal in 1617.

The King's Serjeants, selected from the general body, varied very

much in number; when the number exceeded three, a further distinction was conferred by constituting one or more of them the King's Ancient or Most Ancient Serjeants. The King's Serjeants were in every way the chiefs of the Bar, and always took precedence of the Attorney-General and everyone else as the King's Counsel in the law and chief law officers. The offices of Attorney- and Solicitor-General are a modern substitute for that of the King's Serjeant. In 1623, an Order in Council placed the Attorney- and Solicitor-General before all the King's Serjeants, except the "two ancientest," and so the seniority remained until 1814, when by an Order in Council the Attorney- and Solicitor-General were permanently placed over all the serjeants.

The difference between a Queen's Counsel and a serjeant is this, that the former is created by patent, and the latter by writ under the Great Seal. As to rank, there is no difference whatever between a serjeant who has obtained a patent of precedence and a Queen's Counsel; but with regard to serjeants who have no patent it is otherwise.

In the social scale, the rank of Serjeant-at-law comes immediately after that of Knight Bachelor, and above Companions of the Bath and a number of persons of noble birth or official status. The serjeant holds a rank quite independent of the profession, while a Queen's Counsel has no recognised position out of it; so that while in general society a serjeant would rank above a Queen's Counsel, in matters relating to the profession he would rank below him—unless he had a patent of precedence. The position of Queen's Counsel is of comparatively modern date, the first who bore the title being Lord Bacon. No other appointment was made for many years, until Sir Francis North (afterwards Lord Guilford) was so created in the reign of Charles II., and from that time the title seems to have slowly assumed its present significance.

There have been no serjeants created since 1868, and since the Judicature Act 1875 it has not been necessary for a judge to be made a serjeant before being raised to the Bench. This ancient and most illustrious order will soon be known only to the world as one of the institutions of bygone days.

J. E. R. STEPHENS.

# *A FORGOTTEN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF CHARLES II.*

THE "fierce light that beats upon a throne" may well be supposed to expose to public view and comment even the most trivial, and in themselves unimportant, events which occur in the history of reigning monarchs. Among much that has been left upon record regarding the adventures of King Charles II. during the Commonwealth, the following occurrence, which took place in Holland, would appear to have passed almost, if not altogether, unnoticed. The King, during the period of his residence in Brussels, was most desirous of obtaining an interview with his sister, the Princess of Orange. For many reasons, however, his Majesty desired to make the journey as secretly as possible, and on that account kept his intention entirely to himself until the time arrived for carrying out his purpose. When that time at last came the King ordered a man of the name of Fleming, a most faithful and attached servant, to provide with as much secrecy as possible two good saddle-horses, and to have these in readiness on the ensuing night at a particular hour and spot indicated by his Majesty. Fleming's orders were to proceed with the horses, and quite alone, to the appointed place, and there await his Majesty's appearance. On the night appointed the King retired to rest at his usual hour, and dismissed his attendants for the night. Shortly before the appointed hour of meeting, however, his Majesty rose and dressed himself for travelling. Having then written a letter and addressed it to another of his attendants, explaining the reason of his temporary absence, and desiring that it might be kept secret, the King left his place of residence and proceeded alone and on foot to the place of meeting. The faithful Fleming was in waiting with the horses, and, starting without a moment's delay, the King and his attendant made their way to The Hague without interruption or molestation, and put up at an obscure tavern there. As soon as they were safely lodged his Majesty despatched Fleming with a private verbal message for his

sister the Princess, acquainting the latter with his unexpected arrival, and begging her to devise a method by which an absolutely private meeting might take place between them. The faithful messenger executed his royal master's commission with all speed, and in little more than an hour's time he returned to the tavern. This interval the King spent in his apartment quite alone. In a very short time after Fleming's return a visitor called at the inn and inquired of the landlord whether two Frenchmen had recently arrived at his house. To this inquiry the landlord replied that two travellers no doubt had recently arrived, but that whether they were Frenchmen or not he had no means of knowing.

The stranger then desired the landlord to inform his guests that he desired an interview with them. This the landlord did, upon which the King expressed his willingness to accede to the stranger's wish, while Fleming was strongly opposed to its being granted. The King, however, maintained his own opinion, and the landlord thereupon ushered the stranger into the presence of his royal guest. The new-comer was to all appearance an aged man of venerable aspect, who, addressing the King, desired that he might speak with his Majesty alone upon business of importance. As the King supposed this to be a messenger from his sister, he desired Fleming to leave the apartment. This, however, the latter at first stoutly refused to do, and it was only when the King insisted upon the order being obeyed that the faithful servant unwillingly complied.

No sooner was the door closed upon him than the stranger, rather to the King's alarm, hastened to bolt it. Then, falling on his knees before the monarch, he hastily removed the false hair and beard with which he was disguised. Then the King at once recognised in his visitor Mr. (afterwards Sir John) Downing, at that time Cromwell's envoy to the States-General, and at a later period ambassador there for the King.

Charles was naturally both surprised and alarmed at this discovery, until Downing addressed him humbly, expressing his deep contrition for the part he had played during the rebellion and for having taken service under Cromwell's Government. Observing that his Majesty was now somewhat reassured, Downing proceeded to stipulate that what was now about to pass should be kept absolutely secret, even from Fleming, until it should please God to restore the King to the throne of England. He added that as soon as that happy event occurred, the necessity for secrecy would be at an end.

The King having readily given the assurance required, Mr. Downing proceeded to inform his Majesty that a secret treaty had

been entered into between Cromwell and the States-General, in terms of which the latter agreed to seize and deliver up to Cromwell the person of the King should the latter at any time enter their territory. He added that the treaty in question, having already been signed by the States, had been sent to London for signature by Cromwell, and had been returned, duly completed, on the previous day.

In these alarming circumstances Downing urged that his Majesty should leave the country with the very least possible delay. He further said that he would himself return to his residence, and, upon pretence of serious illness, keep his bed until the King was beyond all danger of pursuit. Thereafter he would inform the States that he had information of his Majesty's presence in the city, and make formal demand that he should be seized, in terms of the treaty.

This good advice the King followed without a moment's hesitation or delay, while Downing returned to his own house and carried out to the letter the arrangement he had proposed.

The King, upon his part, observed strict secrecy regarding the transaction and his own narrow escape until after his restoration to the throne. Even when there was no longer any necessity for observing secrecy, his Majesty was never able to ascertain the manner in which Downing had become possessed of his timely information.

Nevertheless, the restored monarch did not prove ungrateful for the service rendered, for when Downing, at a later period, made a violent and imprudent speech in Parliament vilifying the whole Scottish nation, the King, although strongly urged to do so, refused to dismiss him from Court, declaring that he himself lay under too real and too great an obligation to Downing to render it proper to withdraw from the latter his countenance and favour.

A. J. GORDON.

## *THE FROST KING.*

KING FROST sat on high on a snow-heaped throne,
  And an awful silence reigned ;
Ice-daggers from roof-trees and deep drifts blown
  O'er hunting their rule maintained.
Bold riders looked glum by the gun-room fire,
  And their horses ate and neighed ;
While a rattle of chains and grumbles dire
  Proclaimed that the Frost King stayed.

Rude Boreas blew from the cutting North,
  And the White King laughed Hah ! Hah !
For his frost-bound slaves could not issue forth,
  Their gallops he still could bar.
East gales roared grimly, how little recked he !
  His prisoners still would groan ;
And the weeks slipped on with no wintry glee,
  But winged with the hunter's moan.

At length came the step of the smiling South
  In her swelling robes grass-green,
And she kissed the old Tyrant's stern-set mouth
  And nestled his arms between ;
She thawed his cold heart, as a millstone hard,
  And her beauty snapped his chains ;
No longer King Frost hath our hunting marred,
  No longer he frowns and reigns.

Then, gallants, uprise, for the morn opes clear,
  In the covert see the hounds,—
Toot ! toot ! He's afoot ! enchanted we hear,
  A shout through the woodland sounds ;
Sit firm, gather reins, here the squadrons come,
  To the front your hunter flies ;
Let him go, for *occupet extremum*,
  So Horace gives counsel wise.

M. G. WATKINS.

# *A FRAGMENT.*

WHEN the rose is first a-blushing
We may take our sweetest fill,
And the face we love is fairest
When its youth abideth still.

While our hearts are strong and joyous
We can labour unopprest,
When the cause we hold is newest
We can battle for it best.

But—and if the rose be drooping
Shall we fling it by with scorn?
And the face we loved when blooming,
Shall its age be left forlorn?

If we find such thing as sorrow
Shall our hearts be all unstrung?
When the first sweet burst is over,
Shall we leave the song unsung?

Let not failure disenchant thee,
Work when hope's first flush is past;
If the thing be worth the doing,
Do it to the very last.

And each joy that cometh to thee,
Keep it safely by thy side;
It shall be a sweet remembrance
When none other joys betide.

LUCY HARLEY.

## TABLE TALK.

### Augmented Length of Human Life.

THAT a decade has been added within the last half-century to the average life of the middle-class man, or, as—after the fashion of the French—it is convenient to call him, the "bourgeois," is stated by science and is apparent to observation. This addition is due in the main to a better comprehension of the laws of health, and to improved sanitation. It is more than probable that this addition does not represent the limit of what is obtainable in the way of advance. If in addition to the consumption of healthier food and the closer observance of the rules of cleanliness and moderation we were to get rid of the feverishness of our present pursuits, and most of all of the haste to be rich, I see no reason why our lives should not stretch out to the length of

> The many-wintered crow that leads the clanging rookery home.

With the scientific aspects of the question I may not deal. These will doubtless be illustrated in time by experts. I have been much struck, however, with the prolongation of life among the comfortably housed and the well-nurtured, and I see no reason to think that the progress still being made will receive any immediate check.

### Statistics of Longevity.

MY attention, long bestowed on this matter, has been directed to it afresh by some statistics on the subject collected and sent to a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century* by Lady Glenesk. That all the statements by which Lady Glenesk supports her theory as to the "increasing duration of human life" are trustworthy I will not uphold. My whilom friend, Mr. W. J. Thoms, showed, as I hold, to demonstration how baseless were many reported cases of longevity. Lady Glenesk's ov[illegible], however, inoppugnable, and it is with these I se[illegible] spe[illegible]l. These

are drawn from the advertisements which in the course of the decade of 1887–1896 have been sent to the *Morning Post* of deaths of persons who had attained the age of eighty or over. Out of a total of 76,892 deaths which were advertised in that journal, no fewer than 10,806 were of those who had reached the age mentioned. Of these 1,333 were aged 80, 385 90, and 10 100. Above this age the figures ran thus: 101, five; 102, eleven; 103, three; 104, one; 105, two. I have not attempted to reproduce the entire list. There was no death over 105. In a separate passage, however, Lady Glenesk gives full particulars concerning what seems a well-attested case of a French woman of 125 years. Not content with getting the official certificate from the mayor of the Commune, Lady Glenesk sent over a friend to see the woman, who lived at Auberive-en-Royans, and is known as La Mère Girard. According to the parish register of St. Just-de-Plaix (Isère), she was born on September 22, 1760, and celebrated recently the 100th anniversary of her wedding. Further particulars I must not extract, nor will I express an opinion on a subject that disturbs some settled convictions.

### Possible Limit of Human Life.

WHILE admitting that instances such as these are very rare, Lady Glenesk sees in them nothing repugnant to Nature. The age in question she regards as that to which, under absolutely healthy conditions, humanity might fairly aspire. Her argument is that an animal, according to modern theory, lives five times—she would have it eight times, which would give us a limit of 200 years—as long as it grows. A man in a natural state, "when the period of maturity is not artificially hastened, requires fully twenty-five years to attain his complete growth and full development." Hence if the assumption of five times is accepted he might live 125 years. Against the assertion of the Psalmist that the "days of man are three score and ten," she gives that in Genesis vi. 3, "Yet his days shall be an hundred and twenty years." On the scientific aspect of this question and on the value of Lady Glenesk's theories I must leave others to speak. Returning, however, to the point from which I started. If, as seems obvious, the duration of life is being slowly but surely extended, I see no reason why the limit indicated may not be frequently reached. Whether such a thing is desirable in presence of the increase in population I leave future ages, which will know more about it, to decide.

## VISIT OF DU BARTAS TO JAMES VI. OF SCOTLAND.

A YEAR or so ago I dwelt upon an autograph letter from Henry of Navarre to James VI. of Scotland introducing the French poet Guillaume de Salluste, Sieur du Bartas, forming part of the magnificent collection of Mr. Hodgkin, of Richmond, dated conjecturally 1600, in the catalogue issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission. I pointed out, giving my reason for the decision, that the date was more probably 1588. My correction was accepted by Mr. Hodgkin. I have since come upon proof, unpublished at the time I wrote, that the date was 1587. In the Acts of the Privy Council for 1587–88 I come upon a minute of a meeting of the Privy Council, May 8, 1587; present, the Lord Chancellor (Sir Christopher Hatton), Lord Treasurer the Earl of Leicester, Mr. Secretary Walsingham, and Mr. Wolley, to the effect that, "Whereas a French gentleman, called Sieur du Bartas, latelie come over into England to see her Majestie and the Realme, did also, with her Majestie's good favour and licence, repaire from hence into the Realme of Scotland, their Lordships' pleasure was that he showld quietlie passe by them without their lett or molestacion, and also to see him furnished at reasonable and accustomed prices with so manie post-horses from place to place as he should neede in that his voyage either for himselfe or his companie." The passport is addressed, "To all Maiours (mayors), Shereffes, Justices of Peace, Bailiffes, Constables, Tithingmen, and to the Wardens of the Marches, and all other her Majestie's officers and looving subjectes to whom," &c. It was then common to call a land journey a voyage. I cannot resist the temptation to quote this convincing proof that my assumption of the date was right to a year.

SYLVANUS URBAN.