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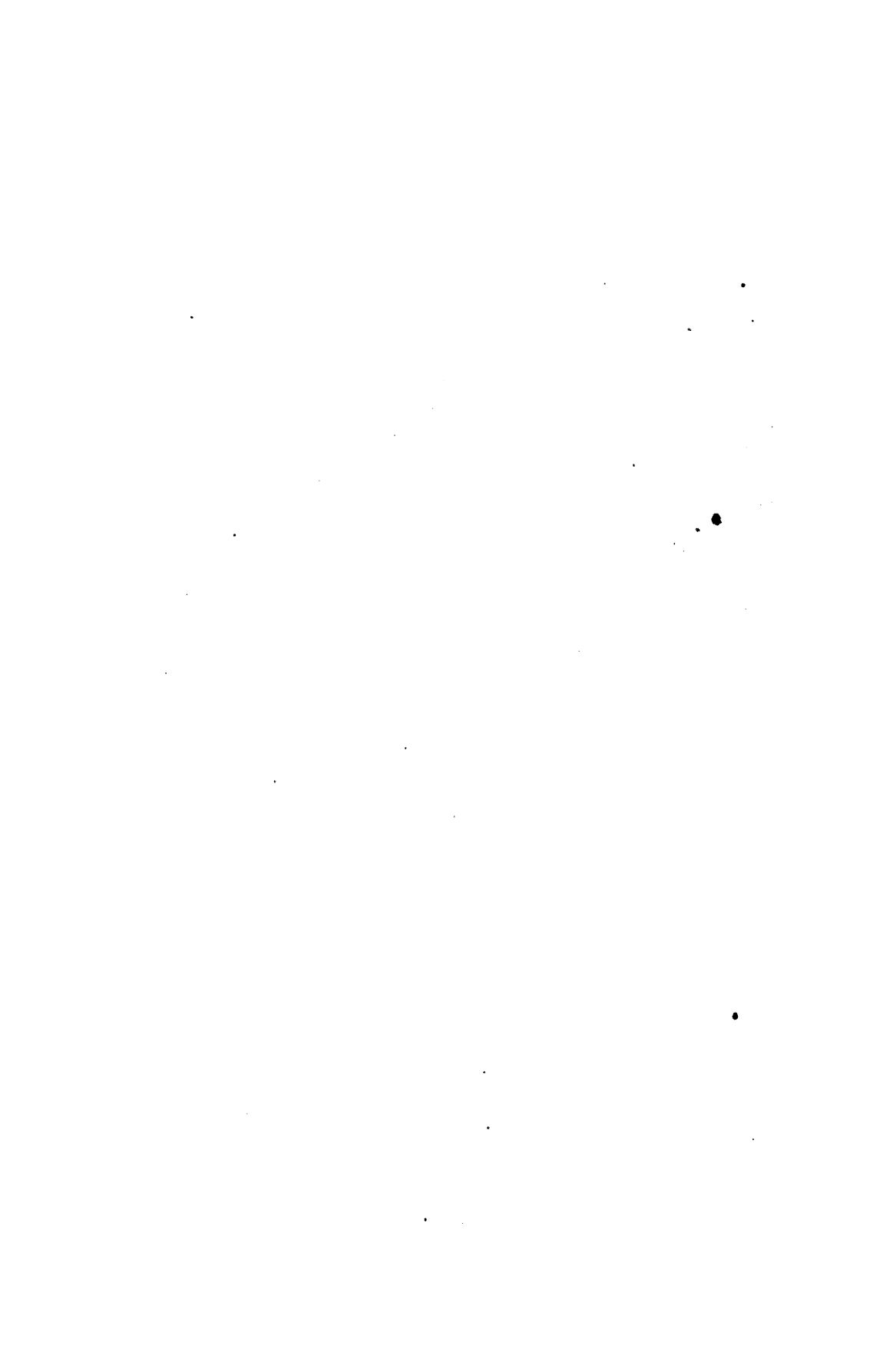








THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE
JUNE—DECEMBER,
1871.



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ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

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PREFACE.



WHAT is a Preface? On the part of authors I anticipate the answer of most people will be, a little mock modesty. On the part of publishers, a puff direct. *The Gentleman's Magazine* has no mock modesty, and stands in no need of puffs from editor or publisher. It is, however, I believe, the only English magazine which is in the habit of publishing a preface; in the habit, that is to say, of throwing aside what Mr. Bright calls the unpersonal mask, and of chatting, through its editor, with its subscribers, upon topics which at the moment happen to be interesting to both.

With this magazine, the preface is a tradition. In taking up my pen to write "Finis" to another volume, and presenting it to my friends with an editorial bow, I am only doing what has been done by a long line of predecessors sitting in the old oaken chair of Edward Cave, under the shadow of St. John's Gate. What a host of men of letters of all sorts these prefaces represent! How many styles you can trace in them as you look back! Here, first of all, we have the regular tradesmanlike puff of that oily, astute old gentleman, Edward Cave, whose bust ought to find a niche to itself in the Reporters' Gallery. Dr. Johnson's prefaces are all distinguishable at a glance by their fine Roman hand; for a preface, with him, was "like port wine, a work of art." His prefaces were, of their kind, perfect. But for the kind we cannot say much, and it disappeared from *The Gentleman's* with him. Yet,

probably, no editor of *The Gentleman's* for the past century has ever sat down to put the finishing touch to his work without a thought of the burly old chief, with his scratch wig, and of what he would have said had he still kept his post. The spirit of Dr. Johnson and of Edward Cave still lingers about *The Gentleman's Magazine*, as the spirit of Pitt, and Fox, and Burke lingers about the Speaker's chair; and through every preface of *The Gentleman's*—poetical, personal, philosophical, antiquarian—you may still trace the spirit of the founder of this dynasty. He breathes through all of them; and if the Doctor were allowed to revisit the pale glimpses of the moon, I have not the slightest doubt that he would spend much of his spirit-leisure in looking through my piles of MSS. and proofs; for Mr. Cave's periodical seems to have been continually in the thoughts of the illustrious contributor. As for Cave himself, it was his companion morning, noon, and night. Within the past two years the magazine has changed its printing office, coming from the classic regions of Whitefriars to the still more classic ground of St. John's Gate. It is now literally printed in the shadow of the original house of the first printer. I have heard that there is a movement on foot for purchasing and presenting to the nation the old place itself. I hope the rumour is true.

These prefaces form the pedigree of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. "It is the oldest periodical in the British Empire, probably the oldest in the world." This is the verdict of the latest historian of the Newspaper Press; and this is no mere compliment. It is simply plain historical fact. The history of *The Gentleman's Magazine* is for the past hundred and forty years the history of the English Press in miniature. What it is now in the days of Tennyson it was in the days of

Byron, in the days of Burns, in the days of Cowper, in the days of Pope. It is the only magazine which takes the imagination back in a direct line of light through the brightest and richest periods of English poetry, of English eloquence, and of English learning, to the darkest and most impoverished period in English history; to that gloomy time when it was the lot of many a man of letters whose works are now to be found in all but the highest rank of English classics "to lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar among footmen out of place, to translate ten hours a day for the wages of a ditcher, to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub Street to St. George's Fields, and from St. George's Fields to the alleys behind St. Martin's Church, to sleep on a bulk in June and in the ashes of a glass-house in December, to die in an hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault."

What other magazine or newspaper within the four seas can take us back half as far? All its own rivals and contemporaries have vanished like shadows on the wall. *The Gentleman's* alone remains; and in comparison with it the *Times* and the *Edinburgh Review* are things of yesterday. *The Gentleman's Magazine* was historical when the *Times* was nothing but a sheet of advertisements and gossip. It was one of the antiquities of English literature when Francis Jeffrey was strolling about the streets of London, with a guinea in his pocket, dreaming in a hazy sort of way of making a fortune by his pen as a newspaper hack. Its contributors comprised some of the keenest wits of the days when Hazlitt in a garret was writing for the newspapers at five shillings a column; and it has assisted—critically, of course—at the publication of every work of fiction, from "Tom

Jones" and "Pamela" to "Guy Mannering" and "Kenilworth;" from the first fruits of Scott to the first fruits of Dickens and Thackeray. It was the earliest of the magazines to recognise the genius of Byron, perhaps of many of Byron's contemporaries; and yet outliving, as it has, generation after generation of novelists, of poets, of critics, I do not think the shade of Cave need blush to-day to present this latest volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine* to his original subscribers in Elysium. This is not egotism. It is history. And if the circulation of *The Gentleman's Magazine* is not equal to that of its most powerful rivals—as I hope it is—the fault is not the fault of *The Gentleman's*. It lies with the public; and all I can say is that every Englishman with the slightest appreciation of its antiquities of literature, with the slightest pretence to what Mr. Disraeli calls an historic conscience, and to all the tastes that an historic conscience implies, ought not only to make it a point of personal pride to have *The Gentleman's Magazine* on his own table, but—shall I add?—to use all his influence to keep it in its natural position at the head of English periodical literature. This is the true, the rightful position of *The Gentleman's Magazine*; and in its new series the volume which I now present to my readers is, I hope, a sufficient guarantee that in that position it will form no unworthy representative of the qualities which pre-eminently distinguish English periodical literature. This in itself probably most of my critics will at once set down as an outburst of the old egotistic spirit of Cave and Johnson, of the spirit which, as I said at the outset, is apt every now and then to reappear, like gout or a Roman nose in a family, in the prefaces of *The Gentleman's*. But it would be a transparent piece of mock modesty to affect not to feel proud of this grand

old Cromlech of English literature and of the mosses and lichens that it is gathering around it ; and the best justification I can have for the expression of this pride is the great and growing goodwill of the public for *The Gentleman's* in its new form.

The present volume of *The Gentleman's Magazine* contains an additional number beyond the previous volumes of the New Series. I have made this change in order that a new volume may begin with the New Year. "The Valley of Poppies," which is finished this month, will be succeeded by a new story from the deservedly popular pen of Whyte Melville. Taking leave of the old love before we are on with the new, Mr. Joseph Hatton desires to thank the journals which month after month have spoken kindly of his story, the more so, that, like "Christopher Kenrick," it was written with a firm belief in the successful revival of the domestic novel and the domestic drama. The popularity of a quiet simple story, dealing with the ordinary affairs of life, in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, and the fortunes of the Strand Theatre resting firmly upon the "Heir at Law," may, I hope, be taken as indicative of a speedy fulfilment of the long promised return to healthier tastes than those which seek a meretricious excitement in highly wrought complications of bigamy, adultery, murder,—and burlesque.

With these remarks I commend to my indulgent readers everywhere, this new volume of what some friendly critic has happily called "the oldest and youngest of the magazines."

SYLVANUS URBAN.

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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JUNE, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER I.

SUMMERDALE-IN-THE-WATER.



AM the Perpetual Curate of Summerdale - in - the - Water. A few years ago I gave to the world a fragment of my autobiography. It consisted of only a few short pages. Some of my friends are anxious that I should extend the narrative. I hope a reverie which seemed fresh and interesting when confined to one chapter may not become monotonous by extensive multiplication.

My first impressions of Summerdale were filled with dismal forebodings.

The silence which almost made itself heard, the dead calm which the senses could feel, depressed me to the very soul. I could hardly breathe. I was hemmed in, shut out from all the world, an exile without hope, a prisoner having no chance of reprieve. The three bells of the old church that chimed on Sundays were funereal.

The moss-grown village was the grave of dead hopes and aspirations. Oblivion had cast her mantle over the valley. It was the sleepy hollow of fairy tales, the lost village, the border-land of life, the Valley of Poppies. I persisted in seeing the image of Somnus in a stone saint over the church porch. The son of Erebus and Nox had set up his black-curtained throne of feathers in that crumbling edifice. It was his cavern. When I entered it I should see the Dreams standing by him.

A few weeks' experience dispelled the darkest of these images, but silence and sadness still peopled the village with gloomy shadows. I was not good enough nor pure enough for an anchorite, to settle down and devote heart and soul unto one service. Not pure enough; I might better say not sufficiently repentant and believing; not firm enough in my faith, not submissive and resigned. I chafed against the imaginary barriers of my prison. The score of sleepy people who sat and nodded through the morning service provoked my melancholy and did not excite my zeal. The Squire on the hill was a continual thorn in my flesh. His riches rebuked my poverty. I hated him because he had been successful in the battle. His horses trampled upon the memories of my past life until the dust of them choked me. I revenged myself now and then in a sermon upon Dives and Lazarus. The Squire did not come to church regularly, but the family pew was always occupied, and I knew that my sermons were discussed over dinner. I was asked to dine Sunday after Sunday. It flattered my pride to refuse every invitation to feast at the rich man's table. I would rather have died of starvation than humble myself to eat of the crumbs with Lazarus. My heart was full of bitterness. Jasper, Melchior, and Balthazar had no charm for me. They had neither myrrh, nor frankincense, nor gold for the fortune-scourged curate. I had remembered their names, and sung my *Jubilate Deo* in the old days, but had never been exempt from the falling sickness. I was indeed a miserable sinner.

All this was in the early days of my fall, when I turned my back upon the world, because I had no choice but to run. I had fought and struggled in the conflict. Nothing daunted, I had set my lance in rest, and plunged into the battle, fighting, not with the sword of the spirit, but with the weapons of the flesh. Youth is hard to mould into wisdom and soberness. My father made a mistake when he had me educated for the Church. He was an artist in a cathedral city. They called the place Wulstan. "Poor, pretty, and proud," is the motto which satire has ordained for the people of

this western land. I call to mind the charm of my boyish life in the dull old town before I plunged into the battle beyond. Of this anon. My father, I say, was an artist in that same cathedral city. He was proud, and eventually came under the narrowness and vanity of the clerical influence. I must be educated for the Church; and so I was, heaven forgive me!

But I am wandering from Summerdale, where I came when the battle was at an end—over for good, so far as I was concerned. I had fought and lost, done battle with the foe and been defeated. I fled and came to Summerdale. Those first hot days of my disappointment are long since past, and I sit by the river and thank God that I came here to be at rest. The chimes which were funereal just after the battle, are now tender, gentle music to my soul, and the moss on the fountain is not softer than the quiet, peaceful path of my life. Some of the select few who nodded over my first sermon have dropped away quietly to their rest. The Squire is gray and gentle now. He sits with me in the porched doorway of the hall, and talks of his early days. His horses no longer lacerate my early hopes. Indeed, there is a mild chestnut cob which carries me now and then to the country town, but these are very rare occasions, and I come back again, with thankfulness and gratitude, to the slumbering river and the mosses of Summerdale-in-the-Water. *Fucundi acti labores.* I am not a scholar in the general acceptation of the term. I know little Greek and less Latin. That was one of the reasons why I was overcome in the fight. Some men have a faculty for languages: I was not born to be learned in this direction, but I know the Fathers almost by heart nevertheless—Hippolytus, Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, Tertullian, Theophilus, Clementine. I regarded this exercise as a duty when I found my mind more than usually occupied with the holiday books of fancy and imagination.

Summerdale is just outside the world, on the borders of life, at the outskirts of the battle-field. I sometimes catch faint sounds of the din of the conflict. The blare of the trumpet and the rumble of the drum now and then reach me, on the wings of the western wind. Occasionally brother soldiers who have been wounded in the battle, friends of the old days, comrades in arms, find their way to Summerdale. They come back to me at long intervals; come back with changed faces and changed manners; come back when their dreams are over, baffled, broken, defeated. Rarely indeed do any but the confounded find me out; the maimed and wounded; they who have fainted by the way and fallen; the deserted of fortune. The rich and victorious have lived out of the old ways. They have gone beyond

the old associations. They have been triumphant. They have acquired power. The world is at their feet, subdued, vanquished, overcome, so far as their limited wisdom understands victory. These warriors are not for Summerdale. They forget the Perpetual Curate who rode forth with them in the fray, pushed on by the same hopes, stimulated by a kindred ambition.

No, it is in the hour of defeat that my old acquaintances and friends come back to me. When they have a fall, they think of the retreat outside the world, and its gray-bearded exile. A fellow feeling jogs their memory, and they "hunt me up" as they call it. When finance has hit them; when the bishop has died without promoting them; when they have sent their last picture to be rejected at the Academy; when their books have failed; when the woman they loved has proved unfaithful; then they think of the old days, the old friends, the schoolboy companions, the college chums, of early dreams and early hopes, and of other men who have suffered. Then, remembering the Perpetual Curate of Summerdale-in-the-Water, they "hunt him up," to shake hands again, and re-fight their battles over his winter fire, or recount their strange, eventful histories in the sunlight of the valley, while the bees hum a soft and lulling accompaniment to the more pathetic passages of their personal stories of the battle.

CHAPTER II.

"STRANGE, EVENTFUL HISTORIES."

STRANGE is the news which these friends of my youth bring out of the world, from the battle-field of life.

I see the *Times* now and then, many days after publication. It is a romance to me. Its strange stories are like events I have read of in other days. The journal is a despatch from the war. I note its list of killed and wounded, and I look up from its blurred and blotted columns to gaze upon the long winding river, and think of the land that lies beyond. But my friends who hunt me up, they are waifs and strays of the fight itself. They have been in the conflict, and that recently. They know all about the marches and countermarches, the sieges and capitulations. They have encountered the giants single-handed. They have seen the sons of Coelus and Terra, and can describe their horrible features. They have measured clubs and swords with them. Marvellous are the stories they tell. Sometimes I think my poor wounded friends multiply their foes, as Falstaff did; but it is long since

I was bruised in the wars, and twenty years of Summerdale is no more than a week in the world. How they talk, these crushed friends of my youth. Their metaphors are often as confused as their stories. Cardinal Perron might have found in them materials for another treatise. One man is full of Scylla and Charybdis, turning the fight into a naval encounter instead of a war on land; another talks of Arges, Brontes, and Steropes; another of Pluto and Mammon; another of Satan and the fiends; another of Fortuna and Fate, and Scylla and Charybdis, all in a breath. Circe is on some lips, and I listen to stories of the Grand Passion with a heart whose beating is quickened by my own never-to-be-forgotten memories.

Lately there came to me two men who had been maimed and lamed in the financial storm which raged in the great world. I knew it had been; for I saw accounts of social wrecks and disasters in the *Times*. I had read notices of the panic, and had been called upon to describe to the best of my knowledge what a panic was. My little handful of parishioners had heard that there was a panic in London, and there had been a serious discussion among them as to the nature of the beast. Arthur Masters knew what the panic was. He was the first of my two friends who hunted me up after the storm. He had been educated for the Church, but he was always fond of figures; he was great in arithmetical calculations, had notions about the currency, and finally, instead of digging and delving into the mysteries of theology, he plunged into finance. Two years ago he was worth a hundred thousand pounds; a week since, when he sat by my side at Summerdale, he was not worth as many pence. Had he been content with a hundred thousand pounds, he might have possessed that vast sum now. He wanted two hundred thousand, and he is ruined. He confessed it all to me. He had fought for too much, and now he is gray and short of breath, and seeks for the rest that will not come.

He never sought me when he was victorious; but I do not tell him this. He has been forced aside into the byway of life, and that is how he finds me out. I remember him when he was a bright curly-headed fellow, the pride of a fond mother, and the admiration of a host of pretty girls. When I fell in the fight and was pushed aside, I saw his brougham driving down to the House of Commons. At least, I think I saw it; but the time wears out so rapidly, and Summerdale is fruitful in fancies. Masters thought he would like the old village—my slumbering Valley of Poppies. The crumbling stocks beneath the elms and the daws up in the church

tower had a special attraction for him. But he was only resting awhile. The air was grateful to his dazed brain, and the homely food restored the tone of both mind and body. In a week he stood erect, and then he longed, as I did years ago, to be once more in the fight. To-day he writes to me and encloses what he calls the draft of a prospectus for a new Limited Company. I hardly know what he means. I suppose it is a new invention for some deadly engine to operate in the City. Should he retrieve his position, I shall hear from him again, and then see him no more. If he falls, I shall encounter him outside the world, hunting me up.

Some of my old friends drop in upon me out of gratitude. They have been saved at a critical time. A "mutual friend" has stepped in with his shield at the proper moment. The hard-pressed soldier has regained his footing; and then all at once the old times, the old faces, the familiar names, come back to the memory. Desprey is one of these men. He hunted me up three years ago; he came in a hired conveyance from the Barwood Junction, six miles away. The villagers flocked out of their houses to see him alight, and treated the driver to a mug of beer to learn the news. I hardly remembered Desprey at first; his voice sounded like a half-forgotten memory; and then all at once I knew him well. His explanation was brief. He was in the neighbourhood, and could not resist the temptation to call and see me; heard quite by accident that I was Perpetual Curate of Summerdale, and felt ashamed of himself that he had never looked me up before. "The fact was, he had been so much engaged one way and another, had had so many irons in the fire, and all that sort of thing, that he had not had a day to call his own for years."

I could see at once that Desprey had not been much hurt. There was music in his voice, his head was erect, and he smiled without effort. "Surely," I thought in my shambling way, "surely this is a victorious man, come to see me in the day of his triumph." I began mentally to chide myself for being cynical about successful men. "Here is Wealth and Success," I thought, "come at last to shake hands with Failure and Poverty for the sake of past days, on the pure score of friendship," and I thanked heaven that it was so. I hope it may be so still, though I feel assured Desprey came out of gratitude. He had been down on his side; the foe was pressing heavily upon him. In another moment he would have been smitten unto death; and then the friendly shield had come, the friendly shield had shadowed him, the friendly life had been risked to save him. This had roused his better nature, this had excited his old love.

Memories of the past had come rushing upon him like a rebuke ; and so he had come to see his old friend, and talk of the spring-time of life in the parson's autumn days. And it was so ; for when the evening sun had set, and the mists had risen upon the bosom of the river, I lighted my lamp only to see it obscured in the smoke of Desprey's cigar, as he told me of his escape.

"It was at the height of the panic," he said ; "I had fifty thousand pounds' worth of certain shares lying with a margin, as we call it, at a great discount house. I had been hit in other ways, and had been compelled to deposit this scrip. Suddenly the shares fell ; and I had notice that, unless I could cover them with ten thousand pounds by ten o'clock the next day, they would be sent into the market and sold. This simply meant utter ruin. I could not at so short a notice find even two thousand pounds. I had money, but it was not available. What could I do? I was a candidate for Barford, you know, at the time ; put up to succeed old Peters when he died. That night I was to address the electors. I did not know what in the world to do. I felt that I was a ruined man, almost bankrupt in purse and in reputation, for the one would have gone with the other. I was paralysed, thought of my wife and children, of the girls at school, the pleasant country seat. I nearly went mad. Going down to the club I met Frank Somers ; you know Frank"——

Here Desprey's face lighted up quite joyously, and I remembered Frank as the stroke-oar of our boat at Oxford.

"Yes, I remember Frank," I said ; "just remember him."

"Ah, he is a fine fellow," said Desprey, continuing his story. "I met him on the Carlton steps, just going into the club. He shook hands, said how pale I looked, asked me if I was ill, and hoped nothing had happened. In my despair I told him, as men will tell each other at such times, how I had been hit, and what a fix I was in. 'Ten thousand!' he repeated to himself ; 'it is a heavy sum, but I think I can manage it for you.' I hardly knew what to think of his remark. *He* thought *he* could manage it for *me*! Why should he manage it for me? I had never had a business transaction with him in my life. While I was wondering at his friendly words, he said he would go and see a friend in Pall Mall, and join me again in half an hour with an answer upon the subject. I went into the club ; I looked vacantly at the papers ; I looked at the list of bankrupts, half expecting, with my panic-stricken ideas, to see my own name there. I read a case of suicide, and regretted that I was a married man. In half an hour Frank Somers came back. 'You can have the money at ten o'clock to-morrow morning,' he said ; 'and now be off to

Barford, or else you will lose the train.' I could make no reply. I leaned my head against the wall, and cried like a child."

And he wept—aye, and sobbed, as he told me the story. Little as I can sympathise now with the outside battle (because I have nearly ceased to understand it), I wept too. Thank God, there is some good left in the world still, and there are grateful hearts. Not that I long to be in the world again; it is no place for me. I am content to hear of it, and to give drink to the wayfarers who have fallen out of the lists for a time, or who have left them, like myself, for ever and ever.

I have a companion while I write—a newspaper man. Strange people, these men who write and publish; these men who undertake to instruct mankind! His stories are full of romance and of wonder to me. Stories with princes, and lords, and dukes, and actors, and artists, and beggars in them; stories of failure and success strangely commingled. I can hardly believe that I, the Perpetual Curate of Summerdale-in-the-Water, ever lived in this world of which the journalist speaks. How strange it sounds, his history of personal encounters, of political strife, of literary rivalry, of theological chaos, of High-Church and Low-Church, and Broad-Church and No-Church! Is my friend rehearsing his notes for a new work to rival "Gulliver's Travels"? Is he airing his imagination for an appendix to the "Arabian Nights"? Surely he has been reading "Bidpai," and is amusing himself at my expense. I am convinced that he is treating me now and then to an extract from "Gil Blas." There is such devilry in his accounts of pit-falls and snares in life's highway, satanic engines hidden in the battle-fields, that I think of Quarles and his Emblems, then turn to Job, and finally to the Man of many sorrows, challenging in my own mind any soldier of this lower world to match Him in His troubles and persecutions.

When the stars are twinkling in the river, and the waters are going on and on, gently down to the sea, I look out into the quiet night, and am content to leave others to bear the cross in show and glitter, in pomp of deanery and bishopric; content to let them have their chariots and their horsemen and their fat servitors; content to be outside the world in this moss-grown Summerdale; content to be the pastor, and master, and doctor, and friend, and instructor of these poor people, living on the borders of life, journeying with the fathers of the village to the "silent land," where

"The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

CHAPTER III.

THE DEAN'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

THE visits of Masters and Desprey and the journalist, Ernest Fenton, have given my thoughts a vast fillip. Desprey was a boy when I was a boy, and we both went to the same school in the shadow of Wulstan Cathedral.

I see the gray walls of the old houses in the College Green. If the monks of old knew how to pass their days in quiet on the margins of pleasant rivers, their successors of the more modern faith have not failed to catch some of the olden inspiration. You could never have imagined the comforts of those plain looking houses round the square. Their exterior architecture seemed designed to repudiate the idea of ease and luxury and pomp. They were apparently all back doors and back yards, shaded by tall-spreading elms. You rarely saw any one go in or come out. Wherever you entered them, you always got a glimpse of the larder or the kitchen first. And how clean, and sweet, and wholesome, and English everything was. The bright open fireplace and the ancient spit; the clean white flags and great oaken dressers, with rows of white and copper pans.

When I was a boy, the interiors of those dark gray houses in the square were among my dreams. Desprey, who was a grand sort of boy in his way, laughed at the idea of there being any mystery about those houses. He only thought they were dull stupid places, and he would be very sorry to live in one of them. My father said Desprey was made to see things in a different light to my view of the world. He was a thoughtful man, my father, with the highest feeling for his art. It has often puzzled me how he came to let the canker of a narrow out-of-the-world town eat into his judgment; though for that matter I have at last come to love the sublime profession of the Church, finding in it the only solace and comfort, the supremest calm and contentment of heart and soul and mind that man can hope to experience this side the grave.

Those old houses in the square, I have seen the elms whispering together over them, and heard the crows telling each other the history of the Deanery, with its quaint mullioned windows, and its smooth lawn of velvet grass. It was built of red sandstone, the Deanery, and it had a frontage to the river. You could see it from the windows of our school. When you had been kept in for an hour for inattention to your studies, and all the other boys were gone, you

could hear the ivy that crept up the red sandstone shafts of the windows rustling in the evening breeze; you could see the soft crumbling façade of the grand old house blushing redder and redder in the fading light; the perfume of wallflowers and pinks that crowded each other in out-of-the-way corners came over the grass; and in the distance your mind rested on the bosom of the river.

They never knew how much I enjoyed these occasional detentions after school-hours. The Dean of Wulstan was a divine of remarkably regular habits. He dined usually at four o'clock, immediately after evening service. At six o'clock his two daughters left the table, and his butler entered with a special bottle of port and a pair of small wax candles. Meanwhile the ladies walked several times over the lawn, looked out upon the river, sometimes plucked a flower, and then disappeared.

I could not have been more than fifteen at this time. What a long vista it is, looking down Time's weed-grown avenue to those days of romance and love! A long, long lane, peopled with shadows. I wander down the mystic path often in my sleep, and see the old sunshine and the old flowers. I think the grass was greener in my boyish days, and the flowers sweeter, and that there were softer purples and more glowing reds in the last glimmers of the sun. I wander along that mystic avenue, over weeds and briars, through storm and cloud, and I come at last to the fairest vision the sun ever shone upon. She seems to look at me out of her clear hazel eyes, and smile with her half parted lips. I have a rose which she gave me even now. It lies with other treasures in that cabinet by the western window of my favourite room in the old parsonage house of Summerdale.

Ruth Oswald was the Dean's youngest daughter. Nearly every boy at Wulstan College was secretly in love with her. It was a rare picture to see the two Misses Oswald come up the nave and into the choir on Sundays. The verger with his silver sceptre of office walked with a proud air as he conducted them to their curtained seat. Ruth was a brunette. She had a clear olive complexion that glowed with health. She had soft languishing eyes and dark brown hair. Dressed in a fashion now extinct, you could not fail to note the round contour of her figure. All the lines of beauty seemed to have met in that vision of loveliness. There was a tender eloquence in her eyes. Her lips, while they were sufficiently full and well-defined to denote generosity and a love of pleasure, had the delicacy of refinement and the graceful parting line which the physiognomist never sees but in

a high and noble nature. You felt better for looking upon Ruth Oswald. Her shadow fell upon you like a blessing. There was nothing demonstrative in her manner. No rustle of silk accompanied her. She made no noise. You could not hear her walk, though she had a firm elastic tread. Her presence was felt, not heard. You always saw her eyes first, her large soft dreamy eyes, full of sympathy and love, and shaded by long sweeping lashes, which touched her glowing cheek when her eyes were closed in prayer. She was neither tall nor short in stature, but of that fair proportion which painters agree in ascribing to our first mother, Eve. I fear me now that my prayers were not what they should have been on those Sunday mornings long ago. I sat nearly opposite to the Dean's pew, and often saw nothing and thought of nothing but that sweet young lady who leaned over the great open Prayer-book. I watched her parted lips in the responses, and the last sonorous sounds of the Amens seemed to linger about her and make her saint-like. My eyes would wander from hers to the angel choir of the western window, filling my soul with strange dreams of an earthly paradise.

The sister of my beloved was cast in an entirely different mould. Moreover, she was ten years Ruth's senior. Mary Oswald, I suppose, was about twenty-five when my worship at church was so much divided between the Dean's pew and Him whose chastening hand has since then been laid so heavily and yet so lovingly upon me. Mary was a tall, handsome, firm, determined woman, with light hair and gray eyes. She seemed to go through life as if it were all a matter of business. She accepted her position as if it belonged to her by Divine ordinance, and played her part with the full consciousness of her supremacy in Wulstan.

Mary Oswald was not unlike her father the Dean. He was a grand cleric of the old school. A tall, white-haired man, with a kind, benevolent face and large fleshy lips, which Lavater's experience led him to associate with sensuality and indolence. You could see that the Dean was fond of good living; everybody knew that the best of everything went to the Deanery, but no one could question the benevolence and generosity of the Dean's administration of his own and the Chapter's funds.

I almost feel inclined to rise from my chair, and stand up reverently, as my memory pictures the Dean, in his gown and hood, coming from the vestry into the choir, where every person rose until he had taken his seat. The vergers themselves, who preceded him, were far more imposing than the canons who usually followed. They were portly, well-fed gentlemen, the vergers of Wulstan Cathedral. They

stood firmly in their buckled shoes, and wore their semi-clerical gowns with an air of authority that overawed Wulstan College, and contributed in no small degree to maintain the dignity of the Establishment.

You will see over that cabinet, which is sweetened by the odour of a rose and all its blessed memories, a picture of a cathedral procession. It is my own work, and should have been hung in the Royal Academy. I thought so years ago; I think so now. It was painted under the inspiration of her love from one of my earliest sketches. A dark background, full of heavy, shadowy arches. A glimmer of yellow and purple light from a coloured window falls upon a procession coming through a darkened archway. A dull silvery flicker glints on the curious batons of the vergers. The Dean's crimson hood next catches the faint light, which falls at last upon the white-surpliced choristers. Dim, shadowy columns, with quaint bosses and heavy oaken pews, are the accessories, worked in with warm browns where the light fell, and cold heavy blues in the outer shadows.

There was a time when that picture made me weep. I gaze upon it now with a chastened sorrow. There is a sort of blissfulness of woe. You come to know yourself as time wears on, and sadness and sorrow seem to bring you nearer unto Him whose story falls like balm upon the wounded spirit. It comes into my mind often to feel that I am selfish and unrighteous in cherishing memories of the past so fondly. Even now there is an image which seems to stand between me and heaven, for late in the silent night and early in the morning my thoughts are of Ruth and our happy days.

This leads me often into pulpit warnings against the sin of indulgence in an earthly love that engrosses all other thoughts. I tell my wondering parishioners, with Young, that a God all mercy is a God unjust. I bid them prepare for the removal of their idol. I warn them that God is a jealous God. I urge them to strive against the passion and selfishness that sets up a temple in the heart to one being, be it parent, child, sister, brother, or lover. I condemn ambition, I denounce the desire for riches; but I tell my poor friends at the same time how hard it is to be pure and good and true and brave and generous; and I never let the erring one depart without words of hope and comfort and consolation. I have a fellow-feeling for the weak and wounded; and hath not He also who lived among us, and took compassion upon the adulteress and the thief?

An it be a sin to feel an inward rebellion against any heaven that does not give back to us our loved ones, my soul will never be purged

of its wickedness. It likes me well to labour always for the welfare of my little parish. I am conscious of no selfish thought or desire, unless it be selfish to wander back down that long dark vista of other days, and wish that the time having sped so fast when the sun shone would fly with more rapid wings now that the day is ended. I long for the night through which we enter the Promised Land.

True, as the wise and thoughtful Bishop Rust saith, it is not for any mortal creature to make a map of that Canaan which lies above, but it may be that some good, heaven-desiring pilgrim travelling thitherwards arrives sometimes near the borders of the new Jerusalem, and, getting upon the top of Pisgah, has the perfect prospect of a fair country which lies afar off and may not be described. I have stood in fancy on that holy hill, and seen the hazy light of the heavenly city; but oftener has my wandering fancy shown me the dim curtained radiance of a cathedral choir, and a boy chaunting the confessional responses, with his dreamy eyes upon the prayerful saint-like face of the Dean of Wulstan's daughter.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FATHER'S STUDIO.

It was in the left wing of an old timbered house in a back street of the city of Wulstan. The house had a curious history. It had sheltered a fugitive king. A knight of great fame had died in the little courtyard, after a battle in which his king was defeated. The knight had been wounded by a slug-shot in the knee. His enemy was a Roundhead. The battle had continued in the very streets of the city. Cromwell found among the prisoners the King's physician. He sent this doctor to the knight, and at the same time despatched a surgeon from his own staff; for the knight was a duke and a brave man. The doctors differed. The Cromwellian said there was no danger; the Royalist advised amputation. Between the two the patient died, and was buried before the high-altar in the Cathedral Church of Wulstan.

The Old House of Sidbree they call this timbered edifice in which I was born. It had a quaint outer hall and courtyard. The former was surrounded by a gallery supported on curious pillars, which served me to carry a swing and some other athletic appliances. Here and there the gallery was carved with strange devices. The roof was like a melancholy dream in wood. It required a stout heart to support you in this hall at midnight. Associated with

bloodshed and battle, with ancient religious rites, with days of lawlessness, it required no stretch of imagination to fill it with ghosts and goblins. It was a low-roofed house, hemmed in by a by a high wall. There was an old-fashioned garden on the other side of the house, opposite to the courtyard and entrance-hall. The garden was full of curious old trees, which made annual shambling efforts to break into leaf. My father would not have them cut down because he liked old trees, and loved to put them into weird pictures of knighthood and fairyland. The centre of the garden was filled with grass. Beneath the wall was a narrow border full of the same kind of commonplace sweet flowers as those which bloomed in the garden of the Deanery. Gillyflowers, lilies of the valley, primroses, violets, daisies, roses, were the plants most favoured by the gardeners of Wulstan, when I was a boy. Sweet-briar, lilac, and ivy were the ornamental shrubs, and these were all represented at the Old House of Sidbree.

When you entered the precincts of my father's house you did so through a pair of rusty gates, which had an outlet into the main street. You proceeded along a stony pathway, softened by grass that grew in the chinks of the boulders. Then you reached the outer hall, the shadow of which fell upon you like the weight of centuries. Glad to get through this dim region, you pulled at the great bell-handle which ornamented the inner doorway. By and by a sleek, silent housemaid opened the door, and at once you knew that you were in the house of a man of taste. The square tiled hall was full of pictures; so also was the oaken staircase. Mount upwards in imagination with me. My memory is as clear now as if I had only just left the place.

Our footsteps resound through the clean but uncarpeted corridors. Once we have to bend our heads to escape an oaken beam. The light comes to our aid through deep-set windows. Presently we stand before a heavy doorway. We will not knock, but enter quietly. It is my father's studio. A smell of paint and turpentine and fusty portfolios greets us on the threshold. On our left are three windows, springing from high seats. The ivy taps at the glass from without. On our right-hand the wall is partly covered with rough sketches of knights and ladies, Cromwellian figures and studies of Royalist heads; trunks of old trees and long knotty branches ornamented with a few straggling leaves; bits of ancient buildings, gable-ends, oriel windows, and effects of light and shade struggling with each other in castle turrets or cathedral vaults. On the floor, or reposing upon tables, are pieces of ancient armour, quaint cups and jars, &

matchlock, two broken spears, a cavalry sword, a pair of Cromwellian boots, a crested helmet of the fourteenth century, and a collection of English halberds, bills and partisans. In the centre of the room, covered with green baize, is a small raised platform, upon which stands a living model, clad in partial armour, who, but for his silken cloak, is not unlike the gentlemen who form an important feature in the Lord Mayor's Show at the present day.

"That will do," says a somewhat dry but kindly voice, as we stand in the paternal presence.

The model in the fighting costume of past days makes a somewhat unknighly obeisance and retires behind a convenient screen, whence he presently issues forth a respectable labouring man, who touches a lock on his forehead and tramps out of the room and along the corridor, where his boots awaken all kinds of ancient and solemn echoes.

My father, a gray-headed man, with a deep-set, eloquent eye and a lofty forehead, gives us a pleasant greeting, lays down his palette, and points to a jug of old ale, which we will quaff an it please you, and look at the painter's work. It is a scene out of some dark tragedy told in ballad lore, the discovery of a wife's ignoble intrigue. The verse runs thus in my father's writing lying upon the mantel-shelf close by:—

"Up, then, came that lady fair,
With torches burning bright,
She thought to give Sir Gyles a drink,
But found her own wed knight."

The picture has in it a splendid effect of torchlight, in which the lady's face comes out warm and bright and glowing. Her lord, with grim and frowning face, stands by the body of her lover. The accessories are a bit of old wainscoting and tapestry, and a polished oaken floor.

The artist is evidently pleased with his subject. He has adapted the ballad from an old printed folio of "Reliques" by Percy, which the Dean has recently discovered in the Cathedral Library. He shall read it to us:—

THE FATE OF THE MAID OF LYN.

Heaven forfend so old a man
Marry so young a wife,
As did old Robin of Pantingale,
To rue all through his life.

For married they had not been
Scarce a day or more,
When the lady hies away
From her lord his door.

The Gentleman's Magazine.

"Are you awake, Sir Gyles?" she said.

"Yes, lady; what's your will?"

"I have bethought me of a wile,
How my wed lord we'll kill.

"Four and twenty knights," she said,

"That dwell about this town,

Twenty-four of my cousens
Will help to bring him down."

Hearing this, his own foot-page
To his master goes with speed;
Told him of his lady's plot,
At which his heart doth bleed.

"Be this true, my little foot-page,
My lands I'll give to thee;
An be it not, thy day is done,
A dead corse thou shalt be."

He called down his head cook man,
The page he bent his knee;
"The supper dress, my lady call
This night to sup with me!"

"What is your will, my own wed lord,
What is your will with me?"

"I'm sick to death, my lady fair,
And would be nursed by thee."

"An you be sick, my own good lord,
Who me so young did wed,
It grieveth me full sorely,
Myself will make your bed.

"And at the end of your first sleep,
A hot drink I will make;
And at the waking from your sleep,
Your sorrows will have slake."

He put a silk coat on his back,
Mail of many a fold,
And put a steel cap on his head,
Was gilded with red gold.

He layd a bright sword by his side,
A harvest for to reap;
And then full well old Robin knew
Whether he'd wake or sleep.

About the middle of the night
Came the Lady's cousens in;
Sir Gyles he was the foremost knight
To 'gin the bloody din.

The Valley of Poppies.

17

Old Robin with his own bright sword
Sir Gyles his head did win ;
So did he all his followers,
Who ne'er went out again.

Up, then, came that lady fair,
With torches burning bright ;
She thought to give Sir Gyles a drink,
But found her own wed knight.

Straight fell he on that maid of Lyn,
Daughter of the Mayor,
And slew her with his vengeful sword,
That lady young and fair.

Then call'd he forth his own foot-page,
And shook his trembling hand ;
He gave him all his worldly wealth,
And sail'd for Holy Land.

My father reads the ballad as I have heard him read it many a time in the days of my youth. It is a notable circumstance that the memory will often go back and count up in detail circumstances and events of years ago, while occurrences of a few hours' date will slip from the present thinking without an apparent trace, to crop up years hence perhaps, bright and fresh as these remembrances of my boyish days are now.

The Dean of Wulstan called occasionally at the Old House of Sidbree; once in three months perhaps. His reverence was a patron of art, and a student of dramatic and ballad literature. My father delighted in these visits, and used to tell me now and then what the Dean said. I have no recollection of my mother, who died when I was an infant. There is a grey tombstone in the churchyard, not far from the old house. I have seen my father look sad when we have passed it on our way to prayers. We used to go to the parish church on Sundays before my name appeared on the books of the Cathedral school.

My father was a grand old man of the grand old school of Tory gentlemen. He was full of chivalric sentiment and loyalty. His hatred of Puritanism was almost a disease. He allowed it to warp his judgment. There was a pamphlet extant describing an interview of the Devil and Cromwell in the wood on the hill near our house. My father believed every word of it. He painted the scene and filled old Noll's face so full of warts and blotches that the Protector in my father's picture looked more sinister than the Devil himself. And so he was in my father's estimation.

Had my father known that I had the audacity to be in love with the Dean of Wulstan's daughter, he would have regarded me as a rebel against honour, duty, and good faith. He might tolerate in a ballad or a picture the aspiring and ambitious love of a page or doughty squire, but he would never have forgiven such wild passion in a schoolboy, and that boy his own son.

It is the nature of love to be ambitious, to aspire. It takes no count of worldly differences in station. Love is unselfish, and knows no ignoble feeling. It is the pure flame of the mystic altar, lighted by the sun. True hearts are above gold and lands. Love laughs at common bonds. It knows no difference between prince and peasant. It sets the peasant in a glorious light of its own. The idol may be rich or poor, lowly born or high in station. Love heeds nought but the object worshipped. It levels all ranks, weds the wandering minstrel to the princess, and gives the beggar maiden to the king. I loved the Dean of Wulstan's daughter, and should have loved her all the same had she called the sexton father.

Is it strange that with the sort of education which this chapter indicates, a lonely boy among books and pictures of romance, Border ballads and ancient armour; having that simple-hearted, chivalrous, picturesque artist for my father; and living in an ancient timbered house, full of ghostly shadows; is it, I ask, surprising that I grew up with ideas outside the pale of commonplace—a visionary, a dreamer, a being apart from the crowd, with a liking for studies less suited to the Church than to the stage? Shakespeare, Massinger, Ben Jonson were among my earliest books. My lightest reading was the "Arabian Nights" or such quaint Border ballads as my father found in the Cathedral Library or wrote himself. At school the best prizes were given for translations from the classic poets. I had an honourable place in the list for a rendering of a portion of the first book of the "Iliad," but I was invariably blamed for taking undue liberties with the text. I was nearly flogged once for doing the rage of Achilles against Agamemnon into a loose sort of ballad verse. The head master said I must have got my inspiration from a pot-house and my metre from the market place on Saturdays. He was right as to the latter charge; for I have stood many an hour listening to the ballad-mongers singing and selling their wares in Wulstan market. The influence on the common people of these Saturday songs might be taken as illustrative of the wisdom of Fletcher of Saltoun's friend in saying that if a person had the making of the ballads of a nation, he need not much care who had the making of the laws. Yet this tribute to the teaching, and influence, and truth of the ballad is

rather an unpleasant reflection, when we see that this class of composition is full of doubts concerning the honour of woman and thick with illustrations of her frailty and lack of virtue. It is the same with regard to our proverbs. Woman cuts a sorry figure in the proverbial sayings of every nation under the sun. The sex may fairly retort that men wrote the songs and had a hand in giving shape and permanence to the proverbs. Woman is what man makes her. She should be judged with leniency and tenderness, with one thought for her sins and a thousand for her temptations.

CHAPTER V.

“AN UNDYING PERFUME.”

WAS it an ancient bard who loaded a half-forgotten verse with metaphorical images of memory?—or came the thought in some forgotten dream? Memory is the Divine link between what is past and what is yet to come. It is soul-thought, the action of the undying mind that lives apart from the body. It will be with us in the grave? Who shall answer? What is soul? Memory. What is memory? Soul. No; memory is not that; for memory is a soft and soothing dream of the past that looks for renewal in the future. What would memory be to the Perpetual Curate of Summerdale if he could not look onwards to meeting again that image of delight at whose feet Memory lays her treasures, and from the shadow of whose presence comes that which makes memory a comfort and a joy for ever. Memory is part of the living soul? Yes! it is an everlasting echo, an undying perfume, a continuing spring, a perpetual ray. In the days to come it will be a memento of the world that is gone. Even as these rose-leaves are a sweet-swelling memorial of those last sad-happy days on the banks of the silvery Thames.

Once a year I slip away to lay a flower upon her grave. Twenty years ago I had to travel half the distance by coach. Times are altered now. The Squire's cob carries me to Wulstan city, and thence to London by the train is but four hours' journey. Before I came to man's estate it was one of my dreams to live on the banks of the Thames, and she, my beloved, in after days, encouraged that ambition. It was a privilege, I thought, to live near the grand centre of the world; to feel the pulse-beat of civilisation's great heart; to be within the atmosphere most influenced by the outcome of Art and Science and Literature. My dreams came true! There is a house

within walking distance of the spot where the Druid tuned his harp and sang—

“O Thames!

Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods!”

The grand old elms still spread their branches over the flood, as they did twenty years ago. In truth, there seems less change hereabouts than in any part of London. Boat and barge and tiny yacht float gently by on the bosom of the tide. On Sundays the poor people come upon the Mall in their Sunday clothes to lean over the wall, and watch the traffic on the silent highway. They little think that the gray old man, who basks there also in the sun once a year, loves them for auld lang syne.

I noted one or two faces that were familiar years ago. I seem to see her in their wondering eyes as I slip a token of our relationship into their hands. There is no change in the quiet little house. It is the smallest house on the Mall; we were the only people who did not keep a carriage. “The Cottage” we called it. Next door was “The Retreat,” and farther on “The Seasons.” A modest house of three stories, The Cottage was built hundreds of years ago. It had looked out upon festive processions going down the Thames. It had seen gilded boat and barge going up and down to Kew, Hampton Court, and Richmond. My love and I often sat in the twilight at an open window, and weaved together tales of lords and ladies who lived in the romantic days before steamboats and telegraphs. Outside our little garden opening on the Mall there was a quaint old water-gate, and moored thereto we had a boat. A creaking wherry now on one day in every year comes near the water-gate, and hovers by the dear old house. The passenger is the Perpetual Curate of Summerdale floating by with his memories of the past.

If my parishioners at Summerdale could see their pastor, on this day set apart solely to her memory, what would they think of the preacher? And on a Sunday, too; for now and then the day comes back indeed, the very Sunday when she departed. In that chamber-poem of my latter days that begins its plaintive, touching wail with an apostrophe to the

“Strong Son of God, immortal Love,”

there is a passage in which my heart has a tender sympathy. The poet's experience goes side by side with mine. When on the gloom he strives to paint the face he knew, the hues are faint, and mix with hollow masks of night. Crowds of puckered faces come between

him and the one he seeks. They stream up from yawning doors, and people the shadowy thoroughfares of thought. Till all at once beyond the will, he hears a wizard music roll, and through the lattice on the soul looks the one dear face, and makes it still. This crowded river, these moving lines of brick and field, the new streets that rise where meadows spread, the labourers hammering on the shore, the unfamiliar sounds that strive to shut her out; I note them all with pain, and then, all sudden-like and still, a plaintive song comes o'er the wave, and once again we meet, face to face, hand in hand. She whispers words of love and hope, and trust and truth. We stand together on the heavenly hill, gazing into the prospect of the world to come.

CHAPTER VI.

IN HER PRESENCE.

THIS is how I first had speech with Ruth Oswald.

It was a warm June day. The windows of our school had been open all through the afternoon, letting in sweet odours and the drowsy hum of bees. Flickering reflections from the river had played upon the old oak ceiling and set all the boys thinking of the fields and the bathing-place in the Daisy Meadows. The door had been open too, and I had felt almost inclined to steal out into the sunshine and hide myself in the reeds by the river. None of the boys got through their lessons creditably on this hot summer day. Even the masters were longing to be out in the meadows. We could hear the cuckoo. A butterfly came sailing into the hall. It was a delightful, lazy, tantalising afternoon. I shall never forget the time, because it is associated with so much that is pleasant in my early days. It was the dawn of all my happiness, and all my misery too, that sunny afternoon in June.

My father had desired me to be home at an early hour that we might walk together in the evening. We did not often take the air in company, and when we did the excursions were always full of pleasure and delight to me at all events, and to my father also I believe. He knew the history of every foot of ground in and about Wulstan. He knew where Puritan and Royalist had fought and bled; where the King had rested on his way to Boscobel; and back to the old days of the monastery when Prior Moore made pilgrimages to London and gave royal feasts. He knew the name of every plant and flower, and gave me lessons in light and shade, in skyey effects, and in atmospheric

changes ; making our walk a romance of knights and warriors, a chapter out of the book of nature, and a page of history, throwing such wonderful light upon my dry lessons at school that the dead sticks and musty bones of the text books became things of life and motion and poetry.

When, therefore, the head-master had given us his short but impressive blessing on that memorable afternoon, and my books were packed away, I plunged into the College Green with a light heart and anticipations of a glorious ramble. For the moment even Ruth Oswald was forgotten. I galloped through the quiet streets, and reaching the Old House of Sidbree flung open the rusty gates, bounded over the grass-grown footpath, and was soon clattering through the corridors, making the echoes lively with my elastic footsteps. I did not stay to knock at my father's door, but into the room I plunged with a joyous "Are-you-ready-father?"

Robin of Pantingale's wife was not more astonished when she found her own wed lord instead of Sir Gyles than I was at the sight which greeted me in my father's studio. I fell back more quickly than I had entered ; fell back in confusion and wonder. As I retreated I heard a subdued pitying, derisive sort of laugh. This was succeeded by a rather sternly uttered command "Come in, George, and pay your respects to his Reverence the Dean."

That was a matter of no difficulty. I had seen the Dean of Wulstan in my father's studio before and spoken to him. But *she* was with him. Miss Oswald and Miss Ruth were there. It was Ruth who first met my gaze. I saw her eyes, and they seemed to throw my whole mind into chaos. Acting upon my father's command, I blundered into the room, hot and confused, but with sufficient presence of mind to make my best and most courteous bow.

"George Himbleton," said the Dean, putting his hand on my shoulder in a kindly manner, "I am glad to hear so good an account of you at college."

"I thank your reverence," I replied, covered with blushes. "I fear the masters speak more kindly than I deserve."

"That is well said and modest," the Dean replied.

The ladies were examining my father's sketches during this brief episode.

"Do you intend to follow the profession of your father, George?" asked the Dean.

"Art is to be a pastime and recreation for him ; not a profession," my father replied. "George will enter the Church if he has diligence enough to pursue his studies successfully."

"I am sure the Church will have a good servant in George Himbleton," said the Dean; and he patted my head.

Then turning to his daughters, the Dean said, "Is it quite understood, then, Ruth, that you are henceforth Mr. Himbleton's pupil?"

"Yes, father," said Ruth, "if Mr. Himbleton will have me."

I shall never forget these first words of Ruth Oswald. Her voice was music. It was fresh as the sound of a brook. Every word was melodious. Her eyes spoke also as well as her mouth, and all her face lighted up with kindness. I had hitherto only seen it in perfect repose. Now, influenced by the exercise of her genial temper, brought into action, lighted up in conversation, it was the face of a lovely girl made beautiful in the highest degree by a good and noble nature. The soul of a true and generous woman peeped out through her eyes, the glorious windows of a pure and noble mind.

"Have you, Miss Ruth!" exclaimed my father, in his grandest and most courtly fashion; "the master will be proud of his pupil."

Miss Oswald the elder looked on calmly, and seemed to say with her cold eyes, "And so you ought to be proud of the honour we are conferring upon you."

"There is great promise in the sketches which Smith, the verger, left with me this morning, Miss Ruth. You are my first pupil, and I shall learn from you, in studies of foliage such as these."

This was evidently in reply to that proud look from Miss Oswald the elder.

"I told Ruth you did not take pupils," said the Dean, with the grace of the true gentleman, "but I felt sure you would feel an interest in helping her."

"I assure you, Mr. Dean, I regard your confidence as an honour," replied my father.

"Be seated, my dears," said the Dean, addressing the ladies.

They were lightly dressed, the Miss Oswalds, in black silk dresses, with short waists, slightly open at the neck. They wore hats of white straw with black ribbons. Mary Oswald's light hair was bound tightly to her head. The expression of her face was rather that of communing with herself than engaging in conversation. She had gray eyes and a calm, passive face. It was a cold kind of beauty, Mary's—statuesque, formal, self-asserting. Ruth, on the contrary, was warm and genial, though calm and self-possessed and somewhat grave in repose; but in the presence of company she was bright and kindly; indeed, the vivacity of her manner and discourse was now and then a little out of harmony with the languishing tenderness

of her soft hazel eyes. Dark brown hair fell upon her shoulders in a bundle of loose curls. She wore a red rose in her bosom, which heightened the healthy glow of her clear olive complexion.

"I wonder you have not moved to London, Mr. Himbleton," said the Dean; "you are buried here in this dull old town."

"I lost my wife in London, sir," said my father, "and never could endure the place afterwards. I brought her down, and laid her in the churchyard where we were married. It was her dying wish, and I came here, to live near the spot."

A tear stole into Ruth Oswald's eyes as my father spoke.

"True, true," said the Dean, "I have heard the story before; I sympathise with your feeling, Mr. Himbleton."

"What is the subject of this picture, Mr. Himbleton?" asked Mary Oswald, calmly, yet firmly, changing the subject, which she saw was becoming too personal for her own comfort, for she disliked what she called scenes and sensibilities.

"It illustrates a verse in an old ballad which I adapted from some verses the Dean discovered in the Cathedral Library."

"It is admirable in colour," said Miss Oswald, "but I do not like the lady's face. She is evidently in fear of my lord with the sword."

"Just so, Miss Oswald," said my father.

"Let me give you a better subject, sir," said Miss Oswald, sitting as calm as a statue, moving hardly a muscle of her face, as if she were talking to herself.

My father bowed a gracious and dignified assent, and the Dean fidgetted with the tassel of his gold-headed cane.

"When Pœtus was condemned to die, his courage showed signs of eclipse. Like most men, he began to sink under his misfortune. To reassure and give him fortitude, his wife, Arrira, stabbed herself with a dagger, and presenting the weapon to her condemned lord, said—'Pœtus, it gives no pain.'"

"*Pœte non dolet!*" said the Dean, mildly giving the exclamation in Latin. "Yes, Mary, that was what you would call heroic, but none the less a great crime."

"It would make a fine picture of the tragic kind, such as this which Mr. Himbleton is painting," said Miss Oswald, sternly.

"I never met with the story," said my father, "but it reminds me of an equally heroic and criminal act on the part of one of King Otho's soldiers. Perhaps you remember that in Plutarch?"

"No," said the Dean.

My father looked at Miss Oswald for encouragement to go on; but she sat without giving a sign either of assent or dissent.

“It was a revolt against the King. Romans were fighting Romans. The rebels had obtained a marked advantage. The King wished to capitulate ; he could not bear to think of a further sacrifice of the lives of his subjects. His own troops were attached to his person beyond all belief. They kissed his hands ; they fell at his feet, and entreated him not to forsake them, but to employ their hearts and hands to the last moment of their lives. They all joined in this request ; and one man, drawing his sword, thus addressed him : ‘ Know, Cæsar, what your soldiers are ready to do for you ; ’ and straightway fell upon his sword and died at his master’s feet.”

Ruth Oswald turned so pale at these recitals that I slipped from the room and brought a jug of cold water, and was back with it before her agitation was noticed.

My re-entrance, however, attracted attention, and then the Dean, looking from me to his daughter, said, “ We are making Ruth ill ; she cannot listen to this kind of story.”

I had presented the water, and it had been accepted before my father could offer his apologies, and I thought afterwards that there was an especially tender look in those dear eyes as she thanked me “ for taking so much trouble.”

“ Self-denial,” said Mary Oswald, hardly deigning to notice her sister’s discomfort, “ is true nobility ; self-sacrifice is the highest virtue.”

It struck me at the moment that Miss Oswald had an opportunity of exercising her consideration for others on the spot, and I ventured to say so to my father when we were walking through the fields outside Wulstan on this red-letter day of my history.

How deliciously that summer evening closed in ! I look back, and the calm of that happy time seems somewhat akin to this Valley of Poppies. The air is filled with the smell of wild roses and honeysuckle and the snowy elder tree. There are fields of green wheat, fresh and bright and promising as hope. Long lines of blue smoke sail upwards from suburban chimneys. At quiet bends in the river the water-lily slumbers on the waters, and flowery rushes fringe the pools. The merle and the woodlark make the quiet solitude musical with their eloquent notes. All things seem in happy accord, as if they sang a quiet harmonious madrigal. My heart throbbed in unison with nature’s own pulsations ; but a human voice mingled with the merle’s song and the woodlark’s. I set a human face in a framework of flowers and grasses, and all things that were beautiful. And her name was Ruth Oswald !

(To be continued.)

A MADRIGAL.



YE who complain
Of Life, and are sad,
Come sit in the lane
That Summer hath clad
In green coats of moss, with flow'rs begem'd,
Bedotted by buds and with buttercups hem'd,
And list to the birds that flutter and flit,
Trilling, and singing cheroo a-twit-twit,
Twit-twit cheroo, cheroo a-twit-twit.

Come, come, and I wis
'Twill make ye less sad,
And, like a love kiss,
Turn gloomy to glad,
For beauty breeds love, and joy in love lies ;
And what sweeter beauty than blue in the skies,
With Summer below, and gay birds to flit
'Mong bunches of leaves, a-singing twit-twit,
Twit-twit cheroo, cheroo a-twit-twit ?

Then lie on the grass
With thy love in the lane—
A swain needs a lass,
And a lass needs a swain.
All live things and pretty in forest or field
Woo and are wooed, and unto love yield ;
And the chattering birds that flutter and flit
Have paired and are happy, singing twit-twit,
Piping, and singing cheroo a-twit-twit,
Twit-twit cheroo, cheroo a-twit-twit.

GUY ROSLYN.

ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

III.—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.



ONE of the chief inducements with me in making choice of my present subject of our comic writers, was the knowledge of the fund of humour and wit that abounds in the early ones; but which, from its surrounding mass of indelicacy, and even grossness, is almost as much beyond the reach of many as if it had never been written. It was with this feeling, that I might sift and bring forth, in a presentable shape, some specimens of the unclouded gems, apart from their coarse setting, and which, so far as many are concerned, would otherwise lie hidden in "unsummed heaps;" it was in the hope of enjoying a few hours' harmless, and even profitable, entertainment, from the intellectual wit-encounters of our elder dramatists; retaining the *brightness* of their weapons, while I expunged the venom from their points; it was with the belief that I might bring up rich ore from the mines of intellectual wealth, polished and refined from alloying dross, and in a form of "winnowed purity," befitting even the youngest readers, to admire and add to their store of mental wealth. They will thus have an opportunity of enjoying, without a misgiving, or altered cheek, the quint-essential wit and humour, carefully culled for them from authors, the manners of whose time permitted a latitude of expression which would, under other circumstances, have excluded their writings from the literary circle of their acquaintance.

It is somewhat remarkable respecting the Siamese Twins in literature (Beaumont and Fletcher) that although they were both descended from honourable families, and had both received a liberal and collegiate education, the record of their lives does not extend beyond a few unimportant, and mayhap even these not authentic, anecdotes, with a catalogue of their literary compositions. Fletcher's father was Bishop of Bristol, and when Dean of Peterborough attended the execution of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, whom he distressed in her last moments with his intemperate zeal to turn her from

the faith of her forefathers. He was rewarded for his assiduous promulgation of the reformed doctrines in being translated to the several sees of Bristol, Worcester, and London.

Beaumont was descended from a very ancient, as well as honourable, family of the Beaumonts of Grace-dieu, in Leicestershire. His father was one of the judges of the Common Pleas, and his mother was a Pierpoint. The literary partnership that existed between the two poets was by no means a singular one in their age; for it was not unusual for three, and even four, writers to be associated upon one play. But a peculiar and delightful union existed between Beaumont and Fletcher: they lived together; they wrote together; and Aubrey says: "They even wore each other's clothes, cloak, &c." The simple fact of this frank and amiable consociation is, of itself, sufficient warrant for the fine nature of the two men: their total renunciation of any individual or exclusive fame. We may fancy the gradual structure of their plots, suggested, perhaps, in familiar conversation, and matured in the development; the allotting of the characters to be filled up by each, their candid submission of their several scenes to the sincere eye and judgment of each, all indicate a literary fraternity that most likely has never existed, either before or since, for so long a period. Beaumont was the man of solid judgment; Fletcher of rich and exquisite fancy. Beaumont possessed a remarkable opulence of language, great power and vividness of description, and, at times, even a sublimity of diction: moreover, he had a thoroughly masculine humour, and an indignant mode of satirizing and personifying the vices and follies of his time. So well ordered and so finely balanced was his judgment, that the severe old practitioner, Ben Jonson, would submit his compositions to him, in their progress, for his opinion and advice; and Beaumont, in the early part of their acquaintance, was only nineteen years old; and he died before he reached thirty. Each had a high esteem for the other. Beaumont, to a certain extent, adopted Jonson's humour for his model; but it was of a more natural and *open-air* character; it was the humour of a man of town-society; Jonson's, of the scholiast. Beaumont never failed to testify his admiration of the veteran when an occasion presented itself. Every reader should know his famous and witty record of the renowned meetings at the Mermaid, in his poetical epistle to Ben Jonson:—

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whom they came

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolv'd to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life ; then, when there hath been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past ; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell'd ; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty ; though but downright fools, mere wise."

The nervous and manly character of this little extract, with the fine structure of the versification, at once indicate the order of Beaumont's genius. Seward, one of his editors, in quoting it, rises into an enthusiasm of eloquence upon the occasion. He says : " Now, reader, when thou art fired with rage, or melted into pity, by their tragic scenes, charmed with the genteel elegance, or bursting into laughter at their comic humour, canst thou not drop the intervening ages, steal into Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher's club-room at the Mermaid, on a night when Shakespeare, Donne, and others visited them, and there join in society with as great wits as ever this, or perhaps ever Greece or Rome, could at one time boast? where, animated each by the other's presence, they even excelled themselves."

Dr. Earle, the Bishop of Salisbury, who was acquainted with both poets, informed Aubrey that Beaumont mainly occupied himself in pruning and cutting back the rampant luxuriances of Fletcher's wit and imagination. That this was his usual charge, the plays which Fletcher produced singly after the death of his friend in some instances exhibit internal evidence ; for they frequently run into extravagance and carelessness. But, with all this wantonness and negligence, Fletcher's tongue was divinely touched with the live coal from the Delphic altar. Not only was his imagination abundant and untiring, but his language was rich, fluent, and felicitous in expression. However select Fletcher may be proved in the more polished scenes of his serious verses, he is scarcely surpassed by any one in the aptitude of his terms and epithets ; the true poetic test. His skill in tracing all the ramifications of a humorous thought is extraordinary. He seems to run a joke out of breath. There is quite as much of the true poet, of the divine afflation, in these his wild lures of mad waggery, as in those graceful soarings of his genius amid the lovely creations of the old-world classics ; and his feeling for and critical appreciation of the Theocritan class of composition was perfectly refined, and even exquisite. Moreover, Fletcher

possessed much tenderness of sentiment, and a high and chivalrous sense of the most alluring features in the female character. His versification is, I think, more *studied* and *artificial* than that of Shakespeare, and it is indeed "musical as is Apollo's lute." But the result produced by this very art is, that it has not the ease and spontaneous effect of the greater genius. One of the most imaginative and luxuriant of his productions, as *poetry*, is unquestionably "The Faithful Shepherdess," a pastoral drama, and which must always be cited when the question turns upon that class of dramatic poetry. It was written in imitation of the celebrated Italian models, the "Amyntas" and "Pastor fido" of Tasso and Guarini; and as a legitimate drama, which it can scarcely claim to be—that is, a drama of natural life—it is not to be entertained for one moment. But accept it as a courtly poem, transfusing the gentilities of artificial society into the primitive habits of Arcadian rusticity; in short, inquire not curiously into the truth and nature of its machinery, but receive all with child-like faith; and great will be the reader's reward. Suffice to say in a few words, that for luxuriance and tender voluptuousness of sentiment, with verve, and sportiveness of imagination and fancy, the whole composition approaches more nearly the genius of Spenser and Shakespeare than any production of equal magnitude in the language. One cannot indeed patronise the love-making of the wanton shepherdess Cloe, which is "fierce as a siege;" and still less the "dark keeping" in the character of the sullen shepherd—which serves only for a coarse and staring contrast to the more amiable persons in the scene—or, lastly, and least of all, the affectation of Thenot, who professes love for Clorin, the holy shepherdess, because she was faithful to her dead husband; and yet he entreats her not to yield to his suit, *lest it should quench his own flame!* This is flat nonsense. Nature does not play at fast-and-loose in that style. If Thenot were sincere, such sophistication would never enter his brain; and if he were not sincere, he was a coxcomb, which Fletcher never intended to represent him. These, however, are mere nebulæ in the disc of this lustrous work of the imagination. I do not say it for the sake of the paradox, but really the most natural character in the whole drama is the *supernatural*—the *unhuman* one of the satyr—and that is indeed portrayed with exquisite beauty and feeling. What fancy and what poetry in his opening speech upon beholding Clorin, the holy shepherdess!

[*Enter a Satyr, with a basket of fruit.*]

"Thorough yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,

And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest
To get him fruit ; for at a feast
He entertains this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.—[*Seeing Clorin.*
But behold a fairer sight !
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods ; for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty,
Than dull, weak-ey'd mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live ! Therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells :
Fairer by the famous wells,
To the present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes, whose lusty blood
Is the learned poets' good ;
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus : nuts more brown
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them ;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them.
For these, black-ey'd Dryope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasp'd knee to climb :
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green :
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat.
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more—more sweet, more strong ;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.

I must go, I must run
Swifter than the fiery sun."

The allegory of a rustic and untutored nature, awed by the beauty of holiness, is a direct copy of that perfect scene in Spenser's "Faerie Queene," of Una, the emblem of holiness, being surrounded by, and subduing the savage manners of the wild wood-gods. And the opening and the closing lines of the above speech were suggested by that one of the Fairy in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—

"Over hill, over dale,
Thorough brake, thorough briar,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere."

"The Faithful Shepherdess" was unsuccessful on the stage; and it is not to be wondered at; for the many-headed monster is not to be held spell-bound by the charm of lovely poetry *alone*; the common audience want incident, they want movement, and, above all, they want the *real* nature of *heart*-passion. The want of these was evidently the cause of its banishment from the theatre (it was often performed in private), and not, as Ben Jonson said, because it was not coarse and indecent enough to suit the prurient taste of the town, for the Court taste of the age *was* indecent enough. If this, however, were the true cause of its non-success, Fletcher made ample concession by the grossest suggestions in some of his after dramas. The fact of its condemnation drew from Beaumont an address to his friend, steeped in the wormwood of a noble scorn for the ignorant mob who flouted it.

The plays of Beaumont and Fletcher are sprinkled over with songs and other lyrical compositions incident to dramatic writing. These little pieces, in themselves, would form a book of gems; and afford our composers a mine of wealth as verses for setting to music. Beaumont has the reputation of having written some of the most beautiful songs in the plays; such, for instance, as that honey-sweet song on "Love," in "Valentinian," beginning:—

"Now the lusty Spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view
Everywhere, on every green;
Roses blushing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull;
Lilies whiter than the snow,
Woodbines of sweet honey full:
All Love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not pluck'd, we die.'"

Then there are those celebrated and fine lines in the play of "Nice Valour ; or, The Passionate Madman," on "Melancholy," and which Milton imitated in his "Penseroso," for the poem opens in the same manner, and almost in the same words :—

"Hence, all you vain delights !
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly :
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only Melancholy !
Welcome folded arms and fixèd eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies ;
A look that's fasten'd on the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound ;
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves ;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls ;
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still, gloomy valley :
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy."

It would be impossible so to economise my space as to give even a brief abstract of the *comic* subjects dramatised by these fertile writers, and the reader would be ill-rewarded by my pains. Still less could I go into a detailed analysis of the structure of the several compositions. I will therefore select those only for especial reference and illustration that received contemporaneous popularity, ratified by the sanction of posterity.

The first of these, and which I shall dismiss with a mere allusion, is entitled "The Mad Lover," a tragi-comedy, that was extravagantly praised in its day, and was a favourite during the revered era of the Second Charles's reign ; the era when Shakespeare was neglected ; or, when not neglected, altered, insulted, and made obscene by Dryden and others. I have read "The Mad Lover" with attention, and am wholly at a loss to discover the cause of its popularity. The principal character, Memnon, is visited with an assortment of demonstrations of mania : during one period he is mad for love ; during another for music ; and during another for brute violence, and which he exercises with amazing vivacity upon the bodies of his retainers and servants. He has a brother, Polydore, beloved by the Princess Calis ; and both are in love with the same lady. She consults the oracle respecting her destiny, and is informed that she shall wed a *dead lover*. In the last act, Polydore, with Platonic

generosity, orders himself to be brought into the presence on a bier, in order that he may induce his mistress to bestow her hand upon his brother, Memnon, who, by the way, at this convenient juncture, has perfectly recovered his reason. A scene of bewailment, of course, ensues; and Memnon, in a spasm of despair, is about to destroy himself, when Polydore leaps up and stays his hand. Thus the Princess fulfils the command of the oracle: she marries her dead lover, and Memnon magnanimously goes to the wars. These Platonic displays were fashionable (in dramatic poetry) in the days of Beaumont and Fletcher; and in themselves, indeed, they sufficiently indicate the artificial—nay, they indicate the meretricious—manners and morals of the age, as distinguished from the holy divulging of an honest and bounteous outpouring of the heart's *pure* affection. But I leave the reader to conceive what excellence of language could sustain such a plot as "The Mad Lover" in these our, so-called, degenerate days of the drama. I do not find that the principal characters are greatly supported. There is no dignity, no pathos, no sentiment in Memnon's madness; indeed, he is always artificial, and sometimes even farcical. But to add to the extravagance of the plot, there is another "mad lover," Siphax (also in love with the Princess), who is a shadow to Memnon. The absurdity of these two geniuses is amazing! Among the inferior characters, there is a merry old soldier, Chilax—humorously and coarsely sustained; but he, and the fool, and the page are totally unquotable; while the priestess of the temple, one would suppose, must have been an object of disgust, even in the age when the play was produced.

Every age has its folly-mania; and it is evident that in Fletcher's days there must have been a rage for going fantastically mad for love—an assumed compliment to the "cruel fair." Now the homage is more innocently confined to the assiduous cultivation of the heart-vanquishing beard; and so our lovers look like distracted hearth-brooms. As Touchstone says:—"As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly."

In the "Nice Valour; or, Passionate Madman," we have another gentleman in the same state of love-ecstasy. But the play now named contains some choice writing, with humorous and original characters. The main incidents of the plot are a professed and direct satire upon the preposterous laws of that age that regulated the conduct of the duellists. Men pinked each other by the card; and honour was converted into a diagram, with all its lines of tangents and angles, obtuse and acute; the "Elements of Euclid" not more

clearly defined and precise. In the present day, however—nearly two centuries from this nonsensical age—the coxcombs in Germany, among the students, can scarcely be surpassed in the folly of their duel-code.

The character of Chamont, whose extravagant notions of honour give the first title to the play (“Nice Valour”), is of a fine sterling quality, and it is drawn with spirit and vigour; and though in our days he has the air of being a pure emanation of the poet’s fancy, yet I believe there is little doubt of his having been a faithful portrait of many a cavalier in the reign of James I. In staring contrast to Chamont is the most original and curious person in the company, Monsieur Lapet, a picture of a coward, such as certainly never existed, but which, notwithstanding, has never been surpassed for unlimited caricature. Shakespeare’s and Ben Jonson’s cowards—the Parolles, the Pistols, and the Bobadils—are matter-of-fact, prose versions compared with the sublimated poltroonery of Monsieur Lapet; he is a bigot, a fanatic in cowardice—it is his religion. Like Mawworm, in “The Hypocrite,” he “likes to be parsecuted.” He is recondite in thwacks, and has calculated the gauge and dimension of a kick. As Butler, in “Hudibras,” wittily says :—

“Some kick’d, till they know whether
The shoe be Spanish or neat’s leather,”

so Monsieur Lapet thinks the social system is out of joint when he is not being thrashed; and that the government of the world is tottering when his ribs are whole. Tweaks of the nose, and lugs of the ear, are essential to the harmony of the spheres. Fletcher has, in almost every play, had the wisdom to ridicule the foolery of the gallants of his age, with their laws of the duello; not more absurd, by the way, than a society of modern time, who passed a resolution that any man refusing a challenge was incompetent to become a member; and any member fighting a duel should be expelled! Legislation worthy of the cause.

Fletcher, to crown his satire upon these laws of honour, has made even Lapet write a book upon the punctilios of duelling. There is a curiously quaint soliloquy of his upon this subject, afterwards interrupted by the entrance of the brave Chamont, who, in consequence of his having received a blow from his Prince, unrevenged, comes to claim kindred with the coward. Lapet says :—

I have been ruminating with myself
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what’s a kick? The fury of a foot,

Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd
 Under the hinder quarter of a man,
 Which is a place very unfit for honour ;
 The world will confess so much :—
 Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer,
 Where honour never comes ?

[The character of this wit is very like Butler's in his "Hudibras."]

I would fain know that.
 This being well enforc'd and urg'd may have the power
 To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
 And spurn out the duellos out o' th' kingdom ;
 For they that stand upon their honour most,
 When they conceive there is no honour lost,
 As by a table that I have invented
 For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
 Which shows the vanity of all blows at large,
 And with what ease they may be took on all sides,
 Numbering twice over the letters "Patience,"
 From P A to C E—I doubt not but in small time
 To see a dissolution of all bloodshed
 If the "reform'd kick" do but once get up :—
 For, what a lamentable folly 'tis,
 If we observe 't, for every little jumble,
 Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
 In our meek computation, we must fight, forsooth ; yes !
 If I kill, I'm hanged ; if I be killed myself,
 I die for't also ; is not this trim wisdom ?
 Now for the con. [*per contra.*] A man may be well beaten,
 Yet pass away his four score years smooth after :
 I had a father did it ; and, to my power,
 I will not be behind him.

[*Enter Chamont.*]

Cham. Oh, well met !

Lap. Now a fine punch or two !

I look for't duly.

Cham. I have been to seek you.

Lap. Let me know your lodging, Sir :

I'll come to you once a day, and use your pleasure, Sir.

Cham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society !

I'll live and die with thee : come, show me a chamber.

There is no house but thine, but only thine,

That's fit to cover me : I have took a blow, sirrah.

Lap. I would you had, indeed ! Why, you may see, Sir,
 You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.

Cham. Since I did see thee last I have took a blow !

Lap. Pooh, Sir, that's nothing ! I ha' took forty since.

Cham. What ! and I charg'd thee thou shouldst not ?

Lap. Aye, Sir,

You might charge your pleasure ;

But they would give it me, whether I would or no.

Cham. Oh! I walk

Without my peace; I have no companion now.
Pr'ythee resolve me (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame they do thee: yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mayst deliver,
Though it be by chance, the most injurious one.

Lap. You put me to't, Sir; but to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me;—little exception.

Cham. That little may be much; let's have it from you.

Lap. With all the speed I may. First, then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the bastinado, Sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i' th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.

Cham. Go to! I'll pass that, then.

Lap. You're the more happy, Sir;
Would I were past it, too; but being accustomed to't
It is the better carried.

Cham. Will you forward?

Lap. Then, there's your souse, your wherrit, and your dowst;
Tugs on the hair, your bob o' th' lips, a whelp on't!
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your thump,
A thing deriv'd first from your hemp-beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully;
There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it,
For it leaves no wind i' the body.

“The Beggars' Bush” is a most pleasant and lively play, invested with a fresh, open-air enjoyment. The humour in it is mainly derived from the free-and-easy life and manners and more than easy morality of the beggars; who are, in other words, nothing less than a band of thieves, amongst whom the serious characters of the play take refuge in disguise during their temporary adversity. From the time of Robin Hood, Earl of Huntingdon, down to the era of Charles the Second's reign, the profession of highway robbery was considered in anything but a disreputable light—rather, indeed, a romantic accomplishment—no worse than privateering, or even smuggling; and the calling was pursued by men of family out at elbows in their circumstances; also by the younger sons of the nobility, when there were no wars toward to replenish their purses. Earle, the Bishop of Salisbury who was mentioned in the commencement of this essay as an acquaintance of our poets, in his entertaining little book, entitled “Microcosmography,” in the character of a “Younger Brother,” says:—“When

there are no foreign wars to engage his time, he commonly *takes to the road.*" So, in this play of Beaumont and Fletcher's, the king of the beggars is father to Florez (the hero), a rich merchant of Bruges ; and one of the fraternity is designated as "Lord Costin," disguised as a beggar. It is interesting to note in this drama the source whence Walter Scott evidently drew the precise cant terms which he has placed in the mouths of his gipsy rogues and vagrants in the novel of "Guy Mannering."

There is one situation in "The Beggars' Bush" that is extremely pretty, and conceived in a graceful spirit. It is where Florez, the merchant, is forbidden to marry by the man to whom he is under infinite obligation, and bound by a vow to obey in whatever he may deem fit to enjoin him. Florez in vain pleads his own impatient love, the prepared nuptials, and the surpassing merit of his expected bride ; when, finding his former benefactor still inflexible, he sends for the lady, secure that the sight of her perfections will subdue the tyrannical patron from persevering in his unreasonable and cruel decree. Her innocent unconsciousness, the agitation of her lover, and the stern unyieldingness of the old man, form a beautifully contrasted picture, as well as an excellent dramatic situation. This is one of the most graceful scenes in the play ; which, however, is merely referred to, because it does not range within my plan of citing the "comic" productions of our writers.

"The Beggars' Bush" was revived some forty years ago at Drury Lane, under the title of "The Merchant of Bruges," for the purpose of introducing the elder Kean in the part of Florez ; who personated the character with that fine eye to the poetry of his art in which, within my experience, he has never been equalled.

The principal character in the underplot of "The Humorous Lieutenant" gave that play its name ; and the whimsical fashion in which his story is conceived, and carried out in the scenes where he figures, seems to have rendered the play a popular one in our authors' time. The idea, no doubt, is irresistibly droll—that of a man whose *ill-health* draws him to the *wars* ; who is a perfect dare-devil in fight, from a sheer desire to rid himself of physical pain ; and who, with edifying rashness, risks his life from pure conviction of the worthlessness of his own sickly carcase. His health is restored ; and, with his new relish for life, he suddenly loses all appetite for fighting. He says :—

" Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now ?
I find my constitution mightily alter'd,
Since I came home :—I hate all noises, too,

Especially the noise of drums. I am now as well
As any living man ; why not as valiant ?
To fight now is a kind of vomit to me ;
It goes against my stomach."

His brother soldiers and his commanders, who have all heretofore gloated on his courage, are unwilling to lose so brave an aid ; and, finding all their remonstrances futile, contrive a plot, by which, in persuading him that he is again dangerously ill, they induce him once more to resume his old recklessness in the field. The scene where they hoax him, bring him physicians, and talk him out of his senses that he is ill and dying, till they rouse his dormant valour, is sufficiently quaint and original in its character of humour ; and, indeed, it is the most amusing in the play. The scene is—

[*The Camp of Demetrius—Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.*]

Leon. We must keep a round and a strong watch to-night ;
The Prince will not charge the enemy till the morning.
But, for the trick I told you for this rascal,
This rogue, that health and strong heart make a coward—

1 Gent. Ay, if it take.

Leon. Ne'er fear it ; the Prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I must not know it ;
He will suspect me presently. But you two
May help the plough.

2 Gent. That he is sick again ?

Leon. Extremely sick ; his disease grown incurable ;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

2 Gent. Well, we have it ; and here he comes.

Leon. The Prince has been upon him :—
What a flatten face he has now ! It takes, believe it.
How like an ass he looks !

[*Enter Lieutenant.*]

Lieut. I feel no great pain ;
At least, I think I do not ; yet I feel sensibly
I grow extremely faint. How cold I sweat now !

Leon. So, so, so !

Lieut. And now 'tis even too true ; I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a strange pricking. How it tingles !
And as it were a stitch too. The Prince told me,
And every one cried out I was a dead man :
I had thought I had been as well—

Leon. Upon him now, boys ;
And do it most demurely.

1 Gent. How now, Lieutenant ?

Lieut. I thank ye, gentlemen.

1 Gent. 'Life, how looks this man !
How dost thou, good Lieutenant ?

2 Gent. I ever told you

This man was never cur'd; I see it too plain now.
How do you feel yourself? You look not perfect.
How dull his eye hangs!

1 *Gent.* That may be discontent.

2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not suffer now
The tithe of those pains this man feels.—Mark his forehead!
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon it!

Lieut. I have it, again I have it; how it grows upon me! A
miserable man I am!

Leon. [*Aside.*] Ha, ha, ha! a miserable man thou shalt be.
This is the tamest trout I ever tickled.

[*Enter two Physicians.*]

1 *Phy.* This way he went.

2 *Phy.* Pray heaven we find him living.

He's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he should perish thus.

1 *Phy.* A strong-hearted man, and of a notable sufferance.

Lieut. Oh, oh!

1 *Gent.* How now? How is it, man?

Lieut. Oh, gentlemen, never so full of pain—
Never so full of pain, gentlemen.

1 *Phy.* He's here.—How do you, Sir?

2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, soldier: the Prince has sent us to you.

Lieut. Do you think I may live?

2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, strangely.

1 *Phy.* Yes—you may live;—But—

1 *Gent.* Do not discourage him.

1 *Phy.* He must be told the truth; 'tis now too late to trifle.

[*Enter Demetrius and Gentlemen.*]

Dem. How now, gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a soldier;

And one, I think, your Grace will grieve to part with. But every living
thing—

Dem. 'Tis true, must perish;

Our lives are but our marches to our graves.—

How dost thou, Lieutenant?

Lieut. 'Faith, tis true, Sir;

We are but spans, and candles' ends.

Dem. Thou art *heart*-whole yet, I see.—He alters strangely,
And that apace too; I saw it this morning in him,
When he, poor man, I dare swear—

Lieut. No, believe it, Sir; I never felt it.

Dem. Here lies the pain now;—how he is swell'd!

1 *Phy.* The imposthume,

Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to such a bigness, 'tis incredible;
The compass of a bushel will not hold it.

And with such a hell of torture it will rise too—

Dem. Can you endure me touch it?

Lieut. Oh, I beseech you, Sir!

I feel you sensibly ere you come near me.

Good master doctor, let me be beholden to you :
I feel I cannot last——

2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant ?

Lieut. But even for half a dozen cans of good wine,
That I may drink my will out : I faint hideously.

Dem. Fetch him some wine ; and since he must go, gentlemen,
Why let him take his journey merrily.

[*Enter servant with wine.*]

Lieut. That's even the nearest way.

Leon. [*Aside*] I could laugh dead, now !

Dem. Here, off with that.

Lieut. [*Drinks, and gives two empty cans.*] These two I give your
Grace ; a poor

Remembrance of a dying man, Sir ;
And I beseech you, wear them out.

Dem. I will, soldier. These are fine legacies.

Lieut. Among the gentlemen,

Even all I have left :—I am a poor man, naked,—

Yet something for remembrance. Four a piece, gentlemen ;

And so, my body—where you please. [*Drinks.*]

I make your Grace my executor, and I beseech you

See my poor will fulfill'd ; sure I shall walk else.

Dem. As full as they can be fill'd ; here's my hand, soldier.

1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him.

Lieut. I would hear a drum beat, but to see how I could endure it.

Dem. Beat a drum there ! [*Drum within.*]

Lieut. Oh, heavenly music ! I would hear one sing to it. I am
very full of pain.

Dem. Sing ? 'tis impossible.

Lieut. Why, then, I would *drink* a drum full.

Where lies the enemy ?

And so, being thoroughly convinced that he is past all cure, out
he rushes into the thick of the engagement.

The reader will have noticed that in this portraiture of a character,
the same exaggeration before alluded to in other plays is again pro-
minent. There can be no question that the authors catered *for their
own age*, and certainly not “for all time,” and were fain, therefore, to
prostrate their judgments and tastes to the ostrich-stomachs of the
public, that bolt everything and digest little. Upon these occa-
sions we constantly recur to the well-known and sensible lines in
Dr. Johnson's Prologue :—

“The stage but echoes back the public voice :—

The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give ;

And 'they' that live to please, must please to live.”

The next play I would introduce to notice is “The Spanish
Curate,” the plot of which turns upon two subjects ; the one of a rich

old gentleman, determined to leave his wealth to none but a direct heir, and who, therefore, adopts a son, rather than his brother should inherit his property. The adopted child proves to be really his own by a former clandestine marriage, and thus the success of his own scheme involves him in a series of unlooked-for perplexities on the score of his second wife; who, though equally eager at first with himself that his brother should not inherit, yet is exasperated when she finds a former wife and child asserting their claim.

The second, or under-plot, is that of a rich and idle young man just come into the enjoyment of his estate, and which enjoyment, he appears to think, consists in squandering it with reckless prodigality, and in selecting the least creditable means of doing so. One of his pursuits is that of endeavouring to gain access to the handsome wife of an old huncks of a lawyer, in which edifying scheme he secures the assistance of the personage who gives the title to the play—"The Spanish Curate." The manner in which he introduces himself to this reverend being is extremely humorous, and calls to mind the code of morals which constitutes the prevailing one among the Spanish gentry who chiefly figure in the novel of "Gil Blas"—that prince of quicksilver wits, and type of every slip-shod scambler through life's chequered paths.

Leandro (the young spendthrift in this play) comes to the Very Reverend Mr. Lopez—the Curate—and presents him with a letter of introduction from a certain Alonzo Tiveria, of Nova Hispania, begging that he will receive and assist in his studies the bearer, his son. No such name, nor no such man, can Lopez call to mind, until Leandro tenderly insinuates that he has a "charge of money to deliver,—five hundred ducats," when instantly a deluge of reminiscences rushes into the Curate's memory, and he and his man Diego set seriously to work, and with unerring accuracy they recall this point, and remember that circumstance, until nothing, since the creation of light, can be more clear than the transparency of their recollections: they would recollect anything required of them; they even at length discover an extraordinary resemblance to the father of Leandro. "Now I look in your face—whose eyes are those, Diego?—Nay, if he be not just Alonzo's picture." Leandro (delighted at the success of his stratagem, yet disgusted at their knavery) says: "The money rubs them into strange remembrances; for as many ducats more they would remember Adam." This same worshipful Curate is afterwards thus ludicrously eulogised by a depiction of his parishioners, who wait upon him to entreat him not to confirm a rumour that he is about to leave them on his new accession

of fortune, consequent upon Leandro's bounty. The 2nd parishioner says :—

“ Pray you, Sir, be not angry ;
In the pride of your new cassock do not part with us.
We do acknowledge you a careful curate,
And one that seldom troubles us with sermons ;
A short slice of a reading serves us, Sir.
Before you'll vex your audience, you'll sleep
With 'em ; and that's a loving thing.”

There is also a richly comic scene (though too long to quote) where Diego, the Curate's servant and sexton, personates a wealthy dying man ; and, under pretence of making his will, and devising his property, inveigles the old lawyer away from his home, while Leandro urges his suit to his pretty wife. The enormous wealth he affects to possess ; the different legacies he appoints ; the impenetrable gravity with which he bequeaths them to this and that charitable end ; and the grasping avidity and obtuseness with which the whole bait (hook and all) are swallowed by the old curmudgeon, who looks to be sole executor and residuary legatee, are all conceived in a high spirit of comic humour. One of Diego's bequests is thus slyly conveyed : “I give five hundred crowns to buy a churchyard—a spacious churchyard, to lay thieves and knaves in : rich men and honest men take all the room up.” “The Spanish Curate” was the production of Fletcher only. The versification is flowing and harmonious : and the diction is commonly rich and energetic. In it the law of retributive justice is strongly urged against the self-seeking and the penurious ; but it appears to me that a courtesy is paid to the prejudice of the age, by thus blazoning the characters of the spendthrift and libertine ; as if they were essentially less selfish, and more honest and honourable, than the others. It is to be acknowledged that they are more showy in the sunlight of society ; but, integrally, they are not one whit more estimable. Leandro, in this very play, is but a type of all the roystering gallants of Beaumont and Fletcher's creation ; and he is painted and varnished, and made attractive to the common gaze, purely on the score of his pouring his money out like water upon disreputable hirelings ; while the act of robbing a man of his domestic peace—of bold, unblushing wife-piracy—is represented in a meritorious light, as compared with swindling an heir out of his money. This I take to be “squint-eyed justice ;” and this also to be radical immorality. There is no such example, no such inducement, to be found in all the thirty-six plays of Shakespeare, as are broadly displayed in this single plot of

"The Spanish Curate." Shakespeare has never made cheating, swindling, intrigue, and adultery the properties of a gentleman.

The comedy of "The Little French Lawyer" is pronounced to be the joint production of the fraternal dramatists, and it has been the theme of enormous eulogy with the commentators, one of them asserting that "its merit cannot be too highly estimated." The plot (with some variation) is of similar complexion to the last and others that have been noticed. An old gentleman marries a young wife, and her former lover, of course, endeavours to seduce her from her loyalty. She entertains his suit, and gloriously hoaxes him. The character of old Champernel, the husband, who has been maimed in the wars, is portrayed with considerable vigour and pathos. Upon his return from the altar with his wife, the scene with the rejected lover and his friend, who revile him and jeer at his maimedness and decrepitude; and the old man's dignified reply (weeping tears of vexation at their barbarity), is conceived in an excellent spirit, and most touchingly executed. The confidence, too, of the veteran warrior in the honour of his wife during the projected intrigue (notwithstanding his natural misgivings) is a beautiful tribute to the principles of self-respect, mental esteem, and trustingness. The consociation of this fine old character with his single-hearted young bride is so good and high-principled as almost to extenuate the grossness with which it is surrounded.

Already has been noticed the assiduity with which our authors levelled the shafts of their ridicule against the Quixotic system of duelling in their day; and a major portion of the plot of "The Little French Lawyer" is made to turn upon the same theme; indeed, the character that has given the title to the piece is one of the most amusing exaggerations of that half-monkey, half-tiger quality that distinguished the fashionable coxcombs of the age.

From being a very diligent and prosperous attorney, the simple circumstance of becoming second in a duel, upon compulsion (for he knows no more how to use a sword than a theodolite), and having, by accident, disarmed his antagonist, the man neglects his profession and his suitors, and becomes a very bantam of querulousness and fury. He questions every observation made in his presence whereupon he may be able to hang a challenge: "Did you intend anything by that remark, sir? Oh, I thought you meant something!" The whole design of the character is a monster of caricature; but it is in parts infinitely droll, and would make wild fun in action, with *good* farce-actors. Here is the first scene in which he is engaged. Clermont, a party in a duel, is prepared to give his

opposite satisfaction ; but being disappointed of his second, he must, by the then law of duelling, either yield his sword or fight both his antagonist and the second. After appealing, unsuccessfully, to several passers-by, La Writ, the little lawyer, is heard without, answering the importunities of his clients.

La Writ. I understand your causes ;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glasses—
Will ye make me mad ? Have I not all the parcels ?
And his petition, too, about bell-founding ?
Send in your witnesses. What will you have me do ?
Will ye have me break my heart ? My brains are melted !
And tell your master, as I am a gentleman,
His cause shall be the first. Commend me to your mistress,
And tell her if there be an extraordinary feather,
And one tall enough for her—I shall despatch you too ;
I know your cause, for transporting of farthingales ;
Trouble me no more, I say again to you ;
No more vexation !—Bid my wife send me some puddings ;
I have a cause to run through requires puddings ;
Puddings enough. Farewell.

[*La Writ enters.*]

Clermont. God speed you, Sir ! If you be not hasty, Sir—

La Writ. Yes, I am hasty, exceeding hasty, Sir ; I am going to the Parliament : you understand this bag ; if you have any business depending there, be short, and let me hear it, and pay your fees.

Cler. Faith, Sir, I have a business,
But it depends upon no parliament.

La Writ. I have no skill in it then.

Cler. I must desire you ; 'tis a sword matter, Sir.

La Writ. I am no cutler. I am an advocate, Sir.

Cler. Be not so hasty ; you wear a good sword.

La Writ. I know not that ; I never drew it yet, or whether it be a sword—

Cler. I must entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part against these gentlemen : I want a second ; you seem a man, and 'tis a noble office.

La Writ. I am a lawyer, Sir, I am no fighter : and, for anything I know, I am an errant coward : do not trust me ; I think I am a coward.

Cler. Try, try ; you are mistaken. Walk on, gentlemen ; the man shall follow presently.

La Writ. Are ye mad, gentlemen ? My business is within this half hour.

Cler. That's all one ; we'll despatch within this quarter. There, in that bottom ; 'tis most convenient, gentlemen.

Beaupré. Well, we'll wait, Sir.

Verdone. Why, this will be a comic fight. You'll follow—

La Writ. As I am a true man I cannot fight.

Cler. Away, away. [*To Beaupré and Verdone, who go out.*] I know you can fight : I like your modesty : I know you will fight, and so fight with such mettle, and with such judgment meet your enemy's fury—I see it in your eye, Sir.

La Writ. I'll be hanged then ; and I charge you in the King's name, name no more fighting.

Cler. I charge you, in the King's name, play the man ; which if you do not quickly, I begin with you : I'll make you dance. Do you see your fiddlestick ? Sweet advocate, thou shalt fight.

La Writ. Stand farther, gentleman, or I'll give you such a dust o' the chops—

Cler. Spoke bravely, and like thyself ; a noble advocate ! Come, to thy tools.

La Writ. I do not say I'll fight.

Cler. I say thou shalt, and bravely.

La Writ. If I do fight—I say if I do, but don't depend upon it—(and yet I have a foolish itch upon me)—what shall become of my writings ?

Cler. Let 'em lie by ; they'll not run away, man.

La Writ. I may be killed, too ; and where are all my causes then ? my business ? I will not fight ; I cannot fight. My causes—

Cler. Thou shalt fight, if thou hadst a thousand causes : thou art a man to fight for any cause, and carry it with honour.

La Writ. H'm ! Say you so ? If I should be such a coxcomb to prove valiant, now !

Cler. I know thou art most valiant.

La Writ. Do you think so ? I am undone for ever if it prove so. I tell you that, my honest friend—for ever ; for I shall ne'er leave quarrelling. How long must we fight ? for I cannot stay, nor will not stay ; I have business.

Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.

La Writ. Here will I hang my bag then ; it may save my belly. [*Hangs it before him.*] I never lov'd cold iron there.

Cler. You do wisely.

La Writ. Help me to pluck out my sword then ; quickly, quickly ! It has not seen sun these ten years.

Cler. How it grumbles ! This sword is vengeance angry.

La Writ. Now I'll put up my hat, and say my prayers as I go. Away, boy ! If I be killed, remember the little lawyer. [*They meet upon the ground, and La Writ says—*] To't cheerfully, my boys ! you'll let's have fair play ; none of your foining tricks.

Beaupré. Come forward, Monsieur ! What hast thou there ? a pudding in thy belly ? I shall see what it holds.

La Writ. Put your spoon home, then ! [*Fight.*] Nay, since I must fight, have at you without wit, Sir ! [*Beaupré hits him on the bag.*] Gad-a-mercy, bag !

Beaupré. Nothing but bombast in you ? The rogue winks and fights. [*Beaupré loses his sword ; La Writ treads upon it.*]

La Writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir ! Stand off ! thou diest on point, else ! I have it, I have it ! yet farther off ! I have his sword ! [*Calls to Clermont.*]

Cler. Then keep it ; be sure you keep it !

La Writ. I'll put it in my mouth else.—Stand farther off yet, and stand quietly, and look another way, or I'll be with you !—Is this all ?—I'll undertake within these two days to furnish any cutler in this kingdom.

Beaupré. What fortune's this !—Disarm'd by a puppy—a snail ? a dog ?

La Writ. No more of these words, gentleman ! Sweet gentleman, no more ! Do not provoke me !—Go, walk i' the horse-fair ;—whistle, gentleman.—What must I do now ? [*To Clermont, who enters pursued by Verdons.*]

Cler. Help me, I am almost breathless.

La Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie for you, Sir! [*Strikes Clermont.*]

Cler. Thou strik'st me, fool!

La Writ. Thou fool, stand farther off, then.—Deliver! deliver! [*Strikes up Verdone's heels, and takes his sword too.*]

Cler. Hold fast.

La Writ. I never fail in it.—There's twelve-pence; go buy you two leaden daggers!—Have I done well?

Cler. Most like a gentleman. [*Exeunt Beaupré and Verdone, sad.*]

La Writ. Where's my cloak and my trinkets? Or will you fight any longer for a crash or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, Sir.

La Writ. It may be so.

Cler. What honour shall I do you for this courtesy?

La Writ. All I desire of you is to take the quarrel to yourself, and let me hear no more on't: (I have no liking to it; 'tis a foolish matter) and help me to put up my sword.

The most celebrated of our author Fletcher's plays in modern time are, "Rule a Wife, and Have a Wife," and "The Chances." The latter piece was altered some years since, and converted into an opera; in which guise it lived several nights. The former comedy contains perhaps more freedom of action, more variety and originality of character, and more vivacious and nervous writing than any of their lighter dramas. The main incident of the plot—that of a wealthy young heiress marrying a fool, in order that she may retain absolute supremacy; and, under the cloak and cowl of matrimony, that she may indulge her propensity for intrigue and licentiousness—is, thank heaven! purely exotic in character, and sufficiently distasteful to native English feeling. The provisional arrangement of Margaretta, the heroine, may be a very plausibly natural one under the Duenna and seclusion code of Spanish education; and it is a lesson to those who reject all confidence in their offspring, and who teach morality and virtue upon the high-pressure principle; while the dignity of moral justice is vindicated in the total dethronement of the wanton heroine. Justice is every way asserted, because Margaretta started in her career with an unlimited autocracy, and with the most odious tyranny; such as one would fairly presume never existed to the extent here portrayed. But the incoherency of the story consists in supposing for one moment that such a temperament and disposition as those of Margaretta, with so worthless a foundation, as well as superstructure, could, in a pantomime change, become reformed, and she subside into an estimable wife. And this miracle of a transformation we are given to believe has positively taken place.

As for the hero, Leon, he imposes upon himself the respectable

task of personating an idiot, in order that he may possess the wealth of a woman with whom it were disgraceful to form *any* alliance. There appears to my primitive ideas a wonderful parsimony of moral doctrine in *this* lesson ; at the same time it must be allowed that the manner in which Leon throws off his disguise, and assumes the marital prerogative before the disreputable guests that his wife has assembled at her house, is in the highest degree effective and dignified—effective from its calm and peremptory decision, and dignified from the passionless and high-bred tone of his speech and deportment. Moreover, it is in keeping with the character of a man who could restrain and suppress his better feelings (*if* he had them) while he prepared and developed his plan for the gaining possession of and then subduing such a wife. Fletcher was a man of good society from his birth ; his gentlemen therefore are all “of the right race.” They commit no solecisms in behaviour ; and the garb of their conversations is of gold tissue. He lived in a whitened-sepulchre age, and when it mattered very little how uncleanly was the inside of the cup, provided the exterior did not offend the nostrils of the skin-deep propriety of its aristocracy. They were of “outward show elaborate, of inward less exact.” The other characters in the play, Michael Perez (commonly known as the “Copper Captain”), a shirking rascal about town, deservedly cheated by and appropriately linked to Estifania, the quicksilver profligate ; and Cacofogo, the usurer, are (like the majority of these authors’ characters) drawn with uncommon strength and animation, but overcharged in the colouring and detail.

To sum up, briefly, my estimate of these favourite writers in their day, I feel that they were men of very abundant and rapidly available talent. Both died before the vigour of manhood had begun to decline (Beaumont when under thirty, and Fletcher under fifty years of age), and during that moderate lapse of time their dramatic compositions—single and conjoined—amounted to the extraordinary number of fifty-nine. They were endowed with an imperial command of language, an almost unlimited gift of imagination, a remarkable store of fancy as associated with wit and humour, not so high a judgment in connecting and conducting the plots of their dramas, a quick but extravagant vision in the perception and delineation of character, and little or very moderate power in forming creations of dramatic fancy beyond the confines of their world at the Mermaid or the Actors’ Society at Lincoln’s Inn ; and the tradition exists that at their club-meetings the conversations of the two brother-friends were wont to be as entertaining as “comedies.”

They, however, who search for, expecting to find, grand aphorisms of human experience or quintessential drops of human wisdom, cordials of thought and sentiment that quicken the pulse and make us gladder and better men as often as we revert to and reflect upon them, will return from their travail with Beaumont and Fletcher lightly laden. We cannot say of them as of Shakespeare (with whom, nevertheless, they have been irritatingly associated), that, open their pages whenever and wherever we may, we find new subjects for wonder and delight—hitherto unrecognised beauties; and as for the high tone of “morality” in their writings that some of their commentators have insisted on, and in no measured terms, I can only say that whoever maintains this principle in their code of social philosophy exhibits a latitude of tolerance for grossness and for coarse obscenity that is as amazing as it is unenviable in *any* age calling itself refined.

THE GREAT ENGLISH DESERT OF SAHARA.

A SPORTING SKETCH.

LIVING as I have done for the last two years on the confines of Windsor Forest, I have had ample opportunities of reconnoitring the surrounding wild moors and heaths. Windsor Forest, says Harrison Ainsworth, comprehended at one time a circumference of 120 miles, and comprised part of Buckinghamshire, a considerable portion of Surrey, and the whole south-east side of Berkshire as far as Hungerford. On the Surrey side it included Chobham and Chertsey, and extended along the banks of the Wey, which marked its limits as far as Guildford. In the reign of James I., when it was surveyed by Norden, its circuit was estimated at seventy-seven miles, exclusive of the liberties extending into Buckinghamshire. There were fifteen walks within it, each under the charge of a head keeper, and the whole contained upwards of three thousand head of deer. It is now partly enclosed, and fine farms in the neighbourhood of Windsor are substituted, under the efficient management of the Queen's stewards, Messrs. Bravenda, Tait, and Graham. Boasting every variety of forest scenery, and commanding from its knolls and acclivities magnificent views of the Castle, the Great Park is traversed by green drives in all directions, threading its long vistas and crossing its open glades; and not the least of the attractions is Virginia Water, with its bright and beautiful expanse, its coverture of green banks soft and smooth as velvet, its screen of noble woods, its Chinese fishing temple, its frigates, its fort, its ruins, its cascade cave, and its Druidical temple. On leaving this earthly paradise, you come on towards the forest, Bagshot Heath, Ascot Heath, and Ascot Grand Stand; then Bracknell and Easthampstead, Lord Downshire's beautiful seat, and Sir William Hayter's at Southhill Park; and so approach Rapley and Swinley, where the deer paddocks are situate, and where are some fine preserves for pheasants, shot over by the Royal Princes, who generally kill upwards of a thousand head in the season. Near Easthampstead is the celebrated Julius Cæsar's Camp, a Royal preserve for hares and foxes. On the right is Broadmoor, now the site of a large Criminal

Lunatic Prison, under able management, with a splendid model farm, on the most approved "high farming" principles, with a fine herd of highly-bred cattle. From Broadmoor you look towards Wokingham, where an area of at least 30,000 acres of moor and heath land is intersected with young fir plantations, surrounded by the Reading, Guildford, and Reigate Railway of the South Eastern Company. Moving on towards Blackwater and Aldershot, you cross the South Western Railway at Farnborough, and, looking in the direction of Frimley, Ash, and Purbright, see a vast area of open moor land. About Bagshot is some fine, almost Swiss, scenery on the high hills near the Golden Farmer (Jerry Abershaw's retreat), above the little snug town, or large village, on that famous high road to Exeter and Southampton which boasted once of its forty fast post coaches per day, with sundry posting establishments, now, unfortunately, with the exception of the King's Arms at Bagshot, shut up—to wit, the old White Hart at Bagshot, the White Lion at Hartford Bridge, and the Wellesley Arms at Murrell Green, now the racing stables of Mr. Goddard, who trains on Odiham race-course. So wild is this country that I have walked eight or ten miles without meeting a human being or a living animal, save a huge wild house-cat of mixed colours (black and white), as big as a fox, and the hundreds of squirrels running and jumping along the range of straight fir trees with which this country abounds. Mr. Garth's Foxhounds hunt almost all this country, which holds a good many flying foxes, and it is a very common occurrence to whip them up on the heaths. I have seen the huntsman entirely thrown out, and a mile behind the hounds, galloping after them—the master and the whips getting away by themselves amongst the range of firs. It is not a favourite hunting country, owing to the number of rabbit holes and bogs, and many a horse has been entirely ruined, and shot on the spot. There is a beautifully-situated shooting box, called "Whichmore House," amidst the woods, with only a country road near, from Bracknell to Blackwater. Here a gamekeeper was murdered some years back, and a watcher, appointed by Government, cut his throat. So deep is the feeling amongst the country people, that nobody will live in the house, and such is the superstition that the labourers much dislike going near it, especially at night. Her Majesty's Stag-hounds used to meet at Knap Hill and Woking station, but this hunting ground has of late years been much neglected, although, beyond the hills, towards Guildford, is a fine vale country. We had a very pretty sight here during the last hunting season. A young

untried hind was uncarted at Tower Hill. She made for Easthampstead and Broadmoor, sunk the hill for Bagshot, dashed into the mill pond close to this house, and miraculously saved herself from being drowned by the hounds, or killed, as the huntsman, Harry King, and the whips, Morris Hill, Edrupt, and Bartlett, on the banks, tried all they could to secure her. Presently she bolted out, ran into a *cul-de-sac* near some labourers' gardens, and was taken in the inn of Bagshot, where the hounds bayed her for half an hour to lunge the young entries. She died the same night from exhaustion, as is often the case with young hinds. The old cunning deer, such as Volunteer, and the Doctor, Gateby, and others, run well, seldom being taken under twenty miles. The cart is drawn up on an eminence, say at Wokingham, under the fine old Saxon church, close to the town, amidst five or six hundred foot people and ladies, Lord Cork, the master, and one whip generally superintending the start. Putting his head straight for a good country, say Maidenhead Thicket, out comes old dark-coloured Volunteer, with a mane like a lion; or the more beautifully formed Doctor, with almost a Grecian-sculptured head, and of a lighter colour. He looks around, as much as to say, "Where am I?" He snuffs out for the wind, runs with it, and in twenty minutes the hounds are laid on. They feather away for the scent, run muter than toxhounds, and away over the country like a flock of pigeons. The meets in the Bracknell country are not so large as in Buckinghamshire, at Stoke or Farnham Commons, where a deer has been taken at Shardeloes, near Amersham, thirty miles off, and the hounds put up for the night away from home. They are a fine race of men on Bagshot Heath and neighbourhood—well grown and generally good looking compared with the labourers of Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. They are dreadfully independent and impudent in their bearing, and never touch their hats to the squire or the clergyman, as in other West of England counties. They keep pigs, chickens, and geese. The goslings in May and June are numerous on the common. They are sold to dealers at 2s. a pair to fatten for the markets. These people hardly ever touch any meat except pork. They dress on Sundays like noblemen—in black broadcloth instead of the old smock frocks. The women wear hats, and all kinds of finery; if they put on gloves they look like hogs in armour, and are never seen to such advantage as when hedging and ditching.

M. F. H.

THE CLAIRVOYANT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

CHAPTER V.

FROM that time Prince Charles and the Count looked forward with painful suspense to the moment when they could get rid of me and solemnise the marriage. Clementina herself impatiently awaited the period when she could enjoy perfect health, and at the same time allay her father's suspicions. No less anxiously did I anticipate the hour ; for it was only when far distant from her beloved society, and mingling in different scenes and occupations, that I could hope to heal my wounded heart. I felt how miserable I was.

It was therefore no unexpected event when one day the Countess announced during her clairvoyant trance the nearness of her perfect cure. "In the hot baths of Battaglia," as she affirmed, "she will quite lose the gift of clairvoyance ; take her there at once ; her cure is now at hand. Let her have a bath every day early in the morning ; after the tenth bath, Emmanuel, the bond between you and her is broken ; and she will see you no more, if such is your wish. But leave her some token of remembrance, without which she cannot be perfectly cured. For a long time you have worn round your neck a withered rose in a glass locket, set in gold. In order to prevent a return of the cramps, she must wear it in her own bosom, enclosed in a silk bag. Give it to her exactly at the seventh hour after she has taken her thirteenth bath, neither sooner nor later, and up to that time wear it always. After that she will be quite cured."

She often urged this request with intense anxiety ; above all, laying great stress on the hour when I was to give up my sole treasure, the existence of which she had never heard. "Do you really wear such a thing?" asked the Count with surprise, but highly delighted at the announced restoration of his daughter. When I admitted it, he further asked whether this trifle was of any personal value to me. I told him it was the dearest thing I had on earth, and that I would rather die than be deprived of it ; yet to save the Countess's life I would sacrifice even that. "I suppose it is a remembrance of some beloved one?" asked the Count, with an inquiring look, and

he seemed anxious to discover whether I had formed any previous attachment. "It comes from one who is my all in all on earth," was my reply.

The Count, touched by my generosity, and pleased that I had resolved upon this sacrifice, on which the continuance of his daughter's health depended, forgot for a moment his ill-humour, and embraced me, which he had not done for a long time, exclaiming "You lay me under the greatest obligations."

His intention, on my retiring when Clementina awoke, was to inform her of the request she had made during her trance; and he did not conceal his conversation regarding the locket, which I valued beyond anything else in the world. He laid great stress upon this, that, in case his daughter really felt any particular regard for me, that regard might be destroyed by the discovery that I had been long attached to another. She, however, heard it with so much indifference, and seemed so absorbed in the prospect of her complete recovery, that the Count plainly saw he had done his daughter's heart injustice. In his exceeding joy he could not refrain from confessing to me the purport of his conversation with Clementina, informing the Prince at the same time of what had occurred; and from that hour I remarked that the manner of both the Count and the Prince towards me was more frank and kind. I was no longer kept from Clementina's society as before, but treated with attention and consideration as a benefactor to whom all were indebted for their happiness.

Preparations for removal to the baths of Battaglia were speedily made. It was a beautiful spring morning when we quitted Venice. The Prince had gone on before in order to get everything in readiness for the reception of his idolised Countess.

We travelled through the rich plains of Padua, and approached the Euganean Hills, at the foot of which lies the small town with its rich mineral waters. The Countess felt it pleasant now and then to walk a little, and it was my duty to act as her guide. Her kind and cordial manner enchanted me as much as her delicate sense of whatever was noble in man and beautiful in nature. "I could be quite happy," she often said, "if I could spend my days in some sweet retirement in Italy, amid the simple enjoyments of domestic life. The dissipations of great cities leave a void in the heart; they are bewildering rather than satisfactory. How happy should I be to lead a simple life, undisturbed by the foolish vanities of the great world, where people torment themselves about trifles, which they fancy pleasure. If I were only rich enough

to make those around me happy, and to find sources of happiness within myself, I should be quite content."

Frequently, and even in her father's presence, she spoke of her great obligations to me, as the preserver of her life. "If I only knew how I could compensate you!" she used to say. "I have long been labouring to think of something which would please you. One thing you must consent to, which is, that my father should make you perfectly independent: but that is the least; I myself want to think of some other compensation." At other times she used to refer to my determination to quit her father's house directly she was restored to health. "We shall be extremely sorry to lose you," said she, with great kindness. "We shall lament your loss as that of a faithful friend and benefactor; yet we neither can nor do we wish to shake your resolution by our entreaties to stay longer with us. Your heart calls you elsewhere," added she, with a sly smile, as if initiated into the secret of my affections. "If you are happy there remains nothing for us to wish, and I doubt not that love will make you happy. Yet do not quite forget us, but give us from time to time some account of yourself."

I am as unable to describe what I felt at these words as I am now to repeat the answer I used to make on such occasions. My replies, indeed, were full of cold and polite thanks, for my respect for her forbade me betraying the real sentiments of my heart. And yet there were moments when, overpowered by my feelings, I said more than I wished: and so it was, that if I said anything beyond what was polite and flattering, Clementina would look at me with her bright eyes of wondering innocence, as though she did not understand me. I felt assured that she entertained a grateful esteem for me, and wished to see me satisfied and happy, without, however, bestowing upon me any secret preference. It was simply out of pure kindness, and to give me pleasure, that she had selected me as her partner at the ball. She herself confessed that she always expected me to ask her. Ah! and what audacious hopes had not my attachment induced me to form; for even had Clementina felt more for me than common friendship, what good could it have done me? I should only have been more miserable by her being so likewise. Whilst I was thus consumed by ardent love, she was in the enjoyment of tranquil peace. Whilst I was on the point every moment of confessing the depth of my real feelings towards her, she appeared to have no suspicion of their meaning, and endeavoured to dispel my gloom by her lively repartees.

Through the Prince's means there had been apartments prepared

for our reception in a castle belonging to the Marquis d'Este. This castle, which was situated on an eminence near the town, afforded accommodation of the best description, with the finest prospects over the distant country and shady walks in the immediate neighbourhood. It was necessary, however, to go every day to the town for the sake of the baths, and for that purpose a house had been taken for the Countess, where she spent the mornings whenever she bathed. Her mysterious sleep became very brief and quiet after the first few baths. She rarely spoke, never answered a question, and seemed to enjoy quite a natural sleep. When she spoke after the seventh bath, it was only to order that she should not continue in that house after the tenth bath ; and after this she fell once more into her peculiar trance, saying these words, " Emmanuel, I see you no more." These were the last words she ever uttered in a clairvoyant state. She had then for several days a deep unnatural sleep, during which, however, she could not utter a word. At length the day for her thirteenth bath arrived. Up to this time everything had been accomplished exactly as she had predicted during her hours of clairvoyance ; it only remained to perform the last duty. The Prince and the Count came to me early in the morning to remind me of my promise to resign the amulet, which I was compelled to show them. They did not leave me alone for a single moment during the whole morning, fearing lest I might change my mind regarding the sacrifice I was to make, or might lose the treasure accidentally. As soon as the news came that the Countess was in the bath, the minutes were anxiously counted, and after a rest of some hours we all accompanied her to the Castle. She was in unusually high spirits. Having been told that she was to receive the gift from me in seven hours' time, and thenceforth always to wear it, she rejoiced at the idea of the expected present like a child, and bantered me about my faithlessness to my chosen one in presenting her gift to another.

The hour of two sounded ; that was the seventh from the time of her last bath. We were all together in a garden house, the Count, the Prince, and one of the Countess's female attendants being present.

" Now," cried the Count, " let us have no more delay. The moment is arrived for the last of my daughter's sufferings and the first of my happiness."

I drew the valued treasure from my bosom, where I had so long worn it, and unfastened the gold chain from my neck ; with a feeling of painful emotion, I impressed one kiss on the glass, and then gave it to the Countess. Clementina took it, and when her eyes fell on the dried rose a deep blush suddenly overspread her countenance. She

gently bowed her head as though to thank me, but confusion and astonishment were visible on her features, which she vainly endeavoured to conceal. She stammered out a few words, and then all at once withdrew with her attendant. The Count and the Prince were full of gratitude to me ; they had made preparations for a little *fete* in the Castle that evening, and several noble families from Este and Rovigo had been invited.

Meanwhile we waited long, but in vain, for Clementina's reappearance. It was not until an hour afterwards we heard that immediately on her putting the locket around her neck she had felt herself overcome with sleep, in which state she then was. Two, three, four hours elapsed—the expected guests were all assembled—but Clementina did not awake. Her father himself went to her bedside, but he found her in a deep and tranquil slumber, and was afraid to disturb her. The party passed over without Clementina being present ; and she was still asleep when the party broke up after midnight. On the following morning she still continued in the same profound sleep—no noise disturbed her. The Count's anxiety was great, and mine not less. Physicians were called in, who, however, assured us that her sleep was a healthy and refreshing one ; and the colour of her cheeks, as well as her pulse, gave indication of the most perfect health. Noon came, and also evening, without Clementina awaking. Repeated assurances from the doctors that she was evidently quite well were necessary to set our minds at rest. Night came and passed. The next morning the whole Castle resounded with acclamations when Clementina's female attendants announced the joyful circumstance of her being awake and well. Every one hastened to congratulate her on her perfect recovery.

Why may I not confess it? Amid the universal joy I only was sad. Ah! more than sad, in my solitary room. The engagement which I had originally made with the Count was now fulfilled. I could depart whenever I chose. I had often expressed my desire and resolution to do so ; and everybody expected nothing less than that I should keep my word. But, to be permitted to breathe the same air as Clementina appeared to me the most enviable lot in the world ; and to be compelled to live apart from her was indeed like a sentence of death. But when I thought of her approaching marriage with the Prince, and of the fickleness of her weak-minded father—when I thought of my own honour, of my feverish desire to live free and independent—then manly Pride made her voice heard, and I was as determined as ever to leave the place as soon as I could possibly do so. I made a vow that I would flee. I saw the hopeless

misery of my lot ; but I preferred bidding a long farewell to happiness to becoming despicable in my own eyes.

I found Clementina in the garden belonging to the Castle ; and I felt a slight thrill as I approached to offer my congratulations. She was standing in a thoughtful attitude by a flower-bed, without any attendant, and looking more blooming than I had ever seen her, as though glowing with renovated life. She was not aware of my presence until I addressed her. "How you frightened me !" said she, with a sweet smile, while her cheeks were suffused with a deep blush.

"I wished, Countess, to express my congratulations"—I could say no more. That look of hers, which seemed to pierce my inmost soul, I could not bear ; with difficulty I stammered out some excuse for having disturbed her. She was silent, but her eyes were fixed upon me. After a long pause, she at length said, "You speak of joy, my friend, but are you glad?" "Most assuredly, since I see you restored to perfect health. And now in a few days I shall leave this place ; and, if it is possible, in other lands shall henceforth live for myself, as I have no longer any one to live for. My vow is fulfilled." "And is it, then, your serious intention, dear friend, to leave us? How can you say you have no one to live for? Have you not bound us by every tie of gratitude? What obliges you to part from us?" I placed my hand on my heart, and fixed my eyes on the ground, but I could not utter a word. "You will stay with us, Henri, will you not?" she added. "I cannot." "But if I ask you, Henri?" "In mercy, Countess, do not ask me, do not command that—I must indeed leave." "You cannot stay with us?—and yet no other object, no other duty, calls you away?" "A duty to myself compels me." "Go, then, Henri. I have been mistaken in you. I thought you valued us more." "Countess, if you only knew what feelings your words excite, you would in pity spare me." "Then I must say no more, Henri. But you do me great injustice."

She turned from me as she spoke these words. I ventured to follow her, and to beg her not to be angry with me. I saw tears in her eyes, and was overcome with fright. I clasped my hands, and implored her not to be angry. "If it be your will," I said, "I will obey. Do you insist on it that I should remain? My peace of mind, my own happiness, my life, I willingly sacrifice, if you command it." "No, Henri, I will not force you to anything, since you do not wish to remain." "Oh, Countess!" I exclaimed, "do not drive me to despair." "And when, Henri, do you wish to go?" "To-

morrow—no, to-day.” “No, no, Henri,” said she in a low voice, drawing closer to me, “I shall not value my recovered health, your gift, if you—Oh, Henri, you will remain at least a few days?”

She said this in such a gentle, imploring tone, and looked so reproachfully at me through her tears, that I could no longer control myself. “I will remain,” I said. “But willingly?” “With rapture!” “Leave me for a moment, Henri, but do not quit the garden. I only wish to compose myself a little.” Thus saying she left me, and I lost sight of her among the orange trees.

For a long time I remained standing on the same spot, like a man in a dream. Never before had Clementina used such language to me, for it was not the language of mere politeness. Every nerve within me quivered at the notion that I possessed some interest in her heart. Those repeated requests for me to remain—those tears, and, more than all, that which cannot be described, the nameless something, the indefinable language of look, emotion, and voice—a language without words, which yet expressed more than words can do—I could not understand it, and yet I did understand it: I doubted, and at the same time felt perfect conviction.

After some little time Clementina again joined me, looking cheerful and gay, accompanied by one of her attendants. Her delicate form robed in white, and surrounded with a blaze of sunshine, seemed that of an ideal being, one of Raphael’s artist dreams. In her hand was a nosegay of roses and violets. “I have been gathering a few flowers for you, dear Henri,” said she to me; “do not scorn them. I give them to you with very different feelings from those with which once during my illness I gave you a rose. I ought not to remind you now of my former caprices. I remember them myself as in duty bound, in order that I may now make you some amends. And oh! how much have I to make amends for! Give me your arm; and, Cecilia, you give me another.”

We walked about for some time in lively conversation; at length her father joined us, and soon after the Prince. Never had Clementina been more amiable than on this the first day of her restored health. She spoke to her father with respectful tenderness; to the Prince with refined courtesy; and to me with grateful attention. Not that she thanked me in words, but it was the manner in which she addressed me. An indescribable cordiality was apparent in her words, and in the tone of her voice, when she turned to me, and in her look and manner a something of sisterly regard, good nature, and anxiety to please me; and her manner was the same when her father and the Prince were present. She seemed to regard it as

a matter of course, as if things could not and ought not to be otherwise.

Several delightful days of pleasure and festivity followed. Clementina's conduct towards myself underwent no change. I myself, restrained on the one hand by the cold laws of respect, and urged on the other by my deep attachment for her, found at length, in her society, a peace of mind to which I had long been a stranger. Her confiding manner made me feel more like a brother. She did not attempt to conceal the pure friendship which she was pleased to entertain towards me, nor did I seek to hide my own feelings. Although I ventured not to betray *all* I felt—and yet, oh! who could withstand such loveliness, so many virtues?—it was not long before my secret escaped.

It was the custom for the visitors at Battaglia to assemble together when the evenings were fine in front of a large coffee-house, and to take refreshments in the open air. Chairs were placed in a sort of semi-circle in the open street, where they used to sit, while on all sides were heard the tones of the guitar accompanied by the voice, according to the usual custom in Italy. The large building also resounded with music, and the windows and doors were illuminated. One evening, when the Prince had left earlier than usual, the Countess took it into her head to join the party. I had already retired to my own room, and was sitting in a dreamy reverie over my future fate, holding the nosegay which she had given me in both hands: the light was dimly burning, and the door of my room half open, so that I was seen by Clementina and Cecilia as they passed by. They both looked at me for some time, and then came softly in; but I was not aware of their presence till they stood close by my side, and told me I must go with them into the town, and then they amused themselves with laughing at my astonished and perplexed look. Clementina recognised the nosegay, took it up from the table where I had laid it, and, all withered as it was, put it into her bosom. We went down to the town, and joined the rest of the company.

It so happened that Cecilia entered into conversation with some of her acquaintances, and got separated from us; but neither Clementina nor I was angry with her. We walked arm-in-arm up and down the gay crowd, till she was tired, and then we sat down on a small bench under an elm tree which stood a little apart. The moon shining through the branches fell on Clementina's lovely face and on the withered flowers in her bosom, and I pointed to the nosegay, and said, "Will you again rob me of what you had

given me?" She gazed upon me for a considerable time with a peculiar earnestness, and then said, "It always seems to me as though I could either give to or take from you. Do you not feel the same at times?" The answer she gave me, and her counter-question, though uttered with frank composure, perplexed me, and I was silent. Respect forbade my taking the words in their natural meaning, and she once more repeated the question. "Assuredly," said I, "it is often the case with me. When I contemplate the gulf between you and me, and the distance which separates us, then I feel it. Who can give to one so infinitely superior, and who also has a right to all?"

She looked at me with wondering eyes—"What do you mean, Henri, by infinitely superior? One can neither give to nor take from oneself." "Oneself!" I replied; "you know, then, that you have made me your especial property?" "I know not how it is," was her answer, as she again cast down her eyes. "But I, dearest Countess, know how it is. The spell which hung over us is not dissolved, its direction only is changed. Formerly, in your trances, I ruled over your will; now you rule over mine. I live only in the thought of you; I do nothing, and am nothing, without you. Do not be angry at my avowal, guilty as it may be in the eyes of the world, but not before God. If it be a crime that my whole soul is inseparably united to yours, oh! Clementina, the guilt is not mine."

She turned away her face, and raised her hand in token that I should be silent. I had raised mine at the same moment to cover my eyes, which were moistened with tears. Our hands met and joined, and we were both silent: intensity of feeling mastered our thoughts. I had betrayed my love, and Clementina had graciously listened to the avowal.

We were just then interrupted by Cecilia, and we all returned in silence to the Castle, but as we separated for the night the Countess whispered, in a low, melancholy tone, "I have been restored to health by your means, only to suffer more than ever."

CHAPTER VI.

ON the following day, when we again met, there was a sort of shyness and avoidance of each other. I scarce ventured to address Clementina, or she to reply to me; and yet our eyes often met, and both were serious and thoughtful. She seemed as though she would penetrate my thoughts; and I endeavoured to read in her eyes whether the boldness of which I had yesterday been guilty had not

displeased her in her more sober moments. Several days elapsed ere we were again alone together. There was a mystery between us which we both feared to divulge. But Clementina's manner was more serious; her cheerfulness more subdued; as though her heart was not with the objects which surrounded her.

Meanwhile, I inferred too much from her altered behaviour since that decisive hour under the elm tree; for Prince Charles, as I subsequently learnt, had made formal proposals for the Countess, and this had been the cause of unpleasant discussion between herself, her father, and the Prince. In order to avoid offending them both, and with the view to gain time, Clementina had begged for leisure to consider her position; and as she refused to name any stated period, and added some very hard conditions, the Prince could not but despair of seeing his wishes accomplished, as the terms in which she expressed herself were, "Not that I have any disinclination to the Prince, but I wish to enjoy my freedom. One day or other I will freely say 'Yes' or 'No.' Should, however, the proposal be again repeated, before I am myself disposed, I shall in the most decided manner and for ever decline it, even if I were actually attached to him."

The Count knew by experience his daughter's unbending will, but he still hoped for the best, as she had not positively declined the Prince's suit. Though the latter was greatly dissatisfied, he saw himself compelled to act the part of a constant lover without any decisive hope. Yet he had self-love enough to believe he should at length move Clementina's heart by waiting patiently. Her confidential manner towards me was also very disagreeable to him; yet he did not seem afraid of it; and because it was so open and unrestrained he thought it boded no ill; Clementina, moreover, treated him in the same manner. He had been accustomed to regard me as the friend and counsellor of both father and daughter; and, as the Count had disclosed to him the secret of my plebeian birth, he had the less reason to fear my rivalry. Nay, he himself thought fit to make me his confidant, and one day told me the whole history of his courtship, and the Countess's answer. He besought me to render him my good offices, and to be privately on the watch to observe whether Clementina was at all disposed towards him; and I was obliged to consent. Every day he would ask whether I had made any discovery, and my excuse always was that I had not yet had an opportunity of seeing the Countess alone.

Probably with the view of giving me an opportunity, he arranged

a party of pleasure to Arqua, three miles from Battaglia, where strangers often went to visit Petrarch's house and tomb. Among all the Italian poets this inspired singer was Clementina's chief favourite, and she had long looked forward with pleasure to this pilgrimage. But, when the moment came for setting off, the Prince, under some frivolous pretence, remained behind, and contrived to prevent the Count from accompanying his daughter, promising to follow with all speed. Cecilia, and another attendant called Beatrice, were alone in the carriage with her, and I followed on horseback.

I conducted the party to the village churchyard, where a simple monument covers the remains of the immortal poet, and translated for them the Latin inscription. Clementina stood musing by the grave-stone; at length she sighed, and said, "All does not perish;" and I thought I felt my arm gently drawn by her. "Were all to perish," I replied, "human life would be an incomprehensible act of the Creator, and love the heaviest curse of life." In a melancholy mood we left the churchyard; an old man serving as our guide to a rising ground covered with vineyards, not far off, where stood Petrarch's dwelling-house, attached to which was a small garden, from whence a very pleasing view over the plain below could be had. In the house we were shown several pieces of furniture belonging to Petrarch, all kept with reverential care, viz.: his table where he used to read and write; the arm chair in which he was wont to repose; even articles which once belonged to his kitchen.

Relics of this sort generally act a good deal upon the mind: intervening centuries are forgotten, and the long-lost dead are, as it were, brought again to life. I could almost fancy the poet was but just gone out, and that he would presently return, open the little brown door of his room, and welcome us within. Clementina found an elegant edition of "Petrarch's Sonnets" on a corner table, and as she was rather tired she sat down, leaned her beautiful head on her hand, and began to read attentively, while Cecilia and Beatrice went to procure some refreshments for her; and I remained silent at the window. Petrarch's love and helpless destiny resembled my own; another Laura sat before me, unrivalled in her charms, not made so by the enchantment of poetic skill.

I observed Clementina take her handkerchief to wipe her eyes, and was grieved to see her weep. I approached her timidly, but yet did not venture to address her. All at once she rose, smiled through her tears, and said:—"Poor Petrarch! Poor human heart! But, alas! how transitory is everything. Centuries have passed

since he lived and suffered, and it is said that in after-life he conquered his feelings. Is it right to conquer thus oneself? Is it not rather making one's own heart a desert?" "But," said I, "what if necessity commands?" "Has necessity any power over the human heart?" "But Laura was Hugo de Lade's wife; * her heart could not be his; it was his lot to live and die in solitude. But he had the gift of song, and the Muses consoled him for his loss. He was miserable and unhappy, as I am." "As you are?" inquired Clementina in a scarcely audible voice. "Unhappy, Henri?" "I do not possess the divine gift of song, therefore my heart, which nothing can console, is breaking. Oh! dearest Countess, may I say more than I have even yet said? But I will continue worthy of your esteem, and it is only by manliness and courage that I can do so. Grant me but one request, only one single request."

Clementina looked down, but made no reply. "One request, dearest, for my peace." "What shall I do?" she whispered without raising her eyes. "Am I sure that you will not refuse my prayer?" She looked at me earnestly, and then said, "Henri, I know not what you mean to ask; but whatever it be—yes, I owe you my life—I grant your request—what is it?" I sank at her feet; I seized her hand, and pressed my lips upon it. I knew not what I said or did. Clementina stood motionless, her eyes still fixed on the ground. At length I resumed sufficient courage to speak. "Let me go: I dare not remain any longer here. I disturb the peace of your family; Prince Charles solicits your hand." "He will never have it," she interrupted in a determined tone. "Let me go; every kindness fills up the measure of my misery." Clementina seemed to struggle with herself. "You do me great injustice, but I cannot prevent you," she cried, and burst into a flood of tears. She staggered towards a chair. I sprang up, and instantly she sank sobbing on my bosom. In a few moments she recovered, and, feeling my arm around her, she tried to release herself. But I—I forgot the cold laws of convention, pressed her more closely to my bosom, and sighed, "One minute, and it is enough." Her resistance ceased. She

* The existence of Laura is one of the many instances on which modern research has thrown some grave historic doubts. When Alexander Vellutello made two journeys to Avignon for the express purpose of collecting information regarding her, he was staggered by the discovery of a letter from Giacomo Colonna, Bishop of Lombez, with whom Petrarch lived for some time, and who must have known him intimately, in which the following remark occurs:—"Un nome imaginario di Laura per avere unoggetto de cui ragionare;" and which seems to decide the question.

raised her eyes to me, and with a face which beamed as in her hours of clairvoyance, she said softly, "Henri, what mean you?" "Will you not forget me when I am far away? Farewell, beloved Clementina!" I stammered out. "Emmanuel, Emmanuel," she whispered. My lips pressed hers; the kiss was given and returned; her arms were round my neck. Minutes passed thus in deep silence.

I left Petrarch's house like a man in a dream, and descended the hill, crossing the little wooden bridge. Two servants were waiting at the bottom of the hill, who conducted us to an arbour, where refreshments were prepared. At the same moment the Prince's carriage drove up, and the two gentlemen alighted. Clementina was very grave, and short in her answers; she seemed completely lost in thought. I saw by her looks that she did violence to her feelings when she spoke to the Prince, while the cordial confidence of her manner to me remained unchanged. The Count wished to see Petrarch's house, and we therefore paid it a second visit. As we entered the apartment sacred to us by the confession of our mutual love, Clementina placed herself in the same position in the arm-chair by the little table and took the book as before, and so she remained until we left. Then she rose, placed her hand on her heart, gave me one thrilling look, and hastily quitted the room.

The Prince had remarked both the gesture and look, and his dark countenance at once became red with suppressed passion. His arms were folded, and his head sank on his bosom as he left the house. The pleasure of our little party was gone, and every one seemed desirous of getting back to the Castle. I doubted not that the Prince's jealousy had guessed the whole. I feared less as regards myself from his revenge than for the happiness of Clementina. For that reason I determined on our arrival to make arrangements for my departure on the following morn. I informed the Count of my irrevocable determination, made over to him all the papers he had entrusted to my care, and besought him not to say a word to the Countess till I was gone.

The Count had long ago promised that old Sebald should in this case accompany me; the old man had, indeed, given notice of his wish to leave and return to his German home, and jumped and danced about for very joy when he heard the moment for departure was at hand. A horse and a portmanteau for each was our whole equipment for the journey. I had resolved to depart before daybreak; no one in the Castle knew anything about it except old Sebald and

the Count, and nobody was to be told of it. I purposed leaving behind me a few lines for Clementina, expressive of my gratitude and love, and bidding her at the same time an eternal farewell.

The Count seemed surprised, but not altogether displeased. He embraced me most affectionately, thanked me for the services I had rendered him, and promised to come to my room in less than an hour, for the purpose of giving me some necessary papers which would secure my independence for the future, and which, as he said, was only a portion of the vast debt he owed to me. I did not refuse a moderate sum for the expenses of my journey to Germany, for in truth I was then nearly penniless; but pride forbade my accepting more. As soon as I returned to my own room, I packed up my things. Sebald hastened to the stable, and made all the necessary preparations for setting off at any moment. Meanwhile I wrote my letter to Clementina, but it is impossible for me to attempt to describe what I suffered, the internal conflict I underwent, or how often my grief forced me to leave off writing and indulge in a flood of tears. My life lay before me like a wreck; my future appeared most miserable; better to die, thought I, than to outlive all hope. Several times I tore up what I had written, and I had not finished when I was disturbed in a manner I least expected.

Sebald rushed, breathless, into my room, and snatched up the already packed portmanteaus, exclaiming, "Herr Henri, something very unpleasant has happened; they threaten to drag you to prison—to kill you. Let us fly ere it be too late." In vain I questioned him as to the cause of his terror; I could only learn that the old Count was furious, the Prince frantic with rage, and every one in the Castle irritated against me. I coldly told him that I had no cause to fear, still less to flee as a criminal. "Oh, sir!" cried Sebald, "some misfortune or other follows this ill-omened family—some evil fate attends it. I told you so long ago. Let us make our escape at once."

Just then two of the Count's servants appeared at the door, and begged me to come to him without delay. Sebald made all sorts of signs that I should try and make off. I could not forbear smiling at his fright, and followed the men, giving Sebald at the same time orders to saddle the horses; for that something extraordinary had occurred, possibly some plot on the part of the jealous Prince, I could not doubt. The case was this.

I had scarcely parted from the Count, when Prince Charles in great rage had come to him and plainly told him that I had dishonoured his

family by a love affair with his daughter. Clementina's attendant, Beatrice, had been bribed by the Prince, and, impatient at my remaining behind on the occasion of our first visit to Petrarch's house, had suddenly returned after quitting it with Cecilia, and had seen us embracing. The girl was of course prudent enough not to disturb us; but lost no time in betraying the important circumstance to the Prince as soon as we returned to the Castle. The Count, who could credit anything and everything, except that which was in his eyes the most unnatural of all crimes, viz., that a vulgar plebeian, a common painter, had gained the affections of his daughter, was inclined at first to treat the matter as mere idle jealousy, until at length the Prince was obliged to betray the traitress, and Beatrice, notwithstanding her reluctance, was forced to acknowledge what she had seen.

The anger of the old Count knew no bounds; but still the affair seemed so preposterous that he determined to interrogate his daughter herself. When Clementina appeared she was greatly frightened at the sight of her father's face disfigured by rage and terror. "What is the matter?" cried she, almost beside herself. With fearful sternness the Count replied, "That is for you to say;" and then, with forced composure, he took her hand in his, and said, "Clementina, you are accused of dishonouring our name—well, the words must be uttered—by a love affair with that painter—that Henri. Clementina, my daughter, deny the base accusation—restore to your father his honour and happiness; you can do so; refute what ill-natured tongues have reported; say it was fancy, mistake, deception on the part of those who affirm they saw you to-day in Henri's arms. Here stands the Prince, your future husband; give him your hand, and assure him that all which has been said against you and Henri is a vile falsehood. Henri's presence shall no longer disturb our peace; this night he leaves our house for ever."

The Count said a good deal more; his object evidently being, as Clementina's agitation would not allow him to doubt the truth of what he had heard, to give the affair a more favourable turn, which might satisfy the Prince, and put matters once more in the right train. Little did he anticipate the declaration which his daughter made directly he had ceased speaking.

Excited as she was in the highest degree, not only by the treachery of Beatrice, who was present, but also by the reproaches of her father and the news of my sudden departure that same night, she turned with that dignified determination peculiar to her, first to

Beatrice. "Wretched girl!" she exclaimed, "I am not answerable to you. My maid shall not become my accuser. I will not condescend to justify myself in your presence. Leave this room and the Castle instantly, and never let me see your face again." Beatrice would have fallen at her feet in tears, but it was in vain. She was forced to obey, and to withdraw at once. The Countess then turned to her father, and desired him to send for me. He hastily quitted the room, and ordered me to be called. Clementina also left the room for a moment, returning as I entered. "My dear Henri," she said, while a deep colour suffused her lovely cheeks, "you and I stand here as persons accused, or rather prejudged." She related all that had taken place, and then said, "They expect my justification, but there is no one to whom I need justify myself, saving to God, the judge of all hearts. I am about to acknowledge the truth, because my father requires it, and to declare my unalterable resolution, as I am forced on by fate, and born to misfortune. Henri, I should be unworthy of your esteem if I did not take a higher stand than any misfortune can reach." She then turned to the Prince, and said, "I feel esteem but no love for you. My hand shall never be yours; cease, I beseech you, to entertain any hope of its being so. After this I must beg you to discontinue your visits here. Do not imagine that my father could force my inclinations. Life is now valueless: the first act of violence would have this result, that he would consign to earth the lifeless body of his daughter. To you, Prince, I have nothing more to say; but to you, my dear father, I am bound to confess that I love—yes, love this Henri; and there the matter ends. You detest him; he is not our equal by birth; he must now leave us for ever. My earthly ties with him are broken; but my heart is his. Attempt not to argue the point with me, dear father; my life would fall a sacrifice; and I declare to you now that death will be welcome if it puts an end to my unhappy fate." She ceased speaking. Both her father and the Prince attempted to remonstrate, but she stopped them; and, advancing towards me, drew a ring from her finger, gave it to me, and said, "My friend, we must part, perhaps for ever. Accept this ring as a remembrance of me. The gold and diamonds of which it is composed will crumble into dust ere my love and truth shall cease. Forget me not when you have left us." So saying, she laid her arm on my shoulder, embraced me, turned deadly pale and cold, her eyes closed, and she sank on the floor.

The Count uttered a piercing cry. The Prince called aloud for help. I bore her senseless form to a couch. Her waiting maids

hastened to her assistance ; and physicians were called in. I knelt, unconscious of what I did, by the side of her sofa, and held her cold hand to my cheek. The Count forced me to rise ; he was like a madman. " You have murdered her," he thundered out ; " begone, wretch, and never let me see you more ;" and so saying, he thrust me out of the room. At a sign from him, his servants laid hold of me, dragged me down stairs, and out of the Castle. Sebald was standing by the stable, and as soon as he saw me, he rushed towards me, and, taking my arm, conducted me to the spot where the horses were standing, ready saddled. There I fainted, and lay, as Sebald afterwards told me, a full quarter of an hour lifeless on the ground. I had scarcely recovered when he assisted me to mount one of the horses, and we moved slowly away.

I rode like one asleep, and was several times in danger of falling off. It was only by degrees that I regained my former consciousness and strength ; then I became sensible of all that had passed, and was in despair. I resolved to turn back to the Castle and learn Clementina's fate, as barely half an hour had elapsed since our departure. Sebald implored me in vain to abandon my intention ; but I had scarcely turned my horse's head when I saw several men on horseback in full gallop towards me, and heard a voice exclaim, " Accursed murderer !" The voice was that of the Prince, and at the same moment several shots were fired at me. My horse fell dead, whilst I seized my pistols and sprang to the ground. The Prince rushed towards me with his drawn sword ; and just as he was on the point of cutting me down I fired right through his body. He fell, and was immediately caught by his attendants, who bore him off. Sebald followed them as they fled, and sent a few additional bullets after them. He then turned back, and took the portmanteau off the dead horse. I mounted the one which had been ridden by the Prince before he fell, and we both hastened away at a pace that baffled all pursuit.

CHAPTER VII.

THE first rays of the rising sun gleamed upon the diamonds of Clementina's ring. I wept as I kissed it. Sebald had told me during the night that while I was lying senseless by the horses in the stable he had heard from one of the grooms that the Countess had at first been considered dead, but had afterwards revived. This information greatly comforted me. I cared not for my own fate ;

Clementina's magnanimity had inspired me, and I was proud of my misfortunes, while a conscience free from reproach raised me above all fear. I had only one source of sorrow, that of being separated for ever from the object of my never-dying love.

We did not stop for rest until we had reached Ravenna, and there we had rest enough ; for, exhausted by the late agitating events, I fell seriously ill. For a fortnight I was confined to bed by a violent fever. Sebald was in a state of extreme anxiety, for he justly feared that the death of the Prince would necessarily bring us into trouble. He had given both himself and me new names, and procured other clothes for us both. My good constitution more than my physician's skill brought me through, but an excessive weakness in my limbs remained ; nevertheless, as we determined to go by sea from Rimini to Trieste, I hoped for a complete recovery during the course of our voyage.

One evening old Sebald came to me in great fear, saying, "We cannot remain here any longer, sir. There is a stranger without who wishes to speak with you. We are betrayed. He asked first about me by name, and as I could not deny it, he afterwards asked for you." "Let him come in," said I.

A well-dressed man entered, who, after we had exchanged the usual greetings, inquired after my health. I assured him that I was quite recovered. "So much the better," said he ; "I have a piece of advice to give you. You know what has passed between you and Prince Charles : he is now out of danger, but vows deadly vengeance against you. Make your escape without a moment's delay. You desire to go to Germany viâ Trieste ; but do not attempt it. There is no ship now at Rimini bound for Trieste, but a Neapolitan vessel is about to return from that port to Naples. Once on the sea you are safe, otherwise in a few hours you will be either dead or arrested. Here is a letter for the Neapolitan captain : he is a great friend of mine, and will receive you cordially ; only lose not a moment in getting to Rimini, and from thence to Naples.

I was greatly surprised at finding this stranger so well acquainted with my affairs. In reply to my questions as to how he had obtained his information, he smiled, and only answered : "I know nothing more, and therefore cannot tell you anything more. I am living here in Ravenna, and am by profession a lawyer. And my earnest advice is, save yourself." With these words he hastily quitted the room. Sebald declared that he must have been the Devil, otherwise he could never have been so well acquainted with our private

concerns. As the stranger had some talk with the people of the inn where we lodged, we learned from them that he was a worthy, respectable man, of considerable means and position in the town. The most incomprehensible part of the affair was, how this mysterious stranger should know our plans of going to Germany by Trieste, which, I thought, no one could know but ourselves. The enigma was soon solved by Sebald confessing he had written during my illness to a former comrade of his in Battaglia, called Kaspar, and begged him to let him know whether Prince Charles was alive or dead ; but he had not received the expected answer ; for, without doubt, the letter had fallen into the Prince's hands, or the contents had been somehow betrayed. Sebald was now greatly troubled ; he bespoke forthwith a carriage for Rimini, and we set off that same night. I was only half satisfied with the affair, and scarcely knew whether we were going to meet the danger, or escaping from it. The lawyer might be, for aught I knew, an agent of the Prince. Meanwhile we not only reached Rimini, but found the Neapolitan captain. I gave him the stranger's letter ; and we soon made a bargain about our passage to Naples. The wind was favourable as we weighed anchor. There were several other passengers on board, among them a young man whose appearance I did not much like ; for I recollected having seen him once before at the baths of Battaglia. I was relieved, however, when I learned from his conversation that he had never noticed me, and that I was a perfect stranger to him. He had left Battaglia but three days before, and was going back to Naples, where he carried on a considerable trade. He talked of the acquaintance he had made at Battaglia, and at length began to speak of the German Countess as a marvel of grace and beauty. How my heart beat ! He appeared to know nothing about the death of the Prince, nor even of his having been wounded. The Countess, whose name, however, he did not know, had left the place four days before him, he said, but he had never troubled himself to inquire whither she was gone.

Scanty as this information was, it nevertheless served to relieve my mind. Clementina was living and well. I prayed earnestly for her happiness. The voyage was a very tedious one to everybody but myself. I sought solitude. I passed whole nights on the deck, Clementina absorbing all my thoughts. The young merchant, whose name was Tulfadini, noticed my melancholy, and gave himself a great deal of trouble to rouse my spirits. He heard I was a painter, and as he was passionately fond of the arts, he turned the conversation continually

to that subject, especially as nothing else seemed to interest me or induce me to converse. His sympathy and kindness at length went so far that he offered me board and lodging in his own house at Naples, which I readily accepted, as I was a perfect stranger in that city, and Sebald's small stock of money had greatly dwindled after having paid our travelling expenses.

The kindness and attention of the generous Tulfadini made me really ashamed of myself. Although I had done nothing to deserve his regard, from a mere travelling companion I became his friend, and as such he introduced me to his venerable mother and charming young wife. He also prepared for Sebald and me some of his best rooms, and treated me from the moment of our arrival as an old friend of the house. He did not even rest there: for he introduced me also to all his acquaintance, and by that means I received several orders for pictures; in fact, he was as eager to procure me customers as if he were the one to reap advantage thereby. When I first proposed to pay for board and lodging he was annoyed, but yielded at length, and accepted the money, when he found that I was resolved to leave the house if he would not allow me to remunerate him; but it seemed more done to oblige and satisfy me than to indemnify himself.

I succeeded beyond expectation with my works: my pictures were liked; I received for them what I asked, and as soon as I had finished one picture another was bespoken. Sebald found himself so comfortable in Naples that he almost forgot his longing for his German home. He thanked God for having escaped with a whole skin from the Count's service, and would rather, as he termed it, serve me for bread and water than his former master for heaps of gold.

My plan was to make sufficient by my works to enable me to return to Germany and settle somewhere in that country. I was diligent and frugal. Thus passed one whole year. The kind regard shown me in Tulfadini's house, my quiet and retired life in the dissipated capital, the attractions of the beautiful climate, the reflection that I had neither calling nor friends in Germany, made me forget my former project. I remained where I was. I had as little happiness to expect on the German as on the Italian soil. It was solely the thought that Clementina might be residing on her father's estates—that I might yet enjoy the consolation of seeing her there, though only at a distance—this thought at times attracted my longing wishes northwards; but when I recollected our parting hour,

and her words, "My earthly ties with him are broken"—how solemnly and nobly she had avowed everything in her father's presence—then I felt myself called upon to show courage on my part, and joyfully to suffer everything. I was like an oak shivered by the storm, branchless, leafless, solitary, and forlorn.

It is often said that time heals the deepest wounds. I had been inclined to believe this saying, but found by experience that it was not true. My depression of spirits remained unchanged. I avoided the society of the gay and cheerful, and frequently found relief in tears. It was my only happiness to dream of her, and behold her once more in her loveliness; her ring was to me a sacred treasure; had it fallen into the depths of the ocean, nothing would have prevented me from plunging after it.

The second year passed away, but not so my melancholy. Yet even in the gloomiest hours a dim glimmering hope still sustained me that some happy chance might perhaps bring me into the neighbourhood of that dear being whom I had lost, or that I might hear something of her; although I could not see how it was to be brought to pass. How could she at such a distance know, after the lapse of years, where I passed my solitary life? But what, indeed, of that? what has hope to do with possibilities? However, at the expiration of the second year I abandoned even this hope. Clementina was to me as one dead: even in my dreams I no longer beheld her but as a being elevated above earthly things, radiant in heavenly light!

Tulfadini and his wife often asked me in confidence to impart to them the cause of my melancholy; but I never could be prevailed upon to reveal my secret. At length they ceased to question me, but became more uneasy about my health. I myself felt that my strength was failing, but I looked forward with relief to the grave.

All at once a great and sudden change took place. One morning Sebald brought me some letters just come by the post; there were some fresh orders for pictures, and a small case. I opened the latter; but how can I describe my joy and amazement when I beheld a miniature of Clementina, living, lovely, but dressed in deep mourning? The face was more delicate, thinner, and paler than I had seen it in reality, and on a small slip of paper was written in Clementina's handwriting these two words—"Emmanuel, hope!" I reeled across the room, and sank speechless on a chair; I raised my hands to heaven in prayer, and sobbed aloud for joy. I kissed the picture and the paper which her hand must have touched, and with

my head bowed to the earth I knelt down and with tears blessed God for His goodness towards myself.

Sebald found me in this attitude and thought me mad, and was not much mistaken. Man has more power of enduring sorrow than happiness ; that I knew from my own feelings : against the former we arm ourselves more or less ; the latter we meet without preparation or caution. My hopes again revived, and with them my health and life. Tulfadini and all my acquaintance rejoiced greatly at it, while I myself expected from day to day fresh news from her whom I so dearly loved. I could not doubt that she knew my place of abode, although I could not divine how she had obtained that knowledge, and in vain did I labour to discover from what part of the world her picture had been sent to me.

At the end of six months I received a second note from her, with the following lines :—"I desire greatly to see you once more, Emmanuel. Be in Leghorn on the morning of the 1st of May ; there you will obtain further information at the Swiss Commercial House, if you inquire for Marian Schwarz, a widow, who will show you where I am living. Do not tell anybody in Naples where you are going ; above all, do not mention my name. I have broken all connection with the world, and have only a few moments to devote to you." This letter filled me with great joy, and yet, at the same time, with an anxious foreboding of some dark, half-revealed secret. Yet it was enough that I should again see the beloved of my heart, if only for a few moments.

I left Naples in the month of April, and parted with Tulfadini and his kind family with deep emotion and regret. Sebald believed, as did everybody else, that I was going back to Germany. We arrived at Gaeta, and here an unexpected pleasure awaited me. In driving through the town we passed the garden door of a villa, where, amongst other persons, I suddenly detected Cecilia. I sprang from the carriage, and at once made myself known to her. She introduced me to her assembled relatives, and told me that she had been recently married, not more than three weeks since ; that she knew nothing of the Countess's present abode, but only that she had retired somewhere into a convent. "It is now a year ago," said Cecilia, "that the Count died. We soon perceived by the sudden retrenchments made in the household that his circumstances had been left in a sad state of dilapidation. The Countess diminished her establishment to a few servants ; she was kind enough to keep me with her, but as she soon after lost a lawsuit in which she was engaged,

and thereby all hope of retaining her paternal estates, now much involved, all her attendants were dismissed. One old nurse alone remained with her, and she announced her determination of ending her days in a convent. Oh, how mournful was our parting! Clementina looked like an angel, and never more attractive than when suffering from adverse fortune. She gave up all her accustomed state, distributing, as if a dying woman, all her rich dress among her dismissed attendants; and rewarded their services with such princely generosity that she ran the risk of impoverishing herself; and only begged us to remember her in our prayers. I left her at Milan and returned home to my friends, when she told me that her intention was to return to Germany and enter a convent."

Cecilia's account solved the mystery of Clementina's last letter. I also learned from her that Prince Charles, who had been severely, though not mortally, wounded, had become one of the Knights of Malta immediately on his recovery, and had soon after died.

I left Gaeta in a state of mind half melancholy, half rejoicing. Clementina's misfortunes and the loss of her large property excited my sympathy, and at the same time raised bolder hopes than I had ever yet presumed to entertain. I flattered myself that I might perhaps turn her from her purpose of devoting herself to the cloister—perhaps obtain her hand as well as her heart. I grew dizzy at the thought that I might perhaps share with Clementina the produce of my skill. Such were my dreams all the way to Leghorn, where I arrived one fine morning a week before the appointed time. I did not delay a moment in discovering the Swiss house to which she had recommended me, but hastened thither in my travelling dress, and asked the direction of the Widow Schwarz, in order that I might obtain some previous information respecting the Countess's arrival at Leghorn. A servant belonging to the house showed me the way to a retired street and a modest-looking house where the widow lived. How great was my vexation when I learned that Madame Schwarz herself was absent, and that I must make further inquiries in two hours' time! All this delay was so much taken from my life.

At the appointed time I again made my appearance. An old maid^{re} servant opened the door, conducted me upstairs, and announced^{ed} to her mistress. I was requested to come into a neat but^{ly} furnished room, where, on a sofa opposite the door, sat a^l seemed neither to notice my entrance nor return my sal^{utation} who hid her face in her hands and wept aloud. At th^{is} you imagine for a sudden throbbing at my heart, for in the widow's ^{eyes} neither refuse you,

at once recognised the figure and voice of her I so deeply loved. In order to be sure of the fact I let my hat and stick fall, and threw myself at her feet. Oh, what words can adequately express my feelings? Clementina's arms were around my neck, and my lips pressed hers. The past was all forgotten; the future revealed a prospect of boundless joy. Never were love and faith so richly rewarded. The present blissful moment seemed an unreal dream, and so few were our questions and so incoherent our talk on this first day of our reunion that we separated at length scarcely knowing more than our having met.

It may be imagined that I was ready on the following morn to profit by my beloved Clementina's invitation to breakfast. Her establishment consisted of a cook and housemaid, her own waiting maid, a coachman, and footman. The table service was all of the most costly china and handsome plate, although the latter no longer bore the family coat of arms and coronet. This appearance of a certain amount of wealth, which was utterly at variance with my preconceived notions, and far beyond my own slender means, was very humiliating to all the projects I had been forming and dreaming of all the way from Gaeta to Leghorn. I expected, nay wished, to find Clementina in rather reduced circumstances, that I might venture with more boldness to offer her my all; but now, here was I again in her presence, and nothing more than a poor painter.

In the confidential talk which followed I did not conceal from her what Cecilia had told me at Gaeta, and what hopes had been raised in consequence. I detailed to her all my fond dreams, in order that she might be induced to renounce her cruel intention of burying her youth and beauty within the walls of a cloister; that she might choose me as her devoted friend for life; that I might be permitted to lay at her feet all my humble savings, the produce of my past labours. I described to her in colours of loving hope the blessedness of humble domestic life in some peaceful retirement; the simple dwelling, with its little garden attached; the artist's work-room, which her presence would enliven and inspire. I trembled, and was unable to proceed. Her eyes sank beneath mine; a heavenly blush suffused and lit up her lovely face. "Such has been my dream of bliss," I added after some time; "but I see it cannot be."

Clementina rose, went to a cabinet, took out a small ebony casket richly embossed with silver, and gave it to me with the key. "It was to deliver it into your hands that I arranged this meeting at Leghorn. It belongs in part, but only in part, to the completion of

your dreams. My first thought after my father's death was to fulfil my obligations to you. I never lost sight of you from the moment of your flight from Battaglia. Fortune threw into my hands the letter which old Sebald wrote to his friend from Ravenna, with an account of your proposed journey. Tulfadini of Naples, in a private interview which I had with him, was prevailed upon to watch over your interests. He received a small sum of money to defray the expenses; enough to maintain you if necessary. I have also remunerated him with pleasure for his trouble, although the worthy man most reluctantly accepted what I offered him. By this means I had the comfort of receiving every month some tidings of you; and Tulfadini's letters have been my sole consolation since our separation. After my father's death I had a quarrel with my family respecting the property. The estates remain in the male line. I turned everything else into money, and gave up all thought of returning to my native country. My last refuge, I intended, should be a cloister. Under pretence of poverty I got rid of all my father's former establishment, as well as my own former servants, and adopted a plebeian name and station, the better to conceal myself from prying eyes. It was not until I had completed all this that I summoned you, to fulfil the vow I had sworn to heaven. The moment is now come. You have abandoned your dreams of happiness, and now for a few moments come to the dull realities of life."

She opened the casket and took out a packet of papers, carefully addressed to me; broke the seal; placed before me a list drawn up, by which I became entitled to a very considerable sum in bills on different countries, partly as debts due to me, and partly as accumulated interest, and partly as a legacy left me by my father's friend, Marian Schwarz.

"This, dear Henri," continued the Countess, "is your well-earned and deserved property. I have no further claim upon it. There is nothing left for me besides for a modest income for me; and when I renounce the world and retire into a nunnery, you will inherit a portion of what I now retain. If you indeed regard and value me, you will prove it by being for ever silent respecting my station and real name; moreover, I earnestly request that you will not utter a syllable of refusal or thanks concerning this which is your rightful inheritance. Will you agree to this?"

I heard these words with astonishment and grief, pushed aside the papers with a gesture of indifference, and said, "Do you imagine for a moment that I can value these bills? I must neither refuse you,

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nor thank you for them ! Fear neither. When you retire to a cloister everything else in the world will be to me as nothing. I want nothing. What you offer me is as dust. Oh ! Clementina, you once said that it was my soul which animated yours. Were this the case you would not hesitate to follow my example. I shall destroy these bills. What good can they do me ? Only deign to share my poverty, and be mine—mine, Clementina, for ever !”

She leaned trembling on my arm, seized my hand with both her own, and said, with tears of emotion, “ Am I not yours, Henri, for ever ?” “ But the convent ?” “ My last refuge, if you should forsake me.”

There, in the presence of the Almighty, we plighted our troth. Soon after the priest consecrated our union before the altar. We quitted Leghorn, and settled in the charming retirement where we are now living, like the Hebrew patriarch of old, surrounded by a happy group of olive branches round about our table, and the blessing of God resting upon all.

FINIS.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.



F the legion of diseases that prey upon humanity there is not one which is fraught with direr issues or which more frequently baffles the skill of the physician than that too common complaint, dyspepsia. The mind sympathises with the prostration of the body, and the imagination, abnormally active, is tortured by forebodings of coming evil. What cruel mockery to exhort the victim to rouse himself! While the cause continues the effect will continue, and though the ailment is only functional, it is a veritable ailment. Now it seems to us that at this moment the body politic is afflicted with dyspepsia. It exhibits a dulness, want of tone, and morbid anxiety not apparently warranted by the circumstances of the country. There is no symptom of organic decadence. Industrial enterprise and commerce are thriving. Our wealth has increased, and is increasing. We are exempt from the calamity of civil strife. The chronic discontent in Ireland is, we are assured, decreasing. Our colonial fellow-subjects have, by word and deed, declared their cordial attachment to the mother country. Our relations with America have vastly improved. Order and goodwill prevail in India. Yet, in spite of peace and plenty, the public mind is uneasy. The panic about war and invasion has subsided, but the fever has not gone out. The hot fit is followed by a cold fit, and the impression remains that we shall have to fight for the integrity of the empire, and that we are not prepared, or even preparing, for the inevitable conflict. There is a deep and deepening distrust as to our political prospects. Liberals and Conservatives are alike anxious. Our Constitution is on its trial, and there are signs of weakness. Our institutions *per se* are strong, and no one fears that any bad consequences will ensue from household suffrage. There is nothing alarming in the prospect of the ballot. No one doubts that the national resources are adequate for the defence of the empire. The spirit of the people is excellent. But are our leaders competent? That is the crucial question.

The old cry of "Measures, not men!" is no longer popular. Our measures are good enough, or, if not, they can be amended. Have we the men? That is the momentous point. For lack of leaders France has fallen. Germany did not make Bismarck and Moltke,

but Bismarck and Moltke have made Germany. Every chapter of history teaches the same lesson. Italy remained in bondage until Cavour came upon the scene. It was Washington who resisted the power of England, and founded the Great Republic. Hastings and Clive won for us the dominion of India. What would have become of England but for the genius and conduct of Chatham, William Pitt, Nelson, and Wellington? It betrays gross ignorance of history to assume that with the hour of trial comes the man for the crisis. Will our present statesmen conserve our strength and our liberty? The nation is disquieted by doubt, and, we submit, the doubt is due to the course pursued by the Gladstone Ministry. We have no intention of looking at the political situation through party spectacles. We propose to glance at a few facts and incidents, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. Mr. Gladstone is an able finance Minister, a ready debater, an accomplished orator, and is endowed with great political ability. We all admit that he is a singularly gifted man. Compared with him, Lord Palmerston was merely clever. But the confidence reposed in Lord Palmerston is not accorded to Mr. Gladstone. It was known that Lord Palmerston was a master of the art of government. Can Mr. Gladstone govern? What use has he made of splendid opportunities? For more than two years he has been at the head of an irresistible majority. What is the result to himself, to his party, and to the country?

It will be well to recall to mind the political events of 1866, because in that year Mr. Gladstone commenced his career as leader, and, as we shall show, acted upon a principle new in English statesmanship—a principle that was fatal to the Ministry of which he was the *de facto* chief, and which has now seriously imperilled his position. As soon as Lord Palmerston was dead, his system of government was ignored by the right hon. gentleman who succeeded him as leader of the House of Commons. The Russell-Gladstone Ministry began the session of 1866 with a clear majority of seventy. The Ministerial supporters comprised three sections, viz., Liberals, Liberal-Conservatives, and Radicals. Mr. Gladstone was fully cognisant of the tactics of his predecessor. Lord Palmerston pursued a safe middle course. He managed to pass liberal measures by the aid of the Radicals, and to check the Radical impetuosity by the aid of the Conservatives. Mr. Gladstone, not taking into account the fact that the House of Commons had been elected under the auspices of Lord Palmerston, openly and ostentatiously allied himself to the Radicals. The result was not only to consolidate the opposition against him, but to thoroughly alienate the Liberal-Conservatives.

The new Parliament was forthwith plunged into the turmoil of a Reform Bill agitation. We shall offer no criticism on the measure proposed by Mr. Gladstone, but it is noteworthy that the Opposition was increased in numbers and influence by the suggestion of dividing the measure into two parts, and first passing a Suffrage Bill and afterwards attending to the redistribution of seats. The fundamental error was bringing in a Reform Bill in 1866. The subject could have been postponed without involving any difficulty to the Ministry. A promise to deal with Reform in 1867, when the new Parliament and the reconstructed Ministry were in working order, would have satisfied the majority of the Radicals, and the Conservatives would have approved of such an evidence of caution. But the fact that the Parliament was new, though worth consideration, is not the reason for our saying that the Reform Bill should have been put off for a year. How was it that the House which rejected a £6 voting franchise in 1866 passed a Household Suffrage Bill in 1867? It was not the result of the superior tact of Mr. Disraeli. It was not due to the desire of the House to keep the Derby-Disraeli Ministry in office. It was not that the House preferred a leap in the dark to that gradual extension of the suffrage which, in 1866, Mr. Gladstone advocated, and which Mr. Bright cordially approved. It was out-door pressure which passed the 1867 Reform Bill. Just as the same force passed the first Reform Bill, Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. It has been the rule of English statesmen never to oppose public opinion, and never to anticipate it. The will of the people, not the opinions of statesmen, has been the *suprema lex*. A Minister who acts on any other principle violates the spirit of the Constitution; and must himself come to grief. A Reform Bill in 1866 was premature. The public demand was not loud enough. If it had been put off till the next year the Reformers would have evoked an expression of opinion that would have enabled Mr. Gladstone to pass his Reform Bill. But the right hon. gentleman does not believe in the text, "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." He is not content to do the work of the hour. He must be in advance of his age. Hence many of the failures of the present session. In his ambitious impatience he seeks to gather fruit from the tree which is only yet in blossom.

The 1868 Parliament is essentially a delegate Parliament. The elections turned upon the Irish Church question, and the result must have surpassed the most sanguine expectations of the Radicals and greatly disappointed the Conservatives. The confidence which Mr. Disraeli expressed at the Guildhall and his appeal to

Protestantism were, we are persuaded, sincere. But Mr. Gladstone's assurances of pacifying Ireland delighted the electors. Give Mr. Gladstone strength to abolish the State Church and to gratify the tenant-farmers with a special land law, and there was to be no more discontent. Any one could rule Ireland with the sword. It was easy enough to meet a crisis by a suspension of the Habeas Corpus; but Mr. Gladstone would establish freedom, justice, and contentment for ever. We were perplexed and worried about Ireland. Irish discontent is the thorn in our side, our reproach amongst the nations, a continual weakness to the empire. We were ready to get rid of the Irish difficulty at almost any cost. Besides, even in the Church of England an alliance with the State was no longer regarded as of paramount importance. The High Church party eschew the national name and talk of the Anglican Communion, and the Low Church party sympathise with the political views of Dissenters. We do not mean that there is any intention of disestablishing the Church of England, but these views reconciled even Churchmen to disestablishment in Ireland, for the purpose of eradicating Irish discontent. So in February, 1869, Mr. Gladstone met Parliament as Prime Minister, with a nominal majority of 110 and a working majority of 100.

The measure proposed to Parliament for the protection of life and property in Westmeath has greatly damaged the reputation of the Ministry. The provisions are exceptionally stringent; but that is not the point. Here is a Prime Minister who sneered at statesmen dead and living because they only knew how to rule Ireland by force, coming to the Legislature and asking for the suspension of the Habeas Corpus and for such powers as have never been conferred on the Irish Executive by the United Parliament. The justice and expediency of the Irish Church Act, of the Irish Land Act, and of a sharp remedy for the disgraceful state of Westmeath are admitted by those who are nevertheless distrustful of the Ministry. The beatific vision of Irish contentment is not realised. The promises which Mr. Gladstone so vehemently reiterated during his canvass of South Lancashire are not fulfilled. The policy he execrated he has been obliged to adopt. For youthful orators at the Union to propound schemes for the perfect happiness of all mankind is natural and harmless; but surely a statesman should not hug the delusion that men are as amenable to legislation as plastic clay is obedient to the will of the potter. Mr. Gladstone played the *role* of omniscience. It was not enough for him to recommend his policy as just and expedient, but he loftily declared that he should turn the hearts of

the disobedient into the wisdom of the just. Well, the people gave him plenary power; and behold the Westmeath Life and Property Protection Bill! The sincerity of Mr. Gladstone is indisputable, but, if he is teachable, he must now be aware of his indiscretion in assuming that his policy was infinitely wise and effective. But in this respect Mr. Gladstone does not seem teachable. His aspirations are not limited to improving the condition of the community, but he aims at perfection. In all he does and says there is the inference that another two or three years of his rule and the work of legislation will be complete and Parliament will be a useless if not an obsolete institution. This overweening confidence of Mr. Gladstone does not beget confidence, but distrust.

So long as Parliament was engaged with the Irish measures, the Ministry had no difficulty to contend with; but as soon as the Irish Land Act was disposed of, the Ministerial troubles commenced. Their embarrassment culminated with the war on the Continent. The continuance of Mr. Bright in the Cabinet when he could not share the actual responsibility of government was a blunder. Abroad Mr. Bright's position was regarded as a pledge of peace at any price. His retention of office was a guarantee to Russia that we should not go to war to defend our rights even if they were assailed. The Russian Government was wrong. If any nation had followed the repudiation of the 1856 Treaty, we should have gone to war with or without the concurrence of Mr. Bright; but the impression that Mr. Bright's retention of office signified peace at any price, was national and could not be removed. At home it intensified the panic. People said, "The country is in danger, but a Ministry of which Mr. Bright is a member will not increase our armaments." During the recess there was intense anxiety. If Parliament had been convoked in October or November, and the Government had asked for 200,000 soldiers and £20,000,000, the men and the money would have been voted. But the Government did nothing until February. When the war was over, when the panic had subsided, they brought forward a scheme of army reorganisation, and asked for three millions sterling. When the iron was cold they struck a blow that pleased no party. Many Radicals are offended at the increase of expenditure, and others are incensed at what they deem the culpable negligence of the Government. Why does the Ministry bring forward its army scheme with the certainty of sacrificing Radical support and influence? There is only one answer possible. The Government think our present force insufficient for the defence of the Empire. Then why those months of inaction when the danger of war was imminent? If we were safe in

October and November we are safe now. If an increase of military force is necessary now, it was doubly necessary when war was raging on the Continent, and when Russia trampled on the 1856 Treaty. Either the Radicals are right in charging the Ministry with truckling to the spirit of panic, and wasting the money of the country in a needless increase of armaments, or else the Ministry, during six months of peculiar peril, suffered the country to remain without adequate means of defence. The Government is impotent in the hour of a most palpable dilemma, and there is no escape. Can we wonder at the prevailing distrust? Are we to pay three millions because the Government think that an increase of armaments will be popular? Or were the honour and security of the country in jeopardy for six months in order that Mr. Bright might be kept in the Ministry?

We have said that the present House of Commons is by the circumstances of the 1868 election an assembly of delegates rather than representatives. It was returned to perform a specific task, and that work is done. The Ministry is now treating its supporters as if both the Government and their supporters were mere delegates. It does not appear that the relations between members and constituencies have improved. We have been accustomed to hustings pledges, but then it was well understood that the member being faithful to his party, his pledges were only to be redeemed if there was an opportunity. In spite of the profuse pledging, the House of Commons was essentially a representative, and not a delegate, body. At present we see electors giving their votes to the candidate who will actively support their crotchet, irrespective of his political creed. Party obligations are spoken of as dishonourable rather than honourable, although the only substitute for government by party is government by faction. This is bad enough, and it is rendered worse by the conduct of the Ministry, which is all things to all sections of its supporters. When Mr. Miall moved a resolution in favour of the disestablishment of the Church, the Home Secretary expressed sympathy with the abstract principle of the resolution. Mr. Gladstone made a speech in favour of extending the suffrage to women. If any five members who sit on the right of the Speaker were to propose the legalisation of Mormonism, the Government would, indeed, oppose the Bill, but, by way of conciliation, something would be said as to the abstract right of polygamy. So, at the bidding of a section of their followers, the Government gave up the Budget, the Licensing Bill, and the Local Government Bills without a contest. The Ministry is in an anomalous position. It has survived its popularity. It is in the power of a section of its

supporters. The "whip" is obliged to give as well as take. What effect a general election would have on the fortunes of the Conservative party may be uncertain, but beyond question it would be disastrous to Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Gladstone wishes to retain office he must avoid an appeal to the country. A Ministry in a minority is an evil, but then, if things are going wrong, the majority are sure to combine and oust it. But a Ministry in a majority which has lost its popularity is an evil for which there is no remedy but the effluxion of time. This is a very grave aspect of the political situation. Mr. Gladstone is so excessively yielding that what he may do no one can foretell. To save the expense and risk of an election the bulk of the Liberals will support the Government; while the Government, to prevent the certain disaster of an appeal to the country, will obey a minority of their supporters who might, by going with the Opposition, boldly inflict a fatal defeat.

When Englishmen have condemned despotic government in France, they have been told that nearly two centuries have passed since the last English revolution, and that the freedom which is a boon to a people so long blessed with civil concord cannot be enjoyed by a nation which was but yesterday in the throes of revolution. Or if Englishmen lament the discord and violence that afflict our brave and gifted neighbours, the republican writers reply that England has been the theatre of revolution, but that, happily, her revolutionary period occurred when modern Europe was in its childhood. But the truth is, there has been no revolution in England according to the French idea. There have been crises culminating in rebellion and civil war; but there has never been an attempt to sweep away the work of the past, and to reconstitute society on brand-new bases. The French have despised the past, but we reverence it and have sedulously built upon it. In the many struggles for liberty no claim has been preferred to an avowedly new right or privilege. Political philosophers have not been chosen for English leaders. There has been no clamour for the rights of man as defined by theorists, but the English have proceeded by remonstrance against oppression, and by a demand for the redress of grievances. Rights and privileges have been claimed as hereditary possessions. The British Constitution, like the British common law, is not the creature of revolution. Its birth is not only pre-historic, but before the era of tradition. It has been developed from generation to generation. It has grown from age to age, and even from day to day. It has been improved by grafting, but it is the same Constitution. These are, we admit, common-place observations, but they are also pregnant, vital truths never to be lost sight of by those who are the

guardians of the British Constitution. Precedent, not theory, has been our line of progress. Reform, not revolution, has been our policy. But now we hear a Prime Minister talking about flesh-and-blood rights, abstract rights, and first principles. Mr. Gladstone turns his back upon the past. The mere work of government is too humble for him. He claims to legislate for posterity on what he is pleased to call first principles. It is a rule of statesmanship to do as little as possible in the way of change. The Gladstone Ministry seems ready to revolutionise every institution. The Prime Minister may stigmatise this charge as unfounded and ridiculous, but nevertheless there is a general conviction that he is prepared to support changes in the laws and Constitution, not because they are manifestly expedient, but because they are in accord with a certain theory of government. This is to embark on a voyage without compass or chart. We can see what is expedient; we can only speculate on what is theoretically right in politics and government.

Mr. Lowe, after the passing of the last Reform Bill, exclaimed, "Let us educate our masters." There are a host of political teachers, but none who have more influence than acting statesmen. What sort of lesson is Mr. Gladstone teaching the people? Two or three years ago it was announced that the right hon. gentleman would contribute some papers to a semi-theological periodical on the duties of a citizen of a free State. Would he have told the citizen that his vote was a trust and a privilege to be used for the general good of the country, and not for the furtherance of any special social object? Would he have inculcated a teachable spirit, and bidden the citizen read such books and inwardly digest the lessons of history? Would he have pointed out the disastrous folly of Utopian legislation? Would he have shown that although war is an evil, yet the millennium is not come, and the nation that has not might cannot stand upon its rights? Would he, while denouncing that bigoted Conservative habit of refusing every concession to prevent revolution, also have denounced that passion for change which destroys order and ruins property? Would he have instructed the citizen that it was his solemn duty to defend and maintain his heritage of freedom, and to transmit it unimpaired if not improved, to posterity? If so, the Prime Minister's program would have been in direct contradiction to his program. Mr. Gladstone threatens to prove a Haussmann to our institutions if he has the opportunity. We are not sceptical as to the sincerity of his sentiments. He is overflowing with good intentions. He would demolish because he is thoroughly

persuaded he could replace our time-honoured institutions by more perfect institutions. The people of England are alarmed at the manifestation of his revolutionary disposition; and Mr. Gladstone is distrusted. He is a man of great mental culture and of genius. A man of very high moral character, he has almost a reputation for semi-sanctity. But he appears to misapprehend the functions of statesmanship, and assuredly he is not an adept in the art of government. There is too much reason for the national anxiety. Before the people can put their veto on the policy of revolution, what havoc may be played with those institutions which are the wonder, admiration, and envy of mankind! It is not the first time that a Ministry with a large majority has lost its popularity. It was the case with the first Reform Bill Ministry, but the statesmen of that day would not make concessions to a minority for the sake of office. The Ministry would only govern by party, and when it was a choice between the triumph of faction or resignation, they resigned. Will Mr. Gladstone be taught by the Ministerial disasters of the present session? If not, and Mr. Gladstone continues to talk about first principles, and abstract rights, and to sanction every doctrine propounded by any of his restive followers, then the Lords must come to the rescue. We do not ask the House of Lords to set itself in opposition to the will of the nation; we ask it to afford the nation a needful opportunity of giving effect to its will. It is only the House of Lords that can check and control a Ministry which has a majority in the Commons but has lost its popularity. If Mr. Gladstone does not mend his ways, the Lords, not caring for heavy exordiums, and flashy, stumpy perorations, will do their duty. Under any circumstances we hold that there ought to be an early appeal to the country. The House of Commons has accomplished the special work for which it was chosen. That being so, it is expedient that a House of Commons should be elected upon a broader—that is, a true party, and imperial platform.

M. P.



BYGONE CELEBRITIES.

BY R. H. HORNE.

III.—THE KEMBLE FAMILY—EDMUND KEAN—GRIMALDI— CHARLES KEAN—BRAHAM—PAGANINI—MADAME PASTA, &c.

YO have seen the great John Kemble is something to remember in these worse than degenerate days of the British stage. He had retired upon his laurels, more full of honours than of years; but he once, on some important occasion, reappeared upon the classic boards. I was at this time a school-boy. Some elders of the village of Edmonton had made up a party to see once more "the great John Kemble," as he was always called; and some good genius inspired them to take me with them in a post-chaise and pair, with a careful driver, and lamps for our return, as highwaymen often infested Stamford-hill. It will be understood by this that my companions, one of whom was my reverend grandfather, partook in some degree of the cautious old fogey class, notwithstanding their taste for the stage. Places had been taken by a special message sent to London, but in our hurry the tickets had been left behind, so the leading veteran proposed that we should at once strike for the pit. This was done, amidst a prodigious crowd at the doors, and an entrance was effected with such combined vigour that we managed to obtain seats not more than ten rows from the orchestra. While my guardian play-goers were wiping their foreheads, and complimenting each other under cover of banter, I devoured the play-bill. The piece selected was Addison's turgid tragedy of "Cato;" but nobody at that period regarded it in any other light than a sublime tragedy, were it only from the fact that the hero was impersonated by the great John Kemble.

John Kemble had been originally intended for a Roman Catholic priest, and was educated at the collegiate school of Douay; but the idea was abandoned—partly, no doubt, on account of his somewhat delicate health, and the indications of an asthmatic complaint. His success and supremacy on the stage must therefore be regarded as a triumph over a natural obstacle that would have been fatal with most men. He had, however, one partially counterbalancing advantage in

a singularly noble person and commanding presence. To this he added, by most careful study, every stage requirement as to carriage, while his elocution became so perfect that nobody demurred to the weak quality of his voice. The first sounds of this voice had a faint, sepulchral effect, but the measured dignity and precision of the clearly-defined syllables of every word, and the variety of the inflections, at once commanded respect and rivetted the attention. For my part, I was "all eye, all ear, all nerve" while gazing and listening to his periods; and this in a tragedy which does not contain a single line of genuine dramatic power or beauty—perhaps not even poetry, of any class. But besides the strange fascination of that asthmatic voice, as of an oracle speaking from a distant tomb, there was the grandeur of his figure in its majestic movements, and yet more in its statuesque repose. Out of the poorest words he sometimes produced wonders. And yet this was not an effect without a cause; for the words would justify it, and if not, the "situation" did so. For instance, when his son is brought in as a prisoner for desertion in face of the enemy, and he has to pass sentence upon him, he rises from his seat with the word "Prisoner" to utter; but his voice breaks off short, and he sinks down upon his seat. He then rises, and utters it distinctly. This was very striking in its emotional effect, though surpassed by his farewell paternal embraces after ordering the lictors to take his son to execution. My reverend grandsire and his friends shed trickling tears, and I wept profusely; and nobody was ashamed. In fact, every one about us was in much the same condition. (Look round a house in these days: who ever sheds a tear? Hearts and souls are there, but the "touch of nature" is wanting.) When Cato is seated in his domestic chair, a servant appears at the door to inform him that a herald from Cæsar is coming. The homely seat at once becomes a throne, and he that sits there dictates, still seated, like an Olympian god, to which effect his flowing drapery contributes, and the entire audience breaks into a thunder of applause at the grandeur with which he makes reply. And in what words? "Bid him enter!" Literally no more; but the effect of the delivery was irresistible. In the closing scene, his soliloquy on the immortality of the soul, before he kills himself—the pathos of the strangely tremulous and almost unearthly voice, rendered yet more moving by the precision of its cadence, as though self-pity and pious doubts mingled with the stern will of Roman virtue—was listened to with breathless silence and the unrestrained tears of the whole audience.

This loosening of the cords of the heart, this searching of the

springs of emotion, this stinging impulse given to the crowding and struggling thoughts, is the true object of tragic representations. Do we consider that audiences of the present day are incapable of such emotions and thoughts? I am sure the great majority are as capable as they ever were. But theatrical managers have so long insisted upon cultivating the most gross and senseless tastes that it might now take some little time to attract people to better things, if they were offered to them. But when there is a prodigal expenditure upon scenery, drapery, decorations—with music, dances, coloured lights, and female legs in profusion—and no care, or the worst, about the drama, what is to be expected? It is like Falstaff's bill to Hostess Quickly:—"All this prodigious quantity of sack! and bread, one ha'penny!" This is the state of the body, as compared with the soul, of the drama. But it is not a necessary condition of the times. The most powerful effects on the stage are confined to a dialogue of two, sometimes of three, or a scene for one—all the supernumeraries being got rid of—and nobody among the whole audience ever regarding scenes or costumes on any truly great and exciting occasions of real dramatic power. Hence the enormous expenses in accessories are so much waste (as a rule), followed by the bankruptcies of managers, because they understand nothing whatever of that art which it is expressly their business and their interest to study and put into practice. Dramatic authors and actors of a high class would speedily spring into public light were there but a few managers who, besides their "enterprise," had also the capital of brains suited to their needs.

Mrs. Siddons, the majestic sister of John Kemble, had retired some time before him; but Charles Kemble remained. He never appeared in any of the leading characters of tragedy during the reign of his elder brother; nor were his subsequent assumptions of such parts ever regarded as of the highest excellence. In such characters, however, as Petruchio and Falconbridge he surpassed all others before him (most probably) in his day—and ever since. He was too tall for the stage—some six feet two—and bulky in proportion; a prodigiously fine man for a colour-sergeant of the Royal Grenadier Guards, but not at all cut out for Hamlet. The only competitor of the great John was Mr. Young, who had many admirers. Young was a sterling actor of the classic school; but too studied, formal, and measured, both in action and declamation. The real star that appeared, we may truly say burst, like a sudden comet upon the stage after the retirement of John Kemble was the never-to-be-forgotten Edmund Kean. It will always be found that no living person who saw that man can forget him, or speak of him otherwise than the most irresistible genius

as an actor they have ever beheld. "And now you also say this," a young actor once exclaimed to me, "it *must* be true—everybody says the same." All London rapidly became excited about the new tragedian, concerning whom Lord Byron said "it was like reading Shakespeare by lightning;" and John Kemble went to see him, in company with several friends. The character was Richard III. John Kemble paid the most profound attention, without uttering any remark. After a time one of his friends ventured to say, in allusion to a peculiar huskiness that often gave a suppressed but rasping effect to his voice, "Don't you think, Mr. Kemble, that he rather *croaks* it?" "Yes," replied the sententious and magnanimous John, "but he croaks it as no other man can do." Not to gainsay the great value to all public orators of a naturally fine tone and power of voice, all experience shows (and these two great tragedians are eminent examples) that the most passionate or intense emotions are expressed by, and depend mainly upon, the attainments of elocution. It was this art of elocution that enabled an actor very inferior to both of the above (I mean the late Charles Kean), with a voice very strange, weak, and defective in the pronunciation of certain words,* to attain a permanent success and popularity, and in the very teeth and torment of a continuous opposition at the outset. In alluding, however, to the frequent huskiness of Edmund Kean, so that at times his words became inarticulate, it should be said that his action was always of a kind to render everything intelligible; and, moreover, that he had the skill to reserve his voice for certain occasions. In the profoundly pathetic closing scenes in "Othello" the voice of Edmund Kean had all the sonorous and melodious sorrow of the tones of an organ on the most solemn and heart-searching occasions. If we were to endeavour to distinguish Edmund Kean from most other tragic actors, we should say that while they appeared to be working themselves up to a passion, Edmund Kean seemed scarcely able to control himself. His passion seemed ready to burst all bounds.

After what has been said of the "great John Kemble," most readers will be surprised to hear that he "took lessons" from Grimaldi, the clown. But Grimaldi, besides being the clown of

* His pronunciation of words beginning with *me* had precisely the nasal effect of *be* when the speaker has a cold in his head. This produced several theatrical jokes. Thus:—"We now learn, for the first time, that the chief diet of the economic Shylock was *beans*. 'You take my life when you do take the *beans* whereby I live.'" Again, "It was a wonder that Macbeth did not die before the last scene, when he says, 'I could not say "ahbed"—a *bed* stuck in my throat.'"

clowns, possessed qualities of by-play, pantomime, or dumb-action, which placed him on a far higher grade. It was in this respect that John Kemble used to declare him to be the finest pantomimist and low comedian in the world. With the single exception of the by-play of Edmund Kean, nothing comparable to that of Grimaldi had ever been seen on the British stage. Certainly I never saw anything equal to it. For instance, when he played the part of Kasarak, the dumb slave of the Magician, in the beautiful and delightfully exciting Eastern piece of "Aladdin; or, The Wonderful Lamp." The version of this in our own day, being appropriately called "The Wonderful Scamp," precisely illustrates the difference between the two stages. It was in the art of suitable and graceful gesticulation that John Kemble took private lessons of Grimaldi, as did Lord Petersham and other noblemen and gentlemen of the Court. I once saw Grimaldi, on a benefit night, give the dagger-scene in "Macbeth." It was a darkened scene introduced in a pantomime, and he was in his clown's dress. Notwithstanding which, and that he only made audible a few elocutionary sounds of a few of the words, a dead silence pervaded the whole house, and I was not the only boy that trembled. Young and old seemed to vibrate with the effect upon the imagination. This may now seem incredible; but my friends, Mr. Phelps and Mr. Planché, among others, will remember it. At another time he "commanded a regiment" with such an air of hauteur, and in such unintelligible tones, that a private message was sent from the mess-room of the Horse Guards to the manager of Covent Garden, threatening the withdrawal of patronage if Mr. Grimaldi was permitted to continue "his d——d infernal foolery." One more. During the first week of a new Christmas pantomime, he sang in a *trio* entitled "An Oyster crossed in Love." He sat on the stage, close down to the lamps, between a Cod's Head and a huge Oyster (the bass, which opened and shut its valves with precision); and all the children visible in the front rows of the boxes shed tears of commiserating delight as they gazed on Grimaldi's rueful countenance, his ridiculous yet excessive sorrow making its way palpably through all the grotesque paint. On his last night, when he took leave of the stage, he appeared in a pantomime with five other clowns: all the six were dressed alike, but nobody failed to recognise Grimaldi throughout.

The Kemble family claim special remembrance as exhibiting a succession of well-merited successes in the highest walks of art, both by natural gifts and studious acquirements. Miss Fanny Kemble (afterwards Mrs. Butler) was unquestionably a great actress,

and her subsequent displays as a "reader" were of a most remarkable kind of excellence. The tragedy she published, though an ambitious mistake (it finished with the fourth act, and the fifth was made up of the bustle and show of the Battle of Pavia!) was very creditable as a first attempt, and her general literature, journals, &c., were all characterised by a rare ability and an original view of things. Her sister, Miss Adelaide Kemble, made a great and legitimate success as a vocalist on the Italian stage, in the high school of Madame Pasta, of whom she was the only true and worthy successor, her tragic acting being of a kind that no other English vocalist ever attained. Why she so soon retired from the stage we were never informed. Then we must not forget John Kemble, the younger, whose great attainments as an Anglo-Saxon scholar are sufficiently recorded in his works. He was also, at the period when I knew him (he being editor of the *British and Foreign Quarterly*), a fine horseman, and a yet finer swordsman; also learned in the classics, and in the French, Italian, and German languages, and in metaphysics. "Ah, but you should see him dance!" said a literary lady of my acquaintance—"and you should see his *bow*, on being introduced. He retires three paces—and then!" Truly, this is not a favourable country for accomplishments, which are almost as much derided as admired. I don't believe a word about the three paces. And yet—my mind misgives me.

I had well-nigh forgotten Stephen Kemble; an elder brother of Charles Kemble, and an actor of some repute in his day. The best remembered eulogy concerning him, however, is that he not only played Falstaff to admiration, but that he played the part "without stuffing," nature having already qualified him in that respect.

It is pleasing to revert to the high estimation in which the talents and character of the great John Kemble were held by all classes, and the respect and regard displayed for him in substantial acts of aristocratic circles, as well as by the popular sentiment. When Covent Garden was burnt down (the first time), and Kemble, being one of the principal proprietors, was nearly ruined, the Duke of Northumberland lent him £10,000, for which a bond was given. Kemble very often dined with the Duke subsequently, and one day, after dinner, his Grace displayed the bond in a smiling way, and then put it into the fire.

The name of "Braham" brings with it the memory of many high emotions and sentiments. In sacred music there was no one to be compared with him, in his day, and there has not been any male vocalist since of equal power. No other voice had the same quality,

for while it was a pure and sufficiently high tenor in the chest notes, it possessed a full-bodied richness that gave it a character of its own. Those who have heard Madame Trebelli, in our present day, may form a fair conception, from the matchless beauty of her natural *portamento*, of the general character of Braham's voice. This gift of voice was acknowledged in Italy, although it was added, "he is a very unfinished singer." This was true enough, as to his execution. In all his rushes, flights, and cadences, he displayed no method; in fact, they were all wrong, and resembled those of unconsciously daring amateurs, who will gallantly attempt anything. But the perfection of his articulation of the words in every song, together with his careful selection of songs that really meant something worth hearing, amply compensated with the majority for all faults, especially those which they did not perceive. His extraordinary popularity was, however, attributable to the truthfulness and energy with which he sang spirit-stirring national songs and ballads, such as "The Death of Nelson," "The Bay of Biscay," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "The Death of Abercrombie,"—in short, all his patriotic war songs, and not a few of his love-ballads. It is commonly said with regret that all a great actor or singer does dies with him. But this is not true. His influence is transmitted. I believe that the present British race is, in degree, a finer race because such men and women as Mrs. Siddons, John Kemble, Edmund Kean, Madame Pasta, and Braham have lived among us. And so with regard to all those who move and uplift the human heart and spirit, and thus encourage noble thoughts and actions. One of the displays of the mastery of Braham over his audiences was that he would sometimes come upon the stage in plain clothes, with his hat and cane in his hand, in front of the lamps, with any common scene behind him, and sing either a love-ballad, a patriotic song, or "The High-mettled Racer," and at times without any orchestral accompaniment. Self-confident and successful as this certainly was, it now and then had a touch of the ridiculous, though very few seemed to perceive this. Braham was a very bad actor, and, moreover, had not at all studied the ordinary gesticulations his songs required. He therefore came forward on these occasions (far more "trying" than he was aware of) with his hat and cane—like a gentleman just returning from "a walk"—simply because he did not know what to do with his hands. So that, after singing "Scots wha hae," when he left the stage with "Let us do—or dee"—his black hat stuck out as a target, his cane thrust forth shaking, as his claymore, there might have been half a dozen in the pit whose enthusiasm with his song was not unmingled with

suppressed laughter at the odd grin of his face and his most unromantic gesticulation. But the mass of the audience never noticed this, and the house roared with applause.

For a time Braham had one rival as to popular songs and ballads. This was Incedon, whose wonderful tenor voice and clear articulation of the words were, perhaps, equal to those qualities in Braham, and he was a far better actor. He was not to be surpassed in his rendering of many of Dibdin's songs, such as "Black-eyed Susan," "Sally in our Alley," "Poor Tom Bowling;" while his gesticulation in the fine song of "Mad Tom" placed him above all other singers of that class. He was great in "drinking songs;" but, alas! his beautiful voice left him, and his teeth fell out, and in mid-way of life he became a wreck, and was heard no more.

"Mankind," says Du Bourgh in the introduction to his book "On the Violin"—"mankind may be divided into two classes—those who play the violin, and those who do not." As this humorous definition of course includes all those who play it in a way not fit to be heard, it will be understood that the former class is more numerous than would at first be supposed. Be this as it may, the art of playing this wonderful little instrument called "the little viola"—*violino* being the diminutive of *viola* *—in any degree of mastery is acquired only by very few even among those professors who give the work of their whole lives to it. And now as to the "Magician!"

Let the reader—may I say spectator, as his portrait is about to be presented?—let the reader or spectator imagine one of the tallest men he ever saw, and the very thinnest. He is really like a skeleton dressed in an evening suit of black—and he looks the blackest personage ever seen who was not born of that colour and race. He wears a narrow, loose white neckerchief, but no pins, rings, or jewelry of any kind. His head is very high, very narrow, and bald, but he has a profusion of long, coal-black, snaky ringlets, hanging down just behind his ears, and falling in disorder over his narrow, bony shoulders. His face is sunken and sallow, but with an expression of something lofty, yet restrained. His arms are long, the hands large and yellow, and the fingers bony and strong, and of unusual length. His eyes are deep set, and gleaming with a sort of secret or hidden light, as from a flame concealed behind them. His nose is a long

* I am indebted to a dear friend of former days—Mr. Leigh Hunt—for this bit of musical archæology. He referred me to several of the old allegorical paintings in which angels, seated on the clouds in Heaven, are playing very large violins—in fact, they are violas, which preceded the more compact and perfect violino.

aquiline, and his jaws lanthorn. The first impression of him is something between that of the Devil and Don Quixote. His age appears to be about fifty-five. We are speaking of his first appearance in London; and before this he had been comparatively unknown in this country, and quite unheard of by the mass of the people. So many are the years of labour and struggle it sometimes requires to become duly recognised amidst the crowd and pressure of all sorts of rival talents and other difficulties; so brief is the period with such men when success comes at last.

Of course Paganini had first earned his reputation on the Continent, or he would not have been invited to the Italian Opera in London. However, this eventually occurred, and then his foreign reputation, being duly paraded and posted, a very crowded house assembled for the concert on his opening night. There is no orchestra in front. The curtain rises, and the orchestra is seen ranging upwards at the back of the scene. His figure and face have been portrayed. A symphony plays, and pauses. A tall black skeleton protrudes its head and shoulders at the side entrance, and advances with a stealthy gesture as of "a thing forbid." It is the Magician with his violin. He bows very low—almost ironically; then rises, and from that moment takes no more heed of the presence of the audience than if the house were empty. To describe his marvellous performance words are inadequate, and yet one is bound to say something.

I had previously heard all the other celebrities of the time on this instrument, and had supposed that nothing could surpass what their life-long labours produced. It was felt, however—and this feeling and opinion was the common one—that no other living player could be called second to Paganini, the interval being of a kind that put all resemblance or approach to him clean out of the question. The quality of his tone was of the richest, and sometimes exuberant, and seemed to overflow, so to speak, not only the bounds of what a musical note can bear, but what the hearer can bear. Many were the persons of keen musical sensibility who averred that they often felt his tones in the roots of their hair, and even at times vibrating and tingling throughout their whole being. His powers and skill in expression were of a kind to produce alternately tears, laughter, astonishment, the noblest emotions, and the most beautiful or eccentric fancies. No wonder that his hearers shed tears when he could make the violin itself appear to weep. His execution surpassed belief, even with those who were present, as it seemed impossible that a single instrument could give the effect sometimes of half a dozen. His double-stopping was as rapid as any other player's single

notes, and he could make a rapid cadence of single notes by the power and art of the fingers only, and while waving the bow in the air. Indeed, his bow was continually seen flourishing in the air like a magic wand, as a signal or command to the orchestra behind him. While his powers of expression varied from deep passion to the most delicate shades of emotion, he had also a descriptive and even imitative faculty which led him now and then into effects that laid him open to accusations of foul play and illegitimate means from instrumentalists who were incapable of such strikingly ingenious feats. For example, one of the pieces (for, unlike the common run of meaningless execution, all his pieces really did mean something, and often conveyed definite pictures to the imagination) was called "The Witches under the Walnut Tree." You heard—let me say you *saw*—an old beldame come hobbling along in the twilight of evening. She is evidently toothless and lame. Her faltering, mumbling old song quite suggests this as she advances towards the foot of the walnut tree. Presently another beldame, with a different voice, advances to a somewhat different measure. The two meet and confer together in a weird dialogue—not merely singing, but *talking*. When it came to this pass, the audience exploded with one accord in an overwhelming applause. But the Magician proceeded, without taking any notice of this, and the noise speedily sank down to its previous hush of silence. The old hags then sang a sort of quailing, toothless duet; then came whizzing and whistling wind, rushes of rain, and the gloom of midnight. Then it cleared off, and some bird sang in the upper branches of the tree, in shrill cold notes indicative of dawn breaking; and then, in the far distance, we distinctly, though faintly, heard a cock crow. There could be no doubt of it, nor of any of these effects. Everybody felt it, and the triumph of Paganini in London was complete.

Paganini was the first to demonstrate—and he did it to perfection—the capabilities of a single string in music. His grand solo, on the fourth string, of the prayer from "Moise en Egypto" was at once a triumph of musical expression and of artistic skill. All sorts of romantic stories were circulated about him in consequence, and among others that he had committed some terrible crime in his youth, and been shut up in a dungeon for many years; but during the last ten years he was allowed by a sardonic gaoler to have a violin with one string. Paganini was eventually compelled to "write to the *Times*" explaining that these tales were fabrications; and that, having conceived the idea of a solo on a single string, "one day taught another." He subsequently played various pieces of classical music, but the

impassioned and the imaginative were his *forte*. In these qualities, as in his general powers over the instrument, he had never been approached previously, and he has never been equalled, by a long way, ever since. In quartette-playing and other classical music he has no doubt been equalled, possibly surpassed, by several of the great violinists who have followed him. Those who in the higher flights of fancy and feeling have most nearly approached him are Ernst, Ole Bull, Miska Hauser, and Joachim—the latter especially in his “Trillo di Diablo,” by Tartini, though the German phlegm of his bearing does not come up to the Italian fire. But although some of these latter artists may really be admitted to be perfect, still they are not like the never-to-be-forgotten “Magician.” One or two detractors of his memory and his “so potent art” have feebly endeavoured to show that his miraculous skill was a sort of trick, and that he won his laurels by foul play; but you will always find that these people can do nothing of the sort themselves,—and never heard him. The rarest qualities of a great artist are high passion and imagination. These are gifts of nature; the rest must be the labour of years.

This last remark brings me to Madame Pasta. She also had gifts from Heaven, but a vast amount of earthly work and mortification had to be done and suffered. The first appearance of Madame Pasta in London produced no effect, owing to a combination of causes, the chief of which were her nervousness and immature powers, added to the opposition of rivals at all the narrow doors that lead to fame. She went back to Italy, and returned in a few years to solve the problem of the consummation of the arts of singing and acting—in her own person and performance to display, to elucidate, and establish the principle and form the school which, for the first time, happily united two arts that had been previously regarded as essentially distinct, if not, as some still think, opposed. Madame Pasta at once took the position of the first singer of her time, and the greatest tragic actress. It was curious that she should have been called “the Siddons of the Italian stage” at a period when it was little expected that the granddaughter (Adelaide Kemble) of that illustrious actress would, as the successor of Madame Pasta, prove the highest ornament of the English operatic stage.

The term “English opera” makes us pause for a moment. What has become of it? It is gone; and all has become Italian and French, and we may soon expect a trial of the German vocalists. A manager was heard to say the other day, in explanation, “You see, people *will* go to hear what they don’t understand!” This looks very true, and no doubt it is; and yet, as I have already remarked,

the public, having little else offered to them, as a rule, have no choice ; but it may be fairly argued that at least an equal patronage would be bestowed upon intelligible things if equal pains were taken to find them, and to present them. Had the management of the *Globe* expended half the cost and care in construction and dramatic rendering that they have so prodigally bestowed upon exquisite costumes, scenery, and properties, the very clever *Opera Bouffe* in English would (with judicious curtailments) have most probably been a great success on its first production.*

The great *forte* of Madame Pasta was the tragic. Her distinguishing characteristic was the rare union of the highest attributes of power, tenderness, and grace. Her power was full of majestic dignity, of tragic awe, of agonized passion, and of profound and solemn pathos ; her tenderness was a divine sweetness that either caused tears to flow, or called up thoughts "too deep for tears ;" her grace was the matchless union of unaffected nature and high classic art. Her attitudes and the groups she arranged were often like statuary, and of the finest kind ; and it is clearly no reproach to say that they had been long and carefully studied, when the effect was so nobly graceful and had so natural an appearance. In her singing she introduced a new principle and a new style. The new principle—new in the best sense of the term—was that of applying an imaginative comprehension to the words which she sang, or rather to the passion of the scene which the poor unworthy verse of the Italian *libretti* had to convey. Many of the most terrible scenes in "Medea," "Semiramide," "Norma," &c., read like nonsense, or extemporaneous doggerel. While all the other Italians sang with misplaced energy and other false emotions, Madame Pasta displayed all the feelings with strict reference to their dramatic conditions. The new style she introduced was that of a finely-judged distribution of light and shade, applied both to slow movements and to rapid executive passages ; but never for the sake of mere display of the vocal art, and always in accordance with the spirit of the scene. She had the highest personal advantages in her grand classic head and face, and the form of the arms and bust of "heroic mould." She had some personal defect in shortness and heaviness of form ; but this she converted into a merit in tragic parts, by an erect and majestic carriage and bearing, so that it conveyed a certain moral weight of

* And even now, various improvements having been effected, there seems to be a great probability of its increasing success, aided more especially by the interpolation of Mr. E. Gaston's pure and lovely melody of "Beautiful Star," at the opening of the third act.

power, approaching at times to the effect experienced in looking at antique sculpture. In the same way she converted the lower tones of her voice (a high *soprano* with acquired lower notes), which were husky and hoarse, into a means of tragic effect, by giving them a solemn and sepulchral character. It is by such means that true genius creates materials for itself out of every element which nature has given it to work upon. One of the most terrible and awe-inspiring scenes ever witnessed upon a stage, was her exit as Medea to destroy her children by the faithless Jason. Pasta stood alone, unrivalled and unapproached as a dramatic singer, at every fresh appearance she made in this country or in any other. She created a school of the highest class, in which the majority of singers have studied with more or less benefit; but the true spiritual follower in England first came to light in the person of Miss Adelaide Kemble. With certain differences and peculiarities, in the shades rather than in the elements of power, Miss Kemble became the Pasta of the English stage.

About the period that Madame Pasta had passed the meridian of her fame as a singer (she always remained the finest tragic actress of her day), and her voice was gradually losing the flexibility which had cost her so much labour to acquire, there had arisen several fine singers in Italy, Germany, France, and also in England. I pass over the original style, finished method, and musical expression of Pisaroni (a *contralto* voice), the exquisite bird-like execution of Sontag, the fine voice and style of Ronzi de Begnis, Caradori, and others, because (excepting Pisaroni) they were not at all dramatic, and only sought for individual effect as fine singers, neither knowing nor caring anything about the purport of the scene. I also pass over the male singers for the same reason—but excepting Zuchelli, the elder Galli, and De Begnis. As to the tenors, they were all posterous. A more absurd sight than the windy fury of Curioni as Otello was seldom exhibited on any stage, unless in the subsequent *acting* of the finest tenor of the time, Rubini, who played the part exactly like a black kettle-drummer. I come at once to those who sang dramatically at that previous period of which I was speaking.

Madame Pasta, having so triumphantly established the school of dramatic singing, Zuchelli, Galli, and “the great” Lablache rapidly sprang up and rallied round her. I do not by any means wish to infer that Pasta was their model; there were no resemblances between her and any one else; but she gave the primary impulse to genuine acting, as united with music, and led the way “far, far ahead of all.”

Except when she was supported by those I have just named, the deficiency of the Opera, as a whole, was but too generally felt. It was this fact which caused the husband of Madame Pasta, when asked by what *corps opératique* any particular opera was performed, to make the habitual reply, "Ma femme—et cinq ou six poupées!" But "stars" of her own sex were very slow even in attempting to appear till Pasta was just passing her zenith.

I do not know whether Miss Adelaide Kemble was a pupil of Madame Pasta in the literal sense; but a pupil she certainly had been in the most complete sense of the term. She was the true follower of Pasta, in imaginative purpose and artistical method, both of singing and acting. And she was the only genuine and entire follower that has yet appeared among the many who have more or less worked after the original model. It is a curious fact that Miss Kemble's person had a considerable resemblance to that of Madame Pasta, especially in the head, bust, and arms. Miss Kemble's voice was a high soprano of fine tone and great flexibility. Her lower notes were acquired, and had not the degree of power or quality which the profound tragic expression of her singing at times required. She had, however, what singers term "a gift of voice," viz., a something peculiar to herself, or beyond the acquirement of study, though perfected by practice. I allude to the power she had of drawing a long note—sustaining and softening it—and refining it till it seemed to issue from aerial distance; when it assumed a fine, subtle, vibratory tone, which was like something more than a human voice, and might be imagined to come from the "heavenly spheres."

Sic transit gloria! a common-place quotation, but of never-ending application; like the sighs of the passing breeze among the laurels that at present adorn a few heads, and are wafted onwards among the funeral urns and flowers of Kensal Green, or any other abode of pathetic silence and suggestive mystery.

APPROXIMATE RESULTS OF THE CENSUS.



OUR figures are unofficial. We are not permitted to peep over the shoulder of the Registrar-General, or to interrupt for a moment his army of arithmeticians at their tremendous calculations. The Census of the United Kingdom for 1871, the eighth decennial stock-taking of the population of these islands in the present century, began on the morning of the 3rd of April, just two months ago, and the figures are now in that wonderful statistical machine which will turn out three or four thick volumes of most excellent political science and social philosophy some few months hence. Until then we cannot know with anything like certainty or completeness what changes have been taking place since the collection of the schedules of 1861. The first instalment of official information from the Registrar-General will come towards the close of this month of June, in the shape of rough totals of the numbers of children between the ages of three and five years and five and thirteen years respectively, in certain boroughs, townships, and parishes, for the use of the School Boards. After that, within three months of the 1st of May, the country will be furnished with the gross total of the population of the United Kingdom, and the number of persons in the chief towns, and probably in the townships and parishes of the registration districts. These figures the Registrar-General has promised to substitute in his next Quarterly Return of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, for the columns of "estimated population" which have appeared in these reports since 1861.

While all this laborious statistical business is in progress, and while we wait—first, for the preliminary instalments, and afterwards for the stupendous Blue Books, there is no reason why we should not amuse ourselves a little, and whet our appetite for what is to come, by examining the figures which have, so to speak, leaked out from the bundles of schedules on their way to the great official reservoir. Every county, every town, almost every parish knows something by this time about the numbers of its population on the night of April 2. The local collectors have not kept the secret, and the result is that we have a huge pile of sum-totals and tabulated statements before us to-day, in whose general correctness, unofficial as they are, we have a good deal of faith. Let us see what we can make of them.

We will begin with the large towns, and supply a few old figures to compare with the new :—

| | POPULATION IN | | |
|------------------------|---------------|---------|---------|
| | 1851. | 1861. | 1871. |
| Liverpool | 375,955 | 443,834 | 488,845 |
| Manchester | 316,213 | 357,974 | 379,295 |
| Salford | 85,108 | 101,367 | 124,825 |
| Birmingham | 232,841 | 296,076 | 342,505 |
| Ashton | 66,852 | 94,995 | 139,986 |
| Sheffield | 135,310 | 186,178 | 240,405 |
| Leeds | 172,270 | 207,140 | 259,200 |
| Hull | 84,690 | 97,661 | 118,130 |
| Newcastle-on-Tyne | 87,784 | 109,108 | 127,618 |
| Bradford | 103,778 | 106,218 | 145,716 |
| Sunderland | 67,394 | 90,704 | 111,910 |
| Bristol | 137,328 | 154,495 | 181,742 |
| Wolverhampton | 49,885 | 60,860 | 68,235 |
| Norwich | 68,195 | 74,865 | 80,382 |
| Leicester | 60,584 | 68,275 | 95,193 |
| Nottingham | 57,407 | 74,987 | 86,619 |
| Plymouth | 52,221 | 59,500 | 66,500 |
| Brighton | 69,673 | 77,693 | 90,013 |
| Oldham | 72,357 | 72,334 | 82,623 |
| Preston | 69,542 | 82,888 | 85,408 |
| Bolton | 61,171 | 70,395 | 82,888 |
| Dudley | 37,962 | 44,975 | 43,765 |
| Blackburn | 46,536 | 63,126 | 82,926 |
| Stourbridge | 7,847 | 68,717 | 74,619 |
| Warrington | 23,363 | 39,739 | 50,064 |

Between the smaller of these well-populated English towns and some others which might have been added there is not much difference, and perhaps we have drawn the line arbitrarily. They are not, however, selected with a purpose. We take a quarter of a hundred from the top of the list, and see what facts they will yield. Of course there is a considerable increase of population. Only a blight falling upon houses and shops and factories and people, can prevent large towns from growing larger in a country like this. The one exception in the twenty-five is the case of Dudley, which is reported to be overdone with rating. We question the validity of the defence. Local rates, if the money collected is spent judiciously among the ratepayers, are not so injurious as many economists would have us believe. Dudley must give a better account of herself. It is not enough, however, to know that the number of inhabitants of these large towns increases upon the whole. We must inquire into the rate of progress. For this purpose the figures must be added up, and they give the following results :—

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| | 1851. | 1861. | 1871. |
| Totals of the twenty-five towns .. | 2,542,266 | 3,104,104 | 3,649,412 |

These are large figures and important ones. They show, in the first place, that in twenty years a town population of two millions and a half has increased to more than three millions and a half. But as we

reckoned up all our gains in 1851, and took credit for them to the utmost, it concerns us now to see what relation the rate of growth in the last ten years bears to that of the period between 1851 and 1861. The figures stand thus :—

Increase of population in the twenty-five towns between 1851 and 1861, 561,838
 " " " " " " 1861 and 1871, 545,308

Our progress has been less by 16,530 in these chief centres of provincial population in the last than in the preceding ten years, and the difference in ratio is of course greater than in numbers. We have had the larger figures to grow upon instead of the smaller. Speaking roundly, the increase between 1851 and 1861 was at a little more than 22 per cent., and between 1861 and 1871 less than 19 per cent. In 1861 the ratio of growth in England and Wales had been 12 per cent. The figures will in all probability be much less this time, since there is a reduction of more than 3 per cent. on the largest of the towns, while the population in some of the rural districts continues to decrease, though at a rate, upon the whole, we believe, less rapid than in the previous ten years.

Another way to compare these totals with what they would have been had the rate of progress been uniform throughout the twenty years, is to place them by the side of the "estimated population in the middle of the year 1871," which appears in the last quarterly return of births, marriages, and deaths. We have had to supply these figures in the cases of Stourbridge and Warrington, which do not appear in the Registrar's estimates. In obtaining those two items we have adopted the Registrar's method, and, adding the totals, we get these figures :—

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Official estimated population of these twenty-five towns in the middle of 1871 | 3,774,252 |
| Actual population | 3,649,412 |
| Deficiency | 124,840 |

These results will materially affect the calculations in which the Registrar-General has indulged, quarter by quarter, during the last nine years. They will necessitate a thorough revision of the conclusions which he has based on his estimates. The death-rate of these large towns will appear in many cases considerably higher on the actual than on the estimated population. Public attention has already been called to this point, especially in the case of Birmingham and Hull, since the issue of the last quarterly return. The estimated population of the great capital of the Midlands was 378,574; the schedules give only 342,505. Liverpool: estimate, 526,225; census, 488,845. Sheffield: estimate, 255,247; census,

240,405. Newcastle: estimate, 136,293; census, 127,618. Hull: estimate, 139,195; census, 118,130. The discrepancies in these cases necessitate considerable alteration in the bill of mortality, thus:—

| | Estimated Death-rate. | Actual Death-rate. |
|------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Birmingham | 25·5 | 28·0 |
| Liverpool | 43·7 | 45·9 |
| Sheffield | 25·2 | 26·7 |
| Newcastle | 26·5 | 28·3 |
| Hull | 20·7 | 23·8 |

In Manchester the rate of increase has been less—and in Salford greater—in the last than in the previous decennial period, but in these cases the Registrar's estimate, for some special reason, has been nearly correct. When other data are available he does not base his calculations upon the ratio of progress shown in the previous census. In Leeds and Bristol the pace has been accelerated. The difference in these two instances is as follows:—

| | |
|---|---------|
| Leeds, estimated population in 1871 | 246,108 |
| Ditto, census return, 1871 | 259,200 |
| Bristol, estimate in 1871 | 173,364 |
| Ditto, census, 1871 | 181,742 |

Of Bristol and Leeds, therefore, the next mortality return will be an improvement upon the last. It will be necessary for sanitary reformers to look to these results as soon as the official census is published, and to suspend judgment in the meantime upon the relative condition of health in the different towns and localities.

It is worth while for a moment to compare the gross population of these twenty-five towns with two earlier census returns:—

| | | |
|---|--|-----------|
| Population of the above twenty-five towns in 1801 | | 764,527 |
| Ditto ditto in 1841 | | 2,207,763 |
| Ditto ditto in 1851 | | 2,542,266 |
| Ditto ditto in 1861 | | 3,104,104 |
| Ditto ditto in 1871 | | 3,649,412 |
| Increase in the first forty years of the century | | 1,443,236 |
| Ditto 1841-51 | | 334,503 |
| Ditto 1851-61 | | 561,838 |
| Ditto 1861-71 | | 545,308 |

From this it appears that the rate of increase between 1841 and 1851 in these twenty-five towns was a little more than 15 per cent. against 22 per cent. in the period 1851-61, and 19 per cent. in 1861-71. The most prosperous time in the century for our large centres of population was the ten years which followed immediately upon the first International Exhibition. After that came the great wars in Italy, Denmark, Germany, and the United States. We began the half-century well, but some of the worst disasters the world has seen since the battle of Waterloo are those which we have passed through since 1859.

It is hardly possible to follow any distinct system in examining the remainder of the miscellaneous returns of the census of 1871 which lie before us. They are numerous, but the many gaps render comprehensive classification impossible. Having done for a time with the twenty-five large towns, we will take the others in batches as they rise :—

| | 1851. | 1861. | 1871. |
|-------------------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Ashton-under-Lyne | 29,791 | 34,522 | 32,030 |
| Barnsley | 13,437 | 17,885 | 23,021 |
| Gateshead | 25,568 | 33,587 | 48,561 |
| Carlisle | 26,310 | 29,417 | 31,286 |
| Exeter | 32,818 | 33,738 | 34,590 |
| Cheltenham | 35,051 | 39,671 | 41,924 |
| Chester | 27,766 | 31,109 | 35,666 |
| Derby | 40,609 | 51,041 | 62,312 |
| Halifax | 33,582 | 57,000 | 65,324 |
| York | 36,303 | 40,377 | 43,796 |
| Totals | 305,235 | 368,347 | 418,510 |
| Increase | 1851-61 | 63,109 | |
| Ditto | 1861-71 | 50,063 | |

We are travelling in these ten boroughs at a much slower rate than in the twenty-five large centres of population, and the increase is retarded in a much more marked degree. Try another batch :—

| | 1851. | 1861. | 1871. |
|----------------------|---------|---------|---------|
| Accrington | 7,481 | 17,698 | 21,787 |
| Clifton | 17,634 | 21,375 | 26,315 |
| Darlington | 11,228 | 43,081 | 49,795 |
| Doncaster | 12,052 | 18,184 | 24,774 |
| Devonport | 38,180 | 45,224 | 45,483 |
| Macclesfield | 39,048 | 36,095 | 35,571 |
| Middlesborough | 7,431 | 18,992 | 43,047 |
| Stoke-on-Trent | 57,942 | 71,292 | 89,230 |
| Tynemouth | 29,170 | 32,550 | 37,614 |
| Whitby | 10,989 | 11,988 | 12,967 |
| Totals | 231,155 | 316,479 | 386,583 |
| Increase | 1851-61 | 85,324 | |
| Ditto | 1861-71 | 70,104 | |

Making another chance experiment, we arrive at a similar result :—

| | 1851. | 1861. | 1871. |
|--|---------|---------|---------|
| Bromsgrove | 4,426 | 10,823 | 11,791 |
| Bedford | 11,693 | 13,412 | 16,851 |
| Bath | 54,240 | 52,534 | 52,571 |
| Southampton | 35,505 | 43,414 | 47,542 |
| Cambridge | 27,814 | 26,361 | 30,074 |
| Worcester | 27,528 | 31,123 | 29,747 |
| Canterbury | 18,398 | 20,961 | 20,599 |
| Colchester | 19,443 | 23,730 | 26,315 |
| Gloucester | 17,572 | 34,634 | 41,319 |
| Halifax | 33,582 | 19,268 | 23,185 |
| Totals | 250,201 | 276,260 | 299,994 |
| Increase on these ten towns, 1851-61 | | 26,059 | |
| Ditto | | 1861-71 | 23,734 |

No variation appears in the conclusions, though we select the examples quite without regard to the probable result. There are a few more important towns to which we will apply the same test.

| | 1851. | | 1861. | | 1871. |
|---|----------------|------|----------------|------|----------------|
| Shrewsbury | 19,681 | | 25,802 | | 27,252 |
| South Shields | 28,974 | | 35,239 | | 43,844 |
| Wigan | 31,941 | | 38,238 | | 39,005 |
| Salisbury | 11,657 | | 12,278 | | 13,844 |
| Scarborough | 12,915 | | 18,377 | | 24,081 |
| Stafford | 11,829 | | 12,532 | | 13,777 |
| Newcastle-under-Lyme | 10,569 | | 12,636 | | 15,547 |
| Torquay | 7,903 | | 16,419 | | 22,000 |
| Totals | 135,469 | | 171,521 | | 199,350 |
| Increase on the eight towns 1851-61 | | | | | 36,052 |
| Ditto | | | | | 27,829 |

The returns of four large towns on the Tyne (Newcastle, Gateshead, Tynemouth, and South Shields), have been added together and analysed in this fashion, and we will quote the figures:—

| | 1851. | | 1861. | | 1871. |
|------------------------------|---------------|------|---------|------|---------|
| Total of the four towns | 171,496 | | 211,955 | | 257,637 |
| Increase | 1851-61 | | | | 40,450 |
| Ditto | 1861-71 | | | | 45,682 |

These returns have been picked out for the purpose of demonstrating the increasingly flourishing condition of the towns on the Tyne. They are an exception to the general rule, and the exception applies only to Gateshead and South Shields—not to Newcastle or Tynemouth.

We will be satisfied with these examples, showing an almost uniformly diminishing ratio of increase in the first, second, and third rate towns of England; but before we turn to the rural districts we will set down the census for the only part of London with respect to which any figures have been published:—

| | 1851. | | 1861. | | 1871. |
|-----------------|---------------|------|---------|------|---------|
| Islington | 74,371 | | 155,341 | | 213,749 |
| Increase | 1851-61 | | | | 80,970 |
| Ditto | 1861-71 | | | | 58,408 |

In the first period the population more than doubled; in the last ten years the increase is at the rate of only about 27 per cent. There are, no doubt, districts of the metropolis which have increased in population at a larger ratio than Islington, but it will need a very great development elsewhere to make up for the comparative deficiency in this enormous parish. We do not anticipate an increase upon the whole metropolitan districts equal to the extraordinary growth of population in the period between 1851 and 1861.

We have the returns of thousands of country parishes before us,

but we cannot encumber these pages with those small details. We will quote a few union districts, which must be taken at random :—

| | | | |
|---|---------|---------|---------|
| | 1851. | 1861. | 1871. |
| Bedford District Parishes | 14,830 | 24,651 | 24,814 |
| Wisbeach Union | 36,214 | 33,309 | 34,146 |
| Thirteen Parishes, Bridgenorth Union .. | 7,098 | 7,352 | 7,243 |
| Warwick Union | 41,934 | 44,040 | 48,845 |
| Glossop Union | 19,587 | 21,198 | 20,684 |
| Auckland Union..... | 20,083 | 50,510 | 69,153 |
| Totals | 139,746 | 181,060 | 204,885 |
| Increase | 1851-61 | 41,314 | |
| Ditto | 1861-71 | 23,825 | |
| Linton Union (Cambridgeshire) | 14,148 | 13,509 | 13,764 |
| Bottisham Sub-district | 3,464 | 3,373 | 3,582 |
| Martley (Worcester) Union | 13,811 | 15,098 | 16,292 |
| Gloucester Union | 31,645 | 34,634 | 41,319 |
| Wargrave (Berks) | 6,443 | 6,650 | 7,844 |
| St. Thomas (Exeter) | 48,806 | 48,338 | 49,249 |
| Totals | 118,317 | 121,602 | 132,050 |
| Increase | 1851-61 | 3,285 | |
| Ditto | 1861-71 | 10,448 | |
| Penzance (Cornwall) Union | 53,517 | 54,207 | 53,983 |
| Launceston (Cornwall) Union | 16,773 | 17,005 | 17,140 |
| Evesham Union | 14,463 | 14,764 | 15,609 |
| Stow-on-the-Wold (Oxfordshire) | 9,932 | 9,687 | 9,621 |
| St. Faith's (Norfolk) | 11,890 | 11,177 | 10,901 |
| Thetford (Norfolk) | 19,040 | 9,927 | 9,344 |
| Bungay (Suffolk) | 6,539 | 6,398 | 6,331 |
| Atherstone | 11,448 | 12,071 | 11,830 |
| Tamworth | 13,996 | 15,551 | 16,807 |
| Totals | 157,598 | 150,787 | 151,566 |
| Decrease | 1851-61 | 6,811 | |
| Increase | 1861-71 | 779 | |

In portions of the agricultural districts the tendency of the population to decrease, manifested so decidedly in the last census, continues, but the decline is generally less strongly marked; and, judging not merely by the figures we have given, but from a far larger number which we have no space for in these pages, we think the country districts of England as a whole will show a more favourable report than in 1861, relatively, if not absolutely; though there is a reported decline of something like 6,000 in the entire population of Cornwall, owing to an extensive collapse in tin mining, and consequent distress and emigration of the labouring population. The Okehampton Union in Devonshire is a very good instance of the process going on in many of the rural districts: there is a slight increase upon the last census, but not enough to counterbalance the loss in 1851-61.

From the mass of figures before us we select a few items of special

interest. Here are the returns for the charming little historic island off the Hampshire coast :—

| | 1851. | | 1861. | | 1871. |
|--------------------|--------|----|--------|----|---------|
| Isle of Wight..... | 49,819 | .. | 55,362 | .. | 65,903. |

This is an exceptional instance of accelerated increase. There has been no such addition to the population of the island in any previous ten years in the century. In 1801 the figures were 22,097. They have nearly trebled in the seventy years. In the period between 1851 and 1861 the growth was about on a par with that of the whole Kingdom ; in the ten years just ended the proportion of increase has been greater than that of twenty-five of the largest towns in England.

Among the comparatively few instances of vast increase in this decade are two towns engaged in the iron trade in the north-eastern district :—

| | 1851. | | 1861. | | 1871. |
|----------------------------------|-------|----|--------|----|--------|
| Middlesborough-on-the-Tees | 7,631 | .. | 18,999 | .. | 43,047 |
| Jarrow-on-the-Tyne | 3,835 | .. | 6,398 | .. | 24,228 |

In the Scilly Isles the population has fallen from 2,651 in 1851, and 2,323 in 1861, to 2,075 in 1871, owing to a depression in the shipbuilding trade.

The popular watering-places almost without exception show a very large increase. We have given an example in Torquay. The population of the Isle of Thanet has grown from 31,791 in 1861 to 41,143 in 1871, owing chiefly, but not entirely, to the great development of Ramsgate and Margate. Evidence of a rapid process of increase in the town population of Scotland may be given :—

| | 1851. | | 1861. | | 1871. |
|-----------------|---------|----|---------|----|---------|
| Edinburgh | 160,302 | .. | 168,121 | .. | 201,067 |
| Glasgow | 344,986 | .. | 440,000 | .. | 560,000 |
| Dundee | 80,080 | .. | 90,417 | .. | 122,947 |

In the comparatively thinly populated country districts of Scotland there appears to be generally either a small increase in the ten years, or a decrease of less importance than that of the period between 1851-61. Among the anecdotes of the census-taking related on good authority, is one, connected with the collection of the schedules at Dundee, at once characteristic and honourable :—


“In a district where an enumerator was removed for neglect of duty, the keeper of a lodging-house for the *clans* of nomads who supply our streets with music and our housewives with smallwares showed great good sense. The enumerator had omitted to leave a schedule at this house, as well as many others, and the landlord, knowing that his house was sure to be filled on the Sunday evening, borrowed a schedule from a neighbour, bought a sheet of foolscap, and then, spreading the paper out before an educated tramp, told him he would get ‘a stunning breakfast’ on

Sunday if he ruled that sheet same as the schedule, and wrote down the names of the in-dwellers on Sunday. Thirty-six names were thus secured, the majority of which would have been lost had not the landlord's sense of law atoned for the enumerator's neglect."

It is impossible to form even an approximate estimate of the grand total of the population of the country. We can only observe the general tendency of the figures. They point, in the first place, with tolerable certainty, to the fact of a large reduction, in the town population, on the rate of increase of the previous ten years. The addition on that account will probably be quite one-fourth less than in 1861. In the second place, they indicate in a slight degree a more settled disposition in the rural districts. The migration from country to town appears to have been less rapid than in the previous period, and we do not anticipate, on the whole, any large reduction in the purely agricultural parishes upon the figures of 1861.

These ten years do not form an altogether satisfactory period. Great events have happened around us and among us, the like of which we hope never to see again. We have been interrupted time after time at our work, and have been called upon to be spectators of scenes which have tried our hearts, and our patience, and our pockets. We trust the worst of these disturbances are past. A useful and instructive book might be written on the influences that have been in operation in these two decades, and their results. The materials at present are incomplete, but the forthcoming Blue Books from the office of the Registrar-General will furnish a text on which historians and moralists and political economists may preach to good effect.

One lesson of the census must have almost immediate attention. It is necessary to take stock more frequently of our population and of the employment in which our people are engaged. The country will not be satisfied to allow more than five years to elapse without another census.



THE FATAL CIRCLE.

"From whence come wars and fightings among ye? Ye lust, and have not: ye kill, and desire to have, and cannot obtain."—James iv. v. 1, 2.



HAVE sometimes a dreadful thought,
Forcing itself upon my brain,—
That all the good by genius wrought,
For man's Advance may be in vain,
And every field for truth's sake fought,
The world will have to fight again.

Freedom and peace, just laws, reforms,
Are slowly won—relapse and pass ;
All things seem based on force of arms,
And patriot hearts beneath the grass,
While nations drudge thro' storms and calms—
The noble horse, the patient ass.

Arts rise and fade—and rise again,
Progressing but to one fixt height ;
Science new powers doth attain,
And despots use them as their right ;
Man dares not face his own clear brain,
But staggers on with dazzled sight.

O, "Civilization," what art thou ?
And what the "Christian's" moral law ?
When men's eyes like mad tigers' glow,—
When harvest-homes are smouldering straw,—
When life-streams o'er field-shambles flow,—
Because two royal heads make war !

Ye "barbarous" times—"dark ages" call'd !
Come back and taunt us—as ye may—
In all our Knowledge high enstall'd,
'Midst all refinements of our day ;
Behold the millions late enthrall'd,
While Kings pray'd God for power to slay !

The Gentleman's Magazine.

All things wheel round—and with the wheel
 Successive throngs of buzzing flies ;
And all we think, and do, and feel,
 Is an old story in the skies :
Thus ages upon ages steal,
 And nature changes not, nor dies.

Yet, for the sake of one grand chance
 That man's best spirit may obtain
Dominion o'er life's slavish dance,
 By will and action, pure as rain,
Let no man sit with resting lance,
 Nor, hopeless, watch the eternal main.

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# WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

## VI.—LIVING WITHIN THE RULES.

**I** AM old enough to remember the last of the Georges. Well I recollect William the Fourth, the "Sailor King," as he was termed, being proclaimed at the Mansion House, occupying as I did, in brown holland pinafore and short tartan trousers, the elevated position of a lamp post, supported by the sturdy arms of an old trusty servant of my father's, who considered the procession worth seeing, and described to me, in choice and sportive phraseology, the character and position of the various heralds as they passed. Since then "our Sovereign lady the Queen" has ascended the throne, has become widowed, and has well provided for the principal members of her family.

During all this lengthened period there has been an active struggle for the abolition of imprisonment for debt, and it has gradually made way, having now proved so successful that scarcely a vestige of the process remains—to the horror, of course, of sheriff's officers, bum-bailiffs, tipstaffs, and others of the numerous progeny who existed in the neighbourhood of the various sponging houses, and followed their prey thence to the more classic regions of the King's or Queen's Bench, the Fleet, Whitecross Street, Horsemonger Lane, or the Marshalsea. Those were sorrowful days indeed, when men or women might be arrested at almost a moment's notice, frequently on false affidavits, and put to serious costs and annoyances with little chance of obtaining compensation or justice.

Now, it must indeed be admitted that the tendency in a great degree is in the contrary direction, and perhaps the leniency of the law is as much to be deplored as its severity before deserved condemnation. In changes of this kind the law lords and the members of consulting committees, like other people, run from one extreme to the other; and when the present system shall have been further tried and failed—then again some fresh one will be inaugurated.

The first acquaintance I made with prison life was many

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years ago, in connection with the great libel case of Sir John Conroy *versus* the leading journal. I was not permitted to witness the inner circle, as I did subsequently on more than one occasion, because that visit was specially restricted to a Sunday. The verdict of the jury in that memorable case having been that John Joseph Lawson, the printer, should undergo a certain term of confinement in the Bench, a number of friends, including myself, then a mere lad, paid him a visit, to attend Divine service in the Chapel before his release.

Mr. Lawson—a thorough specimen of the English gentleman—having been allowed a few privileges, such as a residence in a suite of rooms belonging to the governor, the introduction of his own food, and unrestricted use of books and papers, did not suffer greatly from his imprisonment, and, like Leigh Hunt, with his quiet amusements, his "*mie piccolli orta*" and reading, passed through his prescribed time comparatively pleasantly.

When we arrived at the entrance to the Bench the old grim-looking structure, with its heavily barred portals and high surrounding *cheneaux-de-frise*, struck terror into me, and though all the other friends, being much older than myself, laughed and made light of being incarcerated there, I fervently hoped that I might never be imprisoned either for debt or libel—the latter, perhaps, the least heinous offence of the two.

We were received in due form by the officials of the establishment, even the cook and his assistants not forgetting to put in an appearance, and were conducted to the apartments of Mr. Lawson, which were tastefully furnished and decorated with a variety of his own sketches, he being an admirable draughtsman and colourist.

In addition to the officials the various prisoners crowded round, with the object of scrutinising the appearance of so many notables, for there were some distinguished literary characters among the party. One more forward than the rest was attired in a kind of sporting costume, and he, as we passed, said to a fellow-prisoner, in a tone loud enough to be heard by every one present, "It is not often that we see such a fine show of cattle as this at market on a Sunday." There was naturally a ready and hoarse guffaw among his friends, but we took no notice of his rude witticism, and went towards the Chapel, headed by Mr. Lawson and his good lady, the crowd following. The man subsequently turned out to be one B—— A——, a celebrated horse-dealer, well known in London and the provinces, and who subsequently escaped from custody while being transferred from the Bench to Basinghall Street to take his examination before the Commissioners.

At the door of the Chapel the crowd made a halt. Scarcely one entered to take part in the service ; scattering, either to roam up and down the gravelled promenade or to return to their rooms to smoke or otherwise while away the day. The service, a solemn and impressive one, was conducted by the Rev. W. Harrison, the Chaplain of the Bench, but if his congregations were generally not more numerous than the one we saw on that occasion, his discourses must have been frequently delivered to empty pews.

“Living within the Rules,” as it was styled, was the concession afforded to debtors who chose to give security, and through the assistance of friends to find themselves in board and food out of the Bench. The privilege was accorded only to a limited number, under strict supervision and regulations. A variety of private establishments in the precincts of the Bench, High Street, Newington, and the Blackfriars Road, were entirely supported by this class of boarders, the prison functionaries being in some cases the proprietors. A certain prescribed distance was allotted within which the debtors, male or female, might take exercise and make purchases, but if they were ever found beyond the limit, the privilege was at once withdrawn, and they were forthwith “confined within the walls.” In fine weather these poor creatures—for they were generally advanced in years, and, in many instances, had moved in high positions in society—might be seen wending their way within the limits assigned for their exercise, stopping at the boundaries with great punctuality, and then returning in solemn and anxious mood to their respective apartments. A story is told of one old gentleman of chivalrous spirit, who in wet weather slipped when near the end of his course, and, though he saved himself within his boundary, could not save his walking-stick, which eluded his grasp and fell some yards on the other side. He honourably refused to pass the *limitrophe*, and marched back, keeping his homeward route, till his cherished companion was brought to him by some good-natured friend. Then, jubilant with joy, he returned to his lodgings in comfort and in peace.

I had once painful experience of what occurred to an individual “living within the Rules.” Sir John Milley Doyle, a veteran there, who had seen active service in the Peninsula, possessed an acquaintance who, having been interested in some large Stock Exchange speculations, became sadly embarrassed ; and was obliged to adopt this resource till he had satisfactorily arranged with his creditors. Every one who ever knew Sir John Milley Doyle will remember his great kindness of heart, and his desire, though really poor himself, to assist every one to the extent of his power. Sir John Milley

Doyle, with his old white hat and slouching gait, was as well known as Sir Francis Burdett some years previously ; and his gay, good-humoured laugh, and, notwithstanding age, a tolerably handsome presence, inspired all those who were brought in connection with him. He was essentially a *bon vivant*, and since he could sing well and was an admirable story-teller, he was admitted to the tables of all associated with rank and fortune.

For this gentleman "living within the Rules," Sir John made many sacrifices, out of pure, disinterested friendship ; but he was so inextricably involved that there seemed no hope of his ever recovering a position. At length, suffering from extreme depression, and his mental powers giving way, he destroyed himself.

At the request of Sir John and one or two other friends of the deceased Colonel R——, I went to the inquest to watch the proceedings for them. The sad catastrophe had taken place in the drawing-room of his residence, where the body remained for the inspection of the coroner and the jury. It was a sickening spectacle ; the deed had been committed with a pocket pistol, which the deceased had discharged, the ball passing directly through his heart.

The poor Colonel left a number of letters, showing that a morbid imagination had been worked upon by his embarrassments, and fancied wrongs were detailed, inculcating the character of those who had proved his best friends, which really had no existence except in the distorted brain of the writer. The evidence entered into clearly showed that his mind had been giving way for months before the fatal event, and a longing for unrestrained liberty appeared to have been the day-dream of his existence.

After the inquest terminated, there was a general discussion among the jury on the one grand topic, "imprisonment for debt ;" and as the chief representatives of that august body were the tradesmen of the neighbourhood, I need scarcely say it was unfavourable to the cause of the embarrassed.

The last time I entered the Bench was to visit a debtor on business. "He was going through," as the cant phrase used to run, and I went to adjust an account that existed between us. The poor fellow in question had been brought to this condition through a career of sheer extravagance and riotous living, and his creditors, knowing this, refused to accept a composition, and he accordingly resolved upon "taking his degree" in Portugal Street.

When I arrived there I found him in the midst of associates enjoying themselves with beer and cigars. There was no stint of these ; but

the debtor himself had a *penchant* for stronger drinks, and greatly regretted that he could get no whisky. A strict order existing against the sale or introduction of spirits, he was melancholy, and refused to join his companions in a game of whist, as the contents of a little flask which he took from beneath the mattress on his bed were exhausted.

Surrounded as we were by a green baize curtain, which, suspended by full-size brass rings, hung before the door, to keep ourselves from unnecessary observation, judge of my surprise to hear soon afterwards a gentle rat-tat.

Every one looked amazed. "Who is coming?" was the general cry.

The debtor P—— gave a sudden bound. In an instant he darted behind the curtain, and was earnestly engaged in conversation for a few minutes with a stranger, and then returned.

He was full of excitement, rubbed his hands with glee, and almost in a breath whispered, "He says he has got a pint of beautiful whisky, real LL, which I can have for three-and-sixpence." He paused, and then added, with some emotion, "But I have not got the money."

"Cheer up, old fellow," responded one of the company, "we'll soon raise the tin."

Each of the parties present contributed one shilling; another short interview; a ring of money was heard behind the green curtain; the debtor reappeared triumphant, with the whisky in a blacking bottle, and was made thoroughly happy for the remainder of the evening.

Whist was now cheerfully encouraged; the whisky was tasted, and pronounced not to be of the finest quality; but it served its purpose, and apparently afforded comfort to the individual who required it most. At the time of our departure we left him once more diving deeply into the contents of the blacking bottle, and admiring the bold device of affrighted Grimalkin on the label of the celebrated Warren.

The eccentric debtor "took his degree" in Portugal Street, but not without some difficulty, for his creditors endeavoured to prove him a trader, which would have carried him forthwith to Basinghall Street.

Who that is aged enough to recollect can ever forget the old Fleet Market, and the Fleet Ditch, with the approaches to the ever-memorable Fleet Prison? Farringdon Street and Farringdon Market have taken the place of the old Fleet Market, and Fleet Ditch has been covered, leaving only a narrow outlet for it into the Thames.



The Fleet Prison has been cleared away, and railway trains travel day and night over the spot once devoted to the care of "poor debtors" and others occasionally of a more aristocratic position, who considered it a kind of wholesome change to go to prison and defy their creditors.

The old Fleet Market was a sight to witness, with its low-fronted shops, butchers', poulterers', greengrocers', all intermingled without the least order or arrangement, and the Fleet Ditch running through the centre, the course of the tide being regulated by the Thames, its slimy bottom choked with all descriptions of refuse shot promiscuously into it from the various tenements on either side. The Fleet Prison reared its formidable head on the right-hand side of Farringdon Street, looking, with its high walls and strong stone coping, capable of resisting any ordinary force, and the doors were so well guarded or watched that escape was almost impossible.

It was throughout generations the *sanctum* of many celebrities, and in my time I have been familiar with several notabilities who took their probationary terms in it previously to being relieved from their liabilities.

The occasion of my introduction to the Fleet was to pay my respects to a gentleman, one Mr. C. O. E., who described himself in the laconic note he addressed to me as "Another Victim of Portuguese Prize Money." Having been mixed up in business with the Mendezibals, the Carbonells, and others of that ilk, he could not readily obtain the remuneration due to him, and being at the same time rather extravagant in his private habits, his tailors, a West End firm, took suit and service against him, and he was finally lodged in that most comfortable of all places, the Fleet.

Having accepted the invitation, I, in company with two of his friends, made my way one afternoon to that respectable locality; and having explained our business, we gained admission, after going through the ordinary preliminary examination.

The passage leading to the upstairs apartments was cold and chilly, and we were ushered along till we arrived at the first flight. There we found people lolling about the doors of the apartments—well-attired men either talking to their friends or amusing themselves with reading or smoking. They gazed listlessly at us, and some of them now and then turned in an inquiring manner as if to see whether we were interested in their affairs. When they discovered that we were not, they resumed their reading and smoking, and we passed on.

Our destination was the second flight. As we made progress

thither the character and position of the prisoners evidently deteriorated. There was a stronger flavour of tobacco—regular tobacco, rank and foul, not the Habana of those days, sweet and full-flavoured—a reeking odour of beer seemed to assail you at all points, and men flitted past, with dirty white shirts and tucked-up sleeves, bearing cans of porter and long pipes, occasionally varied by bottles of stout under their arms. Active as their occupation was, they made little or no noise, all seeming imbued with the apparent sadness of the inner life of the establishment, and only anxious to deliver the potables with as little delay as possible, and to secure fresh orders. The solemn stillness was occasionally broken by the cheery voice or quick, bustling gait of a prison attorney, who was seeking his client to arrange or modify his schedule previously to a first or second appearance in Portugal Street.

One friend, the owner of the *Vixen*, a vessel that was seized years ago by the Russian Government, and the circumstances attending which raised a stormy contention for a lengthened period in Parliament, had frequently visited the Fleet before, and, being well acquainted with the various quarters, made for No. 46, the number of the “residence” of our incarcerated acquaintance.

The second of the party was a novice like myself, who had never visited the place before, and was greatly interested in all he saw.

In a few minutes we were near No. 46, with its hard, black-looking door, terribly incrustated by dirt, and a long, feeble, wiry knocker. There were ribs of iron across the upper and lower panels, and from the appearance of the wood-work they had suffered much rough usage.

The knocker rose and fell as if by magic, our friend of the *Vixen* having pushed a little ahead. Out rushed C. O. E., who, having been nautical in early youth, grasped us in turn each by the hand, crying out, “How d’ye do, my hearties?” Then, hitching up his trousers *à la* T. P. Cook, he continued, “Ahoy, there! a boat aboard—let me introduce you to my messmates.”

So saying he took us into his room, where he was “chumming” with another debtor, a totally different character, who evidently did not at all relish our intrusion. He, however, raised himself and bowed, and then, drawing nearer to the window, occupied himself by reading.

“Now, come, Mr. Ever Polite,” said C. O. E., “you must be a little more sociable. I shall stir you up again with a double hornpipe”—(and here he placed his arms akimbo)—“if you do not join us.

You know I require exercise to keep myself in health. What is the use of your fretting and fuming about your losses in Cochin and Siam? more fool you to venture your money in those outlandish territories. If you do not care to see any one but your attorney, so that you may 'push through,' I like occasionally to have a visitor—by the holy poker I do."

Here the exuberant C. O. E. went to the door, gave a shrill whistle, and a can of ale, accompanied by cheroots and pipes, was brought up.

Mr. Ever Polite, as C. O. E. facetiously christened his "chum," then became more communicative, entered into a history of his trials and loss of capital in foreign countries, and finally expressed a hope that he should speedily be released.

C. O. E., jolly at all times, even "in the depth of his afflictions," proposed his own health, as "the victim of misplaced confidence," and descanted largely upon the evils of imprisonment for debt and the ingratitude of royal potentates. He concluded by wishing that our "shadows might never grow less," and that his "chum," Mr. Ever Polite, might shortly be restored to the bosom of his family.

As the hours were rapidly flying, and the attorney of Mr. Ever Polite—a short, thick-set, dark man, in seedy black, with a red face, a white neckcloth, and a maroon-coloured bag stuffed full of briefs and papers—looked in for a private consultation on his case, C. O. E. proposed that we should take a turn round the buildings. Going through the corridors he pointed out the apartments occupied by Lord E. T——, who received the attentions of the celebrated Madame V—— and other distinguished female artistes at that time; and the rooms in which the learned Dr. Magin secluded himself whilst at variance with his creditors, contributing, nevertheless, brilliant articles to the periodical literature of the day. Thence we went into the lower regions, through the exercise ground, took a hasty view of business at the Tap, and finally lingered some few moments in the Fair, where the costumes of the debtors, from the elaborate swell to the doubtfully-attired pig-dealer, could be seen and appreciated.

We returned, with the volatile C. O. E., to No. 46, where we bade him adieu. As we retired he remarked, "If you see my name under the head of 'Insolvent Court,' it will be, remember, 'Another Victim of Portuguese Prize Money.'"

Fortunately we were spared that pain; some of his relations, who could well afford it, at length came forward and made arrangements for his release. His "chum," Mr. Ever Polite, figured in print.

Through the indefatigable endeavours of his attorney, Mr. Enoch Struggles, he cleared Portugal Street with credit, and afterwards acquired wealth in Japan.

Since these excursions, which made me acquainted with nearly all forms of imprisonment for debt, I have released friends from Bream's Buildings and Horsemonger Lane ; eaten roast goose in September on the City side of Whitecross Street—then called Spike Island—with a literary colleague ; and lunched in Ludgate Ward—in the same establishment—upon boiled sausages and coffee, with one of the early pioneers to the discovery of the wealth of California, who, while assisting to enrich others, lost the reward of his own toil.

Looking back, the aspiration of my early youth returns with all its force—"May I never be imprisoned for debt or for libel."



# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN.

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*Yes, dear friends of my old age, "Table Talk, by SYLVANUS URBAN." Gossip from my own pen, laden with the memory of a hundred and forty years. I am the oldest man in the world. I have seen four coronations of British Sovereigns, and I stood beside the present Prince of Wales when he opened the International Exhibition at South Kensington. The preface to my last volume has given great satisfaction to some of my readers. They are pleased to "express themselves gratified beyond measure at being addressed personally by SYLVANUS URBAN." These are friends who may have worn buckled shoes and ruffles; old men whose pleasures are chiefly in their memories. I have, moreover, had kindly notes of favour from my younger patrons, and these are full of encouragement also. My readers have extended over a wide range of time and intellect. Fielding and Smollett were among my subscribers; so were Thackeray and Dickens. My work is an institution. I have carefully submitted it to the influences of progress and changing manners. A closer and more intimate communication between reader and editor may be a mutual pleasure and advantage. Once or twice a year I have made my bow on completing a new volume. I began the custom even before my friend Dr. Johnson wrote from the country advising me as to certain possible improvements in my work. Through all the changes which time has demanded in the style and manner of my Magazine, I have maintained "the Preface." If a personal gossip every six months be so much appreciated by my friends, they will pardon me, I hope, for thinking that a monthly chat, in this quiet corner of the Magazine, may still further increase and cement our friendship. We have met before, on many occasions, in the "Table Talk," but not on the familiar terms of this present meeting. Henceforth we shall talk together of the past and the present. Here I shall have the honour of "receiving" on the first of every month. I am the oldest man in the world. There can be no question of my longevity. Lord Plunket lived to be ninety; the Duc de Pasquier died at ninety-six; my old friend Samuel Rogers reached the same length of age; Baron Humboldt reached ninety-two; Ward, the animal painter, was at work when he was close upon ninety. I knew them all. There is not a soul living who saw the first number of my work when it came out fresh from the press. The light of those past days reflected through the experience and knowledge of so old a person ought to give zest to his conversation, and be instructive to those who listen. Dr. Moore says the wisest and best productions of the human intellect have proceeded from those who have lived through the bustling morning*

and meridian periods of their day, and calmly sat down to think and instruct others in the meditative evening of life. I do not exactly propose to settle down to the prosaic duty of teaching and preaching. Our "Table Talk" shall be bright and lively, merry and sad, literary, scientific, philosophical, topographical, historical, biographical, personal—toned down with such influences of soberness and gravity as may properly become the character of the chief speaker.

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THE history of taverns and wine licences is full of curious interest. The subject is *apropos* at the present time, when a vast change is threatened by Parliament in the regulation of public-houses. Mr. Richard Johnson, Town Clerk of Hereford, compiled an interesting work a few years ago on "Ancient Customs of the City of Hereford." It was forwarded to me for review in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. I mention it now to note a chapter on "Wine Taverns and Ale-houses." Mr. Bruce has evidently been looking up a statute of the reign of Edward VI., which appointed the number of taverns to be licensed by Government for the sale of wines in the different cities and market-towns of the Kingdom. In proportion to the population Mr. Bruce's Bill would have reduced the inns within twenty per cent. of the number of Edward's time, when Hereford was granted three wine-taverns, Gloucester four, Worcester three, and Bristol six. Durham, under Mr. Bruce's measure, would have had about twelve taverns. That is the calculation of one of the local authorities. Taverns have increased enormously since I was in the habit of frequenting them. I remember a very pleasant dinner to which Lord Elibank did me the honour of giving me an invitation, to meet my illustrious contributor and Mr. Boswell. Johnson ate ravenously and talked finely. He was, I remember, very severe upon authors who had sent him manuscripts for his opinion. Boswell mentions the incident in his book. One of the stories of the evening is especially characteristic. A gentleman, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, having added, "You know, sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable. Would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?"—Johnson: "Yes, sir, if he sat next to *you*." The wit of this *mot* in its promptitude is akin to Jerrold's sneer at a pompous person, who, dining at the same table with Jerrold, and enjoying a particular dish exceedingly, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, sheep's-head for ever, I say!"—Jerrold: "What egotism!"

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THE same statute of Edward VI. which I have just quoted, prohibited the sale of Gascoigne, Guyon, Rochelle, or French wines. A case of breach of this law is recorded in 1555 in the City of Hereford, wherein "The mayor and three inquests" disenfranchised one William Hill, a vintner, who was "thenceforth accounted a foreigner, and no freeman or free merchant."

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MR. BRUCE'S measure, had it passed, would, in its effects on public-house property, have had somewhat of a parallel in the working of the Act

of Edward VI. The annals of Hereford set forth that the limitation of the number of taverns by the statute before referred to caused great loss and distress among those engaged in the wine trade. In 1588 John Keny, citizen of Hereford, and Johanne, his wife, having received an order to close their tavern, presented a petition to Queen Mary for a renewal of their licence, and received the gracious permission in a charter which deserves to be quoted as an illustration of the royal courtesy and grace accorded to petitions in the days of our fathers. Having set forth the preamble of the Bill which had forfeited John Keny's licence, "Mary, by the grace of God, Queen of England, France, and Ireland," by her Minister grants John Keny's prayer on the following grounds :—

"Nevertheless, as my loving subjects, John Keny, citizen and burges of Hereford, and Johanne his wife, have made their humble suit and petition unto us, that it might please us to licence and permit them to occupy a tavern and sell wines by retail, as they used to do before making of the said statute, for that they should be otherwise compelled to put away their apprentices, journeymen, and other their servants, and to break up their household to their utter undoing, having fifteen children and none other trade or living but only retailing of wines, wherein they had been brought up most part of their lifetime."

The permission extended to the lifetime of Keny and his wife, or "the longest liver of either of them," and "in witness whereof we have caused these letters to be made patent; witness ourself at Farnham." All this trouble and these letters patent given under the royal seal that an injustice might not be done to a tradesman with a large family at Hereford. I commend the story to the *Morning Advertiser*. There is a text and a moral in it which might be used with telling effect in a leading article.

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THE *Times* lately mentioned, as a remarkable and unprecedented fact, that a vessel which came into an English port had been saved at sea by a fish. The ship sprang a leak. All the efforts of the crew to discover the faulty plank and stem the torrent which was rapidly sinking the vessel proved unavailing. Suddenly, however, the leak was stayed, and when the vessel came into port a fish was found wedged into an aperture in her stern. Now, I remember some years ago being present at the annual celebration of "Colston's Day" in the city of Bristol. One of the associations which do especial honour to the memory of the philanthropist is called "The Dolphin Society." It bears upon its banners the effigy of a dolphin. The same fish is the badge of the Colston School. The story told in connection with it is that once when Colston was at sea on board one of his own vessels, the ship sprang a leak. The merchant, praying God to save the ship, made the propitiatory vow that if he were spared to return home he would devote a large proportion of his wealth to charitable purposes. The pumps almost immediately began to tell upon the leak. By and by the vessel righted herself, and eventually sailed safely into Kingroad. When she was examined a dolphin was found fairly imbedded in a "stove-in" plank. Colston nobly fulfilled his vow, and adopted the

dolphin as his coat of arms. It is many years since the story was related to me by Mr. John Taylor, of the *Bristol Mirror*. I will not answer for the exact correctness of the details, but my account may be taken as a sufficiently close version of the original story. It is only another illustration of the numerical strength of the family of precedents. There is nothing new under the sun.

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THERE was a paragraph in the "Table Talk" of *The Gentleman's Magazine* last month upon an ingenious American's measurement of the duration of a lightning flash. It was written by one of my scientific contributors, and has elicited the following letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

DEAR SIR,—Allow me to draw your attention to a paragraph in the May number of your valuable periodical, which, it seems to me, requires some verification.

On page 745 it is stated that an "ingenious American" has succeeded in measuring the duration of a flash of lightning, and has determined it to be 1-480th of a second; the instrument used for measuring being a rotating disc, with a hole in its circumference. The hole during the flash, it is said, presented the appearance of a streak of light traversing 1-40th of the circumference.

The statements which I wish to place in juxtaposition to yours are to be found in "Fragments of Science," &c., page 423, by Dr. Tyndall (Longmans and Co.)

The author wishes to give some idea of the suddenness of death by lightning. "Death by a rifle-shot through the brain is," he says, "practically instantaneous, the shot traversing the brain in the 1-1000th of a second, but how inconceivably quick must death by lightning be, the flash of which appears and again disappears in the 1-100000th of a second!" Then again, he says, "If a body be illuminated by a flash of lightning, while in motion, it appears at rest at the place where the flash falls upon it."

According to Tyndall, then, a flash lasts only 1-100000th of a second, while your informant says 1-480th of a second, and the hole which appeared, to the American as a streak, would appear as simply a hole, perfectly stationary.

Excuse me troubling you, but two statements differing so widely, appearing at the same time, and having such an extensive circulation, deserved, I thought, your attention,—Yours, &c.,

J. M. WIGHT.

14, Aubrey Terrace, Sunderland.

Having submitted this communication to the author of the short article in question, I receive the following reply:—

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE."

DEAR MR. URBAN,—The measure of duration of a lightning flash quoted in *The Gentleman's Magazine* was a thoroughly accurate and reliable determination, the steps of which are detailed in the *American Journal of Science and Art*, the highest scientific periodical of America.

If Tyndall does not give the authority for his duration, it is probably a mere estimate, in which case it has no value beside the actual measurement above alluded to. If, however, the figure he gives (1-100000th of a second) was derived from exact observation, then we have in the two differing measures some evidence that lightning flashes differ considerably in their duration—a thing quite conceivable, and by no means inexplicable.—I am, &c.,

THE WRITER OF THE PARAGRAPH.

Greenwich, S. E., May 3, 1871.

There can be no doubt that the duration of lightning flashes varies; but to say "as quick as lightning" is still to speak by the card.



THINKING of old times, before the beginning of the recollection of my contemporaries of to-day ; comparing the events, the fashions, the manners of two sets of men and women, between whom rolls a century's tide of time ; speculating on the modes and moods of intellectual and literary activity marking different generations of men of learning and letters—those whom it is my pleasure now to know, and those whom it is my pride to have known whose companionship for ever more is denied me in this world—the mind, and if not the mind, the heart, seeks relief from the contemplation of the things that come and pass away, in the reminiscences of scenes wherein there is no change in the moving on of the ages. You and I and all of us stop thinking sometimes, but yet the brain is not quiescent. What movement is that that passes gently along the lines of sensibility ? Peace for a moment ! Faint waves are washing upon the sand. The small pebbles that come up roll back a little. A barely perceptible line marks the top reach of the tide for the moment. It is the handwriting of the waters upon the shore. What a hastening is there, now up and now down, of tiny rivulets and fractions of foam ! Unsolicited, unawakened, for aught that I can tell, by association, that which I have watched in listless half hours on the borders of this island and on the edges of continents comes back to me. Ah ! then ; it is perhaps because I so love the beautiful, wonderful sea, and I swear it new allegiance now in my advancing years, not for what it is only, but so much the more in that it returns to me thus, unbidden, in visions ! Memory is, after all, the only true artist. Its pictures are the pictures with a spirit in them. The brain is a gallery filled with these inimitable works. Other men mix up a little of themselves with that which they fix upon the canvas, and leave out some of the soul of what they portray ; but these reminiscences of ours are pure, and vital. To how many people does it occur to value life by the impressions the world has stamped upon the consciousness, which appear and disappear like the blue sky behind our atmosphere, but nevermore can be completely effaced once the images have been set ?



THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

JULY, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE  
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER VII.

THE PLEASURE OF POETIC PAINS.



THE charm of composition is not confined to the poet. The veriest prose writer enjoys with him an equal gladness. It is the sensation of describing thought that gives pleasure. The feeling is the same in a discourse as well as in an essay. The understanding is charmed at its own usefulness. The dissemination of what it has acquired is an intellectual enjoyment. Nature has implanted in the mind a desire to give up

the secret stores of thought and memory. It is not always that we yield to this instinct under an impression that what we have accumulated will be useful to others. We must give forth. It has been ordained by nature. This is the pleasure of poetic pains. The preacher has a higher enjoyment still, if he be a sincere and an

earnest man ; for then his ideas and the truths which he communicates have the stamp of usefulness upon them. The personal pleasure afforded to him is enhanced by the inner consciousness of the value of his discourse to others. He sees his words and the precepts of his Master falling upon holy soil and springing up into flowers that fill the soul with the odour of sanctity.

My pleasures in this respect are a strange mixture of pedantry, egotism, and burnt-out passion. It is a soft, dreamy kind of happiness that comes to me in the pulpit, a drowsy, humming gladness, something entirely different to the sensations which thrill me as my pen wanders through these passages of my life. I rarely preach any doctrine in the pulpit, beyond that of the Redemption. I dwell upon the humanising features of Christ's religion. I continually place His image before my flock. It is comforting to them when I point out the simplicity of His teaching, and show them how little is really required of them by an all-wise and loving Creator. I have only one crotchet which disturbs the even tenour of their thoughts. They must love nothing over much. The mother thinks of her child, the lover of her who fills his heart, the miser of his gold ; and they are disturbed. The anchor which they had cast down into the deep sands ; they feel it slipping away. Seeing their sudden trouble in their faces, I try to help them back to the quiet repose of an implicit faith in His goodness and mercy and consideration.

Why should I tell them to love nothing over much? I seem to be continually warning them against the chance of falling into the path of my own life. Yet when I analyse my own feelings I begin to see that I owe my present happiness to my misfortunes. Here in this somnolent valley, shut up with my own thoughts, I live a new life of quiet bliss. My former life was the blossom. The present is the fruit. The air is filled with tender voices. I see Ruth's dear face in the clouds. I mark her very thoughts in the flowers. I make a boat of my memory, and sail it down the river to the shady groves of Wulstan. I walk with her through the cloisters. I hear the organ pealing. I see her sweet face looking heavenwards, and my soul bows before her with its weight of happiness.

What matter if at times the rush of memory is so great, so overwhelming, so real, that I seem to wake as from a dream, and find my valley changed into a desert? These bitter moments only give additional dulcitude to the return of religious calm and content of recollection. When the tide of despair has spent itself and the sea of thought is placid, swept by the gentle breezes of long past years, I can sit and half-believe the philosophy of Plato which conceives

every man to have been born, as Bolingbroke puts it, with a certain reminiscence, and that when we seem to be taught we are only put in mind of what we knew in a former state. When I first saw Ruth Oswald my mind leaped back upon its inspiration, the inspiration of my first being. Her presence kindled into life the reminiscence with which I was born. My soul had found its talisman. No wonder that she filled up every nook and corner and valley in my heart, no wonder that my bliss was too great for words, no wonder that I trod upon air, no wonder that my life was intensified, that the flowers were brighter, the river clearer, the song of birds more melodious ; no wonder that the secret of existence seemed suddenly to burst in upon my hitherto darkened mind, no wonder that the act of living became intensified, no wonder that the world was suddenly filled with bright hopes and fancies, and grand ambitious impulses. When her sweet voice in gentle accents of love fell upon my ear and made music throughout my soul, I was only put in mind of what I had once known in some former state, and what I shall know again, with a vast intensity of knowledge, when the indefiniteness of the former state and the reality of the present shall be concentrated in one stupendous and everlasting heart-beat of love.

They who have delighted in hypocrisy and usury, in deceit and malice, in selfishness and robbery, what shall their lot be in that future state to which we are drifting? Shall there be any hereafter for them? To him that everlasting life shall be given! Is it given to all? Is not resurrection the reward of virtue? Is not the punishment of hell intended to denote the everlasting oblivion of the grave? These are the thoughts of my closet. I never give them utterance in the pulpit. I suspect them. They are not genuine. I half doubt, half believe in them; and finally lay them aside as emanations of my weaker moments, fungi of the mind, *exostosis* of passion, furuncle engendered by the dejection that comes upon me when, for a moment, seeing her face, I put out my hand, and find her not.

There was among the Dean's visitors at Wulstan one Erasmus Pensax. It was the continual wonder of the cathedral city that the Dean condescended to have Pensax for a friend. A small town is worse than a village for espionage. It mixes the larger vices of the city with the small-talk of the hamlet. Wulstan had its public meetings, its trade and commerce, its Town Council, its elections of members of Parliament—indeed, all the affectation of a great city; and it had its tea-parties, its evening gossips, its doorway talk, just as

Summerdale has. In Summerdale we know enough of each other to be sympathetic and indulgent. We are one family. We all meet in one church Sunday after Sunday, and now and then all stand by one grave. Wulstan is just too large to have the sympathetic relationships of a village community, and the less it knows of any man or woman whom it envies or dislikes, the more bitter it is in its criticism, the more unscrupulous in the stories it tells of the man or woman who for the time being comes up for dissection at its tea-meetings and its charity sewing societies.

Wulstan disliked Erasmus Pensax, not for any particular fault that they could identify at the time, but they respected their Dean so much that they hated Pensax because he was the Dean's guest. Pensax was a lawyer at Wulstan, who had eaten his dinners and been called to the bar; not that he had the ability to practise there, but he was ambitious, and hoped to gain social distinction by this advancement; and so he did. At the assizes he put on his wig and gown, and was to be seen wandering in and out of the court, briefless, but satisfied. He was rich, and no wonder, seeing that he saved all he got. He lived in an old tumble-down house on the outskirts of Wulstan, with a little fat, sweltering housekeeper, who was one of the mysteries of the city. Everybody wondered how she contrived to keep any flesh on her bones in Pensax's service. Desprey used to say that Erasmus Pensax would marry Mary Oswald, and be member for Wulstan. "That is," he continued, "if I don't stand myself, and beat him on the poll."

I often thought of Desprey's remark afterwards. It was made a week before I left Wulstan for Oxford. I was going to dine at the Dean's the next day, and was telling Desprey of his reverence's kindness to me.

"From that day, when the Dean three years ago patted me on the head in my father's studio, he has always taken special notice of me," I said.

"Yes, and so has the Dean's youngest daughter," said Desprey.

I blushed and was angry. I did not like any of my companions to mention Ruth.

"Don't be absurd, Desprey," I said.

"I am not absurd; it is you who are absurd; why not stick up for her, man? She's only a girl."

"Desprey, we shall quarrel if you talk in this fashion."

"Quarrel, George! Get out, man; we shall never quarrel—we shall always be friends, and some day we shall be swells in London."

"Why in London, Desprey?"

"Because London is the world. Do you imagine you are going to settle down into a groping country parson? Not you!"

"I do not know what else I shall do."

"Shall I tell you?"

"You are always guessing at people's futures."

"You will go to college, marry Miss Oswald, and get a swell church in town."

I disliked Desprey for talking so flippantly of Ruth; and yet it gave me a strange pleasure to hear him say I should marry her. It had not entered into my mind even to dream of such an event. My love had only aspired to be permitted to worship and adore, to walk beside her and gaze upon her face, to listen to her voice, and to live within the radiance of her smile.

"Desprey, you have no sensibilities," I said.

"No; I don't paint pictures and write poetry. I am going in for harder studies—engineering and politics. You are going to college. I am going into a thundering, noisy iron-foundry for five years, and then into a mechanical drawing office. You mean to be a bishop. I shall construct bridges and railways, and sit on the Liberal side of the House of Commons."

"My future is very indefinite and uncertain," I said.

"That is your own fault," Desprey replied. "Chalk it out."

"I cannot."

"You want courage."

"I do; yet I am as old as you are."

"Nineteen is nineteen in your case; in mine it means nine-and-twenty. I have had more experience than you have. My father talks of nothing but the world; and we have lived all over England, including a year in London."

"Yes, age is a matter of experience, I suppose."

"I should think it was, George," said Desprey. "A year in London would make a man of you. Why does not your father live in London? My father has often asked that question when we have been talking in an evening."

"My mother is buried in Wulstan," I said. "My father likes quiet. For my own part I should like to live in London. On the banks of the Thames, for instance; somewhere near Chiswick or Richmond."

"Chiswick! Absurd, my dear boy! That's miles away from London. Say in Piccadilly or Eaton Square; somewhere in the thick of it. That's my father's idea; and it's mine. I have set my mind on Piccadilly, overlooking the park. That means twenty

thousand a year ; and, by Jove, I'll have it. And if he holds back long enough, I'll contest Wulstan with that thief Erasmus Pensax, and beat him."

"Desprey, you talk wildly," I said. "Mr. Pensax is nobody, and never will be."

"Erasmus Pensax will marry Mary Oswald, and be member for Wulstan, unless I defeat him. And if a sneak like that can win his way to the heart of that haughty beauty, a good fellow like you can carry off the quieter and prettier of the two without a struggle."

"It offends me, Desprey, to hear you talk so lightly, and so much like mere business, of being in love and marrying."

"That's because you are so confoundedly sentimental, George. My father has taught me differently to yours. I am going in to be a man of the world. Let me tell you that you will make a mistake if you don't give sentiment and poetry a wide berth."

This was the last conversation I had with Desprey for years. The paths of our lives lay in different directions. He had seen his career with remarkable clearness. His strong will and indomitable perseverance had marked out the course of his journey. He followed it with marvellous persistency. "Onward!" was his motto. Nothing daunted him, nothing stayed his progress. If an obstacle came in the way to dam up the river of his ambition, he waited, and worked, and fought ; if the barrier was too great to be leaped, he turned the tide of his hopes into another channel, and escaped the obstacle without sweeping over it, leaving it behind him, a monument to his energy, his courage, and his mental resources. We talked of these barriers and triumphs the other day when he hunted me up in the valley. In one calm hour of this latter-day meeting he said he envied me ; but this was only the momentary impulse of a passing thought. The mowing grass was waving in a warm June breeze, tossing the meadow-sweet on its bosom like foam on the sea ; the dragon-fly was gliding in and out of the reeds by the river ; the drowsy rooks were nodding at each other in the elms, which in their turn were whispering like lovers in the sunshine ; the Squire on the hill was sitting in his doorway in the shade of a chestnut white and pink with blossoms ; and Desprey was overcome with the perfume of Summerdale. The trailing garments of Nox had swept over the valley. The scent of the somniferous herbs of her son were in the air. Desprey drank in the sleepy odours, and dreamed he was happy ; but he had not matriculated, as the Perpetual Curate had, for the Valley of Poppies. He only saw the old man after the battle was over, resigned, contented with his lot, waiting his turn to be called to the Promised

Land. He knew nothing of the burning ploughshares, the rack, and the bowstring; he knew nothing of that part of the battle-field in which I fought and bled; nothing of the captivity of the defeated soldier; nothing of the house of bondage. Desprey enjoyed the silence, the wayside rest, the quiet evening outside the world; but a month's sojourn in the valley would have made him acquainted with Phobētor and his serpents. Only during my earliest days in the valley saw I once or twice this terrible offspring and minister of Somnus. He came no more when the bitterness of my heart was sweetened by resignation and prayer and the certain hope and expectation of renewed youth and everlasting bliss.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### AT THE DEANERY.

I LAY awake, I remember, nearly all night, thinking of the dinner at the Dean's. I had never before dined at so famous a table and in such august company. Apart from the novelty of the situation in that respect, I wondered if Ruth would be present. In the intervals of my waking moments I dreamed that I sat beside Ruth at the piano and listened to the most delicious music. My only trouble was that the eye of Mary Oswald was upon us. By and by I would find myself wandering in the meadows with Ruth, to be awakened at last by the reality of cock-crow and the sunbeams struggling through the weird fruit trees of my father's garden and into my little room in the eastern wing of the Old House of Sidbree.

I shall never forget that morning. I got up very early and wandered into my father's studio to look at Ruth's work. She came to my father twice a week. Her master was in raptures with his pupil's progress. My father used to say that she had caught some of the inspiration of Salvator Rosa. There was a wonderful freedom in her style. Her trees seemed to stir with the motion of the wind. There was a breadth in her sketches that denoted genius of the highest order. Her foregrounds were worked in with courageous carelessness. On this summer morning I sat before a study of river, road, and meadow which she was finishing from half a dozen nature-sketches. It seemed to me that there was a sort of tender melancholy in the tone of it; something that appealed to the fancy and touched the heart—a kind of pathos to wonder at in a mere landscape. It was an autumn scene. The foreground was thick with the leafy *débris* of the trees; the hedge-rows were red and brown with



hips and haws and fading leaves ; the river was heavy with the shadows of October clouds. It seemed to me as if I could hear the voice of autumn in the flowing waters. The morning sun came streaming into the room. It fell upon Ruth's picture ; it fell upon the painted story of Robin of Portingale's wife ; it set the armour and models and vases and accoutrements of the soldier in a halo of misty splendour. No one could see me, only the sun, and I kissed Ruth's palette before I rambled out into the garden to commune with my strangely disturbed thoughts.

Nearly three years had elapsed since I first spoke to Ruth, and nothing in all that time had transpired to give promise of a return of my boyish love. I had taken off my college cap to her a hundred times, perhaps, and spoken to her half a dozen times in a year. Once I had picked up her fan at the annual sports of the college, and the old smile came into her face as I gave it to her. On another occasion I sat near her at a concert of the Cathedral choir. Seeing that she was without a programme, I mustered up sufficient courage to hand mine to the Dean, who thanked me and gave it to Ruth, and her eyes rested upon me, for a moment, full of tender recognition. Every Sunday at the Cathedral she filled my soul with her image. There never was a young man so completely the slave of the idol of his heart. Latterly I had begun to nurse the daring thought of declaring my passion. I had done it once or twice in rhyme, but my better judgment had always come to my rescue and consigned the love-sick verses to oblivion. I was miserably at a loss to know what I ought to do. I dared not make a confession to my father. No opportunity offered for me to say to Ruth herself what I felt. Had such a chance presented itself I question if I should have been bold enough to have exhibited the presumption of my heart to the mistress of its choice.

Time and the hour came sooner than I had expected.

"George," said my father, half an hour before we started for the Deanery, "George, I feel no concern about your behaviour to-day, but I may as well tell you that a dignified calmness and becoming self-possession are essential elements in the manners of a gentleman. I have noticed on one or two occasions when you have been speaking to the Dean that you have betrayed some confusion of thought and manner. You must guard against such a weakness. While the dignitaries of the Church, and, indeed, peers of the realm and others of high distinction, are entitled to our especial respect, we should never forget to respect ourselves, having, George, in our own veins blood perhaps equal to their own. Our ancestor, George, was a Lord

Chancellor of England, who in his turn was descended from a distinguished Norman family. I trust you will not forget this. No man is more ready to give rank all its due than I; no man is more jealous of what is due to himself."

"I will not forget, father."

"The Dean has shown us a delicate attention in asking us to dine on this day, the last of your stay in Wulstan for some time to come. You have not seen much of society, George—little beyond your own home—but the manners and customs of Sidbree House will stand you in good stead everywhere."

My father always dressed for dinner at home, and made that meal an event of importance. We frequently had guests. If any celebrated person visited Wulstan he was sure to come to the Old House of Sidbree. It was chiefly through these visitors that I imbibed a knowledge of London. My father sometimes became excited under the influence of their stories of the great world; but whenever for a moment the wish to be there again crept into his thoughts, that tombstone in the parish churchyard dismissed the intrusive desire, and reconciled him to the old house and its dear old studio.

We walked to the Deanery. My father rung and knocked a little more defiantly than seemed to me desirable or necessary. We were ushered into the drawing-room by a noiseless footman in a black livery. Two strange oak carvings in the hall watched us into the room of state. Our names were announced in solemn whispers. Miss Mary Oswald and Ruth received us. We were the first arrivals; it occurred to me that perhaps no one else was coming. I felt very much embarrassed. My father, in his courtly fashion, planted himself beside Miss Mary Oswald, and soon engaged her in a fine art discussion.

Ruth had evidently made up her mind to talk, and to me. I struggled hard, acting upon the precepts of my father, to maintain a becoming calmness. Ruth was wholly unembarrassed.

"You are going to Oxford, Mr. Himbleton?" she said.

"Yes, Miss Ruth," I replied.

"To what college?"

"Balliol," I said.

"Oh, indeed; then you will meet my cousin, Mr. Drayton."

"I shall have great pleasure, I am sure," I said, resolving in my own mind to be jealous of him, and to hate or love him for her sake.

"Do you know Oxford?" she asked, turning the leaves of an album.

"I have been there several times," I said; "and think it a delightful city."

"You will like it better than Wulstan," she replied, looking up at me with an expression of interest.

"No, indeed I shall not, Miss Ruth; I like Wulstan above all cities in the world."

Ruth smiled, and bent her head over the album, but only to look up again, and say she liked to hear a good word said for Wulstan.

I began to feel wonderfully at my ease, with the exception of a sense of painful elation. My heart beat wildly, and my knees trembled. I felt a similar sensation when I preached my first sermon. My lips were dry, and my hands burnt feverishly.

"Mr. Erasmus Pensax," said the footman, ushering in a tall, gaunt, grey-eyed, brown-haired gentleman, with large hands and feet, prominent knees, and wearing a shabby, tight-fitting dress-coat.

"How do you do, ladies, how do you do? how do you do, Mister Himbleton? how do you do, Master Himbleton?" said Mr. Pensax, more in a tone of complaint than greeting, as much as to say "I am the best man in the world, but nobody thinks so, and all the world's against me."

The Dean came in from the library at this moment. He greeted us all in a friendly and kindly manner, and then sat down near Mr. Pensax.

"One moment, Mr. Dean, if you please," said Mr. Pensax, pointing to the library; "may we say two words, Miss Oswald—only two?"

He did not wait for Miss Oswald to reply, but shuffled into the library after the Dean, and trod upon Ruth's dress as he passed, without apologising.

"Peculiar man, Mr. Pensax," said Miss Mary Oswald, noticing the faintest expression of disapprobation upon my father's face. "He is very much misunderstood—very much indeed. The world invariably reports unfavourably of those whom it does not know."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say, Miss Oswald," said my father.

"Mrs. Stamford," whispered the servant at the door, and thereupon glided into the room a thin, washed-out lady, well known in Wulstan, the widow of a minor canon. The Rev. Canon Molineau followed—a gentleman beaming with smiles. "Honey and milk are under thy tongue."

"How *do* you do, Miss Oswald? I am glad to see you looking so well—yes, looking so well."

Mr. Molineau had a peculiar echoing manner. He invariably repeated his last sentence in a confidential kind of way beneath his waistcoat.

"Yes, looking so very well; and Miss Ruth—Miss Ruth always looks charming—always looks charming! Mr. Himbleton, I am so glad to see you. I hoped to have called to see a wonderful picture you are painting—you are painting—yes, yes."

"I am always pleased to see you, Mr. Molineau," said my father.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Dean, how *do* you do?" exclaimed Mr. Molineau, as the Dean and Mr. Pensax came from the library; "how *do* you do, Mister Dean?"

Mr. Canon Molineau, seizing the Dean's hand, beamed over it a thousand good wishes and a whole heartful of reverence and admiration.

"I am well, thank you, Mr. Canon Molineau—very well, I think. Mr. Pensax has been making a proposition to me which you will be glad to become acquainted with."

"Indeed?—yes, Mr. Pensax. I am so glad—so glad!"

And then Mr. Canon Molineau laid his head on one side, and listened so sweetly that Mrs. Stamford sighed in excess of admiration.

"Mr. Pensax asks for the authority of the Dean and Chapter to fill another of the windows in the aisle with stained glass."

"Indeed! How very kind of Mr. Pensax—very kind. I wish we saw Mr. Pensax oftener at the Cathedral—yes, oftener. Very kind indeed!"

Mr. Molineau conveyed a rebuke and a compliment in the same honeyed tone and manner. It was impossible to say, unless you knew him well, when he intended to reprove and when to flatter. Mr. Pensax knew him.

"Yes, I quite deserve that, Mr. Canon Molineau; but, you see, it is a long way from my house to the Cathedral, and if I don't come often I show my love for the Church in another way."

"You *do*, you do, Mr. Pensax. I am sure the Church, sir, is greatly indebted to you—greatly indebted to you," said Mr. Molineau, rubbing his hands and smiling ineffably.

At this moment dinner was announced.

"Mr. Canon Molineau, you shall take me in to dinner," said Miss Oswald."

"With a great deal of pleasure—yes, yes, I am sure," said the Canon.

"Mrs. Stamford," said the Dean, offering his arm, "shall I have the pleasure?"

"Mr. Himbleton, will you bring in Ruth?"

My father made a low bow.

"Mr. Pensax and Mr. George, I am sorry we have no ladies for you," said the hostess.

"We shall get on very well," said Mr. Pensax, in his complaining, half-falsetto voice.

And in we marched to the dining-room overlooking that bit of mossy lawn of which I have previously spoken, and which bit of mossy lawn overlooked, in its turn, the grand old classic river of the west.

It was a rare dining-room, lighted by four Gothic windows. The ceiling was of carved oak, cut into a symmetry of design that was remarkably impressive. Nothing so much as that ceiling ever, in my mind, bore greater testimony to the truth of Montesquieu's remark that things which we see at one glance ought to have symmetry. There should be a symmetry which pleases the soul by the facility it gives her of taking in the whole object at once. It is worth an architect's while, even now, to take a long journey to see that marvellous old roof in the dining-hall of Wulstan Deanery. The walls were panelled in keeping with the ceiling and the fine old Gothic windows. Several of the larger panels were filled with rare oil paintings by the old masters. The floor was inlaid with two different colours of oak, and the centre of the room was covered with a dark Turkey carpet. There were Gothic fireplaces at each end of the room, with dogs on the hearthstones, and antiquated seats placed in the ingle-nooks—not for use, but to look cool and ornamental during the summer.

Although it was broad daylight there was quite a cloud of burning candles on the table and upon a vast sideboard of black oak, with quaint mirrors set in the back. The effect was singular. From the windows you could see the green banks of the river and the deep reflections that went down into the mysterious depths of the waters. The sunlight was excluded by outer blinds that fell over the windows, leaving only a glimpse of field and water to be seen through the lower panes. The artificial light fell upon three vases of exquisite flowers, giving them a peculiar and unaccustomed hue. They looked like the blossoms of some fairy land of perpetual sunshine. When we were seated, a servant drew down the outer blinds and closed the inner shutters. The change was somewhat theatrical in its effect, only that it was more perfect and impressive than anything of the kind I have ever seen on the stage. The dinner service (an old Chinese pattern, with blue and gold and dusky red in it) shone out, the silver sparkled, the flowers were filled with rich shadows, the pictures went back into mysterious recesses, and the ceiling retreated

as if it were a cloud-land of oak. I sat opposite Ruth Oswald. What a vision of loveliness she appeared to me then! I beheld her with an augmented delight, feeling for a moment that my presence here denoted that my case was not altogether hopeless.

I was thankful that a jar of roses intervened between us. When we wished to see each other, we could. If we desired to screen our faces, the jar lent us its shadow. I did not care for the Dean's dinner. I had no appetite. Mr. Pensax, Mr. Molineau, and Mrs. Stamford concentrated their attention upon their plates. My father seemed to be well occupied. Ruth hardly ate anything. There was not much conversation over dinner. What there was chiefly had reference to cathedral restorations, stained windows, and the comparative power of the ancient and modern painters. Between this discourse my eyes met Ruth's many times. What is that faint but unmistakable glow in a woman's face which is inspired by the presence of the man she loves? It is the merest indication of pleasure, the smallest expression of satisfaction—a glimmer of light which none can see but he for whom the blushing signal is intended. I am sure the gratitude of my soul made itself apparent in my eyes. A thrill of indescribable delight brought responsive blushes to my cheek. I knew she loved me. Even a sense of my own unworthiness could not blind me to the discovery which Ruth herself had made to me. I saw her heart in her dear, sweet face—saw her soul tremble on her lips, and I dared not speak, lest my voice should tremble and betray my emotion.

When the ladies withdrew I glided past Mr. Pensax and held the door. She went out last. Ruth, my beloved! She followed her sister. She knew that my eyes followed her, and that my heart went with her also. We both knew each other's secret. Love has a language of its own—a silent language which is never misunderstood.

When the dining-room door had closed I returned to the Dean's table, a different being. The discovery of the last half-hour seemed to cut me off from all companionship. I had suddenly reached the highest state of bliss. I loved, and was loved in return. The knowledge lifted me above all worldly considerations. I seemed all at once to be superior to any one in the room. I took part in the conversation with a self-confidence that astonished my father. The Dean complimented me, and said I should make my way. He gave me some excellent advice against expensive habits at college, mentioning the case of a young man whom he knew well, one whose whole life had been made miserable through the debts he had incurred

at college and through college acquaintances. Mr. Pensax tried to turn the conversation into another channel. In after years I understood why he did not care to hear the Dean hold forth upon such a theme.

It is strange what a mixture of earth and heaven there is in our composition. Now and then in this Valley of Poppies I have certain regretful reminiscences connected with the Deanery port. It was the finest glass of wine I ever tasted. I was always a moderate drinker, and from my earliest days was accustomed to good wine. A true palate for port must have its foundation laid in youth. There was a soft, oily, delicate quality in the Deanery port which left pleasant memories behind it for many a day. Once I drank port wine as a luxurious exercise, never more than half a dozen glasses at a time. I drink it now for my health's sake ; and at this moment, so perverse is our earthly nature, the remembrance of the Deanery wine comes back to me, with the other happy recollections of the old days. I can only forgive myself for this profane touch of memory, in connection with my love, by reflecting that I never forget anything that is associated with Wulstan and the Dean, and more especially with that day when I sat down with Ruth at her father's table. Oh, blissful time ! I hear the dreamy melodies that trickled from Ruth's fingers in the drawing room on that ever-memorable evening. I sat beside her. I saw her dear white hand wander over the keyboard, starting strains of music that made a present heaven of that well-remembered room.

The Dean, Mr. Pensax, Mrs. Stamford, and my father sat down to a rubber at whist. Mr. Canon Molineau would look on. Yes, indeed, he preferred it. No, he would not play for worlds, when there were players so excellently matched. Perhaps he would cut in presently ; yes, perhaps he would cut in presently. And all the time I was turning the leaves of a volume of Mendelssohn, and Ruth was telling me the story of her heart in the music, looking up into my eyes now and then, and making my happiness almost more than I could bear. I thought Miss Oswald's eyes were upon us once or twice, and Ruth felt the glance also. But there was neither surprise nor unkindness in the expression of Mary Oswald's face ; and I thought there was an unaccustomed gentleness in her manner on this occasion. She asserted her position, and looked down from her moral and social height upon the guests ; but there was a lady's gracefulness and refinement in her haughtiness.

At eleven o'clock Mrs. Stamford rose to go, and then the party broke up, my father and the Dean having scored a victory against Mrs. Stamford and Mr. Pensax, the Dean promising that there should be a return match on some other evening. His reverence

shook me warmly by the hand at parting, wished me God-speed, and gave me his gracious permission to use his name if ever it could be of service to me. Miss Oswald gave me a grand wish-you-well kind of adieu ; and Ruth, my own dear Ruth, returned the secret pressure of my hand. I walked home through the college green, beneath the old elms, with my arm in my father's. The moon was shining gloriously. We passed through the parish churchyard, that being the shortest way home. We neither of us said much. My father was occupied with his own reflections. When I reached home my father embraced me more affectionately, I thought, than usual. I hastened to my room without a light, locked the door, fell upon my knees, and cried like a child, but with such a throbbing sensation of thankfulness and joy that I never felt before nor since. Presently the moon shone full in at the windows ; I lighted my candle ; and slept the sleep of innocence and peace.

## CHAPTER IX.

## "A REMARKABLE CONVERSATION."

THE years seem to have gone with a marvellous rapidity, the years which I spent between Oxford and Wulstan. I was continually coming and going between one city and the other. The Dean showed me many marked favours. I was frequently invited to dine at his table, where I invariably met Mr. Erasmus Pensax, Mr. Molineau, and Mrs. Stamford. The Dean always appeared to have some special business with Mr. Pensax immediately before dinner. Miss Oswald always found an opportunity to offer an apologetic remark in the interest of Mr. Pensax ; and Mr. Canon Molineau never failed, in his own peculiar way, morally to tread upon the briefless barrister's corns. My father, as usual, got interested in a game at whist, and I succeeded in being thrown into Ruth's society as much as possible. Her cousin Drayton, whom I had made up my mind to hate, turned out to be a harmless old boy, who lived a quiet, happy life as fellow of his college, amusing his leisure by railing at women.

It was indeed a happy time, those years during which I oscillated between my college and Wulstan. Whenever an opportunity offered I was in the old city of my youth. The distance was not great from one city to the other. Nor is it now. The Valley of Poppies lies between the two. I visited both places a few weeks ago. I rode the Squire's cob into Wulstan. There is an old bookseller in the



High Street upon whom I occasionally call. His mind is stored with memories of Wulstan, and his shop with quaint old books. You go into the second-hand library through a pair of folding doors lighted with peculiar lumpy turbuncular glass. Once inside, you find the old bibliograph in some corner of the room, amidst a heap of books. He puts his head out of a literary pyramid, and you may talk to him as long as you please. It is not at all necessary that you should buy his books. He likes you just as much in the character of gossip as in that of buyer. I can sit before his musty shelves and dream myself back again to the days of that dinner party at the Dean's; for books and the old shop in the High Street are the only things that have not changed in Wulstan. The Cathedral is restored; the lichens and mosses are gone from every wall; the grey rounded stones of the western doorway are gone; the soft dreamy nooks and corners, fringed with grasses, are no more. Every stone is sharp and hard, every wall, every shaft and pillar white and new; and the air is filled with the noise of chisels and saws and mallets, and all the other clamour and din of restoration. The Deanery is changed; the rugged sandstone façade, furrowed with time, and looking like the calm face of some old poet sitting in the sun, is new and shining, as if a plane had been passed over it. The old-fashioned flowers are gone also; trim dwarf geraniums and small ornamental plants, such as stud the carefully-ordered modern garden-dotted lawn of the Squire, occupy the gillyflower and daisy beds. A yew tree, which filled up a dark, mysterious corner, is succeeded by a dwarf poplar, and the elms in the college green have been pruned within an inch of their existence.

I turn me from this modern Vandalism with a sigh of relief to my church in the valley, and to the remains of my old fountain with its rippling thread of pure water lying like a riband on the moss-grown pedestal. Come down, friendly Squire, from the hill, and let us talk of our youthful days. It fills my soul with sadness, the vanity of the world. If we were to read of a race of men who, having nothing to show in art or poetry equal to their predecessors, set to and railed at the past, and called it barbarous and dark, the satire would be pleasant to that sense of satirical humour which we all possess, though Le Sage especially credits the French with this faculty of the mind. Yet in this nineteenth century we look back upon the people of the middle ages with a kind of simpering pity for their ignorance and want of capacity, in spite of the glorious monuments which they have left us of their poetic taste, their inventive power, their architectural skill, and their scientific attainments.

Look at their cathedrals, their churches, their bridges, their palaces. Why, the very ruins of their works are full of illustrations of their intellectual acquirements. Back still further let the mind wander to the Acropolis of Athens, the Temple of the Winds, and the monument of Lysicrates. We owe everything to the ancient Greeks in the way of general principles of classic art ; indeed, we owe everything to the past, in which is locked up all that is great, and good, and noble, and magnificent. The keys of history and memory unlock the magic portals of yesterday, in whose silent towns and cities we may wander, until at last we become habitants of the sacred groves. I have no place in these latter days, no voice in the world's converse. Outside the valley I go about like the shadow of a past age.

This very day thirty years ago I was a panting, burning, living soul, fired with hope and love, happy beyond all imagination, blessed above all men. I would not have changed my lot for kingdoms. And here is the emblem of my joy, this rose I told you of. Old Quarles would have read a different lesson from it than that which it has taught my heart.

I had nearly finished my short probation at Oxford prior to ordination, when, upon one of my visits to Wulstan, the Dean proposed to my father that we should make an excursion down the river to Tokeston Abbey. The Dean and Chapter of Wulstan possessed a pleasure barge, a vessel not unlike the barges which floated on the Thames in the picturesque days before steam. Having large territorial possessions on the river, the Dean and Chapter were in the habit of making an official survey of them from the river, the navigation of which they inspected at the same time. This barge was to be our conveyance to Tokeston Abbey. My father introduced the subject in some special and suggestive words.

"George," he said, "I have had a serious and remarkable conversation with the Dean."

"Yes, father," I replied.

"A very remarkable conversation, George."

"Yes," I said.

"Don't look into the garden, George ; look at me ; I want your attention."

My father was evidently in a difficulty. He was sitting before a new picture, with a burnt-out pipe in his hand. He had been painting and talking to me all the while about a hundred different subjects, when, suddenly laying down palette and brush, he referred to his remarkable conversation with the Dean.

"You are destined for a high position, George, though your progress at college is not all that could be desired."

"No, I shall be a failure at college," I said despondingly. "I feel it. I cannot bring myself up to the level of classical studies."

"Down to the level, George ; perhaps that is a better phrase."

This, I am inclined to think, was spitefully said on the part of my father, who had not received a classical education, and who was frequently reminded of his ignorance in this respect by Mr. Canon Molineau and other dignitaries of the Church in Wulstan, who attached as much importance to college as did Shakespeare's inimitable clown to court :—"Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners ; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked ; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd." Not but what my father had a high opinion of a classical and mathematical training. I wish I could have profited more largely by my academic studies, though, to be sure, the logic of the schools, and the highest forms of English interpretations of classic poetry, are being daily questioned and disputed. Only a month ago my old-fashioned bookseller at Wulstan placed in my hands a new book demonstrating the erroneous character of Aristotle's logic, showing that its foundation rests upon a false principle ; that it holds out pretensions which it can never realise, and requires a vast amount of labour for the mastery of it far beyond its merits. This is some consolation to me when I remember how distinguished my failure was at college. I was considered good at Latin verse, and better at metaphysics than mathematics ; but in regard to my versification, I found a good deal of that same prejudice which affected my translations at the Cathedral School of Wulstan. There was a great deal of truth in what Mr. Cube told Caleb Stukeley concerning the examiners. "It was much the same at Oxford as at Cambridge in my day. The fellows who set the papers were jealous of their forms and expressions. If you altered a verb or a noun—nay, more, if you rejected, in a sentence, a verb that had always stood in the shape of an infinitive, only to restore it in the more lively garb of a participle—you put them out of humour with yourself and your papers." All this is, no doubt, changed in the present day ; for, whatever one's prejudices in favour of the past may be, it must be acknowledged that education has advanced, and that some changes have taken place which are real reforms.

To return to that conversation with my father. Presently my father, turning round upon me, took me by the arm and said, "Let us walk in the garden, George. We can talk with more freedom there."

We walked round the sombre border that encircled the weird fruit trees.

"The Dean has noticed your admiration for my pupil and his daughter."

The colour rushed into my face.

"If his reverence had flown out at me upon your presumption and audacity, I should have been prepared to support him in his opinion, but he did not. I had observed the fascination which Miss Ruth exercised upon you with fear and sorrow; I had puzzled myself in various ways to invent some means of coming between you and your madness. The Dean is in every sense a high-minded, humane man."

"I am sure he is, father," I said, much agitated with curiosity.

"He took me into his library a few days ago," continued my father, "and as nearly as I can remember I will repeat the conversation which passed. His reverence said, 'Your son has shown great diligence at college, Mr. Himbleton, but he gives no promise of great distinction; the worst that is said of him is that his studies are too general, that he knows something of everything, and is too much devoted to English and English authors. His rooms are more like an artist's studio than the rooms of an undergraduate of Oxford. One of his pictures hangs in the Vice-Chancellor's library.' 'You surprise me much,' I said, 'Mr. Dean.'"

"Let me explain, father," I said.

"No explanation is required," my father continued. "Do not imagine that I am displeased, George. 'You surprise me much, Mr. Dean,' I said. 'Surprised that I should know so much of your son's habits and studies?' 'Not on that account only, Mr. Dean.' 'You see,' continued his reverence, 'when a father expects a certain young man will purpose to become his son-in-law, it is the father's duty to consider the position and character of that young man.' My astonishment, George, was too great for words."

I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses. My father was speaking in the quiet tones of a person who is satisfied with himself and the story he is relating.

"Too great for words," repeated my father. "'I do not quite understand, Mr. Dean,' I said. 'No, I give you full credit for the avowal; you men who paint and make ballads live in such an ideal world of your own that you do not see the poems and pictures made to your hands in the streets and bye-ways of life. When first it dawned upon me that your son loved Ruth, the discovery was not a pleasant one; it was less pleasant when I saw that Ruth returned it.' 'My son, sir, has not dared to use the privilege of his position

and abuse the kindness and generosity of his patron to'—the Dean stopped me: 'Your son has not dared or done anything for which you or I can blame him. Mr. Himbleton, when I was a curate in Berkshire I fell in love with the daughter of a Duke and married her, sir—aye, and married her. I shall join her ere long, Mr. Himbleton; some morning or evening I shall be found dead in my chair.' 'Heaven forbid!' I exclaimed, shocked at the idea of such a calamity. 'Heaven is good, Mr. Himbleton. I believe I know my fate. I am much involved in a monetary sense. This is a secret which I entrust to you. I was wild and extravagant at college—I never succeeded in paying my debts even with the aid of my wife's fortune. All my life I have been in the hands of others. But enough of that. I can give your son a living. He is a good, steady, intellectual, conscientious young man, and there is no reason why he should not make a high position in the Church, even if he is not a great classic.' I hardly know for the moment what I said in return to the Dean, George, but it was in a great measure a repetition of my former expressions of surprise, coupled with a really sincere confession of my sense of obligation at the condescension of the Dean; although for that matter, George, the Dean knows well that our family is second to none in the county so far as pedigree goes, only that its modern representatives have not been famous for any particularly high social position, and certainly not for their wealth. The family hope is in you, George; you will restore the ancient glories of the house of Himbleton."

"I hardly know what to say or think, father," I replied presently; "your words astound me beyond all imagination."

"Are you not overjoyed?" said my father, seizing my hand; "you do not speak."

"My dear father," I said, "you have made me too happy to speak. I have no words to express what I feel."

"By heaven, George!" exclaimed my father; "for a moment you tortured me. How the mind anticipates misfortune! I feared you were going to say you had seen some girl at Oxford, and that you once loved Ruth, but now"—

"You make me speak now, father. Since I was a boy at the college school I have loved Ruth Oswald; loved her with all my heart and soul; loved her without daring to think that it was a crime to love her; loved her, sir, in secret; loved her without the faintest hope of ever being loved in return; loved her when I felt that I was sinning against you and against heaven; loved her as some low-born peasant might love a princess, not daring to whisper her name for

fear, yet ready to lay his life down for her; and now all suddenly, when you show me the mountains that seemed to stand between me and her levelled to the ground, my fears are greater than ever, for it all seems too good, too bright, too happy to be true."

My father shook my hand again, and we walked round the garden in silence. At length my father said:—

"Man is a strange compound, George. You have nursed this secret from me all these years, because you feared I should be angry. You judged me truly. If any person had said the Himbletons were unworthy of the highest social distinction my pride would have resented the affront; I should, nevertheless, have read you a very serious lecture on presumption, and the necessity of class distinctions, had you confided in me that secret of your heart."

I might have said "You would have denounced me as a rebel, a conspirator against order," but I only smiled.

"To-morrow," said my father, "we are going to Tonkeston Abbey in the Dean and Chapter barge. Miss Ruth will take some colours and a sketching pad. We shall bring back, I hope, pleasant reminiscences of the day; but what is this I hear about your own efforts in art, George?"

"I did not think it worth while, sir, to tell you that I put up an easel in my rooms to occupy my leisure."

"You have not given me your confidence, George. Nay, do not reply. I have not quite deserved it. You have been studying in this direction because Miss Ruth paints, and that is part of the general secret. I forgive you, George, but never again let us be sundered. There are no more secrets, eh?"

"None, father, none," I said.

We sat together that night in the dear old studio, my father and I, with a new interest in one another; sat together for the first time since I was quite a boy, without fearing each other. I felt that there was an equality in our relationship, an equality that was the result of our equal love and confidence. My father talked to me of his early days, and of my own future. There was nothing to divide us; no shadow of a secret to come between us. It was a newly-discovered delight to listen to my father's talk of Ruth.

"A woman with a true soul, George," he said, filling his pipe; "unconscious of her own powers. She is as ignorant of her own beauty as she is of her genius. One day when I told her that a sketch of morning which she had made in the meadows on the north side of the Cathedral was not unlike a bit of *Salvator Rosa*, she began to talk of the great Italian, evidently with a full knowledge of his

life. She spoke of the deserts of the Abruzzi, the solitudes of Otranto, and the ruins of Poestum, as if she had traced all the footsteps of the friendless artist. Here is a bit of colour for you."

My father took from his cupboard a rough study and held it proudly in the fading evening light.

"She ought to devote her life to art," said my father, as if talking to himself; "she would regenerate landscape-painting. There is nothing like her work. She has a tone and colour peculiarly her own. I teach her nothing. She catches the inspiration of a scene in a moment—morning, noon, twilight, the very taste of the atmosphere is in her pictures. They are poems; they set you dreaming. The name of Ruth Oswald should be inscribed on the roll of fame, and here is a selfish young fellow insisting upon having it written down in the parish register with a thousand nonentities whom nobody ever heard of before or will ever hear of again."

I was too happy and self-satisfied to feel this sparkle of the paternal sarcasm.

"No, I don't mean that," said my father, replacing the picture; "I don't mean exactly that, George; but you must not encourage her to lay aside her art, as she surely will do unless you interfere. She is one of those conscientious creatures who think of duty before anything, who, in marrying, would convince herself that her duty was to be continually thinking of her husband and her household affairs. I knew a lady who made a great name as a poet, and yet she confessed to me that she would rather have sat at the head of a table with half a dozen children round it, the mistress of a happy home, fulfilling woman's only mission. Woman is a mystery, George, an unfathomable mystery. It is no good trying to understand her. There was your poor mother, for example. So far as mental ability went, and goodness of heart, which is better than mental ability, she was my superior; and yet it was the constant idea of her life that my marriage with her had been to my detriment. She would have that it had pulled me down in life; that I ought to have had a woman who could have understood me and appreciated my genius. My genius, poor dear soul! And if it is possible for one human being to understand another, she understood me; heaven rest her!"

It had never occurred to me until that night what a lonely life my father's had been for many years. I pitied him when I thought of my own coming happiness. I said "My coming happiness" to myself, but only for a moment. Doubt and fear succeeded the sudden revelation of hope. She had not confessed her love for me; nor had I dared do more than look into her eyes and press her

hand. This conversation between my father and the Dean might have no real significance. Now that happiness seemed to have come within my grasp, a sudden fear of misery took possession of me. I could not lose her now for worlds. I pictured her sitting at my fireside in my own home—some pretty cottage furnished under her own eye, with her dear pictures on the walls. I placed the cottage on the banks of a river, with trees waving over the roof. I could almost hear the rustling of her dress. And I hear it now, looking back into the past, as I then looked into the future. Yes, I hear the music of her presence in the room as I sit at my desk, haunted with the one dear memory of my life.

“And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come—  
Dreams of a former happier day—  
When heaven was still the Spirit's home,  
And her wings had not yet fallen away ;

“Glimpses of glory ne'er forgot,  
That tell like gleams on a sunset sea,  
What once hath been, what now is not,  
But, oh, what again shall brightly be.”

## CHAPTER X.

### BETWEEN THE LIGHTS.

TWILIGHT and moonlight. Let us sit in the shadow and see the day melt into night. There come to me bright images and pathetic memories between the lights. They rise up out of the misty vapours and stand before me as did the visions that appeared to holy men in the days of the prophets ; only that mine are familiar ghosts. I fear them not. They are no spirits to awe and command, but only the blossoms of thought and memory, only the friends of former days ; they come to me in the twilight, just as the poppy odours of Somnus are stealing over the valley. They come when the first faint glint of the moon falls upon the retreating day. The trailing garments of the twilight hour sweep past me, and the breeze fans my soul into a wakefulness of memory. The old times come back, the old faces, the old memories, fresh and familiar as they were when I was of them, and when she was of the earth, an angel among mortals, an angel in black silk and a lace shawl. Let us sit in the twilight and be familiar and friendly in our conversation, dismissing Somnus and his poppies for the moment, and coming down to the level of Mr. Molineau and Mrs. Stamford.

It seemed to me at the first blush of the meeting that the dinner-



party at the Dean's had been followed by breakfast and this happy river journey, though years had intervened. One often counts time by events. That first dinner-party, and this pic-nic on the river, were two incidents in my association with the Dean's family which I remember most distinctly, and in these two acts in the drama of my early life the same persons took part.

If the conversation had been taken up where I left it at the dinner-party, it would have appeared quite natural.

"It is indeed a lovely morning—lovely morning, Mister Dean," said the Rev. Canon Molineau, as the barge slipped from its moorings, and floated down the river.

"Yes ; oh, I see now," remarked Mrs. Stamford, the thin widow of a once fat pastor of two fat livings ; "we are drawn along by a horse. I wondered how we were going to be propelled—how very interesting."

"Very—yes, very," said the Canon ; "I think I like the autumn better than any time of the year—any time of the year."

"I have no choice for my part," said Mr. Pensax, to whom the Canon looked for an answer ; "it is all one to me."

Mr. Pensax conveyed most distinctly that whatever the season was he should be run down and scouted by the world.

"You are of an accommodating nature, Mr. Pensax," said the Canon, with his blandest smile ; "an accommodating nature," echoing back mysteriously from beneath his formally-cut clerical vest.

"Yes, yes ; I adapt myself to circumstances ; but the world is very ungrateful."

"So it is," said Mrs. Stamford, who had been looking at the Canon so sweetly that Mr. Molineau must have felt a pang of remorse that he had not taken compassion on the lady long ago, and offered her a seat at the head of his table.

If Wulstan may be believed, the Canon kept an excellent table, and gave genial roystering dinners to his bachelor friends.

"Do you think so ?—well, really, I do not think the world is so bad after all—after all," said the Canon ; "what do you say, Miss Oswald?"

"The world, Mr. Canon Molineau, is what we make it," replied Miss Oswald promptly.

"I agree with you, Mary," said the Dean in his rich unctuous voice ; "we make our own world."

"A chastening hand is sometimes laid upon us, Mr. Dean, when we think we have made our world and filled it with happiness," observed my father, who was thinking of the tombstone we had passed on our way.

"That is when we are forgetful of Him who made us. This is one of the besetting sins of the age and its discoveries. In our scientific investigations we are prone to forget Him; we try to account for everything without Him. And this is the great difficulty and danger of our lives."

"A very good sermon in a few words, Mister Dean; very good indeed," said the Canon.

"And enough for to-day," the Dean replied cheerfully; "we parsons, Mr. Himbleton, have a habit of preaching. If you find me drifting in that direction again to-day remind me that there is a time for everything."

We were sitting beneath an awning in the centre of the ecclesiastical barge. Let me describe the picture as it comes up before me, subdued by the mist of years which has gathered about it. The Dean is the most imposing figure in the group, a tall, white-haired, florid-complexioned ecclesiastic, in his clerical hat and gaiters. On a low cushioned chair near his feet is seated Ruth Oswald, in a limp, clinging black silk dress with a short waist. She wears round her shoulders a white lace shawl, and thin, gauzy gauntlets partly cover her round white arms. Her hair hangs down her shoulders in a dark cluster of curls. There is a red rose in her hat, which brings out the olive hue of her cheeks, while the diamond in her shawl (negligently pinned at the throat) does not sparkle more brightly than her eyes. Behind her stands Mr. Erasmus Pensax, with his large hands and feet and his melancholy face, a contrast to Mr. Canon Molineau, his neighbour, all smiles and radiance, with bright eyes, and white teeth, and dark hair and whiskers, tinged here and there with grey hairs. On the Dean's left hand is Miss Mary Oswald. She sits upright, and with her feet firmly planted on the deck, a living example of duty, beauty, and decision. She wears a white dress, bound with black riband, a black lace shawl, and a hat like her sister's, trimmed with white riband and tied under the chin. A dark blue rug has been thrown over a chair near her. The colour harmonises with her fair face and light brown hair. (She was a magnificent woman, Mary Oswald. My father, I am sure, was thinking so as he sat beside her, plying her with repartee.) Mrs. Stamford, in a black spencer and grey curls, reclines in an easy chair, alternately smiling her approval of the remarks of Mr. Molineau or trembling with fear lest Miss Oswald should say something rude to my father, for whom Mrs. Stamford had, she assured me, the highest respect and admiration. I see myself wandering in and out of this group, a young, slim fellow of three or four and twenty, with grey,

sanguine eyes and a somewhat shy, awkward gait. I see myself in these past days just as I see the boat, the river, and the landscape, a thing apart from the Curate of Summerdale. I am a reminiscence. I am to myself just now like the book-hero of a story. I seem to look back upon some dear friends of my youth, a boy and a girl, two pure, hopeful souls, unstained by the world's greed and traffic, glowing with youth, full of nobility of thought.

I see the barge gliding through the meadows. Now and then the lazy horse stops to crop some herbage by the way, and then the rope splashes in the stream, making a long silver line in the river. I look down into the waters, and I see another barge there, floating along with white clouds and moving banks of reeds, and trees, and corn-fields, and green pastures, and hop-yards. I see flocks of birds flitting hither and thither, enjoying their short vacation. All the spring and summer they have been building their nests and rearing their young. They feed upon the autumn grain and berries, and come and go in holiday throngs. Coveys of partridges start up with a whirr as the barge turns the bend of some quiet nook. They little think how near are the September guns. Like that happy group on board the barge, they dream not how close at hand is death and destruction and misery. What a glorious panorama is that slide out of memory's lantern! Hedge-rows, red and yellow with hips and haws; old timbered houses, with swallows sitting on the roofs, in rows, discussing their coming journey; long avenues of hops, like dreams of classic vineyards; fields full of lowing cattle; great yellow patches of waving corn; ferrymen moving long flat-bottomed boats across the river; peasants looking from underneath their sunburnt brows at the gay barge; fishermen sitting among the tall grass; old churches slumbering among trees. These are the pictures that float by the deck of the barge to the music of a rippling tap-tap-tap at the bow of the vessel, and a responsive wash-wash-wash of back-water on the banks of the river where the moor-hen hides among the rushes.

There was a great deal of learned talk at the Abbey, in which Miss Oswald took part. Ruth selected a mossy bank near the western window of the ruins for a study of elms and corn. While she made her sketch, the other members of the party rambled about the ruins in twos and threes. I contrived to stay with Ruth. My father purposely neglected his pupil, and nobody cared much for my society. Miss Oswald argued many knotty points of monkish policy and architectural economy with Mr. Molineau and my father. The Dean and Mr. Pensax walked arm in arm, now and then talking in a

confidential way that induced the others not to interrupt them. Mrs. Stamford glided to and fro, asking all kinds of curious questions about refectories, chapels, cells, and Henry VIII. And, as I said before, I contrived to stay by the side of Ruth. I unpacked her colours, washed her brushes, fixed her small easel in the mossy turf, sharpened her charcoal, and busied myself in a hundred ways about her until she had made an outline of her picture, first in charcoal and then in pencil. She soon brightened her palette with pigments, and rubbed into the canvas the first primary colours of her work. I sat down by her side. Why did I think of the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab? Was it the artist's name and the waving corn, or the strong purpose that was in my heart? Ruth! What a soft, musical name, sweet and suggestive of sweetness, associated with rural life, with reapers and gleaners and pastoral songs.

"You are very thoughtful to-day, Mr. Himbleton," said Ruth presently. "I wish you would move this branch of ivy which obstructs that glimpse of the cottage yonder. This branch by the corner of the stone, close to my right hand. Thank you!"

The spray of ivy was removed in a moment.

"And there is a little mouse under the wall, near my foot. I wish you could persuade it that it is in no danger: it wants to come out and see what we are doing. I think it is frightened at you."

Ruth turned her great brown eyes upon me for a moment, and smiled the dear smile of years before when I gave her that glass of water in my father's studio.

"You are not afraid of mice," I said, for lack of a better reply.

"No, I am not afraid of anything," she said, plunging her brush into half a dozen different shades of yellow and brown, and laying in the foundation of her corn-field. "I make friends with frogs and mice and all kinds of living things when I am sketching. Hush! You see that gleam of sunshine creeping gradually across the wheat! Is it not beautiful? There! Now it comes sweeping along, a tidal wave of sunshine. See how these elms have broken the sunbeams into thousands of glints and splinters."

I was almost startled at the animation of Ruth's face and manner as she watched the moving mass of light which swept over the corn and turned the smoke of the cottage into a sunny mist that lost itself among the surrounding trees.

Suddenly, as her face had caught the inspiration of the sunshine, it reflected back the shadow.

"Ah," she said, laying down her palette, as an army of clouds

went over the sun. "Ah, Mr. Himbleton, that is the sort of light which it is impossible to get into a painted landscape!"

"Nay, Miss Ruth," I said; "that little picture of yours in my father's studio seems to me to repeat all the poetry of light and shade that Nature herself possesses."

Ruth shook her head and looked at her easel.

"It has an advantage, too, over Nature—it is always the same: the autumn sunset, the river swept by an October wind, the brown leaves making a carpet by the river."

"You have been quite studying my poor little picture," said Ruth, looking up at me, with an awakened interest. "I wish it deserved so much praise."

"Studying it!" I said, gazing upon her, as if she were that glorious light of the sun which had fired her imagination a few moments previously. "I have sat before it for hours. I know every leaf, every shadow on the river. It is a poem which I have learnt by heart."

Ruth's eyes fell under my kindling glance.

"O, Miss Oswald—Ruth, I have sat before another picture for years, silently, secretly worshipping it, daring to love it beyond all the world. O, Ruth, forgive me if I offend you. I love you with all my heart and soul!"

Ruth put out her hand in token of her forgiveness. I took it in both mine and kissed it, and trembled with a strange and fearful joy.

"You are not angry?" I said presently.

"No," she said softly, and her eyes were filled with tears.

"Shall we walk a little?" I said.

"Yes," said Ruth, suffering me to lead her away.

In a moment we were deep in the shadow of elms and oaks and luxurious hedge-rows. I took her arm in mine, and bent my head over her to whisper hopeful words.

"If you only knew how long those bold words have been trembling on my lips," I said. "Had I been a prince or a lord, Miss Oswald"—

"Call me Ruth," she said.

"Ruth, my own dear Ruth," I said, "if I had been a prince or an earl I had not waited so long. It is the privilege of the rich to be frank in love."

"When they do love," said Ruth, as if rather in answer to her own thoughts than mine.

"Ruth, do you remember when you first came to my father's studio?"

"Yes," she said, turning her eyes upon me with the dear old look

of that past time, the dear smile of thankfulness and sympathy intensified and familiarised ; "yes, I remember."

"I had dared to love you long before then," I said, emboldened by the tone of pleasure in which she said she remembered.

"I think we had better return," she said. "We shall be missed."

"May I hope, Ruth, my dear, dear Ruth, that some day—may I hope now that my love is returned—dare I go home to-night and feel that the dream of my life and all its dearest hopes and aspirations is realised—that"——

"Yes, yes, George," said Ruth, suddenly stopping me, and turning her face aglow with blushes to mine.

In a moment I had kissed her hot cheek, and all was over. Ruth was mine. My victory was complete indeed. I had seen myself for weeks and months nearing the highest point of my hopes. Long ago, after my first visit to the Deanery, when Ruth returned the pressure of my hand, I thought all my hopes were realised. But standing on that dizzy summit, like a mountain climber I saw other giddy heights rising far above me. To-day, with Ruth's "Yes" ringing through my soul, I felt that at last, indeed, the mountain top was achieved. Already, as we wandered back to the ruins of Tonkeston, I began to see through the mist another range of hills climbing up into the skies. But these I could easily master ; these should be traversed slowly, and I should have a companion.

But, oh, the joy of these first moments, when Ruth called me by my Christian name, and when she said "Yes, yes," stopping the flood of my wild and half incoherent appeal. The music of her voice fell upon my ear like delicious harmony, filling my soul with a great but subdued gladness. The captive when he hears the word of release ; the mother who, betwixt hope and fear, watches her unconscious child, and hears the doctor say, "There is no danger ;" the sinner on his death-bed listening to the assurance of the priest that he is forgiven ; the soldier, after a long and desperate fight, suddenly hearing the trumpet-blare of victory ; the artist when his first picture is hung at the Academy ; the faithful pastor when he feels that he has snatched a brother from perdition ; the inventor at the moment when Science suddenly lays some great secret at his feet. Take the united sensations of all these in the first pulsation of their realised hopes, and you have something approaching to the whirlpool of joy, in which for a moment my soul seemed to go round and round, when Ruth Oswald lifted her face to mine and suffered me to kiss it.

I wonder now, as I sit here calmly in the afterglow of life, at the sensations of which my soul was capable in those early days. This rose I told you of ; Ruth wore it that day in her hat. She gave it to me in the twilight, when the barge was returning to Wulstan ; she gave it to me when the boat was slipping into the shadow of the Cathedral towers ; she gave it to me in token of her love, as we caught a glimpse of the Deanery through the elms ; she gave it to me just as the last note of the corncrake came from the meadows, and when the harvest moon had begun to make a golden ripple on the river ; she gave it with her own fair hand, when the twilight steals into the heart with its whispers of peace and its odours of love. The twilight ! And now I am here alone in the shadow, sitting between the lights when the day is melting before the first glances of the moon. The tinklings of sheep-bells come over the brook, the corncrake is heard again, the shadows of trees and towers fall mysteriously on the water ; the shadows of my past life also come between me and the trembling light ; voices of the past come back faintly in mine ear ; the twilight of life gathers round me ; but the perfume of that withered rose is the emblem of our undying love, past, present, and to come.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE PHILOSOPHER OF CHELSEA.

“ He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,  
Or Jove for his power to thunder. His heart's his mouth.”

*Shakespeare.*



REAT as has been the literary success achieved by “mad Carlyle,” his works are destined to receive a far wider and more general welcome. I trust that, in the swift onward tendencies of this epoch towards mere material good, will come an intellectual reaction with which the spirituality of Carlyle may have much deep and grateful sympathy. And yet, for his very ample success, I doubt the need of such reaction. His spirit has come among the most spirit-stirred and stirring people on the face of the earth—a people renowned for enterprise, not merely of the hand, but likewise of the heart and head. I cannot willingly subscribe to the gross doctrine—which even Carlyle himself has sometimes taught—that all this age's progress is merely material. There must be, and there is, a corresponding spiritual progress. In all nations of all past times there have been but two movements—the spiritual and the material—marching sometimes abreast, and sometimes with unequal steps; but never has the material movement been in advance of the spiritual; and to this truth the age in which we live furnishes no exception.

In this country, and at this time, the march of matter is unquestionably rapid; but the march of ideas is equally so. Indeed, all those changes which, through fifty years last past, have taken place in matter, and which are now therein momentarily taking place, stand forth but as shadows and types of antecedent changes in spirit; they are but projections from the mind, and of the mind; they are the visibly and audibly expressed beliefs of the time; they are the various languages—the exponents, unriddlers, and embodiery of thought. A chapter in the *Novum Organum* no more truly presupposed the spiritual action of Lord Bacon than a steam-engine and safety-lamp presuppose similar action in James Watt and Sir Humphrey Davy. How few have been these changes for the worse; how many for the better—standing forth, by consequence, as representatives of progress. There never was a change into the better or the worse, wrought out by human agency in the



material world, unpreceded by its creating and corresponding change in the spiritual world. For never was a progress in matter without an equal progress in mind. Outward movements are ever but the shadow of movements within the soul. The material tendencies of an age are mightiest proofs of its spiritual tendencies.

That Thomas Carlyle—the poet, the philosopher, and the enlightened critic—will ever become a universal favourite; that he will be read by those “who daily read to daily forget” modern novels and newspapers—is what the most sanguine of his admirers would hardly venture to predicate. Such a fortune neither can he expect, nor would any sincere friend willingly promise for him. But I do certainly believe that, in this most serious, and this most meditative of modern nations, he is destined to exert a very great influence; that, over all our truly intellectual men and women, his cheerful and spiritual genius will extend its benignant sway; and that, one century hence, his progress through early indifference, and even opposition, up to final legitimate esteem, will be classed and recorded among many like extraordinary facts in intellectual history. Contemporaneous popularity and appreciation seldom crown a profoundly original man. The past abounds with instances illustrating this truth. It is not alone Shakespeare and Milton, but all the truly heaven-gifted men of all generations, who must, like Kepler, be content to wait a century for an audience, since God has waited so many thousand years for observers like themselves.

It may well be doubted, moreover, whether any greatly original philosopher or poet ever becomes popular, in the liberal acceptation of that word. Such intellects never operate directly, and with their entire energy, upon the popular mind. Sir Walter Scott—in whose works is a great deal of poetry and some philosophy—has enjoyed, and his memory is still enjoying, a very broad popular reputation. But Sir Walter Scott was not a greatly original man. He wrote beautiful thoughts and scenes into easy sentences for general readers; but he condensed no profound truths to be remembered, repeated, and applied in coming ages. It is a fact worthy of notice that he—the most abundant writer to our hearts—has been the most meagre writer for our tongues; and that he who began and ended more sentences than any individual of his day, has hardly a single entire prose sentence interwoven into the memory of readers. Scott wrote for the general mind; so did Franklin. But how different the pithy, condensed, compact, rememberable and remembered thoughts of the latter, from the vaguely recollected—to be soon forgotten—thoughts

of the former ! Shakespeare has, through the stage, been brought to bear largely on the general heart, and Shakespeare's thoughts, in Shakespeare's words, are on many tongues and are shaping many minds. Scott has been loved by the reading people of this generation ; but what shall Scott be to the people of coming and changed generations, for whom will rise their own peculiar objects of veneration and of intellectual love ? Scott has been popularly great in his own times, to be, like every such favourite, popularly small in all succeeding ones. So speaking, I do not depreciate Scott. I only state the fatality which ever attends mere popular contemporaneous renown. Such renown is of most questionable products, too often but the multitudinous offspring of blindest chance, begotten in blindest accidents.

The pole star of enduring fame shines in no popular sky, but one far other and far loftier. To say the most of it, popularity is a proof, not of worth, nor of durability, but only of itself—popularity. Neither Homer, nor Dante, nor Cervantes, nor Milton, nor even Nature herself, is popular, nor ever will be. And with regard to Shakespeare—were it not for the much-abused vehicle of the stage, so happily adapted to him, and to which he is himself so happily adapted—his works would for ever stand upon the same shelf which holds Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Ben Jonson, Hooker, and Sir Thomas Browne. He would not be popular, nor yet unpopular ; but simply *unknown*, except to the intellectual classes of each generation. He would still be, not merely where his name was now and then pronounced, and two or three of his works partially read, but where all his spirit and all his forms were daily, sincerely, devoutly felt and appreciated. It is true that such would not be for Shakespeare a nobler destiny than that which he is now fulfilling ; but sweep away this accident of the stage, and the popular influence of the mighty dramatist would retire to where it was before Garrick brought it out.

I have been led into these rather trite observations by a wish to keep before the reader of this essay the broad distinction between popular writers and original unpopular writers, of which Mr. Carlyle is certainly one. He is not, nor will he ever be, popular. Cousin expressed a wish to be understood by the *élite* of Europe—by fifty minds in each generation. Mr. Carlyle is not quite so exclusive. He writes for all the intellectual, for all the refined, men and women of his time ; but he writes for only them. Individuals having but superficial ways of thought, mere newspaper readers, gentlemen in search of fanciful sport, and time-killers, may find it convenient to keep aloof from Carlyle. He has nothing for them. Neither

can he provide anything very palatable to the chief materialists of this age—the mere money-getters and money-hoarders—those among us who, of the earth earthy, deem life but given to prepare for—*life!* and time only given to prepare for—*time!* and who, having long steadily gazed at the *means* of mortal existence, catch an unexpected glimpse of its true *end*, just when tremblingly dropping into their graves. For such terrestrials, Carlyle, who is eminently a spiritualist, has hardly one sympathising thought; not that he disdains working men—far otherwise. He is the friendliest counsellor to all workers, but chiefly to those in the spiritual sphere. Let the following extract picture this one of his numerous aspects:—

“Two men I honour, and no third. First the toil-worn craftsman, that with earth-made implements laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man’s. Venerable to me is the hard hand—crooked, coarse—wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a man living man-like. Oh! but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly entreated brother! For us was thy back so bent; for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed. Thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; encrusted must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labour; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toilest for the altogether-indispensable, for daily bread.

“A second man I honour, and still more highly; him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not for daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he, too, in his duty, endeavouring towards inward harmony; revealing this by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all when his outward and his inward endeavours are one; when we can name him artist, not earthly craftsman only, but inspired thinker that, with heaven-made implement, conquers heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have food, must not the high and glorious toil for him, in return, that he have light and guidance, freedom, immortality? These two, in all their degrees, I honour; all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow where it listeth.”

It must be confessed that, save to those of strong spiritual tendencies and some natural thinking habits, Carlyle has so enshrouded himself in strangest garments of style as to render attempts at acquaintanceship extremely rare. I need not here disclose how often, in rage at their affectations, I formerly flung down his volumes. To such “affectations,” so called, I have now, for my own sake, become reconciled; feeling that it is at least tolerant to permit every writer to express himself in his own way, rather than to require his adoption of that other way popularly prescribed for him.

The garment which an original mind chooses for its own enfolding

is a natural garment, whatever spectators may think or say about it. I do not venture much when declaring that never appeared an original writer who had not his own way of expression, as well as his own way of thought and feeling. The greatest modern poets and prose-writers are full of mannerisms, affectations, idiosyncrasies, and peculiarities, only now distinguished with some graceful charity, as Shakespearian or Miltonic, as the Addisonian or Johnsonian styles. Truly it is a pleasant thing to observe some of our critics walking about over the domain of literature with their own self-created or clique-created standard of a natural style, as if there could be one ever-prevailing standard of literary style ; as if entire epochs, as well as individuals, must not, in this respect, be widely different from each other ; as if true genius itself were not the sole fountain-head of standards ; as if a narrow and not a catholic spirit were the best judge of those great original intellects which, while manifesting themselves, violate certain rules to invariably obey those of a higher order, whose sources are in themselves alone.

Style in literature is but the selecting of words and images for the embodiment of thought, and the arranging of them into certain forms. It originates in the writer, and is partially modified by his theme. Readers are impressed by it according to their own developed or undeveloped sensibilities to this or that style. Whoever has such sensibilities most widely and completely developed will enjoy the largest variety of style, and will be the last to complain of what, on this subject, are called "innovations." He will enjoy the sounding sentences of Milton, the quaint felicities of Sir Thomas Browne, the lusty vigour of Churchill, the enamelled hardness of Gray and Cowper, the susquepedalianisms of Dr. Johnson, and the gnarled, unwedgable combinations of Carlyle. Whoever, on the other hand, as is most generally the case, has but partially developed such sensibilities, can enjoy only those styles, and of course their authors, for which such partial development has fitted him. All others he will probably condemn, or to their merits be quite indifferent. If, for instance, he has studied only in the literary school of Burke or Johnson, he will find the Saxon simplicity of John Bunyan rather flat. Hooker may not be repulsive after Channing, and Sir Philip Sydney will grow an utter abomination in the presence of Miss Braddon. That manysidedness which, as the Germans say, characterises Shakespeare, belongs very largely to every intellectual taste completely developed. Whoever has cultivated but one side of his taste will have but a narrow stock of truly enjoyable reading. Whoever, on the other hand, develops, if I may so say, every side of his

taste, prepares himself for enjoying all the writers of all times. Every portal of his heart and soul is flung wide open, through which all genius, coming from what point soever of the intellectual compass, may find a free and bountiful ingress. These views reveal to us sufficient reason for the different estimation in which writers are held on account of their style—why Wordsworth's "Excursion" is disliked by those who admire the "Traveller" of Goldsmith; why Paley may be agreeable to one who delights in the "Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" by Milton—not that the style of Goldsmith's poem is superior to the style of Wordsworth's, or that the prose of Paley has anything in common with the prose of Milton. The reasons for such preferences and dislikes are not so much in authors as in the peculiarly developed tastes of readers.

Of Carlyle's style there are two modes in the exhibition. It may either be described as it truly *is* on printed pages, or, what is totally different, we may describe the impression made on our own mind. This latter mode of reflecting a fact from broken or unbroken mirrors, instead of presenting it *in propria persona*, has been almost universally adopted by the journalists and reviewers of the present day. Far from exhibiting the real features of this style, they have only worded them, "good" or "bad," "smooth" or "harsh," "natural" or "affected," "graceful" or "uncouth." Most of these guides to the book-purchasing public seem to pause at once—amazed and terrified—at the *style* of our author. Some come over, and, looking at this or that title of his works, forthwith, in all convenient haste, walk by on the other side. Others, glancing through a page, or less, strive in vain to comprehend it; and so, shaking their heads in dubiousness, go on their several ways, caring not to see the interior of a palace whose outmost door swings so heavily on its hinges. Perhaps, however, the most amusingly curious inquirer is he who, having long tugged at the door, perceives it slightly opened, takes a hurried peep at the vestibule, and, thereupon hastening away, declares to all the world that the apartments are quite empty, or perhaps occasionally tenanted by the craziest, the most shapeless and most whimsical phantasms, which—so far from giving responses to a question—vanish into nothingness before his steady eye. What if—truly entering—he had found a thousand halls hung round with magic glasses, in whose depths were mirrored some of the present and much of the past; where stood philosophy, in certain new and startling guises, with many celestial forms, their hands still beckoning men to a worship of the beautiful and the true?

To show how strange are the artifices which Mr. Carlyle employs,

that superficial men be not beguiled and caught by his style, or even his titles, instances beyond number might here be marshalled. What skimmer of light literary froth could possibly sit down to an historical work whereof the chapters of one book were thus entitled :—"Astrea Redux," "Petition in Hieroglyphs," "Questionable," "Maurepas," "Astrea Redux without Cash," "Windbags," "Contrat Social," "Printed Paper"? The words "Sartor Resartus; or, The Philosophy of Clothes," might seem but a guide-post to bottomless nonsense, in the apprehension of any one who has not reflected that the universe is the garment of Deity; that the Church, the State, the literature, arts, laws, religion, and even machinery, are but various vestments in which man's spirit clothes itself.

Carlyle has been charged with fashioning his own style after the German; but to the critical reader it must be patent that his works abound in instances illustrating that his faculty of expression has been educated not merely by German, but also by far wider influences. He must be familiar with most continental literature, and the effect of a universal study of English literature—from the Bible downwards—is manifest on almost every page. Those schoolmasters who read works of genius, with Murray on their right hand and Walker at their left—who pronounce the illustrating of one idea by two images, a mixing of metaphors, and hold unpardonable the ending of sentences with monosyllabic particles—will be often quarrelling with Carlyle. Those gentlemen also who are opposed to an author expressing himself in his own way rather than in some *other* favourite author's way, will probably condemn him to more tolerant and catholic readers. Nor will he enjoy much favour with those who believe the English language has attained perfection, and that, therefore, no additions or alterations should be made thereunto. How might any such individual endure this truly Carlylean mode of asking a question :—"But how it originated, this fierce electric splutter and explosion?" "Whence it cometh?" "Whither it goeth?" "Where this will end?" "What it is, then, that they propose to do for saving the country?" This mode of questioning is not in conformity with German or any other idioms. They are legitimately begotten Carlyleisms. A like parentage may also be assigned to sentences after sentences in his volumes, which stand at fiercest war with all grammatical rules, and which one might safely challenge the strictest disciple of Lindley Murray to parse. In coining new words, as it is called, as well as in newly combining old verbal coins, Carlyle surpasses any writer of his time. He never trudges round to an idea, in the beaten circumlocutory path, if he



human language—its largest expressor—be likewise stationary and unchangeable. But ceaseless activity and development are the law of that nature. New ideas are daily generated, new relations are daily established, and new physical facts are daily revealed. Those ideas, relations, and facts demand, for their embodiment, new words and new combinations of words. The opponents to innovations, to new-fangled terms, to corruptions of the so-called “undefiled” English, insist upon strangest procedures. Will they permit all other vehicles of thought—painting, sculpture, music, architecture, and even machinery—to multiply and change into adaptation to their changed designs, and refuse a like necessary multiplication and change to the vehicle of language? Whatever they may permit or refuse, I believe that the future destiny of the English language will be as changeable as has been its past, and that, three centuries hence, its guise will be as different from the present as its present is from the Miltonic or Shakespearian. Old words, like old ideas and institutions, die off, and new ones are daily born—treated, at first, like bastards—laughed at, glowered over, branded, and stamped upon by most grammarians and lexicographers—to be, after a time, voted legitimate, and finally admitted into the respectable family of English vocables. But, to return to our author.

In that department of style which, by most rhetoricians, is called figurative language, Carlyle is extremely significant and rich. His pages abound with material and spiritual images, for exhibiting and illustrating the spiritual and material worlds; his freedom in this respect is boundless. He applies the language of one sense to the ideas of every other—the ideas peculiar to one vocation to the ideas of all others. Those who deem a frequent and felicitous employment of such figurative vehicles of thought one evidence of a poetical temperament will not hesitate in ascribing this temperament to Carlyle. The possession of this faculty should rather be considered a proof of his quick perception of analogies. The poetical genius lies deeper, and does in nowise depend on figures of speech to reveal it. Its central soul is a wide and vivid sensibility to all that is best and grandest and fairest in the works of God and the destinies of man. A revelation of such sensibility, whether through tones, marble, colours, or words, may be truly called poetry. There is no need of rhyme nor measured verse, nor of figurative speech; nor is there even need of such outward revelation, to constitute a poet, except in the popular apprehension. Genuine poets exist previously to such revelation, and without it. The unembodied poetry which, through many ages of the past, has silently slumbered in human



hearts, far more than equals all that has ever been revealed ; and the sublimest and the loveliest strains which the world possesses are in far other vehicles than mere rhetorical tropes and figures.

Carlyle is gifted to an eminent degree with that sensibility of which I have just spoken, and he certainly makes unlimited use of material symbols for its manifestations. He has thus often presented old truths and old scenes under new, impressive, and rememberable aspects. He has thus shed broader and brighter illumination of the great tendencies of the time, and over much of that darkness which surrounds all the destinies of man. Opening at any page of his works, something is certain to be found in illustration of these remarks :—

“Great men are the fire-pillars in this dark pilgrimage of mankind ; they stand as heavenly signs ; ever-living witnesses of what has been ; prophetic tokens of what may still be ; the revealed embodied possibilities of human nature ; which greatness, he who has never seen, or rationally conceived of, and with his whole heart passionately loved and revered, is himself forever doomed to be little.”

“Generations are as the days of toilsome mankind : death and birth are the vesper and matin bells that summon mankind to sleep, and to rise refreshed for new advancement.”

“When I gazed into these stars, have they not looked down on me, as if with pity, from their serene spaces—like eyes glistening with heavenly tears over the lot of man ? Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more ; and Arcturus, and Orion, and Sirius, and the Pleiades are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noticed them in the plain of Shinar. Pshaw ! what is this paltry little dog-cage of an earth ; what art thou that sittest whining there ?”

One of his descriptions of the birth of French democracy may, to the reader's imagination, be curious, if not terrific and appalling :—

“When the age of miracles lay faded into the distance, as an incredible tradition, and even the age of conventionalities was now old, and man's existence had for long generations rested on mere formulas, which were grown hollow by course of time, and it seemed as if no reality any longer existed, but only phantasms of realities, and God's universe were the work of the tailor and upholsterer mainly, and men wore buckram masks, that went about becking and grimacing there : on a sudden the earth yawns asunder ; amid Tartarian smoke and glare of fierce brightness, rises SANSULOTISM, many-headed, fire-breathing, and asks, ‘*What think ye of ME ?*’ Well may the buckram masks start together,” &c.

Speaking of those swift changes which are such characteristic features of the French Legislature, he makes use of the following wonderful language :—

“For this convention is unfortunately the crankiest of machines ; it shall be pointing eastward, with stiff violence, this moment ; and then, do but touch some

spring dexterously, the whole machine, clattering and jerking seven hundredfold, will whirl with huge crash, and next moment is pointing westward !”

The philosophic hero of “Sartor Resartus” has unhappily fallen in love, some German angel kindling within him no “despicable firework.” “Happy,” says the biographer, “if it indeed proved a firework and flamed off rocket-wise in successive beautiful bursts of splendour, each growing naturally from the other through the several stages of a happy, youthful love, till the whole were safely burnt out, and the young soul relieved with little damage ! Happy if it did not rather prove a conflagration and mad explosion,” &c.

Selecting at random these passages, we have introduced them to illustrate the figurative features in our author’s style. His works are crowded with images beyond those of any writer in modern times ; images new and impressive, which cleave fast to the reader’s memory, and hold chained thereto the truths and facts which otherwise might have broken away and been forgotten. It is through them that Carlyle is often one of the most suggestive and thought-quickenings writers in the language.

Carlyle reveals himself to us in the phases of critic, philosopher, historian, and poet. In calling him a poet, it is not intended to say that he writes rhymes or even blank verse, but only that he everywhere manifests deep and broad poetical susceptibilities. In almost all his writings we find evidences of this. We find youthful, fresh, and enthusiastic feelings ; we hear glad and sorrowful tones ; we meet encouragements to sympathy with whatsoever is good and true ; we see constant endeavours to elevate the invisible and eternal above that which may be seen and which perishes. We behold these things glowing in the light of a splendid imagination, and from them are derived to us influences like those which it is the especial aim of poetry to generate. It is through such symbols that we discover in the *Philosopher of Chelsea* a genuine and powerful poet.

His claim to the name of historian is based upon a work published some years since, by him entitled “The French Revolution : a History.” This work has more frequently been called an epic poem than a history. Any one possessing a fair knowledge of the facts which constitute the history of France during the Reign of Terror will find and appreciate in “The French Revolution” many very startling pictures, many marvellous groupings, and reflections of most unexpected and original character. I hold this historical work of Carlyle to be equally pictorial with the most animated pages of Thierry, Thiers, Macaulay, or Froude. It is, however, less satisfactory as a history than the admirable work of Thiers on the same

theme ; and yet by reason of its graphicness, its admirable philosophic thought, its suggestive, mind-quickening, and heart-stirring passages, it is worthy to be classed with the richest reading which, on its theme, has as yet been furnished to us through the English press.

In his essays and critical writings he has made frequent efforts to introduce to his countrymen the great minds of Germany. For those minds he seems to cherish a deep and affectionate sympathy ; and for all truly original master-spirits he has the loving reverence of a child and the vigorous sensibility of a man. It matters not with him whether that master-spirit be Burns with his hard hand on the plough, or Goethe at the courtly circles of Weimar, or Mirabeau in the prisons at Vincennes,—if only co-existent inward force be there ; if but the native fires of genius there burn. In his criticisms Carlyle considers words, and indeed all outward things, as symbols, representatives, and types of spirit. He esteems them as nothing more ; and when they fail to subserve such end, he holds them all for nought. He holds that all original men are inexhaustible and never wholly comprehensible ; a truth, indeed, for the meanest, as well as the highest mind. As a philosopher and moralist, Carlyle is chiefly conspicuous in his "Sartor Resartus." Throughout all his writings, however, his philosophical tendencies are continually revealing themselves. Thoughts flash up here and there, casting a light, sometimes faint and sometimes brilliant, upon man's nature, his duties, and his destinies. His philosophy is of that noble order which strives to restore the lost image of God to man, and which has for its maxim those noble words, "The proper study of mankind is man." To him all nature and man are deep enigmas, which he who can in the least unriddle may deem himself sufficiently happy. Men talk of reading the volume of nature. "Dost thou so much as well know the alphabet thereof? With its words, sentences, and grand description pages, political and philosophical, spread out through solar systems and thousands of years, we shall not try thee. It is a volume written in celestial hieroglyphics, in the true sacred writing, of which even prophets are happy that they can read here a line and there a line."

Man's earthly course has been pronounced a struggle. Imprisoned within innumerable walls of circumstances, he must batter them down with heart and hand if he would advance onward to that true success which lies far, far beyond, and which is never to be wholly grasped. Our best mortal hopes are as air-castles, sometimes settling down into earth-castles for an anxious dwelling-place ; often suspended before us in the sky ; and oftener still, like unsubstantial pageants, vanishing, with their columns and spires and illuminated halls, utterly

away, leaving "not a wreck behind." The game of life is one of the strangest games, and Fortune plays against us with loaded dice. At those full cups of gladness which time is now slowly advancing to our lips, Chance, with her thousand hostile, unseen hands, is momentarily striking. Of them how many fall broken to the earth—the wine of life so wasted in the sands! Out from the future, dimly shadowed, the hours come forth to meet us. They drop their poisons or their roses, and then lie down for ever, side by side, in the long sepulchre of the past. Who may look back upon those buried hours and behold noble wishes and good deeds often blooming from them up? It is a holier voice than poetry which tells us that—

"Only the *actions* of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust."

In conclusion, let me express a heartfelt wish that the Philosopher-Poet of Chelsea may be long among us to warn and admonish us as heretofore; and that his mighty pen—now too long dormant—may be again employed to elevate the spiritual into its rightful throne above the material; to render cant and shams and all untruth wholly detestable; to teach a reliance on self, not on outward circumstances, for the means of earthly well-being; to awaken thought on themes most vital to human interest, and to inspire them with solemnity in the presence of the mysterious world wherein they live.

T. L. C.

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## THE TICHBORNE DOLE.

**T**HE rumours which have been floating during the last few years respecting a returned Australian emigrant claiming the ancient Baronetcy of Tichborne, which have resulted in the present trial in the Court of Common Pleas, recalls to mind a legend which has been current in the family for many generations ; the truth of which the writer of this paper can so far vouch for, as it came to him from a member of the family.

This very ancient house dates the possession of its patrimony, the manor of Tichborne, near Winchester, as far back as two centuries before the Norman Conquest. It is said to have derived its name originally from the river *Itchen*, at the head of which its possessions were situated, and thence was denominated *De Itchenborne*, which, in course of time, has been abbreviated into its present appellation of Tichborne.

About the middle of the twelfth century, the then head of the family, a gallant knight named Sir Roger de Itchenbourne, married Mabel, only daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph de Lamerston, of Lamerston, in the Isle of Wight, by which he acquired considerable estates in that part of England, in addition to his own possessions in Hampshire. After many years of wedded happiness, during which the Lady Mabel became celebrated for her kindness and care of the poor, death now approaching, worn out with age and infirmity, she besought her loving husband, as her last request, that he would grant her the means of leaving behind her a charitable bequest, in the shape of a *dole*, or measure of bread, to be distributed annually on the 25th of March, the Feast of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, to all needy and indigent people who should apply for it at the hall-door, without respect of persons or excluding any who should make the demand. The said bread was to be the produce of a certain piece of ground situated within the present park palings, containing an area of fifteen acres, and of known value ; but should the applicants be greater in number than the produce, the worth of 2d. in money was to be given to each person in its stead.

The Lady Mabel's husband was induced to consent to his wife's request, only on condition of her being able to crawl or walk round the

piece of ground demanded—a condition of apparent impracticability, from the fact of her having been bed-ridden for many years previous ; and this was to be done, too, while a certain brand, or billet of wood, was burning on the fire in the hall at Tichborne. The venerable dame, however, nothing daunted, ordered her attendants to carry her to the place she had selected, where, being deposited on the ground, she seemed to receive a renovation of strength, and, to the surprise of her anxious and admiring lord—who began to wonder where this pilgrimage might end—as well as of all who saw her, she succeeded in crawling round several rich and goodly acres within the required time. The field which was the scene of Lady Mabel's extraordinary feat retains the name of "Crawls" to the present day.

As soon as her task was complete she was re-conveyed to her chamber, and, summoning the family to her bedside, in order to secure her gift to the poor, for whom it was designed, and to render it binding upon her descendants, she proceeded in a most solemn manner to deliver a prophecy respecting the future inheritors of Tichborne ; predicting its prosperity as long as the annual dole existed, and leaving her malediction on any of her descendants who should be so mean or covetous as to discontinue or divert it ; declaring that when such should happen, *the old house would fall, the family would become extinct, from the failure of heirs male*, and that—as a final warning of the approach of their decay—a generation would appear of *seven sons*, followed immediately by one with *seven daughters and no sons*.

The custom thus founded in the reign of Henry II. continued to be observed most regularly for centuries. The 25th of March became the annual festive day of the family, and the friends and different branches of the house of Tichborne came from far and near to witness and assist at the performance of the Lady Mabel's legacy. In the year 1670 Sir Henry Tichborne, the third baronet of that name, and the direct lineal heir of Sir Roger and Lady Mabel, employed Giles Tilbury, an eminent Flemish painter, to represent the ceremony of distributing the *Tichborne dole*. The picture was valuable, as giving a faithful representation of old Tichborne House in the time of Charles II., which Camden, a century before, had pronounced to be of very great antiquity. This picture passed, by marriage, into the hands of Michael Blount, Esq., of Maple Durham, in Oxfordshire, who had married Mary Agnes, the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Joseph Tichborne, and it was sold by his descendants for the nominal value of £400 to the late Sir Edward Doughty, the ninth baronet

of the house of Tichborne, who assumed the name of Doughty on succeeding to the estates of his relative, Miss Doughty, of Snarford Hall, in Lincolnshire.

The *dole* continued to be given every year, without one omission, down to the end of the last century, when—under the pretence of attending the distribution of the *Tichborne dole*—vagabonds, gipsies, and idlers of every description, assembled from all quarters, pilfering through the neighbourhood, and causing many complaints amongst the magistrates and surrounding gentry. It was abolished by Sir Henry Tichborne in 1799, partly on account of the enormous tax it had become on the family, and partly to prevent a recurrence of the disorders which the annual distribution produced.

Then began the fulfilment of Lady Mabel's prediction. In 1803, four years after the cessation of the gift, a portion of the house fell, and the remainder was pulled down, the materials were sold, and the surrounding moat was filled up. Sir Henry, the seventh baronet of the name of Tichborne, who had abolished the *dole*, had *seven sons*—Henry Joseph, who succeeded him in the title and estates, and became the father of *seven daughters*, but *without a son*; Benjamin, who died unmarried in 1810; Edward, who became ninth baronet, but who left no heir, as his only son died before him; James Francis, the tenth baronet—of whom presently; John Michael, who was unmarried, and slain in the mutiny at Vellore in India in 1802; and Roger Robert, the seventh and youngest son, who died childless in 1849.

Sir Henry, the eighth baronet, and eldest of the seven sons, married Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, Bart., of Marble Hill, and by her had *seven daughters*, in the following order:—1. Eliza, married to Lord Dormer; 2. Frances, to Lord Arundell of Wardour; 3. Julia, to Charles Talbot, Esq., who became the mother of Bertram, seventeenth Earl of Shrewsbury; 4. Mary, who died unmarried in 1827; 5. Catherine, to Colonel Greenwood, of the Grenadier Guards; 6. Lucy, to John Towneley, Esq.; and Emily Blanche, the seventh and youngest daughter, to John, son of J. Bennett, Esq., M.P. for Wiltshire. Sir Henry died leaving no son.

In 1826 Sir Henry's second brother Edward, who eventually became the ninth baronet, having inherited the extensive property of Miss Elizabeth Doughty, of Snarford Hall, was obliged, by the strict terms of her will, to drop the name of Tichborne entirely, and assume that of Doughty solely; thus fulfilling, in some measure, that part of Lady Mabel's prediction which foretold that the name would become extinct. Sir Edward Doughty married, in 1827,

Catherine, daughter of James, ninth Lord Arundell of Wardour, and had an only son, who died before he attained the age of six years. Sir Edward's brother James, who eventually became the tenth baronet, married Henrietta, daughter of Henry Seymour, Esq., of Knoyle, in Wiltshire, and had two sons—Roger Charles, who was supposed to have been lost at sea off the coast of South America, in the spring of 1854 (the claimant of the baronetcy from Australia calls himself the said Roger); and Alfred Joseph, the eleventh baronet, whose son Henry—a posthumous child, born in 1866—is now in possession of the title and estates.

When the only son of Mr. Edward Doughty (subsequently the ninth baronet) died May 30th, 1835, the hitherto singular fulfilment of Lady Mabel's prediction struck him so forcibly that he besought his elder brother, Sir Henry Joseph, to restore the ancient *dole*, which he agreed to do; and it was again distributed, with certain restrictions, in flour, and confining it to the poor of the parish of Tichborne only, on the 25th of March, 1836, after a suspension of thirty-seven years; and in this manner it continues to be distributed to the present day.

The ancient *dole* measure, in which the bread was weighed out, is still preserved in the family mansion, and has, on one side, the inscription, "Fundatum Henrico Secundo regnante:" and on the other, "Tichborne dole weight, 1 lb. 10 oz. avoirdupois." The custom in general every year was to bake about 1,200 loaves; but on one occasion, when the 25th of March fell upon a Sunday, not less than 1,225 loaves were distributed, with sums of 2d. each to the value of £8. Giles Tilbury's picture, to which I have before alluded—representing the distribution of the *dole* in 1670, in the courtyard of the old mansion, and including upwards of 100 portraits—is still to be seen at the hall. An account of Chedecke Tichborne, who perished on the scaffold in the sixteenth century, may be found in Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature." Whether the resumption of Lady Mabel's gift may prove sufficient to ward off the fatal prediction which foretold the failure of the family, *time alone will show*. The male race has hitherto been supposed to depend upon the life of a single child five years of age, unless the issue of the present trial—which seems likely to prove the most important *cause célèbre* of this century—should result in giving the title and the estates, which amount to between £20,000 and £30,000 per annum, to the claimant from Australia.


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# ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

## IV.—BUTLER.

E are to speak of an imaginative writer, totally distinct in character from all who had preceded him; and who, in his class, takes the loftiest station—I mean the author of “Hudibras,” a poem which the finest wits of his own age, and the finest wits of every age and country to the present time, have concurred in pronouncing the wittiest composition, integrally, that was ever penned. If the story or substructure of this remarkable work had been of more fanciful character, with variety and surprises in the development, and the subject of it more general, and applicable to universal humanity—its causes and effects of action—I believe I may state, without fear of contradiction, that it would have stood pre-eminent and unrivalled. Its subject, however, is temporal, individual, and local, being a formidable exposure of the weaknesses (to use no harsher term) of those two sectarian classes of religionists, the Presbyterians and Independents, who ranged under the general denomination of Puritans; the tendency of whose dogmas, with their own narrow, and even morose, interpretation of them, was calculated to undermine and sweep away all that was innocently sportive and cheerful in action, as well as to quench all that was beautiful and inspiring in elegant literature and fine art. For they were the people who would have silenced for ever the Minster organ, pouring forth its solemn harmonies to the “full-voiced” anthem-choir; who, with a sullen stupidity, would have laid waste those gorgeous blossomings of architectural fancy, with all—

“The storied windows, richly dight,  
Casting their dim, religious light;”

the appealing and palpable homage of a zealous and graceful, if, it may be, of a mistaken, faith; and who would have transformed the house of God to a whited wall; who would have burned by the hands of the hangman all poetry and imaginative literature the sole aim of

which was not directed towards the promulgation, and to swell the praises of their own individual tenets and opinions.

With such hide-bound and gloomy principles, no wonder the class were looked upon with contempt, if not aversion, by such minds as those of Spenser and Shakespeare—both men of strictly moral, if not highly religious, feeling (and their writings proclaim them to be both moral and religious, or they were dismal hypocrites); and even the great high-priest of the temple, the holy, the irreproachable, the incorruptible Milton, who had certainly partaken, with the political bias of the class, of its stiff-necked intolerance—even Milton became disgusted with the swart bigotry of that “I-am-more-righteous-than-thou sect;” for in his latter years he separated himself wholly from them. In that forcible little poem, entitled: “On the New *Forcers of Conscience*, under the Long Parliament,” the last line comprises his whole feeling of the odious tyranny to which his party had run; for they had learned no more wisdom from having been persecuted than to turn persecutors when they obtained the power. In scorn of their unjust proceeding, he wittily concludes: “New *Presbyter*, is but old *Priest writ large*.” Milton, who had so nobly eulogised the genius of Shakespeare, and had written the finest epitaph to his memory, could have ill-tolerated the coarse, indiscriminate, and unsparing abuse that the fanatics heaped upon *all* dramatic writings and representations, vilifying them and the actors by the grossest and most scandalous epithets. They were declared “the arch limbs of Beelzebub;” “the instruments of the Devil;” “the advocates of all manner of iniquity;” and “the direct enemies of religion, having enlisted under Antichrist.” In the plenitude of their power, during the Commonwealth, the Puritans closed the theatres altogether; so that the performers were compelled to have recourse to secrecy and chicanery to follow their vocation. In short, they interfered with the most innocent national amusements, such as the fairs, the masquings, and the morris-dancings, denouncing them even more violently than the gross, *secret* vices of the commonalty.

It can scarcely be wondered at that such wholesale, and unmitigated, and, it must be confessed, unjust hostility on the part of the sect should have encountered an opposition fierce and stubborn, with the added weapons of ridicule, satire, and bitter sarcasm. Beaumont and Fletcher (who kept no terms at all with them) constantly employed these engines with so terrible and home-striking an efficacy against their revilers that, notwithstanding their pretended indifference to worldly abuse, they made formal applications to the master of the revels to have certain passages prohibited which too

deeply struck home to their galled feelings. The injustice in all this religious warfare being that this same party claimed to themselves the unrestricted licence of free foot to spurn and stamp into the mire, or to hand over to everlasting denunciation, opinions and customs, amusements and intellectual relaxations, which did not happen to harmonise with their own tastes and prejudices. No wonder, therefore, again, that such fanaticism and intolerance should have roused the slumbering genius in that giant-satirist, Butler; and the effect of the "Hudibras," appearing at such a time, we can scarcely realise; for although, unfortunately, the leaven of intolerance has not yet sunk into a *caput mortuum*, yet the widely-extended freedom of opinion and discussion, with a more healthy organised system of moral education, which will equally revolt at licentiousness and ribaldry as it will quietly pass over the too-heated zeal of "devout imaginations," justifies us in the conclusion that the millennium of universal toleration, forbearance, and loving-kindness is at our doors:—

"It's coming yet, for a' that, and a' that;  
That man to man o'er a' the world  
Shall brithers be, for a' that."

The idea of the crusade of Sir Hudibras and his squire Ralpho was evidently suggested by the immortal history of Don Quixote, with that of his Sancho Panza; and if it be objected that the fanaticism of knight-errantry was not less isolated and partial in its social and moral effects than the monomania of Puritanism (for really the masses made a crazy crusade of it), I would refer to the astonishing mental resources of Cervantes—the inventive faculty he displayed in the variety of characters he produced on the scene; the high and solemn romance in some, the shrewd worldly wisdom in others, the sweet and good-humoured mirth and gentle pathos in his women, their vivacity without vulgarity, freedom of manner and speech without ribaldry or revolting licentiousness, their perfect naturalness and humanity. There is nothing in Butler so touching and redeeming as the simple act of Maritornes paying for a draught of wine, and giving it to Sancho, after his rib-roasting at the inn. Neither is there any such scene in "Hudibras" (indeed, the circumstances of situation in the poem are meagreness itself) as the interview between Don Quixote and Cardenio, or the whole transaction in the Sierra Morena. The very accompaniments, the subaltern movements to this romance, would form a stock-in-trade for any writer in fiction; and its axioms in moral philosophy are the mainsprings of the social system.

These (I had almost said, more than the scenes and humorous

descriptions) have constituted the vital principle of that extraordinary work of fiction, as well as masterly satire upon a mischievous system of civil jurisprudence, and have, indeed, preserved it fresh and green from age to age, when chivalry and knight-errantry have passed away, and are to be sought only in the legends and records of faded and misty antiquity. No such vivid principle as this embalms the great production of Butler's mind. He who is not well read in the religious as well as the political history of the period, from the commencement of the civil war down to the Restoration, will feel little interest in the work, beyond the quaint and original nature of the versification— itself, indeed, a felicitous invention—or the broad, farcical humour of the descriptions, the singularly fanciful and vivid character of the similes and allusions, and the uncommon force and trenchant nature of the wit. These qualities of themselves, one would think, were sufficient to immortalise any work; and by the turbulent popularity which some satires of a local and individual interest have commanded in our own day we may (notwithstanding the recent remark) conceive some idea of the effect which this singular composition produced in its own age; when every feature of it, moral, conventional, individual, and historical, was a familiar topic of denunciation and ridicule to the ascendant Cavalier party; and when the monarch, his courtiers and court-wits, were all interested, politically as well as licentiously, in giving a last blow to sectarian and republican zeal. But the vitality of its subject having considerably withered away, I doubt whether even the stringent qualities of its wit will serve as mummy to embalm its memory—in short, it lacks *humane universality*, and this alone will carry any work triumphantly upon the stream of time to all nations, times, and people.

To render ample meed of justice to the merits of the "Hudibras" would well occupy four distinct essays, ranged under four different heads—viz., the ecclesiastical history of the period, illustrating the polemics of the knight and his squire; the civil and political history, comprising the party squabbles of the Cavaliers and Roundheads; the astrological history, illustrating the character of Sidrophel, as drawn from the Lillys and the Dr. Dees of that period; and, lastly (which I have chosen for my present purpose, as being the one suited to my subject), the peculiar qualities of his poetical genius, as combined with the comic.

One of the most remarkable features of Butler's poetical character is the amazing fertility of his fancy in following up a fact, an observation, or an axiom, with a simile; and this, too, brought, as it were, at random from a heterogeneous mass of imagery that lay piled up in

his mind, like stock at a pawnbroker's or marine store-ho the felicitous aptitude of the objects compared is not so sur their ludicrous incongruity of character. This, of course, great desideratum in burlesque composition. With Butler, it has not the air of being introduced for effect, and, the calculated intervals; but it is outpouring, copious, and mittent. For instance :—

“Great in the bench, great in the saddle,  
That could as well bind o'er as swaddle :  
Mighty he was at both of these,  
And styl'd of war as well as peace.  
(So, some rats of amphibious nature,  
Are either for the land or water.)”

And here is a remarkable collection of imagery. Onl how he follows out and ratifies his first proposition. celebrated account of Sir Hudibras's intellectual accomplish

“But when he pleas'd to show't, his speech  
In loftiness of sound was rich :  
A Babylonish dialect  
Which learned pedants much affect :  
It was a parti-colour'd dress  
Of patched and piebald languages :  
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,  
Like fustian heretofore on satin.  
It had an odd, promiscuous tone,  
As if he talked three parts in one :  
Which made some think, when he did gabble,  
They heard three labourers of Babel ;  
Or Cerberus himself pronounce  
A leash of languages at once.”

Moreover, he rarely contents himself with a solitary comp we have just seen), but he constantly redoubles his stro even ostentatious of his prodigality. Still describing l intellectual attainments, he says :—

“He could raise scruples dark and nice,  
And after, solve them in a trice :  
As if Divinity had catch'd  
The itch on purpose to be scratch'd ;  
Or, like a mountebank, did wound  
And stab herself with doubts profound,  
Only to show with how small pain  
The sores of Faith are cur'd again.”

One or two more examples of his power in the simile :—

“Instead of trumpet and of drum,  
That makes the warrior's stomach come ;

Whose noise whets valour sharp, like beer  
By thunder turn'd to vinegar."

The burlesque description of morning (although known to every one) is too humorous to be omitted :—

" Now all night in Thetis' lap  
The Sun had taken out his nap,  
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From black to red began to turn."

Hudibras threatens Sidrophel and Whackum with the gallows, and under this unique figure :—

" I'll make them serve for perpendic'lars,  
As true, as e'er were used by bricklayers."

The mere rhymes of Butler are quite as original, and indeed they may be said to display as much talent in their department, as his wit and humour; nay, they constitute one feature of his wit. A finer transfusion of the burlesque and mock-heroic character into versification has never been achieved: the proof of which is, that it at once claimed and received a distinct niche in prosodaical structure. It forms a class of itself, and can be converted to no other purpose than the one for which it was invented. It is quite as novel as the style of Sterne, and far more convertible to after use; for the eccentric manner of Sterne was exhausted with its creation; and, indeed, it is one of those clever freaks of fancy which, like the hybrid vagaries of nature, come forth and expire in anomalous singularity. Who could endure a close imitation of Sterne, even with his amount of wit to sustain it?

The licence, amounting to insolence, of Butler's rhymes forms their chief source of the ludicrous—they are metrical legislation travestied. In every form he has burlesqued the rules of prosody. The double rhyme in his hands becomes eminently comic. Upon this subject of the "double rhyme" Addison has made the following remarkable comment. He says :—"If Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in *heroic verse* as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he does; though the generality of his readers are so wonderfully pleased with his *double rhymes* that I don't expect many will be of my opinion in this particular."

Why, bless his head!—the whole and sole intention of the poem is *mock heroic*, and the structure of the verse is *burlesque*. The author of "Cato" appears to have misunderstood Butler's plan altogether; and, moreover, he assumes that the *double rhymes* are in themselves burlesque. This is not the case; as a moderate acquaintance with

the most serious and graceful compositions of the golden age of our poetry can testify. The greatest writers in the Elizabethan era used the double rhymes in their gravest and most tender lyrics with an exquisitely harmonious effect. It was the employment of the double endings for a *ludicrous* purpose, and out-Heroding them in caricature, that constitutes the main burlesque-feature in Butler's poem; and which the common, heroic stanza must, in comparison, have failed to accomplish. Dryden, a true poet, says of the double rhymes that "they are necessary companions of burlesque writing." I repeat, not merely as "double rhymes," but because they offer so many salient points for comical combinations. No one with an ear for the music of verse would call the Satyr's speech in Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess" *burlesque* writing; yet it is the same *metre* as the "Hudibras," and contains *double endings* to some of the lines.

" . . . Nuts more brown  
Than the squirrel's teeth that crack them;  
Deign, oh fairest fair, to take them."

I will instance this feature of Butler's poetical character by selecting some of his most remarkable rhymes that have the double endings. The first:—

"Nor engine, nor device polemic,  
Disease, nor doctor epidemic,  
Though stor'd with deletery med'cines,  
(Which whosoever took is dead since.)"

The annoyance inflicted upon Ralpho's steed by one of the bear-baiting mob is yet better. He

"Began to kick, and fling, and wince,  
As if he'd been beside his sense:  
Striving to disengage from thistle  
That gall'd him sorely under *his tail*."

The greater the defiance of all prescribed emphasis, the more surely would he adopt that course, and no other.

"Till recollecting wonted courage,  
His fear was soon converted to rage."

The above perversion of the right inflexion reminds one of the Frenchman's English inscription upon a monument in his garden:—

"This plain stone  
To William Shenstone.  
In his poems natúral  
He déscribes scenes rural."

A few more of Butler's slip-shod rhymes, and I have done.

“Are things of superstitious function,  
Fit to be used in Gospel sunshine?”

Again :—

“Quoth Ralpho, Not far hence doth dwell  
A cunning man, hight Sidrophel,  
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinions of the moon sells.”

Another :—

“An ancient castle that commands  
Th' adjacent parts : in all the fabric  
You shall not see one stone, nor á brick.”

And now we turn up the King of Trumps :—

“The upright Cerdon next advanc'd,  
Of all his race the valiant'st.”

And here comes the ace. It is the account of Sidrophel, the astrologer :—

“He made an instrument to know  
If the Moon shine at full, or no :  
That would, as soon as e'er she shone, straight  
Whether 'twere day or night demonstrate ;  
Tell what her diameter to an inch is ;  
And prove that she's not made of green cheese.”

Mons. Lapet, in Fletcher's comedy of “Nice Valour,” could confirm the following assertion of Hudibras, who avers that some have so discriminative and accurate a sense of feeling,

“That they know  
What wood a cudgel's of by the blow :  
Some kick'd, until they feel whether,  
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.”

Upon a close examination of this singular poem, it will be found that there is scarcely a figure in rhetoric, and not a mood or variety of feature in the motley physiognomy of wit and humour, that has not been employed by the author ; and, it may be asserted, each mood with more force, vividness, and ingenuity than by any satirist before or since his time.

Nothing can exceed the slashing style in which this great writer rips open and exposes to view the hypocritical pretensions of the objects of his ridicule, and the proof of it is, that the book has furnished texts and mottoes to the opponents of bigotry and fanaticisms of all descriptions—whether ecclesiastical or civil—to the present day. The wonder is, when we consider the extraordinary



force of his weapon, with its prevailing truth and certainty, that, like Cervantes, Butler did not at once abolish the sect and principle to which he was opposed; and this would in all probability have been the result had not that party of religionists and politicians been confronted by a horde of libertines, whose insolent contempt of every tie, social, moral, and divine (I mean the Court party of Charles II.), brought the steady and enduring virtues of the others into high relief. And this favourable contrast into which they were thrown preserved them; for there can be no question that every unbiassed and reflecting mind of that period that compared the energy, robustness, and capacity of Cromwell's intellect, and the political influence he gained for his country throughout Europe, with the luxurious ribaldry and hollow venality of the French stipendiary, Charles; and still more, when he thought upon the uncompromising and stubborn honesty of Bradshaw, the single-hearted enthusiasm of Vane, the speculative wisdom of Harrington, the bravery and integrity of Ludlow and Martin, and of those brethren in the cause who expatriated themselves and cast the bread of liberty upon foreign waters; with Whitelock, and Marvell, and Milton, Prynne, Burton, and Withers; and all those upright Gospel ministers who were hounded from the pale of the Church, and, with the serene majesty of an approving conscience, emulated the brightest example of patient sweetness in suffering scorn and derision and contempt, and endured hunger and dungeons and misery;—every reflecting mind, I say, that should place these men in juxtaposition with the satellites of that corrupt Court and their fashionable mimics, their *un-English* manners—with the Buckingham and the Clifford and the Arlington—however he might revolt at the fanatical vulgarity of the brain-heated many, and scorn the hypocrisy of the *mere* party and time-serving, could never for one moment hesitate between the *master principle* of the two classes of men, or which was calculated to create the most abundant and most lasting prosperity, social and political, to his native land.

It were utterly beside my purpose, and as unfitting to the present subject, to discuss the theories of the Puritans—I have nothing to do with them; but having said what I did in the commencement of my essay upon the intolerance of their public conduct and of their bigotry in the social relations of life and demeanour, I may be allowed these few words in justification of their honesty of life and integrity of purpose. Nevertheless, Butler made thorough work with the vices and weaknesses of the fifth-monarchy men, and in no one point more, perhaps, than in the skill with which he occasionally parodies their one-sided and sophistical mode of reasoning. Examples of this

are scattered through all those long-winded harangues between the knight and his squire, which should be called "trade-wind" arguments, for they seem to blow six months to one point and six months in the opposite direction, all through the story. Nay, indeed, the "story"—what there is of it—is a sort of clothes-line, upon which these great full-blown dissertations are pegged and aired to the admiring world. Among the most celebrated of these is the one on "Honour," with which the knight comforts himself after having been thrashed and put into the stocks by the virago, Trulla. His consolations are as "balm in Gilead" to his bruised body and wounded soul. He says :—

"He that is valiant and dares fight,  
Though drubb'd, can lose no honour by't.  
Honour's a lease for time to come,  
And cannot be extended from  
The legal tenant ; 'tis a chattel  
Not to be forfeited in battle.  
If he that in the field is slain  
Be in the *bed of honour* lain,  
He that is beaten may be said  
To lie in honour's *truckle-bed*.  
For, as we see th' eclipséd Sun  
By mortals is more gazéd upon  
Than when adorn'd with all his light  
He shines in serene sky most bright,  
So valour in a low estate  
Is most admired and wonder'd at."

His well-known apology, too, for seeking safety in flight, and even turning it from a disgrace into a merit in military tactics, is, perhaps, the most humorous example of sophistry upon record. He says to his squire :—

"Who flies before the enemy  
Compels him equally to fly ;  
And when the flight becomes a chase,  
He wins the day who wins the race."

Also the dialogue between the knight and the widow in the first canto of the second part, and the most famous of all his sophistications, that to his squire exonerating himself from the promise he made to the widow, that, to prove his devotion to her person, he would submit his own to a flagellation. The varied apologies for the breach of his oath are as amusing as they are ingenious and witty. He says, among a host of other arguments :—

"He that *imposes* an oath *makes* it,  
Not he that for convenience takes it."

And again :—

“ For broken laws are ne'er the worse,  
Nay, till they're broken, have no force.”

And, lastly, to crown his argument in justification of his desire to shift the flagellation from his own shoulders to those of another, as his substitute for the penance, he introduces an anecdote that is told with triumphant humour. He says :—

“ That sinners may supply the place  
Of suffering *saints* is a plain case.  
Justice gives sentence many times  
On one man for another's crimes.  
Our brethren of New England use  
Choice malefactors to excuse,  
And hang the guiltless in their stead,  
Of whom the churches have less need ;  
As lately happen'd. In a town  
There liv'd a cobbler, and but one,  
That out of doctrine could cut use  
And mend men's lives as well as shoes.  
This precious brother having slain  
In times of peace an Indian  
(Not out of malice, but mere zeal,  
Because he was an infidel),  
The mighty Tottipottymoy  
Sent to our elders an envoy,  
Complaining sorely of the breach  
Of league held forth by brother Patch  
Against the articles in force  
Between both churches, his and ours,  
For which he pray'd the saints to render  
Into his hands, or hang, th' offender.  
But they, maturely having weigh'd  
They had no more but him o' th' trade—  
(A man that served them in a double  
Capacity, to teach and cobble)—  
Resolved to spare him ; yet to do  
The Indian, Hoghgan Moghgan, too,  
Impartial justice, in his stead did  
Hang an old weaver that was bedrid.”

Voltaire, in his “ Letters concerning the English Nation,” says of Butler's great work :—“ There is one English poem—the title whereof is ‘Hudibras ;’ it is ‘Don Quixote,’ it is our ‘Satire Menipée’ blended together. *I never met with so much wit in one single book as in this.*” High testimony as coming from the first satirist of his own age ; and he concludes :—“ At the same time it is the most difficult to be translated. Who would believe that a work which

paints in such lively and natural colours the several foibles and follies of mankind, and where we meet with *more sentiments than words*, should baffle the endeavours of the ablest translator? But the reason of it is this: almost every part of it alludes to particular incidents."

This difficult task, however, has been achieved; and into French, and by an Englishman; and (that which is the climax to the achievement) there have been few translations from one language into another more ably rendered, and no one of a composition presenting the same amount of obstacle and difficulty.

Mr. Townley, the celebrated collector and proprietor of the marbles bearing his name, which he bequeathed to the British Museum, has the honour of having performed this feat; with what felicity throughout I leave to be judged from the following single specimen. It is the short extract already quoted of Hudibras's style of speech. Townley has given it the following close and happy version:—

" Mais quand il parlait de son mieu  
C'était langage harmonieux,  
Du ton que le pédant affecte,  
Ou du Babel le dialecte :  
C'était un habit d'Arlequin,  
D'Anglais, de Grec, et de Latin,  
Que de coudre il prenait la peine,  
Comme on coud satin sur futaine ;  
Son ton mixte était moins commun  
Que n'est trio chanté par un ;  
Ce qui pouvait bien faire accroire,  
Quand il parlait à l'auditoire  
D'entendre encore le bruit mortel  
De trois ouvriers de Babel ;  
Ou Cerbère aux âmes errantes  
Japper trois langues différentes."

Among other qualifications to form a poet, Butler, at times, gives evidence that he possessed a discriminating ear, and, at the same time, the power to convey in language the corresponding impressions of sounds. It is scarcely worth while to enumerate instances, but the following single one may serve to illustrate the remark:—

" They now distinguish different noise  
Of horns, and pans, and dogs, and boys,  
And kettle-drums, whose sullen dub,  
Sounds like the hooping of a tub."

He also had an eye for natural beauty; and in two instances—two only that I recollect throughout the poem—his objects are

described with a quiet force and simplicity of language. The first represents the moon setting at the dawn of day :—

“The queen of night, whose large command  
Rules all the sea, and half the land,  
And over moist and crazy brains  
In high spring-tides at midnight reigns,  
Was now declining to the west,  
To go to bed, and take her rest.”

The other (introduced by way of simile) is perfect of its kind :—

“And as an owl, that in a barn  
Sees a mouse creeping in the corn,  
Sits still, and shuts his round blue eyes  
As if he slept, until he spies  
The little beast within his reach,  
Then starts, and seizes on the wretch.”

Butler's sedate writing comes with a singularly fine effect in the thick of his extravagant burlesque. All know his character of loyalty, and all (whose natures are worth a straw) must have felt its beauty and truth. He says :—

“For loyalty is still the same,  
Although it win or lose the game ;  
True as the dial to the sun,  
Although it be not shin'd upon.”

He himself strictly followed what he here preached. Here is another specimen of his grave writing, that is seriously, not to say terribly, grand, in the imagery :—

“As some, whom death would not depart,  
Have done the feat themselves by art ;  
Like Indian widows that have gone to bed,  
In flaming curtains to the dead.”

Butler has been charged with deficiency of humour in his great poem. As *compared with the wit*, this quality certainly does not abound ; but, such as he has indulged in, is of the highest class. The most prominent instances are, the personal description of the knight, his accomplishments, bodily and mental ; also of his squire, in the opening of the first canto. After detailing the logical acumen of his hero, how admirable is the burlesque of his thousand-times-quoted summing up ! In short, he says :—

“He knew what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit *can* fly.”

Is not this, too, a vividly humorous description, in four lines, of a quack politician?—

“So politic, as if one eye  
Upon the other were a spy;  
That to trepan the one to think  
The other blind, both strove to blink.”

Another example of his power of humour is the description of the fight between the hero, the bear, and the rabble, in the first part; the triumphal procession in the second canto of the second part, which is as good as anything in Smollett; the scene with Sidrophel and Whackum; and that with the necromancer and the fiends. The consultation with the lawyer is, perhaps, the only specimen of a dramatic character. The interior view of the lawyer's office is excellent—with papers and money purposely disposed to view, “Like nest-eggs, to make clients lay.”

The defects in the poem are, its persevering, unrelieved, and unwearied exposure of moral deformity. The only relief in it is the interchange of satire and broad burlesque; not a hint of pathos or of human sympathy appears throughout. Furthermore, the story is meagre, and the *dramatis personæ* are all alike, and all are irredeemably vulgar. There is no contrast in the characters of Hudibras and Ralpho; Cerdon, Orsin, and Crowdero are one man with three names. All the females are horrible! and, lastly, he has made the Puritans cowards—a failing never proved against them.

Throughout the whole of Butler's writings we feel that the bent of his genius was directed against the vices and absurdities of his species; he cut right and left with a pitiless hand. The courtiers, the conventiclers, the Royal Society—all were anatomised to the bare bone; and, what is worse, he has not left behind a single instance (to my recollection) of his having loved or sympathised with any human being, male or female; and this, I take it, is the secret of his having been deserted when he himself needed sympathy; for kindness begets consolation; and as there is more health than sickness in the world (for sickness forms the exception in the life of almost every one)—more pleasure than pain—so I firmly believe that the good of human nature preponderates over the evil. Unmitigated, undiluted evil is an anomaly; and, therefore, a subject only for the museum of moral curiosity. A man with Butler's mental bias, of course, had his enemies, and, by all account, they kept no terms in their resentments: hence he lies under the imputation of having lampooned his friend and patron, Sir Samuel Luke. But not only, I believe, is there no proof of this, but I believe that no

instance can be adduced of his having been other than a man of integrity and virtue. Wycherley, the dramatist, by the way, acted fairly by him; for he never ceased drawing the attention of the Duke of Buckingham to the merits and public services of Butler, till he obtained for him a present of £300; and this, like an honest man, he instantly disbursed among his creditors.

That he was a genius of immense satirical power, his "Hudibras," with all its inequalities, is a triumphant example.

The two volumes of his "Remains" should always be published with his great poem; for they contain a fund of wit and shrewdness of observation and worldly wisdom. The first volume consists of a collection of prose "Characters," a branch of composition much cultivated in his day, and to which the unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury was one of our earliest and most popular contributors. Overbury's character of the "Milkmaid" is, perhaps, the most genuine portrait of rural nature, in primitive innocence, ever penned; it is equal to anything done by Gainsborough or Morland in the sister art of painting.

As I believe Butler could not have equalled Sir Thomas Overbury in this class of literary portraiture, so he excels his predecessor in the more stringent and acute nature of his observations on characteristic peculiarity. He brings also into his descriptions his rapid versatility of fancy, and that redundant faculty for comparative illustration which has already been remarked as forming so distinct a feature in his style. He goes on with illustration after illustration, and corroboration after corroboration, that leave the attention breathless. The wonder is that, in the multitude of the images he produces, he should so rarely have repeated himself; and of this the examples are, perhaps, as one to a thousand. His style also is clear, nervous, and unaffected; not only is he always understood, but he is never misunderstood.

As the "Characters" of Butler (or portraits of individual classes) are less known than any of his other writings, I will quote two or three short passages from the more striking and popular of them; and, first—for a sedate one—that of the "Atheist," which appears to me a masterly piece of logical deduction:—"An Atheist (he says) is a bold disputant, that takes upon him to prove the hardest negative in the whole world; and, from the impossibility of his attempt, may be justly concluded not to understand it; for he that does not understand so much as the difficulty of his undertaking, can know nothing else of it; and he that will venture to comprehend that which is not within his reach, does not know so far as his own

latitude, much less the extent of that which lies beyond it. He denies that to be which he finds by undeniable inference to be in all things ; and, *because it is everywhere, would have it nowhere*. . . . If a blind man should affirm that there is no such thing as light, and an owl no such thing as darkness, it would be hard to say which is the verier owl of the two ; and yet both would speak *true*, according to their own apprehensions and experience ; but *false*, because it is of things beyond the reach of their own capacities. . . . Nothing *but* ignorance can produce a confidence bold enough to determine of a First Cause. The Atheist commits as great an error in making Nature (which is nothing but the order and method by which all causes and effects are governed) to be the *First Cause*, as if he should suppose the laws by which a prince governs, to be the prince himself."

The "Bumpkin," or country squire of the last century, is a facsimile : but the mail-coaches and macadamised roads in a degree changed his character ; and now the railways will speedily make him a metropolitan. Among other characteristics, the Bumpkin, he says, "is never without some rough-handed flatterer, that rubs him, like a horse, with a curry-comb, till he kicks and grunts with the pleasure."

His picture of the "Sot" is inimitable. It will be observed, through the following passage, how finely he has sustained the metaphor :— "A sot is like a spring-tide : when he is drunk to his high-water mark, he swells and looks big ; runs against the stream, and overflows everything that stands in his way. But when the drink that is in him is at an ebb, he shrinks within his banks, and falls so low and shallow that cattle may pass over him."

"The Antiquary" (he says) "has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, Ye are my father ; and to rottenness, Thou art my mother. He has no providence or foresight ; for all his contemplations look backwards upon the days of old, and his brains are turned within them, as if he walked backwards."

His character of the "Impudent Man" reminds one of Lord Bacon, with whose essays he was evidently familiar : as does also his character of the "Miser ;" and concerning the miser both Butler and Cowley have used the same words : that "he is a slave condemned to the mines." He speaks of "Impudence," however, like a philosopher and a genius ; and of its antipodes, "Modesty," he says beautifully, in conclusion. "Modesty is but a noble jealousy of *Honour*, and Impudence the prostitution of it : for he whose face is proof against infamy, must be as little sensible of glory."



"The Small Poet" is one of the most carefully and minutely worked out of all the characters; and, when the subject is considered, with his authority to speak upon it, to which may be added his extraordinary power in sarcasm, its excellence may be conceived. A dozen caustic sentences, at least, might be quoted from this single description. Here is one, of three or four lines, by way of specimen:—"When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves, by the tail. For, when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word, that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases." And here are two or three lines upon the "Libeller:—" "He is like the Devil that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps, plants weeds among his corn. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely as a jackdaw steals money—for his pleasure."

His "Modern Critic" will, I fear, always be modern; for, is not this a sample of the craft in our own day?—"He never commends anything, but in opposition to something else that he would undervalue." "The Translator" (he says) "dyes an author, like an old stuff into a new colour, but can never give it the beauty and lustre of the first tincture; as silks that are twice dyed lose their glosses, and never receive a fair colour."

And, after the same fashion, every one of his hundred and twenty characters contain features and points of expression and similitude equally faithful and forcible. I would except from this judgment the "Republican" and the "Quaker:—" for here he has given vent to the bitter tone of his prejudices. In the "Republican," under an attack upon Harrington's "Oceana," a form of government almost as visionary as the "Utopia" of Sir Thomas More, he has shown that he either did not, or would not, understand the philosophy of that system of civil policy: and the latter (the "Quaker") is a vulgar and furious, and consequently unjust, abuse of a class of men who patiently endured the scorching heat of persecution for conscience sake. The iniquitous treatment that the Quakers received during the reign of Charles II., and their tranquil perseverance, at once account for the bitter calumnies heaped upon them by the Cavalier party; for no hatred surpasses that of the man who in his heart respects the qualities of him whom he has injured unjustly.

The second volume of Butler's "Remains" comprises his fugitive satires, with some minor pieces; all of which being, more or less, of

local and temporal interest, their pungency has proportionately evaporated. By far the best of them—and which will remain in full force and be quoted as long as the French assume (and their authority is sanctioned) to be dictators to the world in manners, morals, and millinery—is the admirable satire upon the extravagant and ridiculous mimicry of that people that prevailed in Charles's time, partly owing to the disreputable intercourse between the two Courts, and partly, as it is probable, to a desire in the young English Cavaliers to be opposed in everything, externally and internally, to the formality and precision of the former triumphant party. With all his hatred, however, of the Puritans, Butler was much too fine a fellow to endure with any patience the adulteration of that manly indigenous character which had for ages distinguished his countrymen all over Europe: least of all could he tolerate (as Milton had written, perhaps at the same moment) that “the *monsieurs* of Paris should take our hopeful youth into their slight and prodigal custodies, and send them over, back again, transformed into mimics, apes, and kick-shoes.” In the full tide, therefore, of his honest indignation, Butler thus bursts forth against the smatterers of French scraps, and apes of outlandish fashions :—

“ Who would not rather get him gone  
Beyond th' intolerablest zone,  
Or steer his passage through those seas  
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,  
Than see one nation go to school,  
And learn of another like a fool ?  
To study all its tricks and fashions  
With epidemic affectations ;  
● And dare to wear no mode or dress  
But what they in their wisdom please ;  
As monkeys are (by being taught  
To put on gloves and stockings) caught :  
Submit to all that they devise,  
As if it wore their liveries ;  
Make ready, and dress th' imagination,  
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion :  
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,  
And only foreigners at home.  
Admire whate'er they find abroad,  
And nothing here, though e'er so good ;  
Apply to all things which they see  
With their fancies best agree ;  
No matter how ridiculous—  
'Tis all one if it be in use :  
For nothing can be bad or good,  
But as 'tis *in* or *out* of mode ;

And as the nations are that use it,  
 All ought to practise or refuse it ;  
 T'observe their postures, move and stand  
 As they give out the word o' command :  
 To learn the dullest of their whims,  
 And how to wear their very limbs :  
 To turn and manage every part,  
 Like puppets by their rules of art :  
 To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,  
 And politicly shake the head :  
 Until the ignorant (that guess  
 At all things by appearances),  
 To see how art and nature strive,  
 Believe them *really alive*,  
 And that they're very men,—not things  
 That move by puppet-work and springs.  
 Decry all things ; for, to be *wise*,  
 Is not to *know*, but to *despise* ;  
 And deep judicious confidence  
 Has still the odds of wit and sense ;  
 And can pretend a title to  
 Far greater things than they can do.  
 And, while they idly think t' enrich,  
 Adulterate their native speech ;  
 For though to smatter ends of Greek,  
 Or Latin, be the rhetoric  
 Of pedants counted, and vainglorious,  
 To smatter *French* is meritorious ;  
 And to forget their mother-tongue,  
 Or purposely to speak it wrong,  
 A hopeful sign of parts and wit."

With equal severity and sound native taste did he combat the critical affectation of judging our national drama by the classic rules of the ancients—that preposterous bar to all originality and invention. Who was it, one would ask, that instituted the laws for dramatic construction to the Greeks? Doubtless, the laws emanated from the drama, and not the drama from a provisional code. The same may be said with regard to epic composition. Upon what legitimate framework did Homer construct the "Iliad" and "Odyssey"? The Aristotelian rules were the result of a foregone conclusion, and not the cause of that conclusion. With reference to those stern formulæ in art, Southey truly and independently concludes his motto to the "Curse of Kehama":—

"I was born as free as these,  
 And I shall sing as I shall please."

Those swaddling-clothes of the imagination, the rules of the critics, have wrought more mischief in art (and this is saying much) than

the odious time-serving and prostration of mind that their tyranny has effected in the literary commonwealth; the miserable shiftings, the contriving, the flattering, the fawning, the chicanery, and the dinner-giving to purchase the timely breath of to-day's incense is as pitiable a sight for itself (knowing how real talent thus compromises the dignity of its creation) as the system must eventually prove to the best interests of the fraternity.

One of the most able pieces of satirical writing among the "Remains of Butler" is a fragment upon the imperfection and abuse of learning. There is one stinging passage upon that class of diletanti who learn only the *title* of books, and who

"Furnish their understandings by the yard,  
As a French library by the whole is,  
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;  
To which they are but indexes themselves,  
And understand no farther than the shelves."

With as little ceremony, too (for he had no reverence for mere names), has he given one or two tremendous back-strokes of his blade to some of the bearded autocrats of Greek philosophy.

The last pages of the volume, which are occupied with miscellaneous thoughts, are almost as valuable as the whole book. The originality and condensation in some of these reflections keep the mind in a constant state of excitement. They are pure drops of shrewd wisdom. They tell like rifle-shots. Here is one on the smatterer in knowledge:—

"All smatterers are more brisk and pert  
Than those that understand an art;  
As little sparkles shine more bright  
Than glowing coals that give *them* light."

Another on flattery:—

"An ass will with his long ears fray  
The flies that tickle him away;  
But man delights to have his ears  
Blown maggots in by flatterers."

In the next (on the "Convert") the humour rivals the axiom:—

"A convert's but a fly that turns about  
After his head's pulled off to find it out."

I quote the following as being the only piece of sentiment of its kind that I remember throughout the compositions of Butler, and the spirit of it is beautiful:—

"All love at first, like generous wine,  
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;  
But when 'tis settled on the lee,  
And from th' impurer matter free,

Becomes the richer still, the older ;  
And proves the pleasanter, the colder."

He might have added that in that state, too, it is the more accurately tested.

His inimitably humorous description of Holland is so well known that perhaps I ought not to quote it ; and I would not, were it longer than it is. The quarrel between the two countries at that time incited the English wits to vent their jokes upon their opponents and their ill-favoured and ill-savoured morass that they had rescued from the ocean. Dryden's lampoon has but little to recommend it, and it is coarse and splenetic. Every line of Marvell's is a witticism. This is Butler's description :—

" A country that draws fifty foot of water,  
In which men live as in the hold of nature ;  
And when the sea does in upon them break,  
And drown a province, does but spring a leak.  
That always ply the pump, and never think  
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink.  
That live as if they had been run aground,  
And when they die, are cast away and drowned :  
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey  
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey ;  
And, when their merchants are blown up, and cracked,  
Whole towns are cast away in storms and wrecked.  
That feed, like cannibals, on other fishes,  
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes.  
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd ;  
In which men do not live, but go aboard."


There are evidences throughout the writings of Butler that he possessed a proud and indignant spirit ; for although he must have been cruelly disappointed at the neglect he received from the party he so essentially served, yet not a murmur, I believe, escaped him. We have no querulous jeremiads about the " ingratitude of princes." He did what he felt to be honest, and went to his grave fully convinced of what he had asserted—that they who see the most of human nature have the worst opinion of it. Every one knows his epitaph written by John Wesley's father :—

" When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,  
No generous patron would a dinner give :  
See him, when starv'd to death, and turn'd to dust,  
Presented with a monumental bust.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown ;  
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone."

The witty writer has made one mistake in this epitaph. He did " not *ask* for bread"—he *wanted* bread, and he " received a stone."

# THE INNER LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

BY "ONE WHO KNOWS HIM."

OUNT VON MOLTKE tells the poet Oscar von Redwitz that the great men of the past have been great also in adversity, and especially in adversity, and he quotes the saying of Pope Adrian, that "More than once the most capable has failed owing to the invincible force of circumstances, while a less capable has been carried by it to success." True, indeed; yet the world does not pay homage to the crown of thorns, or to the garland when the laurel is mingled with cypress; and if Count von Moltke had been defeated in 1870, his triumph in 1866 would have been called a lucky accident, and Europe would not have believed in his military capacity. The contemporary criticisms on the varied career of Napoleon III. are an apt illustration of how failure is deemed a certain proof of lack of ability, and how success is accepted as sure evidence of genius.

When Louis Napoleon landed in France to invoke the spirit of Bonapartism the attempt was greeted with a shout of derision. Some said he was mad, and others that he was the foolish dupe of his relatives, who hoped by a theatrical display, a parody of the return from Elba, to revive the fast-fading influence of their house. The prisoner of Ham is represented as the harmless scribbler of books not worth reviewing. Prince Louis Napoleon in London is portrayed as a person caring for nothing but a life of pleasure. The nephew of the great Emperor is the favoured follower of the brilliant D'Orsay and the fascinating Lady Blessington. The Prince President is a mere tool of the Republican party, to be cast aside at the opportune moment. Even after the *coup d'état* it was doubted if Napoleon could maintain his position. Probably Lord Palmerston and Mr. Disraeli were the only statesmen who had faith in the stability of the Second Empire; but they knew the singular gifts of the new Emperor. Then came a sudden change of opinion. From the date of the Crimean War Napoleon III. was regarded as the greatest statesman and ruler of the age. Upon his will depended the peace of Europe. Every utterance of his was studied as though it were the oracle of an omniscient and irresistible power. Yet another change. After the catastrophe of Sedan, the glory of the

Crimea, of Magenta, and of Solferino, and the signal success of a reign of eighteen years, are forgotten, and the captive of Wilhelmshöhe, the heretofore wise Prince, the modern Cæsar, the late arbiter of Europe, becomes the weakest of mortals. Napoleon III. has been judged, not by his deeds, but by his fortunes. In the day of success hailed as a demi-god. In the hour of failure jeered at for his incapacity. But shall we find fault with this? Unless from personal acquaintance, how can men judge of ability save by the rough test of success or failure?

That a fierce light beats about the throne is only a pretty conceit of the poet. Clouds of prejudice enshroud the Sovereign, and were it not so, the inner life of the King could not be known to the people. Those who are honoured with the friendship of a monarch have their lips sealed by loyal respect and duty. In after years, when the Sovereign has become historical, his character, motives, and policy are revealed by the publication of the records of those who knew him. Now Napoleon III., though yet living, is an historical personage. Whether his career is over we know not, but the great drama of his life closed at Sedan. Since then two revolutions have been accomplished in France. It will not, therefore, be unseemly to set forth the character—that is, the disposition and guiding motives—of the Emperor now in exile; and it is expedient to do so, because only those who know the man can understand the policy of the Second Empire, and the momentous events which have so changed the face of Europe. For Napoleon III. has not been the servant, but the master, the director of events. The rage of faction can destroy the Napoleonic buildings at Paris, but the greatest works and the influence of the Second Empire are abiding.

Never had a Sovereign more devoted adherents than Napoleon III. His Ministers served him with an unflagging zeal, which expressed the warmth of their personal attachment. M. Ollivier, upon being reproached with sacrificing his principles to please the Emperor, indignantly denied the charge, but confessed a cordial admiration for his Imperial master, and said "No man who knows the Emperor can be his personal foe." Nor must it be supposed that this devotion was bought with gifts. True, whatever the Emperor possessed was at the disposal of his friends. His habits were simple. He cared not for pomp and luxury, and did not value money. It was reported that he had amassed an immense private fortune, but the statement was utterly unfounded. He did not borrow money of the Prussian staff at Sedan, but his friends were not surprised to hear that he was without means. On one occasion he was urged

to do like other Sovereigns and accumulate a private fortune. He said that France would always, and without solicitation, supply his wants. "That is, sire, a soldier's pay and cigars at discretion." The Emperor replied, "Well, we must stipulate for the cigars. *Fuma est gloria mundi*; and you know we love glory." The profusion of Napoleon was the reverse of that which Sallust ascribes to Cataline. He was careful about the fortunes of others, and completely indifferent to his own. This lavish generosity was a fault, but a fault that can be readily condoned. It must not, however, be supposed that the generosity of the Emperor was altogether indiscriminate. In matters of business he was exceedingly careful. An American gentleman wanted the French Government to buy some ocean steamers, and he obtained an interview with the Emperor. He told His Majesty that they were the fastest vessels in existence. "Yes," was the reply; "but the Americans would not sell me their fastest steamers unless they had faster vessels on the stocks." After the affair with the *Morning Chronicle* he was bored by proprietors of valueless journals to grant them subsidies, but he would not do so. To one applicant he said, "This, sir, is the difficulty: it is no use to subsidise a journal that has no influence, and I know that an English journal which receives a subsidy loses its influence." The wonderful personal power of Napoleon was due to his manner, his kindness, and his sincerity. During the negotiation of the Anglo-French Commercial Treaty, one of the Ministers asked Mr. Cobden how he was getting on with the Emperor. Mr. Cobden replied that he had never been associated with a man who knew so much, or one who was so anxious to learn. An American diplomatist who had resided at various European Courts said: "The manner of the Emperor is perfect. You cannot forget that you are in the presence of the Chief Magistrate of a great State; yet there is neither formality nor familiarity." Though a hard worker himself, he was always anxious that his Ministers should not be overworked. It is a mistake to suppose that his Ministers were mere clerks. On the contrary, the Emperor did not interfere in the administration of the departments, though of course he controlled the policy of his Government. It has been said that he often kept his Ministers in the dark as to his intentions, and that his decrees were as much a surprise to them as to the public; but instead of that, he treated them with the utmost confidence. If there was a difference of opinion he spared no pains to adjust the difference. On one occasion he told a Minister that fortunately the point in dispute was not of vital consequence, and therefore he (the Emperor)



would give way. The Minister begged to be allowed to act on the views of the Emperor. "No; a Minister who accepts a policy he does not approve will not succeed in his administration." One who had a long official experience says, "The Emperor was a sharp critic, and he did not forget to point out errors; but he always gave the reasons for his disapprobation."

The Emperor was a cordial friend to England, and one of the objects of his reign was to form an indissoluble alliance between the English and French. Americans could get a presentation through their Minister, but the rules of the English diplomatic service interposed several obstacles. However, hundreds of Her Majesty's subjects were received by Napoleon III. without the intervention of the British Legation. Often these interviews were sought for ridiculous and impracticable objects; but the visitors were treated with patience and courtesy. Several Englishmen offered His Majesty advice gratis in respect to the government of France. One of these modest gentlemen suggested that the press law of England should be adopted in France. "I would do so if I had English editors and English readers." A gentleman, who was waiting in the room of the private secretary, saw a copy of *Punch* lying on the table, containing a caricature of the Emperor. "Has His Majesty seen this?" "Certainly; and he laughed *aux éclats* at the cartoon. *Punch* is one of the English papers the Emperor sees regularly." Napoleon was of a mirthful and joyous disposition. At the Imperial private parties the formal etiquette of the Court was put off, and those who attended these gatherings testify to the prevailing hilarity. Games were more in request than music, and the Emperor was a prolific author of *jeux d'esprit*, and charades humorous as well as witty. To a foreigner—we do not remember whether an Englishman or an American—who was at one of these "tea-parties," and who was evidently uneasy, the Emperor said, "Let us be happy. We are not on the stage, and there are no social distinctions in the green-room."

Perhaps the most conspicuous trait in the character of Napoleon was enthusiasm; we might almost say he was a dreamer, except that some of his dreams were realised. During the making of the Suez Canal he was the ardent supporter of M. Lesseps. He would not listen to evil forebodings of failure. He told the sceptical that the power of the engineer was only limited by the limitation of his resources, and that M. Lesseps would not be stopped for want of money. His devotion to the cause of Italy was well known to his friends years before the Italian war. A like enthusiasm begot the unfortunate Mexican expedition. The Latin race was to be fairly

represented in the New World. A magnificent country was to be redeemed from anarchy, and Mexico was to become a fresh and prolific field for the commerce of the world. The Emperor was wont to ascribe the political tranquillity of England to the possession of splendid colonies and her Indian Empire. In India, in America, and in Australia, the restless spirits could give vent to their explosive activity. Great colonies were necessary for France, and a Mexican Empire, founded and consolidated by French valour, would attract French emigrants. To a friend of Maximilian he said: "The Emperor has a glorious mission, and I rejoice that France has some part in the work." The unhappy termination of the enterprise deeply and lastingly affected Napoleon. Not a word of vain regret escaped from his lips, but it was manifest that he lamented the blight of his cherished hopes. The expedition was not popular in France, and the Opposition made the worst of it. The costs were very heavy, and seriously complicated the budget. These troubles did not weigh upon the mind of the Emperor. What he bemoaned was the non-success of a noble enterprise. Yet the Mexican affair seriously injured Napoleon. It impaired his prestige—not with the mass of the people, but with the Parisians who worship Success, and have none other god. Even the devoted friends of Napoleon were discouraged, and called Mexico the Moscow of the Second Empire.

Foreign critics—Mr. Kinglake, for example—have charged Napoleon with lacking physical courage. Surely this is a most absurd accusation. Physical courage is not the highest or an uncommon virtue; but the Emperor was imbued with it in the highest degree. His exploits as a young man, his conduct in the Italian campaign, and his cool defiance of conspirators attest his bravery. At Sedan he exposed himself for hours to a murderous fire. He was earnestly entreated to withdraw, but he replied that his presence would sustain the soldiers, and that if he were killed it might dispose the enemy to make better terms of peace. Several officers witnessed his daring defiance of Death. But many men who are undaunted in the field of battle shrink from bodily suffering. They care not for a hail of bullets, but they dread the surgeon's knife. Napoleon was afflicted with a painful disease. His patient endurance of excruciating pain surprised M. Nélaton, who is reported to have said, "If all men were like the Emperor anæsthetics would be useless."

Napoleon was not moved by adverse criticism, but he was impatient of misconstruction. The charge of being the foe to political liberty in France annoyed him. When he gave up the so-called personal government for a *régime* of Ministerial responsibility a zealous

supporter of the Empire, who had long served him as Minister, ventured to remonstrate. His Majesty said, "Do you, too, misconceive me? Did I not promise to crown the edifice? Did you suppose I should not redeem my promise?"

The celebrated declaration, "L'Empire c'est la paix," has often been derided. Yet Napoleon was anxious for peace. He proposed a disarmament to Prussia, but the overture was rejected. Years before he had proposed a European Congress, but the idea was scouted. He freely and frequently expressed his disappointment. He contended that the settlement of Vienna was no longer respected, that the development of the principle of nationality involved a revision of the map of Europe, and that if the changes were not to be effected by war they must be arranged at the council board.

Whether Napoleon was deceived by Prince Bismarck, and if so, to what extent, is an open question; but it is not impossible. The Emperor's disposition was eminently trustful. He would not heed the rumours of deception and betrayal. When Cavour died, it was remarked that Italy had lost a friend and Napoleon an enemy. The Emperor energetically defended the memory of Cavour from what he considered an ignoble accusation. He said Cavour was too wise a man to have played false to friend or foe. His Minister of the Interior and his Chief of Police had this explicit instruction: "Report facts to me, but never tell me of your suspicions." An hour or two after the Orsini outrage, the Chief of Police waited on the Emperor, and gave him a detailed account of the conspiracy. His Majesty said: "Your present full and exact knowledge of the affair convinces me that I have the worst police in Europe." In relating this the official added: "It is the fault of the Emperor. We are forbidden to utter a warning. We must tell His Majesty of nothing unless it is *un fait accompli*." The day after the Emperor Alexander was fired at—in 1867—Napoleon was warned that he should not visit a certain quarter of Paris as the assassin had confederates. The Emperor asked for the evidence of a conspiracy, and none was forthcoming. The same day his Majesty visited the quarter that had been described as dangerous, without an escort. On his return he sent for the zealous official, and said to him, "You had no proof of your suspicions, and I have proved that they are unfounded."

The dismemberment of Denmark provoked the French people, and the Imperial Government was sharply censured for permitting the spoliation. Some thought the Mexican business restrained the Emperor, and others that he was resenting an assumed

unfriendly policy pursued by Lord Russell. The facts are these. The Governments of England and France agreed that if it were possible the question should be settled without a European war, and a compromise was suggested, to which Austria had given her assent. Denmark was to resign the Germanised part of the Duchies. This would have involved a comparatively small loss of territory, and would have left Denmark a well-defined frontier. The London Conference was to conclude this arrangement; but, to the surprise and chagrin of the friendly Powers, the Danish representatives curtly and persistently rejected the proposition. The Danish representatives were deceived as to the state of public opinion in England. They thought the Palmerston Government would have to defend Denmark, or that it would be replaced by a Conservative Government pledged to do so. Napoleon foresaw the consequences of the *fiasco*, and in the presence of several persons said, "Denmark has rejected the good offices of her friends, and must accept the terms dictated by her enemies." He deplored the result of the war, and described it as a costly misfortune for Europe. In 1866 it was remarked that Sadowa was the sequel to the Danish war. The Emperor said, "Other troubles will arise from that blunder."

It is supposed the Mexican expedition was undertaken in the expectation that the Confederate States would establish their independence. The Emperor did not so err in judgment. When he was solicited to recognise the Confederacy, he replied that recognition was of vital importance to the South, but that emancipation must precede recognition. When the Confederate Government was condemned for not emancipating the negroes and so conciliating the public opinion of Europe, the Emperor replied that a decree of emancipation would dissolve the Confederacy. He saw the dilemma from which escape was impossible. Although the Confederate Envoy, Mr. Slidell, was not officially received, he was treated with the utmost courtesy. The American papers duly reported that the Misses Slidell were invited to the private parties of the Empress, and there were complaints of the favouritism of the Court. In reply to a semi-official remonstrance, the Emperor observed that it was not contrary to public law for a neutral to be courteous to the representatives of either belligerent, and that the United States had set a worthy example of official hospitality irrespective of public policy. The doors of the White House were never closed against a visitor because he happened to be a foe of an ally of the United States.

One more anecdote, and we shall conclude these reminiscences of the inner life of Napoleon III.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 4th September a Ministerial council was held at the Tuileries. The Parisians did not know of the surrender of Sedan, and the Ministers were not aware of the extent of the disaster. The Empress-Regent announced that she had received a message in cypher from the Emperor, and that the army had surrendered and His Majesty was a captive. As soon as the emotion had subsided, there was a debate on the course to be pursued by the Government. It was the opinion of the Ministers that there would be rioting, and possibly an attempt at insurrection, but the army was faithful, and would preserve order. General Trochu, who had been summoned to the council, had not arrived. At a council held on the preceding Wednesday or Thursday the General, who had received his command from the Emperor, said he would guarantee the preservation of order, and, in any event, the Chambers should not be invaded by the mob. The Empress said, with a smile, "And the Palace, General?" The reply was, "Whoever invades the Palace must pass over my prostrate body." A messenger was now sent in the name of the Empress-Regent requesting his immediate attendance. General Trochu made some excuse, and refused to obey the summons. After a brief consultation, it was proposed to convoke the officers of the Paris garrison in the courtyard of the Palace, and that Her Majesty should tell them what had happened, and bid them defend public order and the Government. The Empress declined this advice, and, in spite of the earnest and even vehement protests of the council, declared that whilst the country was invaded, nothing should be done that might cause civil strife. When the Emperor heard of this, he said: "The Empress-Regent could not think of the dynasty when the country was in such sorrow and peril. But the forbearance of the Imperial Government is in vain. The fire of revolution may be fed with rose-water, but it can only be quenched with blood." That observation was made last October. How fearfully it is justified by the Paris-Versailles tragedy!

Critics may say that these reminiscences are the product of a partial pen. The writer does not disavow his admiration of the Emperor, but there are many unimpeachable witnesses who will testify to the strict, the colourless veracity, of the foregoing statements. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is a generous though ethically unsound maxim, but surely it cannot be blameworthy to speak the truth about an illustrious personage because the truth redounds to his honour. Dethroned kings are not flattered, but, *væ victis*, too often slandered.

## DARTMOOR.



WHO shall say that Devonshire is not a hunting county? That there is no want of love of the sport, the packs of foxhounds, besides harriers innumerable, which are kept without any subscription, bear witness: Lord Portsmouth's, Mr. Mark Rolle's, Mr. Cubitt's, Sir Bruce Chichester's, and last, though not least, Mr. Trelawny's, "The Squire" *par excellence*, a picture of an English gentleman of the old school, combining the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*—the latter not unfrequently required with the "captains," who, regardless of hunting, come out merely to ride. Not that they can easily override the Squire's hounds when once they get away; the "Hold hard, gentlemen! please hold hard!" so common in the "shires," is but seldom heard here. It requires a good man to ride over Dartmoor, with nerves of iron and hands as light as a lady's; a different sort of nerve, too, from that required in the Midlands. People who have never tried it sneer at the possibility of riding over what they are pleased to term "a churchyard," but though it has been my good fortune to have had many a gallop over the cream of the Pytchley country—to have sat down in my saddle over Slawston Vale, Mr. Tailby's "ladies" racing in front of me, one of the fair and two of the unfair sex; the only three with the hounds over those stiff double oxers—to have been one of the few who saw the end of the afternoon run (many years ago, alas!) from Shankton Holt, when the huntsman went home on a blacksmith's pony, and a noble earl and a lady well known in that county for her good riding drove to hospitable Langton in a baker's cart, the hounds being with difficulty whipped off as they entered the forest—yet for real wild foxes and *pace* give me a good day on Dartmoor, where you must have a horse that can not only race, but that can stay also, if you aspire to live with hounds. There is no better judge of horses than the Squire, who breeds nearly all those ridden by himself and servants, and who, by judicious crossing, has arrived at the very perfection of the animal best fitted for the country.

"Archie" in his best days and "Banty" now make one break the Tenth Commandment as often as seen, and old "Pluto," though now shot, was at nineteen a picture for Grant. All very well bred;

fit to go for their lives. No wonder that people not so well mounted find it difficult to keep them in sight. There are admirable gorse coverts which never fail to hold a fox, but there is nothing so wild and picturesque as to come on the drag of one while trotting over the heathery moor; to see the hounds feather round the spot, picking out the at first nearly cold scent, their bristles rising as they go, till the real wild animal jumps up out of his snug bed under their very noses, and away they fly, catch them who can; or to see the terriers (who always accompany the pack in leather panniers, a "varmint's" head protruding on either side, as the boy and the pony jog along, each in itself a picture) put into the rocks on the Eastern Beacon. Boxall, with his hounds grouped round him, occupying the higher ground; the Squire and his field a little below; a lovely spring day; light clouds to temper the sunshine; half the county of Devon, with its rich red soil, spread out like a map before us; Plymouth Sound in the distance, with the men-of-war at anchor; the fishing boats, with their brown sails, speeding hither and thither between the bright gleams of light and the soft dark shadows, form a picture never to be forgotten.

We sit quietly on our horses, and wait. Some of the older hounds indicate by the lashing of their sterns that they, too, know what is coming. In a few minutes a sharp head appears. Not a word is spoken, as we watch a grand old fox steal quietly out, who, after trotting a hundred yards, stands and surveys the field. But apparently suspecting that matters outside are not more peaceful than they were inside his comfortable resting-place, he starts off at a swinging gallop, and with a defiant flourish of his brush as he jumps a little brook. A few minutes' law, the Squire holds up his whip, the hounds are laid on, out rush the terriers, shrieking, screaming, on the line of the hounds, rendering "Bill's" attempts to capture and restore them to their panniers utterly futile; and for the first fifteen minutes we race over as fine turf as any training ground, find ourselves on the edge of a steep descent, and catch sight of Harford Rocks below us, where foxes sometimes lie; but our fox has no time to turn in there to-day, the hounds are too close to his brush. There is no help for it—down the rocks we clatter. Strangers pull up, and pick their way with caution; and heavy weights never sink the hill at all. The fox turns into the enclosures, which are small and very wet, where he puzzles his pursuers with the aid of a friendly flock of sheep. But his fate is sealed. Boxall's judicious cast beyond the sheep hits it off again, across the Erme, through Hall Plantation, where, hard pressed, instead of making for the moor beyond—which was, no

doubt, his first intention—he turns short back, crosses the river again, almost in view, and is run into in the open on Harford Moor. The final ascent, after a very fast thirty minutes, disposes of the greater part of the field. Limpety, the gipsy huntsman, whose cheer made music on Dartmoor for many a year, comes out occasionally to revisit the scenes of his former triumphs; and, though supposed to be superannuated, is still “a most ventersome old rider,” as I discovered to my cost, for, having elected to follow him on my first appearance on the moor, I found myself going down over the Western Beacon at a pace that astonished my “up-country” horse; Limpety’s spur going incessantly the whole way.

There is a popular cry in the present day for reclaiming waste lands to provide food for the people. But it is to be hoped that the originators of the idea may be the first to try the experiment of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow on Dartmoor. I can only hope that no reclamation of Dartmoor will be attempted in my time, as it would spoil the grandest sporting ground in England, and one to which fox-hunters will soon be driven, by wire-fences, steam-ploughing, tame foxes, and other concomitants of high farming and injudicious game preserving.

Those who are young and active, and greatly prefer a little game shot over dogs, amidst lovely scenery, to a hot corner at a battue, will find black game, snipe, hares, and golden plover on the moor. The little coverts on its edge abound in woodcocks, but of course they are strictly preserved. A friend of mine, many years ago, met with an absurd adventure. He had borrowed a setter, and started before daylight, so as to be on the ground in good time; and was jogging quietly along, having nearly reached the spot at which he proposed commencing operations, when he crossed a hare going at her utmost speed. He thought the circumstance curious—nothing more; but in a few minutes Mr. Deacon’s harriers appeared, going heads up, sterns down, on the line of the hare he had seen, when, to his great surprise, they swung round precisely at the place where he had crossed it. The dog, hearing the hounds drawing nearer and nearer, became very uneasy, looked right and left over his shoulders, and finally in my friend’s face; and seeing nothing there but doubt and dismay, tucked his tail between his legs, and fairly bolted, the hounds after him full cry. He ran a ring of about three miles to take his bearings; but Mr. Deacon, seeing his point, rode full gallop down over Pew Tor—a thing no one who has seen the place would deem possible, there being nothing but granite visible—and whipped off the hounds. The dog never stopped till he reached home, where he



much astonished his real master by the state in which he arrived ; and my friend, being left destitute and dogless, had no choice but to go home likewise. In my many rambles in search of game I have occasionally come across turf-cutters, moormen by birth, and to whom the outside world is a thing unknown. They are a strange race, and while holding strongly to their own superstitions, make light of those of others, venturing even to differ with the parson himself ; and on mention being made of his Satanic majesty, one of them quaintly remarked, "Tell about a devil ! I've been out on the moor all hours of the day and night ; if there had been ere a devil I must have seen un." This was not more remarkable than the Cornishman's idea of Paradise : "Give me th' old white-faced horse in his prime, dree hundred a year, and Squire Dobes's hounds, and I don't wish for no better heaven." The march of intellect, and the new Education Act, will probably soon extinguish that sort of sentiment, but it will be many a year, I trust, before the hardy, rough moormen are improved off their native wilds. Although I never saw it, I am told that cockfighting still lingers in the far west : it is certainly only there that the true white-legged game-cocks are to be found. They would be disqualified at that greatest of humbugs, a modern poultry show ; but they are the old fighting sort. All those used at Newmarket come from Devon, and within the last few years a man in a town on the borders of the moor owned from three to four hundred of them, all put out to walk like foxhound puppies. The antiquarian finds much that is curious and interesting in the remains of villages and dwellings of the pre-historic inhabitants of Dartmoor, built near what were evidently tin workings and small cultivated enclosures, but almost always on the sunny side of Tors. They were surrounded by large circles of stones, from behind which the inhabitants protected their villages ; living outside in time of peace, and on the approach of the enemy retiring within their fortifications. Some give evidence of considerable engineering skill, and would enable a mere handful of men to defend the place against a large attacking force : that of Grimspound being, I believe, the most perfect example. A stranger (not an antiquarian) asking what these circles were, a native replied, "I reckon 'twas where th' old ancients played to cockfighting ;" and I have but little doubt that many a main of cocks has been fought in these places since the time of "th' old ancients."

The whole state of society, and even sport, is now so artificial that no one with a real love of nature can spend even a few months in the county without being fascinated with the wildness of Dartmoor. It is not, therefore, surprising that Devonshire men regard it with a

feeling akin to veneration. People who have never ridden over it seem to imagine that it consists entirely of bogs and granite rocks, instead of containing, as it does, besides lovely scenery, some of the finest galloping ground in England, for nowhere is turf so elastic. The bogs, strangely enough, are on the tops of the hills, while on the Cornish moors they are at the bottom. The first impulse of a novice who finds himself in soft ground on Dartmoor is to go up higher; but, to his astonishment, he finds that does not improve matters. Fortunately, hounds never run fast over bogs, though a reclaimed bog holds the finest scent possible, and horses accustomed to the moor seem to know by instinct where to put their feet and what bunch of rushes or bog plants will support them. Few people attempt to follow hounds through the bogs—those who do might be counted on the fingers of one hand—and for a fox to take to them, causes as great a scattering of the field as a flooded brook in other counties. The past season has everywhere been unfavourable for hunting, and lovely Dartmoor, like a coy maiden, has often hidden her face in thickest veil of mist when her worshippers have been most anxious to see it. For the first time, I experienced the unpleasant sensation of galloping into the mist, which hung so thick on the Eastern Beacon that in a few strides I exchanged perfect clearness for a dense fog; and although I could hear the hounds within a few yards, I could distinguish nothing, and felt as if oppressed with nightmare, pursuing phantom hounds whose very music fell muffled on the ear. Owing partly to the elastic nature of the turf, partly to the impossibility of doing any damage, combined with a superfluity of foxes, Mr. Trelawny is always able to hunt up to the 1st of May; and I can strongly recommend devotees of the noble sport, when hunting is over in the “shires,” to refresh their horses’ legs and expand their own minds by penetrating to the far west and judging for themselves of the delights of Dartmoor hunting. Perhaps, like me, they may fall into such a run as will cause them to remember every inch of it for many a year. Riding to covert in Leicestershire is said to be more enjoyable than hunting elsewhere, but to me there is nothing so invigorating as a canter over Dartmoor on a fine spring morning; a hot sun and a fresh wind, with a keenness about it that implies scent; turf so springy and elastic that a horse with doubtful legs may be safely trained there in the driest weather. In fact, to quote the words of Mr. Whyte Melville, “Get on a thoroughbred horse, if you have one; just feel him on the curb, so that you can have him back in a canter or let him out to his full stride in a few paces; pat him on his glossy neck, just where the

hair turns like a knot in polished woodwork, and as he bends to meet the caress and bounds to acknowledge it, tell me that dancing is the poetry of motion, if you dare." It was on such a morning and on such a mount that I went to meet the hounds at Skerraton Farm, and we spent the early part of the day watching foxes break for half a field or so and return to Skey Wood; no great pleasure, certainly, but it is luxury enough to be alive on a good horse in good company amid such lovely scenery. Late in the afternoon the woodlands are abandoned, and as the order is given for Bloody Pool Brake, we settle ourselves in our saddles, tighten our girths, throw away our cigars, and remark, "Now we shall have a run." Nor are we disappointed, though the upper part is drawn blank and the field move slowly towards the lower end. We station ourselves opposite the path cut in the gorse, and soon have the satisfaction of viewing a fox stealing back into the part already drawn. One hound and then another speaks to him, and two or three dash across the path close to his brush. In another instant we see Dick Yeo's cap held up, and his cheery "Gone away!" tells us that we must lose no time if we intend to be in the run that day. The hounds are out of covert in a moment, and pick out the scent over a few dry enclosures which separate the brake from the moor. See how they spread out like a fan in their cast, each striving to be first. With what greediness they fling themselves on the scent! "Stately" feathers to it, but is doubtful. Hark! she speaks, and the rest fly to her voice. They know she is never wrong. How they rush for the last bank, tumbling over each other in their eagerness! Once on the moor there is no further difficulty, and they run straight for the Avon. The field rush for a well-known crossing-place; the more cautious stop and watch the hounds casting by the side of the water. "Hark to 'Damsel!' That's it, my lass. By Jove, she is over the river;" followed by the pack. Before they have gone many yards up the opposite hill, we are down the steep bank, regardless of granite rocks, our whole attention rivetted on one little spot where the gravel shines yellow on either side; for there, we think, must be a good landing-place. One moment's hesitation now would be fatal. Into the river we plunge; find it deeper than we expected; our horses make one or two ominous "glissades;" but with a splash and a struggle we are over the Avon, and canter slowly in a slanting direction up Zeal Tor. One man alone takes so formidable a hill straight—Mr. Bulteel; but he is on "Mouchoir," and can afford to take liberties. We gain the summit at the tail of the hounds, and looking back see, without much regret, the field hopelessly entangled in

single file at their favourite crossing-place. We count our select few, and find but five. On the right is a well-known grey, followed by a lady on a rat-tailed bay. On the left, Mr. Bulteel, Major Morris, on a chestnut, and Mr. Arthur White, on his wonderful bay mare. Almost a stranger in Dartmoor, I look with wonder on the expanse of brown heath, bounded by still browner hills in the horizon, without a sign of a covert, and speculate in my ignorance on what can be the point of the fox, as there is no apparent resting-place as far as the eye can reach. But there is no time for inquiry. My horse gives two great sobs and a heave of his flanks, catches his wind after such a hill, and, pulling him together, we bowl merrily along for some ten minutes, pointing for Huntingdon Warren. The hounds carry a good head over lovely ground, and respond gaily to the cheers bestowed on them. But this is too good to last, and we soon find ourselves in deep ground; the water splashing up at every step wets my boots through. Another five minutes and we are among the turf ties. "Mouchoir" strides away, with his smooth, sweeping action; the grey takes no notice of them whatever, and carries his head up and his ears pricked, as if he viewed the fox. My horse, slightly blown, blunders into one, and receives a gentle reminder not to do that again. Forward sweep the hounds as eagerly as ever, and as straight as a line; no happy turn to let in the field. "Do you know where you are?" I meekly inquire of my next door neighbour. "No, I don't" is shouted back over his shoulder; and again—but for the music of the hounds—all are silent. A curious motion of my horse's flanks, and an unwonted elongation of his neck, warn me that the pace is beginning to tell, and I speculate—should I be obliged to stop—how I should ever find my way home, there being no stragglers to fall back on. I know now that "the Abbots' Way," used in olden times by the jolly old monks as a communication between the monasteries of Buckfastleigh and Tavistock, lay parallel to the line we were running. What a relief it would have been at that moment to have found one's horse's feet on so sound a path! Even a sheep track is hailed with delight, and our horses catch their wind as we gallop down it. The hounds bend slightly to the right, and we are again on soft ground; but the sight of our hunted fox, not two hundred yards ahead, revives our spirits, although he looks so big and brave; he may be good for another half hour at least. Here we evidently cross the line of a fresh fox, but only three hounds take it up; the rest swing round to the left under "Mouchoir's" very feet, pointing straight for the River Erme, turning to the left over

Stony Bottom and Brown Heath, nearly to Pyles ; but the fox, changing his mind, bears again to the left over Three Burrows to Ruddybrook, disdainng the earths, across the river, pointing for Woolholes. Here at last the scnet fails. Mr. Bulteel, with his hat off, cheers on the hounds without much success, and as we turn our horses' heads to the wind and look round us, we find our select company is still limited to the five I counted on the top of Zeal Tor, after as fine a forty minutes, without the slightest check, as any one could wish to see. The hounds have got their heads up, and take no notice of our well-meant efforts, when, to our great relief, Boxall and some more hounds appear, pick out the line to Woolholes, bolt our fox out of the clutter of rocks there, and run to earth in Bloody Pool Brake, where he is left, at the request of Sir Walter Carew, to enjoy his well-earned repose. We have plenty to talk about as we wend our way slowly homewards, and I frankly confess that my "up-country" prejudices are scattered to the winds. I can only say to those of my readers who have gone with me to the end, if you have a good, fast horse, with nerve to ride him, and an eye for country, come to Dartmoor, where you will be received with much courtesy and kindness by Mr. Trelawny and his field, and will never regret the day when you followed the advice of

"BLACK MOSS."



# THE ASCOT GOLD CUP.

## A SPORTING SKETCH.



AFTER the turmoil of the Derby, the great national carnival at Epsom, it is delightful to contemplate the complacency of aristocratic Ascot, or the attractions of glorious Goodwood. However imposing may have been the spectacle of the Olympic games, with the war or chariot horse in the vast amphitheatres, and great as must have been the excitement and passion for equestrian distinction in those early days, still it has been left for England in these latter days to display the great speed and stamina of the horse. Ascot Heath is situate on the confines of Windsor Park and the Beech Groves of Sunning Hill. The course is flat, with a slight ascent towards the Grand Stand ; but we lose the grandeur of the scenery of the Derby course, which is on the summit of Banstead Downs. The Derby course is the most trying course in the kingdom ; it forms a kind of horse shoe, commencing with the hill ; it then sweeps round the New Course and the furzes, on a beautiful incline towards Tattenham Corner, where the struggle commences on the straight ascent towards the Grand Stand. The Great Cup Race at Ascot commences just below the Grand Stand, on a two-and-a-half mile course of a circular form, diverging into the Swinley Mile and the Straight Mile Hunt Cup Course, at the extremity of which, towards Windsor, Royalty generally enters with its accustomed pageantry and retinue. The Grand Stand, like that at Epsom, is comparatively a new building, light and elegant in design and structure, supported by Corinthian pillars, with a superb balcony and lawn for ladies, as at Goodwood. The ladies, with enchanting parti-coloured dresses and trains and dazzling toilettes, change the vast Heath into a paradise of Eastern splendour. To the admirers of rank, fashion, and beauty, Ascot and Goodwood bear away the palm from Epsom. Here we see Royalty at home, condescending to grace the scene of its forefathers. Charles II. was a racing man at Newmarket (where he had a Palace), and so also was George IV., when he lived at Brighton ; but owing to Her Majesty's severe domestic affliction—which, unfortunately, she has never forgotten—we miss the chronicles of the Castle hospitality, at the grand banquet in St. George's Hall

on the evening of the Cup Day, the buffets of gold **cups, vases, epergnes, and candelabra**, and the long list of fashionable friends and patrons of the Turf. All this splendour seems to have passed away. Racing is now with us quite a science, just as much as banking or stockbroking; for we may say, with some truth, luck has very little to do with racing, and nothing but a good eye, judgment, and management, can command success; and even with these attributes a racing man has fearful odds to contend with, owing to the trickery of the Turf, which the Jockey Club, to their credit, are determined to put down if possible.

As a general rule, racehorses should be well bred, well reared, well engaged, well trained, and well ridden; these, we believe, are the great secrets of our best racing stables, and nothing else can succeed in the long run. Everything then depends on the propelling and locomotive power of the racehorse, and a nobleman who gives a thousand guineas for a yearling may at last only find himself on a par with the provincial squire of Salisbury Plain, the winner of the Oaks some years back with a horse which perhaps at first he only intended for a Bath Handicap. One of the most fortunate men of modern days was the Earl of Jersey; he won £10,000 with Bay Middleton on the Derby, and then disposed of his stud for fear of a counter-current in his declining years. Lord Eglinton won the same amount with the Flying Dutchman and Van Tromp, and, we believe, had the sense to keep it; and Sir Joseph Hawley won the Derby two years in succession with Beadsman and Musjid. These instances of good fortune are not to be met with every day. Perhaps the most chequered fate happened to Lord George Bentinck, who, after winning the Oaks with Crucifix, and when, some few years afterwards, the Blue Riband of the Turf was almost within his grasp, sold Surplice, her son, with his entire stud, to Mr. Mostyn, who afterwards disposed of it to Lord Clifden, Lord George yielding to the dictates of conscience, for the good of his country (protection to the British farmer), and finally breaking down entirely through mental exertion. It is a curious coincidence that his brother died similarly afflicted, at the end of last year.

During the race week at Ascot the pride of the old road is revived, and is as majestic as in days of yore. Changing horses is again the order of the day, and posters are ordered all along the road from London down to the sylvan scenery of Egham, Virginia Water, and Englefield Green, to the course, where the Four-in-Hand Club muster in considerable numbers, as at Hampton. Country seats and commercial hotels are crowded, while the South Western Railway deposits

the more timid in first-class style almost under the shadow of the Grand Stand. Unfortunately, this year ladies were wrapped up in furs and wrappers; capes and horse rugs were used on the drags to keep the darlings warm, owing to the strange inclemency of the weather. There is no noisy, roystering mob as at Epsom; still there are the usual concomitants of country races. Tents are pitched by swarthy gipsies on the roadside; carts with beer barrels are drawn up under hedges; card sellers shout, niggers dance and chaunt. Then on the Downs you encounter girls on stilts, the clever London monkey in crinoline, Ethiopians who are grinning and grimacing in the background, lined by the well-to-do farmers from Bracknell with their one-horse chaises, and the broad-shouldered, straw-hatted yokels from Warfield, with their lasses, as merry as sandboys.

By one o'clock the Grand Stand is crammed; at half-past one the Royal party, in six or eight carriages, slowly ascend the New Mile Course; Lord Cork, the Master of the Buckhounds, on Macduff, his celebrated hunter, leading the way, attended by the huntsman and whips, and grooms with led horses, in Royal liveries of scarlet and gold. As the day this year is cold and cheerless, there is not the usual warm enthusiasm, and the windows of the Royal Stand are closed, as the Princess of Wales is still, I am sorry to say, in delicate health. On the opposite side of the course are a countless number of carriages. The occupants are discussing the merits of Fortnum and Mason's Perigord and *pâté de foie pies*, or the delicacies of Véry, aided by sparkling burgundy, hock, and moselle; champagne being now as common as the gooseberry of my youth, and sometimes no better. Men in blue veils and white dust-expellers are showering sticks at cocoa-nuts and antiquated Aunt Sallys, whilst mountebanks, acrobats, and serenaders are plying for pence—by chance pounds—with wonderful agility and an enthusiasm worthy a nobler occupation. At length the bell rings for the start for the Gold Cup. The Cup horses are paraded in front of the Royal and Grand Stands, and expectation is on tip-toe as seven of the finest horses in England canter and career down towards the half-mile post at the bottom of the hill. Off they go, without a false start, as they know their business; on they come for the first time before the stands at a good steady pace, as they have two miles and a half to travel. One of Lord Falmouth's leads, to make the pace strong for Kingcraft, a Derby winner; Bothwell, the Two Thousand winner, with Mortemer and Verdure, a French mare, well up with Siderolite, who was out-paced throughout. Round the bend they run into the Swinley Mile at a terrific pace. Siderolite is beaten, Kingcraft cries



"Enough," as he is now soft at a distance, whilst Verdure and Bothwell race for the lead. Fordham is waiting with Mortemer, with 9st. 6lb. on his back. At the distance the three are together—you might cover them with a sheet; "Click" go the whips, and Mortemer comes up level with the leaders; he heads them opposite the stands, and wins, by sheer "gameness," by a length and a half; a wonderful achievement for a six-year-old, and which colt Admiral Rous, the finest judge, proclaimed the best horse in the world. Who the Mr. T. Lombard is it is difficult to discover. Whether the patronymic is a *nom de course*, or whether the gentleman is a Lombard of Lombard Street, or an aristocratic English squire, he is the presumed owner of this splendid horse, Mortemer, winner of this much-coveted prize. Let us hope that this Royal prize may be preserved in his family as a heir-loom, and not disposed of, as a certain Goodwood Cup was many years ago, to hack goldsmiths, usurers, and pawnbrokers; but which, much to the honour of the stewards, was repurchased, and again treasured up as a national Red Riband.

"WHIZ."

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# THE LIFE GUARDS.

I.—FROM 1660 TO 1714.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.



AT the close of the civil war in England many of the followers of Charles I., unwilling to submit to the authority of Oliver Cromwell, removed to the Continent and shared the fortunes of his son and successor. In the year 1660 Charles II. found himself surrounded by a small army of three thousand men who had flocked to his standard at the Hague; they were the wreck of the Royalist party—noblemen, gentlemen, and their servants—who had staked all for his father, played, and lost. The origin of the Life Guards is to be found among these devoted adherents of Royalty. On the 17th of May, 1660, Charles selected eighty of his followers and organised them into a troop of cavalry, which acted as his body-guard. They were placed under the command of Lord Gerard, better known afterwards as the Earl of Macclesfield, a gallant old cavalier who had fought on the side of Charles I., and adhered to the fortunes of the House of Stuart till the tyranny of James II. drove him into the army of the Prince of Orange. This troop of cavalry performed all the duties of the Life Guards at the present day. Twenty of them mounted guard at the Royal residence; forty of them, followed by a troop of Dutch horse, escorted the King when he rode out. At the end of the month they were increased to six hundred men, all of good birth and family.

On the restoration of Charles three squadrons of this body-guard accompanied him when he entered London. This precaution was not unnecessary. While the great body of the people were in favour of the King, Cromwell's soldiers regarded him with sad and lowering countenances, and dark looks were exchanged between them and his cavalier escort. That day of triumph passed away without tumult, and the Royal exile reposed safely in the palace of his fathers. But the times were troublous; the city swarmed with twelfth-monarchy men and other fanatics, who hated the very name of King; the Train-bands and Beef-eaters, however loyal, were not sufficient to protect the Royal person. The King, profuse and careless as he

usually was, had sufficient regard for his own safety to spare from his pleasures a sum sufficient for the support of his body-guard. On the day after his entrance they assembled in Hyde Park, "richly cloathed and well mounted," and were reviewed in the presence of the Duke of Gloucester and others. Lord Gerard still retained the command; his men were familiarly known as the Gentlemen of the Guard. Most of the privates had held commissions during the civil war; their humble rank was esteemed no disgrace where all were gentlemen. Their original title was His Majesty's Guards; but they are also mentioned in official documents as His Majesty's Horse Guards. It was not till the year 1788 that the title of Life Guards, by which they are now known, was finally adopted. Their original costume was the costume of the cavalier of the period—round hat with broad brim, and a plume of white feathers drooping over the brim behind; scarlet coat ornamented with gold lace, and with broad white collar turned back, and scarlet sash; large ruffles at the wrists; long hair flowing over the shoulders; long boots of picked leather reaching to the thigh; cuirasses and helmets of iron "potts." They were armed with swords, pistols, and carabines; the carabine was supported by a belt which passed across the left shoulder. Their horses had long tails, which on special occasions were tied up and adorned with gay ribands. The uniform of the officer differed only in splendour from that of the private. The corps of His Majesty's Guards was divided into two troops, one of which was stationed at Dunkirk and the other at London; both were under the command of Lord Gerard.

At the end of the year two hundred of the Gentlemen of the Guard retired. On the 6th of January, 1661, a band of Millenarians attempted to overthrow the monarchy and to establish a spiritual republic in its stead. About sixty of them issued forth from their meeting-house in Swan Alley, Coleman Street, under the command of Thomas Venner, their fanatical preacher, and proclaimed King Jesus in the streets, summoning all at the point of the sword to acknowledge his sovereignty. The Train-bands of the City were sent to repress the insurrection, but were ignominiously repulsed. It was only on learning that the Lieutenant-Governor was advancing to attack them that the insurgents fled to St. John's Wood, and then to Caen Wood, between Hampstead and Highgate. On the following day a detachment of Life Guards and two hundred foot, under the command of Sir Thomas Sandys, were sent against them. The insurgents were inferior in numbers, but, inspired by fanaticism, they made a bold stand, and the loss on either side

was about equal. On the 9th they retraced their steps to London, and took up a position in Wood Street, Cheapside, where twenty Life Guards, under the command of Corporal or Colonel Corbet (he had been a colonel in the Royal army), were sent to attack them. They fought desperately in the narrow street; five or six men were killed and several wounded. Among the latter was Thomas Venner, who, finding his position no longer tenable, retreated with his followers to a house, which was strongly barricaded. After an obstinate defence, and the loss of twenty men on either side (the Life Guards had been reinforced), twenty of the fanatics, including Venner, were seized, hanged, and quartered.

Taught by experience how little reliance could be placed in the local forces, Charles lost no time in recalling the troop of Life Guards which was stationed at Dunkirk. The strength of the corps was increased to five hundred men, who were divided into three troops. The first troop, which consisted of two hundred men, was known as His Majesty's Own; the second was named after the Duke of York; the third after the Duke of Albemarle. Their pay was far higher than that of any regiment or corps in the service now, and admission into their ranks was as much longed for by the younger sons of country gentlemen as a commission in the army would be at the present day. Their fine horses with their rich housings, their cuirasses, their scarlet coats glittering with gold and silver lace, their waving plumes and their gallant bearing, excited the admiration of all who beheld their evolutions in St. James's Park. The four corporals attached to each troop were commissioned officers, and received seven (or six) shillings a day—a more liberal allowance than the pay of an ensign or cornet at the present day. A chaplain and a surgeon were also attached to each troop, and the captain of His Majesty's Own received thirty shillings a day; the captains of the other two troops one pound. The pay of a private was four shillings a day, or twice as much as he now receives.

The troop of Life Guards which Cromwell had raised for the protection of his person, and which, in his latter days, always accompanied him when he drove out, was now disbanded. By an Act of the Scottish Parliament of the 18th of January, 1661, it was resolved that a troop of Life Guards should be raised in Scotland, under the title of His Majesty's Troop of Guards. They consisted exclusively of the sons of noblemen and gentlemen, and were placed under the command of the Earl of Newburgh. They were organised on the 2nd of April; the strength of the troop was a hundred and twenty privates, with a proportionate number of officers. It may

have been owing to the religious differences in Scotland that no chaplain was appointed to the troop. Wodrow informs us that on the 22nd of April, the day of the King's Coronation, His Majesty's Troop of Guards marched from Holyrood Palace to Parliament House, where a sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. James Sharpe (afterwards Archbishop of St. Andrew's), after which they returned in great state to the Palace, where they were entertained at a sumptuous banquet. Soon after a second troop was added to the Scots Life Guards; their special duty was to protect the person of the Lord High Commissioner, and to execute the orders of the Parliament. Two troops of dragoons were raised about the same time; these two troops were the germ of a regiment well known in the service—the Scots Greys. The pay of a Scottish Life Guardsman was half-a-crown a day, a sum which in Scotland at that time was probably equal in value to the four shillings received by the English Life Guardsman.

The three troops of Life Guards in London were all on duty on the 22nd of April, the Coronation Day. Evelyn gives an interesting account of the procession from the Tower to Whitehall, in which the Life Guards occupied a prominent place. On the 30th of September an incident occurred highly characteristic of the times, and illustrative of the state of feeling between France and Spain. The second troop of Life Guards and three companies of Foot Guards, with the Royal carriages, had been sent to receive the Swedish Ambassador when he landed at the Tower. The Ambassadors of France and Spain were also present, and a dispute arose among their followers about the right of precedence; from words they came to blows, and in the skirmish which ensued several lives were lost. It was only when the Guards charged the combatants, sword in hand, that peace could be restored. A graphic account of the whole affair may be found in Evelyn.

Early in May, 1662, two troops of Life Guards were sent to Portsmouth to receive Catharine of Portugal, the future Queen of England, on her landing. From May to August they were stationed at Hampton Court, and returned to London with the King. It would be tedious to enumerate all the reviews and Court pageants in which they took part; their history at this period is, in a great measure, the history of the reigning monarch. The old cavaliers who had been embodied in Holland gradually retired from the Life Guards on a pension of two shillings a day, and were succeeded by young gentlemen of rank and fortune, who, after serving for a time as privates, received commissions in other regiments. No young

gentleman was admitted into the Life Guards unless he was of good family, and could afford to bring his charger and part of his accoutrements with him. In order to exclude Papists and Puritans from the Life Guards, every gentleman volunteer was required to take an oath admitting the King's supremacy and to partake of the Communion according to the forms of the Church of England. It does not appear whether the same test was applied in Scotland as in England.

It was usual at this period for soldiers to serve on board the fleet, and when war broke out between England and Holland in 1665 some of the Life Guards volunteered their services, which were accepted. While the plague was prevalent in London the Life Guards left with the King, and returned with him. During the Great Fire the Life Guards accompanied the King and the Duke of York in their different visits to the City, and kept order for three days. By a Royal warrant of the 13th of September, it was decided that the captain of a troop of Life Guards should take precedence of the oldest colonel of Horse, a lieutenant of the oldest major, a cornet of the oldest captain. It must be borne in mind, however, that every troop of Life Guards was, in a certain sense, a regiment, and the officer in command was called colonel or captain.

Meanwhile, the two troops of Scots Life Guards had to use their arms against their own countrymen. Charles II. hated Presbyterianism, *et pour cause*; he thought it was not the religion for a gentleman, or, in truth, for any one else, and attempted to supplant it by the establishment of Episcopacy in the north. If he had known the Scots better he would have left them in the quiet enjoyment of the religion of their choice, and not driven them into rebellion by vainly attempting to introduce a form of worship which was hateful to them. The south-west of Scotland has always been the stronghold of Presbyterianism, and it was there that the Presbyterians rose in open rebellion. After some temporary successes in the west, a large body of insurgents marched against Edinburgh, where every preparation was made to receive them. Despairing of success, they began to retreat, and had reached the Pentland Hills when they were attacked by the two troops of Scots Life Guards and other forces that had been sent against them. Though the insurgents fought with obstinate valour, they could not long withstand the onset of disciplined troops, and, after considerable loss, most of them laid down their arms and surrendered at discretion. The loss of life would have been still greater if the Life Guards had not displayed a forbearance rarely found during the prevalence of civil war.

On the 13th of June, 1667, the second and third troops of Life

Guards were augmented by the addition of a lieutenant and fifty gentlemen-volunteers to each; the entire strength of the corps at this period was six hundred gentlemen-privates, thirty-five officers, twelve trumpets, and three kettle-drums. On the 13th of September, 1668, Lord Gerard resigned his appointment as captain and colonel of the King's Own Troop, and commander of the Life Guards; in exchange, he was appointed colonel of a regiment of horse, and received the title of Earl of Macclesfield. He was succeeded in the Life Guards by the Duke of Monmouth, the King's natural son, who was invested in his new command with much military pomp in Hyde Park, on the 16th of September. As the Life Guards were paid from the Royal purse, they were increased or decreased according to the state of the Royal finances. On the 26th of September they were reduced one half, by the removal of a hundred men from each troop. When the Duke of Albemarle, the captain of the third troop, was buried in Westminster Abbey, in 1670, the whole corps of Life Guards were present at the funeral ceremony, and excited much admiration by their splendid appearance. After the death of the Duke of Albemarle, the troop of Life Guards named after him was known as the Queen's Troop, and ranked next after His Majesty's Own. It appears that the Duke of York did not yield this precedence without a struggle. He ascribes the change to the malice which the Queen bore him. In his memoirs, written after his expulsion from the throne, he takes much credit to himself for having yielded to a woman; but it might have occurred even to his obtuse intellect that the Queen's Troop ought to rank next to the King's.

On the 14th of February, 1670, a troop of Life Guards escorted the King to the opening of Parliament for the first time, and this custom has been preserved ever since. After the fire at Whitehall Palace, in 1699, it was usual for a small detachment of the Life Guards to accompany the King when he rode or drove out. At this period there were no regular barracks for the Life Guards, and they were all quartered among the inns in the Strand, Westminster, Charing Cross, the Haymarket, Piccadilly, and the adjoining streets. All these localities have ceased to be places of special military resort except Westminster, which is still much frequented by recruiting parties. In June, 1670, it may be inferred that the Royal purse was better replenished than usual, as we find that the strength of the Life Guards was increased by two hundred men—one hundred to His Majesty's Own, and fifty to each of the other two troops. The strength of the corps was thus raised to five hundred and fifty gentlemen-privates, besides officers and musicians. Among their other

duties at this period, the Life Guards seem to have acted as a gold escort. In June, 1671, one officer and eight men were employed to protect the treasure which was conveyed from the Pay Office to Portsmouth; and the same duty devolved upon the Life Guards till 1810, when it was discontinued. They also assisted the officers of Excise in collecting the revenue; and some of them served as volunteers on board the fleet. In truth, there was not the same distinction between the army and navy as now; and officers seem to have been transferred from the one to the other without much regard to their qualifications. Lord Mordaunt, better known as the Earl of Peterborough, was a sailor as well as a soldier, and used to enlighten his crew by his pious oratory.

In 1672, when Charles and Louis united their forces against Holland, a body of six thousand British troops, including fifty gentlemen-privates of each of the troops of Life Guards, was placed under the command of the Duke of Monmouth, and sent to Charleroi, the head-quarters of the French army. The Life Guards were commanded by Lord Duras, a Frenchman, who is better known in history by his subsequent title of Earl of Feversham. Louis himself assumed the command of the united armies, and the Life Guards remained in the neighbourhood of Paris till the following spring. The gallant conduct of the Duke of Monmouth, Churchill (afterwards Duke of Marlborough), and twelve gentlemen-privates of the Life Guards, at the siege of Maestrecht on the 25th of June, 1673, excited the admiration of both armies, and rendered the duke the most popular man in England. The Life Guardsmen had thrown away their carbines before charging with their swords, and the memory of their gallantry was perpetuated by a special act of the King, who, on the 20th of May, 1674, ordered their carbines to be restored.

At the conclusion of peace in 1674, they embarked at Dieppe, in the month of April, and reached Dover in safety. During the two campaigns they had lost fifty men, who were not replaced, so that the strength of the corps was reduced to six hundred men. They now resumed their former duties at Court, and it was arranged that when they mounted guard at the palace the guard should consist of three officers, two trumpeters, and a hundred men. Detachments of the Life Guards always accompanied the King when he visited Newmarket, Windsor, or Hampton Court; they also figured in the procession on the Lord Mayor's Day. In October, 1677, a detachment was sent to Harwich to meet the Prince of Orange, when he visited England to espouse the Princess Mary. In 1678



the army was considerably increased, and Grenadiers were first introduced. Eighty mounted Grenadiers were added to the King's Own Troop of Life Guards, and sixty to each of the other two troops, with officers in proportion. When Titus Oates began his series of infamous lies there was such apprehension for the personal safety of the King that a small detachment of the Life Guards followed him wherever he went, never losing sight of him for a moment except when he entered the Royal bedchamber. The captain on guard always walked next the King, holding in his hand an ebony staff or truncheon, with a gold head engraved with His Majesty's cipher and crown, and was known as the Gold Stick-in-waiting. Another commanding officer, who carried an ebony staff with a silver head, was known as the Silver Stick-in-waiting. There were also two other officers, who carried sticks with ivory heads, but their office was abolished in the beginning of the reign of George III.

In 1679 a troop of the Life Guards was ordered to Scotland. The murder of Archbishop Sharpe is one of those episodes with which every student of Scottish history is familiar. The commission of this crime kindled the flame of revolt throughout the country, and the more violent of the Presbyterians threw off their allegiance to the King, and resolved to worship after their own fashion in defiance of his authority. It was resolved to suppress their conventicles by violence, but this was no easy task, as the Presbyterians were prepared to resist force by force. Captain Graham (Claverhouse), having attacked one of these conventicles at Loudon Hill was repulsed with some loss, and a small army was despatched from England, under the Duke of Monmouth, to suppress the insurrection. A troop of the Life Guards accompanied him, and took part in the battle of Bothwell Bridge, fought on the 22nd of June, when the insurgents were defeated with the loss of one hundred killed, and twelve hundred prisoners. Monmouth seems to have behaved with much forbearance, and to have tried to spare the lives of the insurgents.

In 1679, when the Duke of York was entrusted with the government of Scotland, a detachment of Life Guards accompanied him as far as Barnet, when he was on his way north. During his residence at Edinburgh the Scots Life Guards mounted guard at Holyrood, and escorted him when he rode out with the same state as if he had been King. On the 1st of January, 1680, the army was considerably reduced, and the Horse Grenadier Guards attached to the different troops of Life Guards were disbanded. The Scots

troop of Life Guards was reduced to ninety-nine gentlemen-privates. About the same time eight rifle carbines were supplied to each troop of Life Guards, and this was the first occasion on which rifled fire-arms were used in the British army. In 1680, Tangiers, which formed part of the Queen's dowry, and was garrisoned by British troops, was besieged by an army of Moors, and reinforcements were sent to its relief. On this occasion twenty privates of each of the troops of Life Guards were selected for the Tangiers expedition, and placed under the command of Major Oglethorpe, a gallant officer, who had fought his way from the ranks to the honourable position he held. This detachment of Life Guards, after embarking at Portsmouth, received orders to disembark, and to leave their horses for the use of the new troops of horse which were to replace them. A detachment of the Life Guards escorted the King to Oxford, when the Parliament was held there, and also to Cambridge in 1681. The conspirators who took part in the Rye House Plot in 1683 thought at first of trying to corrupt the fidelity of the Life Guards, but this idea was given up as hopeless. The fidelity of the Life Guards was unquestionable, and the conspirators resolved to fire on the detachment that guarded the King's person, and then to attack them sword in hand. The plot was fortunately discovered beforehand, and some of the leading conspirators put to death. In 1684 the Horse Grenadier Guards were restored in the proportion of sixty-four Grenadiers to each company of Life Guards. In the field the Grenadiers were armed with muskets and grenades; in close contact they dismounted, and fought with their swords. On the 1st of October this year there was a grand review of four thousand men at Putney Heath, in which the Life Guards took part; the whole were under the command of William Earl Craven, Colonel of the Coldstreams, a gallant old veteran who, fifty years before, had led the forlorn hope at Creutznach under the eye of the great Gustavus, and was said to have been the favourite of the unfortunate Queen of Bohemia. Though bordering on eighty, he was still able and willing to use his sword when occasion required.

Charles II. died on the 6th of February, 1685, and was buried in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, with little of that pomp or pageantry by which the funerals of kings are usually attended. On the day after his death, the Life Guards were placed under arms, and the heralds proclaimed James II. his successor. The new King, a professed Roman Catholic, caused the rites of the Church of Rome to be celebrated in his palace, and ordered the Life Guards to attend him at mass, which they appear to have done without any

scruples of conscience. At this high ceremony of the Romish faith, the captain in command of the detachment of Life Guards on duty took his stand next to the King. At the Coronation on the 23rd of April the Life Guards kept the line, and the Duke of Northumberland, the Gold Stick-in-waiting, took his place next to the King. The different troops of Life Guards were distinguished by the difference in their colours : those of the 1st were blue, those of the 2nd green, and those of the 3rd yellow.

The Life Guards took an active part in the suppression of Monmouth's rebellion. Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, the son and heir of George Monk, the restorer of the Stuarts, left the 1st troop of Life Guards, which was under his command in London, and proceeded to the county of Devon, of which he was Lord-Lieutenant, to hold a muster of militia. The defeat of his undisciplined forces by Monmouth's followers is a matter of history. But a more formidable foe was now advancing against him. A detachment of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues), under command of Lord Churchill, a strong body of Life Guards and Horse Grenadier Guards, two troops of horse, two troops of Dragoons, and the three battalions of Foot Guards, the whole under the command of the Earl of Feversham, captain of the 3rd troop of Life Guards, were despatched with all haste from London. The first skirmish between the rebels and the Life Guards was at Keynsham, where Major Oglethorpe, with a hundred followers, charged two troops of Monmouth's horse, and defeated them with considerable loss. Some of the Life Guards fell at the skirmish at Philip's Norton, where, owing to the rashness of the Duke of Grafton, the party under his command fell into an ambuscade and suffered severely. After the affair at Keynsham, Oglethorpe had been sent to Bristol, but arrived in time to take part in the battle of Sedgemoor. The Life Guards and Blues hastened from Weston Zoyland, where they were stationed, on hearing of the night surprise, and scattered in an instant some of the rebel horse, who had fled at the first fire, and were now attempting to rally. The rebel foot, though deserted by the horse, fought like veteran soldiers. The Life Guards charged them on the right, the Blues on the left, but the rustics held their ground, and beat back the Royal horse with the butt-ends of their muskets. The gallant Oglethorpe charged them on the one flank, and Sarsfield on the other ; both were manfully repulsed. It was only when the artillery began to make deep furrows in their ranks and their ammunition was exhausted that the Somerset rustics and Cornish miners, who had fought so well, broke and fled. Oglethorpe

was knighted and promoted to the rank of colonel for his bravery on this occasion, and a sum of £417 10s. was bestowed upon thirty-six privates of the Life Guards who had been wounded during the battle. One of them, who had been received as an in-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, received a gratuity of £16.

In 1686 the King, intent on restoring Popery, assembled an army of thirteen thousand men on Hounslow Heath, for the purpose of overawing those who were opposed to his plans. On the 30th of June the Life Guards were encamped on the heath with the rest of the forces. The 4th troop was under the command of Henry Jermyn, Lord Dover, a gambler, a duellist, and a profligate, whose only recommendation to the Royal favour was his religion. At this time the strength of the Life Guards was increased by the addition of fourteen Horse Grenadier Guards to each troop, and eight recruits, in all fifty men. On the 30th of July the whole strength of the corps was fifty-eight officers, 1,052 gentlemen-privates, one adjutant, one marshal, and one fire-master, whose duty was to supply the Grenadiers with fuses and grenades. In 1687 a detachment of the Life Guards accompanied the King in his progress through the kingdom, and also to the banquet at which he was entertained in the Guildhall. In 1688 ten Horse Grenadiers were added to each troop, and the Scots Life Guards, after being increased by the addition of twenty men, were summoned to London, and placed on the English establishment, through which they were entitled to a higher rate of pay. The strength of the corps was thus raised to twelve hundred and eighty-six men of all ranks. When the report of the landing of the Prince of Orange reached London, the Life Guards received orders to proceed to Salisbury to oppose his progress, and were placed under the command of the Earl of Feversham. Two troops and a hundred Horse Grenadiers proceeded to Salisbury at once; a third was entrusted with the charge of the Artillery; the fourth accompanied the King, who arrived there on the 19th of November. After the skirmish at Wincanton, the King hesitated whether he should advance or retire; the desertion of Churchill, Grafton, and others made him resolve to return to London. His natural son, the Duke of Berwick, Churchill's nephew, was promoted from the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) to the command of the 3rd troop of Life Guards, and the King set out for London, accompanied by an escort of the Life Guards. Finding that all was lost, he wrote to Feversham in terms which could only mean that he wished the whole army to be disbanded, and began his preparations for flight. It was the custom of the

Court that in the Queen's absence a Lord of the Bedchamber should sleep on a pallet in the King's room ; on the night of his flight this duty devolved on the Duke of Northumberland, a natural son of Charles II. by the Duchess of Cleveland, who commanded one of the troops of Life Guards. At three o'clock on the morning of the 16th of December the King rose, gave orders to Northumberland not to open the door of the bedchamber till the usual hour, and stole out from the palace by a secret passage.

We need not trace his flight, nor its consequences. When the King was seized and detained by the Kentish fishermen, the Lords ordered Feversham to hasten with a troop of Life Guards and set him at liberty. Feversham left his troop of Life Guards at Sittingbourne, and hurried to the King's presence. There was no occasion to use force, as no opposition was offered to the King's departure. After he had finally left the kingdom, and Whitehall was surrounded by the Dutch forces, the Life Guards were removed from London to country quarters. The 1st troop was stationed at Maidstone, the 2nd at Chelmsford, the 3rd at St. Alban's, the 4th at Epsom and Ewell, and the Scots troop at Bicester. In 1689 the Dutch Guards were placed on the English establishment, and the 4th troop of Life Guards was disbanded. At the same time the King introduced some changes in the organisation of the Life Guards ; the four brigadiers were promoted to be exempts, with the rank of captain and 12s. a day ; the sub-brigadiers were promoted to be brigadiers, with the rank of lieutenant and 10s. a day ; the four principal sub-brigadiers ranked as cornets, with 5s. a day. An adjutant was added to each troop, while the offices of quartermaster and captain were abolished.

The same year an English brigade, under the command of Churchill, was sent to Holland, to serve under the Prince of Waldeck, who commanded the confederate forces. The English brigade consisted of the best regiments belonging to the old army, and included the 2nd troop of Life Guards. At the combat which took place at Walcourt on the 5th of August the English and French forces encountered one another for the first time after many years ; and England learned with joy that her soldiers had maintained her ancient reputation for valour. The following year, in consequence of the Irish rebellion, the 1st and 3rd troops of Life Guards and the 4th Dutch troop were sent to Ireland, while the 2nd was recalled from Holland, and the Scots troop remained at London to guard the Queen's person. At the Battle of the Boyne the first shot killed a Horse Grenadier Guard and two horses. The

Life Guards led by Ormond formed part of the left wing, and crossed the river under the command of the King. On reaching the bank the King led his men to the place where the fight was the hottest, and his opportune arrival decided the fate of the day. At the review of the Royal forces which took place at Dublin on the 7th and 8th of July, only two hundred and seventy-three Life Guards and ninety-five Horse Grenadier Guards appeared on the field. As their original strength was four hundred troopers and a hundred and twenty Horse Grenadiers, it is evident that they must have suffered severely at the Battle of the Boyne.

On the 30th of July the 1st troop of Life Guards was ordered home; the other troops followed with the King. In 1691 the 1st, 3rd, and 4th troops were ordered to Flanders. During the action at Catoir a Life Guardsman, observing Marshal Luxembourg on a rising ground surrounded by a group of officers, charged him sword in hand; but was cut down before he could reach him. At the desperate struggle at Steinkirk the Life Guards, overwhelmed by superior numbers, would have perished to a man if Auverquerque had not sent two fresh battalions to their aid in the moment of extremity. On this occasion we may be pardoned for quoting Corporal Trim, no mean authority:—"There was Cutts's," continued the Corporal, clapping the forefinger of his right hand upon the thumb of his left, and counting round his hand, "there was Cutts's, Mackay's, Angus's, Graham's, and Leven's, all cut to pieces; and so had the English Life Guards too, had it not been for someregiments on the right who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoon discharged a musket. They'll go to heaven for it!" added Trim.

No one knew the feeling of the British army on this occasion better than Sterne, who, himself an officer's son, was brought up among veterans who had fought under William in Flanders. The officers of the Life Guards suffered severely at Steinkirk: Brigadier Sooles was killed; Colonel Staples, Captains Percy, Bennfield, and Jourdan were wounded. The Horse Grenadier Guards dismounted and fought on foot, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Cholmondeley (afterwards Baron Newburgh and Earl of Cholmondeley), of the 1st Life Guards. At the Battle of Landen, fought on the 19th of July, 1693, the Life Guards charged the household troops of France with such fury that this far-famed band, hitherto deemed invincible, broke and gave way. This fact is admitted by St. Simon in his memoirs:—"Leur cavalerie y fit d'abord plier les troupes d'élite jusqu'alors invincibles . . . . Les gardes du Prince d'Orange, ceux

de M. de Vaudemont, et deux regimens Anglais en eurent l'honneur." The Duke of Ormond, who commanded the 2nd Life Guards, had a narrow escape from losing his life. When the line of the confederates broke and gave way he was struck down in the press, and would have been killed on the spot had not the glitter of a rich diamond on his finger attracted the notice of a French guard, who consulted his own interest by saving his life. He was afterwards exchanged for the Duke of Berwick, who had been taken prisoner at an earlier part of the day. During the retreat the enemy pressed so close on the King, who behaved with the greatest coolness and courage, that at one time he would have fallen into their hands had not Lieutenant the Honourable Hatton Compton come to the rescue with the 3rd Life Guards, and beaten back his assailants. The King recognised the service thus rendered by promoting him to the rank of colonel.

The Life Guards spent the winter in Ghent and Breda. In October, 1693, the Horse Grenadier Guards were formed into one troop, under the command of Colonel G. Colin. During 1694 the two armies watched one another, and no decisive battle was fought. On the 14th of April the 2nd troop of Life Guards was ordered to Flanders. The following winter the 3rd Life Guards were stationed at Breda, the Horse Grenadier Guards at Bois-le-Duc, and the Dutch Guards at the Hague. On the 5th of September, 1695, a small party of the Life Guards was present at the arrest of Marshal Boufflers, after the surrender of Namur. The following winter was spent as before. The peace of Ryswick having been concluded on the 20th of September, 1697, the Life Guards returned home in December. In 1699 the Dutch Guards, who had served on the English establishment since 1688, but had always been regarded with aversion by the great body of the nation on account of their foreign origin, received orders to return to Holland. The King had retained them as long as he could, and must have witnessed their departure with feelings of deep mortification. Their conduct had been irreproachable. Many of them had married English wives, and were the fathers of English children, who knew not a word of Dutch. As they marched through the streets of London the populace who had clamoured the loudest for their removal greeted them with kindness and sympathy. One spectator had the rudeness to remark that Hans made a better figure after feeding ten years on English roast beef than he did on first landing. "Aye," retorted Hans, "and a pretty figure you would have cut if we had not come." The laughter was on the side of the Dutch.

In 1699 an alteration was made in the uniform of the Life Guards. Instead of silver lace edged with gold they wore gold lace only; and the troops were distinguished by feathers of different colours. The 1st troop had scarlet, the 2nd white, and the 3rd green feathers. They appeared in their new uniform at a grand review held in Hyde Park on the 9th of November, and the *London Post* of the 2nd of November remarks:—"The Guards have now received their new cloaths, which are extraordinarily grand, and they are now generally thought to be the finest body of Horse in Europe." They remained quietly in England, discharging their usual duties, till the King's death, in March, 1702. They took their usual place at the proclamation of Queen Anne on the 8th of March, and at her coronation on the 23rd of April. When war was resumed between France and England they were not sent abroad with the other troops, on account of the threatened invasion by the Pretender. After Sir George Rooke's victory at St. Vigo, when ten men-of-war and eleven galleons were taken, the Queen, accompanied by a detachment of Life Guards, proceeded to St. Paul's to offer up thanks for this great success. Twenty gentlemen-privates of the 2nd troop of Life Guards volunteered to serve in the expedition under the Duke of Ormond. Thanksgivings were frequent at this period, in consequence of the rapid succession of Marlborough's victories. On the 7th of September, 1704, the Queen, escorted by a squadron of Life Guards, again proceeded to St. Paul's to offer up thanks for the success of her army at the Battle of Blenheim on the 13th of August. On the 3rd of January, 1705, the standards and colours taken at the Battle of Blenheim were carried in procession from the Tower to Westminster Hall. The Life Guards occupied a prominent place in the procession, which defiled past St. James's Palace in presence of the Queen, while forty-eight guns were discharged in the park in honour of the event.

On Whit-Sunday, the 23rd of May, 1706, the Queen, escorted by the Life Guards, attended a special service at St. Paul's, on account of the victory of Ramilies, and on the 19th of December the colours and standards taken on this occasion were deposited with much pomp in Guildhall, at the request of the citizens of London. After the union between Scotland and England in 1707, the Queen caused the standards of the Life Guards to be altered, and a party of them escorted her to St. Paul's on the 1st of May, when there was a public thanksgiving on account of the union of the two kingdoms. In 1708 much alarm was felt on account of the threatened landing of a French force under the Pretender in Scotland; ten regiments were




at once recalled from Holland; the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, a squadron of Horse Grenadier Guards, the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards (Blues), one battalion of Foot Guards, and several regiments of the line, were sent to Scotland. The Guards left London on the 15th of March, and remained in Scotland till 1709, when, the danger having passed away, they returned to their usual quarters.

In the same year the Scots Life Guards and the Horse Grenadier Guards attached to them were removed from Scotland and stationed at Kingston, on the Thames. They received the same uniform as their English comrades, and were mustered at Hampton Court on the 15th of April. On the 10th of May the whole corps of Life Guards were reviewed in Hyde Park. The Scots troop was now known as the 4th, or Union, troop, and the Scots Mounted Grenadier Guards became the 2nd Horse Grenadier Guards. They received the same pay and discharged the same duties as the other troops of Life Guards.


In 1710 the Life Guards had to aid in suppressing a serious riot which had broken out in London. Dr. Sacheverel was placed on his trial by the Parliament for having preached two seditious sermons, and his followers at once raised the cry that the Church was in danger. It seems to have occurred to them that pulling down the meeting-houses of the Dissenters was the easiest way to prop up the Church, and they proceeded to do so with much energy. The matter was brought under the notice of the Government, and the Secretary of State ordered Captain Horsey, the officer in command of the Queen's Life Guards at the palace, to disperse the rioters. Captain Horsey, feeling the difficulty of his position, refused to act without a written order from the Secretary; on obtaining this he went in search of the rioters, and found them actually engaged in destroying a meeting-house at Blackfriars. He seized the ringleaders on the spot, and the rest of the mob quietly dispersed. At the same time a troop of Mounted Grenadier Guards was stationed at the Bank till order was restored.

In 1711-12 the Life Guards continued to discharge their usual duties. After the conclusion of peace by the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, the 5th troop of Life Guards assisted at St. James's Palace on the 5th of March, when the heralds proclaimed peace with the usual formalities. On the 30th of July, 1714, it was understood that the Queen was dying, and a troop of Life Guards, with another of Mounted Grenadier Guards, was kept in readiness to proclaim the Elector of Brunswick as soon as her death was announced. She died on the 1st of August, and George I. was proclaimed the same day.

The new King landed at Greenwich on the 17th of September, where he was received by the Gold Stick-in-waiting, the Lords of Regency, a hundred Life Guards, and fifty Mounted Grenadier Guards. He made his solemn entry into London on the 20th of September, and was crowned on the 20th of October ; the Life Guards assisted in the usual way at both of these events. They furnished the escort, also, when he dined with the Lord Mayor at Guildhall on the 29th of October, and when he proceeded to St. Paul's on the 20th of January, to offer up thanks for his peaceful accession to the throne. In the following September the Earl of Mar hoisted the flag of rebellion at Braemar, within a short distance of the spot where the Castle of Balmoral now stands, and openly proclaimed the Pretender. In October the Earl of Derwentwater collected a body of horse and proclaimed him at Morpeth and other towns in the north of England. At the same time a troop of two hundred Scottish horse was raised by the Earls of Carnwath and Wintoun, and the Earl of Mar soon found himself at the head of ten thousand men. The alarm in London was so great that the Life Guards and other troops encamped in Hyde Park, ready to act on any emergency. The former proved their loyalty on the Prince of Wales's birthday by roasting oxen entire, consuming five hundred pounds of plum pudding, and drinking two hogsheads of wine and two of ale, a gift from their officers. The engagements at Preston and Sheriffmuir removed all danger ; the camp was broken up in December, and a detachment of Life Guards was employed to convey specie to Scotland for the payment of the troops who had been serving there.



## THE LAST DAYS OF THE COMMUNE.

“ LIFE of emotion is better than a life of tranquillity.” These words were spoken by one of the leaders of the Commune, as we sat side by side near a barricade in the Rue St. Honoré, on the night of May 22. The speaker held a high position among the leaders of that strange faction who terrorised over Paris from the 18th of March. He was a clockmaker by trade, and an officer of the National Guard. There was much “emotion” and little “tranquillity” remaining for him at the time of our conversation, for the Versailles troops had then penetrated to the Place de la Concorde. We had been conversing on the objects which the Commune had in waging civil war, and they were frankly stated by our clockmaker, who wound up with the remark already quoted. The programme was one which was sufficiently startling. “We fight,” he said, “against the military, because a false notion of glory has been our ruin ; we fight against monarchy, because our Emperors have eaten us up ; we fight against the Church, because she has fattened on the life-blood of the nation ; and we fight against capitalists, because they grind down our wages to the lowest fraction.” He affected to believe that a cure for all their sorrows lay in the hands of the Commune ; yet, at the same time, he confessed that, once within Paris, the National Guard would be massacred by the troops. This man never earned more than eight francs a day at his trade ; but he had risen to high office under the Commune. He was very loquacious, and readily answered all questions that were put to him ; yet he failed to see the absurdities he gave expression to in his exposition of the Communistic programme. I had the opportunity of conversing with many members of the Commune to whom important functions had been entrusted, and with many of the rank and file of the National Guard ; but no two of them agreed in the objects for which they fought. A young Garibaldian soldier declared he was fighting only against the Versailles troops ; an officer stated that he took up arms because rank was offered him, and most of his companions were serving. But all were agreed upon two points—that the pay was uncommonly good, and the rations could not be improved. There must have

been a large number of the troops to whom these advantages were sufficient reasons for taking up arms. So far as the general body of the insurgents was concerned, the philosophical programme which their civil friends put forth was a farce. It was simply intended to win favour out of France, and it succeeded in deluding some English politicians ; but the bulk of the Parisians were not to be cajoled so easily, and from the first the Commune were unpopular. Their real character was disclosed in the deeds of violence which they committed, and from the first blood they shed there was no possibility of accomplishing any good thing. The revolution organised by the Commune was singular in one respect, and that was in the demonstrations made against religion. After proclaiming liberty of conscience to all, they immediately denied the rights of conscience to the Roman Catholics. Those who worshipped God did so in secret, and if Communism had prevailed, martyrs to Roman Catholicism would have been made in the streets of Paris. The desecration of the churches and the rifling of coffins are matters of history now, and so are the circumstances attending the death of the venerable head of the Catholic Church of Paris. Nor was his murder a sudden act. It had been resolved upon for several days before it was carried out. My clockmaker friend was summoned to sit upon the court-martial which was to decide upon his fate, and on the 22nd of May he told me that the Archbishop would be shot. I said such a crime would draw down the vengeance of God. He laughed heartily, and with a shrug of his shoulders exclaimed, "We don't believe in any God." The leaders of the Versailles army took them at their word in that respect, for very few of the thousands who were executed in the streets had a moment of time to prepare for death. They passed out of this world amid a chorus of oaths from their fellow-citizens. My friend and his associates had "emotion" to satiety between Monday and the following Sunday ; but it was not precisely of that character, I should think, which was agreeable. I heard him give orders that poultry should be "requisitioned" for the men's breakfast ; but they had little enough time to eat it, even if it were procured. The troops were in conflict with them the next day, and without ceasing until the end came.

There was no sympathy whatever between the inhabitants and the National Guard during the closing reign of the Commune. The privations of the people were becoming irksome ; and the tyranny of the insurgents had reached a climax. Hundreds of young men were kidnapped, and made to defend barricades. Others, to escape service, slept night after night upon the roofs of their houses. In

many instances the husband was in a distant part of France with the children, and the wife and mother remained in Paris, inspired with the hope that she might save some portion of their property from destruction. The advent of the Government troops was universally regarded as an event which would terminate all the sufferings which the loyal inhabitants had experienced. Nor were they disappointed in their expectations. How it ever came to pass that such ragged, deformed ruffians as composed a large portion of the National Guard were allowed to tyrannise over the inhabitants for two months is a mystery to me. The loyal people might have smothered the insurrection in a day if they had chosen. As the joy of the inhabitants rose the spirits of the insurgents became depressed. The men knew that every Versaillist bore a warrant of death to each of them. Upon more than one occasion a Communist said to me, "If I am not dead to-morrow, we will meet again." Had any hope of mercy been held out, the lives of the hostages would have been spared, and the palaces and public buildings would never have been fired. It was not until May the 24th that the Archbishop was shot, and the same day witnessed the destruction of the Tuileries, the Palais Royal, the Ministry of Finance, and many another public building. Although the end had been anticipated, it came, after all, unexpectedly, and barricades were not generally erected until the 22nd of May. Before that day they only existed in certain important places: such as the entrance to the Place de la Concorde, the Place Vendôme, and at other points.

The task of erecting barricades was carried on by a system of forced labour, which was peculiarly unpleasant. Every man, woman, and boy who went near a street where it was thought necessary to erect a barricade was forced to work by the insurgents. No one was exempt. An Englishman residing in the vicinity of the Rue St. Honoré told me he was most unfortunate in the work he had to perform. On the 22nd of May he went out of his house to see what progress the Versailles army had made, when he was captured by the insurgents, and made to work shovelling up earth against the face of a barricade for the space of two hours. He was then set at liberty, and went home vowing he would not leave his house until the insurgents had been driven out of the arrondissement. In two days the troops held that part of Paris, and he ventured out once more. But this time he was laid hold of by the Versailles soldiers, and obliged to work for several hours in levelling the same barricade which he had laboured so unwillingly to build.

On the morning of the 23rd of May I visited the chief centres

of authority among the Communists—the Hôtel de Ville, the Prefecture of Police, and the Place Vendôme. The conversations I had with some of the leaders of the insurrection made a deep impression upon me. They knew at that time what fate was in store for them; and each wore a restless and uneasy look which was painful to observe. The brief honour they had enjoyed was purchased at too dear a price. At the Hôtel de Ville I noticed that the equestrian statue which once adorned the front had been dislodged and lay, “in monumental mockery,” upon the ground, where several soldiers were tapping the horse’s side, as though to ascertain of what metal it was composed. The lobbies and staircases were occupied by soldiers, many of whom were sleeping heavily. I passed up several flights of steps, and through a number of handsome rooms, before I found the gentleman of whom I was in search. He held high rank in the army of the insurgents. The apartment was full of officers and civilians, apparently of good position. One of them I saw the following day escorted along the Rue de Rivoli by a picket of soldiers. Among the officers present was one who told me of a visit he had recently paid to England, and he spoke in most grateful terms of the kindness he met with. He expressed his regret that he could not escort me about the city. “What do they think of us in England?” he asked. “Do they not think we are terrible fellows? Well,” he added, “they will find that we shall die like soldiers; but Paris will fall with us.” I did not comprehend the full meaning of his words at that time.

From the Hôtel de Ville I crossed the Seine, and paid a visit to the Prefect of Police. He was in an ill humour, and told me the Government troops were advancing. Next day he was caught and shot. From hence—a long walk beside the Seine and through many bye streets, threading my way through numberless barricades—I came to the Place Vendôme, and paid my respects to the *Etat-Major* and his officers. He was the last official I cared to see, and I did not remain long. He had been called from luncheon by an officer who brought a message from the Hôtel de Ville. The officers and soldiers who were in the chief apartment were evidently preparing for a fight, and I soon learned that scouts had brought intelligence of the advance of the Versailles army. Even here I noted a lack of discipline among the soldiers, some of whom addressed the officers in loud and angry tones. While I remained, private soldiers entered the chamber without ceremony, and demanded privileges which, though resisted at first, were invariably conceded. During one hot discussion I thought it prudent to bid a

hasty farewell to one of the officers, and retire. The conflict raged fiercely in this part of Paris throughout the afternoon and evening. In the Rue de Rivoli, the Rue St. Honoré, and other leading thoroughfares, it was intended to fill the houses near the barricades with soldiers; but the design was not carried out. The National Guards were willing to fight in the open street, but they objected to be shut up in houses where they were sure to be massacred in cold blood. No word against their courage can be said. They fought bravely, but it was that bravery which is born of despair. Whether they fought or fled, the same fate awaited them—death. I saw them on the morning of the 24th, fighting in the Rue St. Honoré, at a barricade, and I saw them glide from doorway to doorway as the troops advanced, taking advantage of every moment to fire at a soldier, but ever retreating towards the grand centres, where the final stand was to be made. The Tuileries was set on fire at midnight on Tuesday, and the Palais Royal at three o'clock on Wednesday morning. As the soldiers emerged from the Place de la Concorde into the Rue de Rivoli, on Tuesday night, they found the Ministry of Finance on fire, and that was the earliest intimation they had of the destruction which ensued to the public buildings. The fire at the Tuileries was fed by a constant discharge of rockets, and the work of destruction went on unhindered for several days. The atrocities perpetrated upon the insurgents—men and women—captured in the neighbourhood of the Rue de Rivoli were shocking. Women were stabbed in the back by soldiers, to make them walk more quickly to the places where they were to be shot; and men fated to die were maltreated by soldiers and civilians. The attitude and demeanour of some of the men were heroic. They bore the insults of the people and the taunts of the soldiers unmoved, and walked defiantly, as though they were going to meet a martyr's death. All the members of the National Guard with whom I conversed were mechanics or clerks; I saw but few of those vagabonds with whose faces and figures the illustrated papers have made us familiar; nor did I see any of those women whose fierceness and cruelty have been so commonly detailed in English newspapers. On the three days when the insurgents held possession of the First Arrondissement I frequently saw women, armed with revolvers and rifles, marching at the head of companies of armed men; but they were well-dressed, good-looking females, who appeared to be animated by a sense of patriotism. The appearance of a few of these women on the ramparts gave rise to the most exaggerated rumours as to their number. For several days after each arrondissement was

taken the inhabitants had little peace ; night after night preparations were made in anticipation of fire. Every man and woman seen carrying a vessel of any kind was suspected of being an incendiary. Many women were arrested on the charge of pouring petroleum into cellars ; several firemen were shot in the Rue de Rivoli on the same pretence. How many innocent people were shot, on the suspicion of incendiarism, I am afraid to suggest ; but there were several in the arrondissement in which I resided who were sacrificed to the popular suspicion.

The number of arrests made by the troops was considerably augmented by the police, who followed in their train. House to house visitation was then carried out in the most systematic manner ; and hundreds of men and women dragged forth from hiding places. Many of the leading sympathisers with Communism were thus unearthed ; and all who were recognised met with immediate execution. The course pursued by the soldiers was to conduct the condemned persons to the nearest barricades, and there shoot them ; but when one was not near, the man or woman was led into the centre of the roadway, and there put to death. In the Rue Richelieu was a barricade of formidable dimensions, which had a deep hole excavated in the front, the earth from which was used to face the barricade. At this spot upwards of forty men were put to death. Among them were a tailor and his son, who openly boasted that they had set the Palais Royal on fire. In carrying out the executions, the soldiers in no single instance that I saw raised their rifles to their shoulders, but held them about the level of their knees, and fired. The dead, both men and women, lay about the streets, in the squares, on the banks of the Seine, in every direction, until the insurrection was extinguished. Then they were collected in country carts, and carried out of Paris. What ultimately became of them I do not know, but the rumour as to interments under the street pavements was untrue.

From Sunday, the 21st, to the following Thursday the conflict was carried on under a clear blue sky ; on Friday and Saturday rain fell continuously, and the remaining hours of life which many of the insurgents had must have been spent in the utmost misery. The Hôtel de Ville was fired on Wednesday, the great granaries upon Thursday, and the Custom House on Friday. These buildings, as well as the Tuileries, the Ministry of Finance, the Palais Royal, and the palaces on the Quai d'Orsay, burnt themselves out ; as the appliances possessed by the city for extinguishing fires were totally inadequate to subdue a fire of any dimensions.



Thus eight days and nights were occupied in obtaining possession of Paris. Of the amount of damage done to property it is impossible to form an estimate. Hundreds of houses and shops were utterly destroyed, and a blow inflicted upon the commercial life of the city from which it will take many years to recover. At the same time the Parisians may congratulate themselves that still greater havoc was not wrought, as subsequent discoveries clearly prove that the whole city was fire-bombed, and the night advance of the troops alone prevented the fiercest work from being accomplished.

There was one very noticeable feature during the Communistic rule, and that was the intense hatred of the leaders to the Roman Catholic clergy. A series of cartoons was published, designed to bring into contempt the chief members of the Romish Church: and they would excite laughter now, but in the face of those whose portraits are caricatured. A dozen of the pictures lie before me. In one the Venerable Archbishop is represented as playing a clarinet in a company of itinerant musicians, all of whom are well-known ecclesiastics. Another group represents a company of street accordeons, all of them Church dignitaries, and the properties with which they perform their feats are the sacred vessels of the Church. But these, and others of a kindred character, are far eclipsed by the blasphemous adaptation of scenes of Holy Writ to the story of the Commune. Leonardo Di Vinci's picture of the Last Supper is made to represent one of the closing scenes in the life of Communism. The central figure at the table is a woman arrayed as Red Republicanism; and Jules Favre, acting the part of Judas, makes the inquiry "Is it I?" The face of Thiers is shown in the doorway, smiling at the solemn farce. A companion picture represents the Betrayal in the Garden, Jules Favre again taking the place of Judas. But the climax is attained in the representation of the Crucifixion, in which Red Republicanism occupies the place of Our Saviour; and a German soldier proffers a helmet full of blood for her refreshment. The coarse blasphemery of these pictures is the appropriate counterpart of the avowed Atheism of the Communist leaders.

One other picture has a very different story attached to it. I was in the Rue St. Honoré, and saw a man undergoing a search by three soldiers. A sheet of paper, on which were two figures representing the Commune, was found upon him, and in an instant he was shot. The officer in charge of the firing party afterwards handed me the picture, begging my acceptance of it as a memento of what I had seen.

There is another view of these events which will force itself upon

the consideration of people after the popular cries for vengeance and news have been satiated. But what may not happen before then? Where are the innocent victims of these sad disasters? What has become of the children? The estimates of the number of dead and those made prisoners vary so much that no reliable deduction as to the number of helpless little children can be founded upon them. According to some statements, there were 20,000 men and women killed in fight or executed between the 21st and 28th of May, and upwards of 40,000 men and women made prisoners. What has become of the thousands of little ones, suddenly deprived of one or both parents? The children were obtruded upon the public gaze in every procession of prisoners during the days when fighting was going on in the streets of Paris. Among the sad sights of that terrible week, the saddest, to my mind, was the spectacle of whole families marching under an escort of soldiers to the nearest place of confinement. In scores of instances a little child, too young to walk, was carried by father or mother; and the innocent face contrasted strangely with the fierce countenances of the captors and captives. Nor was there anything more horrible than the torrent of oaths which the spectacle of a child carried in the arms drew forth from the people who were drawn together to see the prisoners pass. For the night following their capture the children were allowed to remain with their parents, but the following morning at daybreak they were separated. In the partings which then took place many a mother wiped out what share of evil she had wrought in Paris; and in the convict prisons of France at this moment there are thousands of parents whose punishment is aggravated a hundredfold by the recollection of the parting from their children. But what has become of these innocent little ones? There were no Sisters of Mercy in Paris during the last fight with the Commune. Have they since returned to their devoted labours among the sin-stricken herds of that strange city, and will they take charge of the children of the very men and women by whose misdeeds religion was outraged in such an awful way? The answer to my question must be in the affirmative. Here is a field of labour which may yield the noblest fruit. The children of the very worst of the sons and daughters of France may be trained up to become the best friends of order. But whatever may be in the future, there is an immediate answer required to the question; and perhaps our newspaper correspondents, having exhausted their tales of damage done to the palaces and houses of Paris, will now tell us what has been done for the hapless little victims of Communistic misrule.

JOHN B. MARSH.

# WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

## VII.—BOHEMIAN REMINISCENCES.

**M**INE has been a very adventurous kind of life, full of kaleidoscopic changes ; and although they have not always been *couleur de rose*, the results have scarcely proved unsatisfactory. I cannot say that dark shadows have not crossed my path—they have frequently, and some unfortunately still remain ; but, on the whole, I should be ungrateful indeed if I murmured at the results of my past career.

Having been bred and born in the heart of the City, I became at a very early age identified with all the mysteries of Guildhall, the civic processions, the Mansion House festivals, and that greatest of all pageants, Lord Mayor's Show. My acquaintance with Gog and Magog, those wonderful giants, was made under the superintendence of a good old nurse, who informed me in confidence "that *when* they *heard* the clock strike *one* they would go down to dinner ;" and the illusion was kept up for years, for when I visited the interior of the hall and waited patiently, expecting to see those august persons take their departure for the great City buttery, I was invariably hurried off before the clock struck the fated hour, with the warning that we should be too late to join our own family circle.

What would I have not given to have had my wishes gratified in that respect ! But I was doomed to sorrowful disappointment, and Gog and Magog still remain there without my ever having seen them take their afternoon repast. *Dulce est, &c.*

In after days—now some thirty-five years ago—Whitechapel and Mile End were famous localities for shows and itinerary exhibitions. If Fairlop and Harlow Fairs were not on, and Camberwell and Greenwich only just over, there would be congregated in full force, from Whitechapel Church to the "Blind Beggar" at Mile End Gate, caravans of all characters and dimensions, from the four-horse to the one-horse, and even the donkey—each, however, with the never-to-be-forgotten bright brass knocker on the small door which,

when opened, disclosed the culinary department, pots and kettles to boot ; and when shut, revealed, in red and blue letters, the name of the real proprietor, "travelling showman," of London, Middlesex, or Essex, as the case might be.

Always just prior to the time when "Bartlemy" Fair took place, this neighbourhood was the common centre for a partial encampment, and the fields round Stepney Green and its vicinity were devoted to the stowage of surplus vehicles and pasturage of the beasts of burden employed, including a stray camel or dromedary, with a little nigger perched on its back, which gave the scene a picturesque appearance.

Even the fields at the back of the "Globe"—then a wide, dreary waste, principally occupied by the huts of brick-burners, who were extensively employed on the spot—were also brought into use for temporary habitations, and the nags, cattle, and swine belonging to the various caravans were, in condition and symmetry, such as George Morland loved to depict in his retirement in Well Street, South Hackney.

How often, when a youngster, with sixpence or ninepence in my pocket, have I sturdily wended my way on a Saturday—for that was a great day with me then—from my home in the midst of the City, passing through the great Meat Market, down to Whitechapel Church ! Whether travelling by myself or with a companion (for I always considered it a journey), refreshment was required at the Bun House in the neighbourhood, and a raspberry turnover, with curds-and-whey, constituted a repast that has never been equalled since.

Just after passing this point in the high road commenced the exhibitions which, for months—nay, years—I periodically visited, and which afforded me a vast amount of entertainment. As it very frequently quite depended on the state of the exchequer whether two or three of the establishments could be made available for the day, I was compelled to sate my intellectual craving with the contemplation of external illustrations of the objects of attraction to be viewed within. These, of course, were emblazoned in a most remarkable manner on large sheets of canvas outside monster vehicles, which were drawn close to the kerb. Unhappily, if the wind were adverse, and the short chimney at the top allowed the smoke to be hilarious, then the ropes creaked and the vision was dazed, so that it was difficult to discover whether the pig-faced lady was cutting watch-papers with her toes, or the supposed Miss Biffin was working real Honiton lace collars with her nose and mouth.

Then there was the fair Circassian, with bright-coloured white

hair drooping from her shoulders down to her knees, enveloping her dress, which was of scarlet, but not concealing her full Turkish trousers, of pale gauze, embroidered with the crescent in spangles of gold, falling gracefully over tight-fitting yellow morocco boots.

How I wished that fair Circassian was my sister—shall I own it?—or my wife, so that I might release her from bondage, and travel with her from one end of the world to the other, in happy ignorance of all worldly cares!

But what shall I say to the mermaid with the lovely face and golden locks, looking out of the canvas most wistfully, concealing at the same time the scaly portion of her lower person in coronal wreathed waves, representing the dark blue sea? Simply, that with boyish frivolity I neglected my first love, and began thinking of a merman's home in coral caves, till I was aroused from my reverie by continuous reports of pistols, the chaffing of unsuccessful candidates for cocoa and Brazil nuts, and the sonorous refrain of the old fellow who carried the doll's-house, from which projected a number of heads, determining the quantity of gingerbread or spice-cakes to be awarded when a certain number was spotted:—

“ Here you are, dolly—dolly dowsy,  
All are in this housy,  
Hot and cold, for young or old,  
Dolly, dolly dowsy.”

The great African giant, with his tiger Kaross, his assegais, and dreadful war-whoop, had no charms for me; I despised the bandy-legged dwarf, who was crushed in a small green-painted box, about the size of a beehive, and who, before the commencement of each performance, put his puffy hands out on either side to display his mock jewellery and ring a bell. My disgust, however, always reached its height when the dull, heavy, woolly-headed negress, with flat nose, protruding lips, and long ears, weighed down by rings of several ounces in weight, came round with her small tin waiter to make a collection for herself and friends. I am afraid I was rude in refusing to subscribe, and in adding that a lady from Billingsgate with lamp-black and oil could be rendered quite her equal as a representative of Ethiopian royal blood.

To see Bartholomew Fair in all its glory it was necessary to pay the visit between nine and twelve o'clock p.m. To pass through it in the middle of the day was a vapid and dull spectacle, every corner and nook being the receptacle of the filth and refuse of the previous

night's debauchery. It was opened in due form and proclamation by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, and as long as "the institution" lasted was viewed by the majority of good citizens as part of the manners and customs of the time.

Here was to be encountered, in its panoply of gilt and adornment, with the ever-present brass band, the grand menagerie of the celebrated George Wombwell, consisting of elephants from India, lions and tigers from Bengal, the stately "ship of the desert," the puma, and the remaining chief classes of our *fera nature*. Van Amburgh, the Lion King, had not then exhibited his surprising feats in subduing the passions of the wild inhabitants of the jungle at Astley's, nor was Carter, his successor, supposed to be making his practical experiments, which induced the public a few years afterwards to afford him such extensive patronage.

Wombwell's at that time was an exhibition *per se*, creating a *furor* wherever it went, and, since it possessed performing elephants, it foreshadowed in some respects the changes that were subsequently introduced. And few will fail to remember the sensation produced by the intermingled harmony of the band; the cries of the enrobed assistants, with their bright glittering caps, "Walk up, walk up!" and the occasional growls from the iron-wired dens inside when, as a wag would have it, "The keepers were waking up their friends with the long pole!"

On my last visit to the fair, the rain was falling in torrents. Through mud and slush I made my way to the great Temple of Terpsichore. Mr. Richardson with his vans, the important nursery ground of rising tragedians, melodramists, and comedians, had displayed his attractions; and, with a tragedy, a ballet, and a pantomime, offered a repertoire that should have satisfied the most fastidious. The simple mistake was that in the flood of light from the temporary oil lamps which sent out an unsavoury smell as well as illumination there was more opportunity of witnessing a satisfactory sixpennyworth than inside, especially when the ghost in the Castle of Otranto uttered his fearful warning, and immediately disappeared through the trap, surrounded by blue and red fire.

But what was this to the continuous sound of the "gong"—the real Chinese gong—not so well known then as it is now, and the happy appearance of old Richardson, who paraded up and down the platform, giving his instructions to the players? Cathcart, who was rewarded with an extra five shillings per week "for his fine bould voice," perambulated in regal costume, flesh-coloured tights and russet boots, previously to diving down the narrow stairs to discover

“two Richmonds in the field.” And then Mr. Harlequin and Miss Columbine—both old and faded, but gorgeously got up—tripped on the light fantastic toe, surrounded by a bevy of morris-dancers, who, to the enlivening strains of the hautboy, clarionet, and flute, trod the platform with amazing rapidity.

And now, who is here? The assimilated Mrs. Siddons of various of the minor theatres, who, in tall head-gear, white ermine, and doubtful black velvet, “frets her hour upon the stage” more frequently in the front of the lamps than behind them. Last of all comes forward the celebrated Tony Lumpkin, with his brown wideawake, parti-coloured neckerchief, white smock, and corduroy smalls; the shuffle of his highlows and his leery appearance showing that he thinks “he is up to a thing or two.” But when Mr. Tippetwitchet—a presumed sucking Joey Grimaldi—suddenly emerges from the crowd, bonnets his friend the country bumpkin, and places a stolen purse in his pocket, the confusion becomes confounded, and the fun of the fair has in reality begun.

“Stand back there!” shouts the leading acrobat of the company. “Boys, if you don’t stand back I shall be obligated to make myself a blackguard!” throwing himself into a pugilistic position.

“Stand back! Stand back yourself. I shan’t stand back,” cries a wiry-headed urchin. “You gets all the money, and we gets nuffin but squeegeeing.”

The grandiloquent Richardson *ore rotundo* (with the sylph-like Miss Richardson on his arm, dressed in white muslin deeply starched, mounted with pink rosettes): “Ladies and gentlemen, just agoing to begin. Lose no time. Pay your money, and take your places.”

The great Cathcart again takes his stride across the platform, darts an eagle glance at the company assembled below the steps, and once more dives beneath to meet his well-known foe.

I exhausted Wombwell’s menagerie, I went through the series of performances at Richardson’s, I made myself hoarse applauding Cathcart, his old ally the Ghost, and the Knight of the Rueful Countenance; and finding that the balance in my pockets was running low, I had little else to do but to return home.

But I could not leave before visiting the “gingerbread stalls,” those Watteau-like arrangements of gilded spice nuts, the smartly-dressed vendors of which afforded attractions by their smooth voices, graceful charms, and never-failing inuendoes. Meandering through these “trellissed alleys,” freighted with delicate sweets and selected toys, there was no avoiding a further expenditure, and as I could not

afford it, I moved fitfully forward, joking the *demoiselles* and, whenever opportunity offered, elbowing the general crowd.

It is not, therefore, surprising that with this early experience I have never failed through life to be interested in the marvellous and the eccentric, and that now the majority of these great exhibitions have become obsolete, I have been compelled to be content with the smaller ones; few escaping my attention, even in the remotest districts. The movements of the very fat lady who is occasionally to be seen in Shoreditch, King's Cross, and other classic regions, I could almost accurately describe. The Black Dwarf once well known in Holborn I have missed for many years, and not having been able to trace him since, I reasonably conclude that his sable highness has joined all antecedent dwarfs in Quevedo's kingdom of dwarfdom.

The Spotted Boy who, according to the language of the exhibitor at the door, had "a skin as white as halabaster, and spots as black as hebony," turned out to be a manufacture, consisting of a carefully embalmed baby, judiciously painted, and presented to view under the protection of a glass shade.

General Tom Thumb, when he first appeared, I knew remarkably well; also Joco Soot, his associate, who speedily killed himself by a large consumption of the red-skin's great enemy, "fire-water." I also knew Barnum, the immortal Barnum, the greatest showman in the world. I have since made the acquaintance of Commodore Nutt, who has travelled through Europe, Australia, California, and India, with the General, his wife, and Minnie Warren, and who seem to have lost little of their earlier attractions.

And now, courteous reader, spare my blushes, and do not tremble. I am about to make a terrible confession: I was once the owner of a hybrid goat. The animal was a strange compound between a sheep and a goat, docile and entertaining. The upper part was woolly; the lower quarters presented the true indications of Capricornus, the hoofs being of the same species. I never intended that it should make a public *débat*, but, after having kept it some months, I parted with it, and eventually it fell into bad hands.

When I made my investment—the seller being "Long George," a cabby I then employed—he was loud in his praises of the peculiar points of the animal, intimating that a "man might make a fortune of him by taking him round the country." This notion I utterly repudiated, and having made my purchase, I sent him to a relative to be taken care of and brought into proper condition. Another change then took place; from Edmonton the creature went to Old



Ford, in the vicinity of Clay Hall, an establishment where they professed "to grind old people young;" and after a temporary sojourn there, he changed hands for a consideration, and became the property of a small farmer.

What general vicissitudes he encountered will, perhaps, be never known; but, singularly enough, two or three years ago I was struck, one morning in coming to town, by his full-length cartoon on a house in Norton Folgate, where he was associated with other prodigies of natural history, under the euphemistic title, in broad yellow letters, "What is it?"

How strangely was the prediction of "Long George" fulfilled! Here, if I was not greatly mistaken, was the very hybrid that had been my property. The creature was made the great centre of the exhibition, supported on the right by the wonderful mammoth horse, and on the left by a huge congeries of snakes, strong enough, apparently, to slay the Laocoon family.

I paused and pulled up my conveyance, but did not enter, because I did not wish to manifest any excitement.

Calling my cabman—a new man ("Long George" having left my service)—I asked him if he could tell me of his whereabouts. "Long George" was faithful, but he was eccentric, and when he borrowed a trifle in advance, he suddenly became absent.

"Who, sir? 'Long George' do you mean—he who wore the seal-skin cap with lapping hears, and the tight corduroys, every one wondering how he got in 'em?"

"Yes, the same," I replied. "Where is he?"

"Where be he, sir? I can't tell yer. Last time I saw him—with his 'beetle-crushing' boots, which would come down on yer like a thousand of bricks, and his red lamp all ablaze—he said he was going to give up the road and retire into private business. I have yeared he is in the head and trotter line, doing the cleaning and the steaming."

My hope of meeting "Long George," whom I wished to consult as to the identity of "What is it?" was therefore rather remote.

"Long George" was searched for everywhere, but "Long George" could not be found; and so in the course of a few days I made a visit of inspection for myself. The mammoth horse was wonderful to look at, being symmetrical and well groomed; but the box of flannelled snakes was the most miserable collection I ever beheld, and a rabbit would, I should think, have served the four for a week. The hybrid, on close examination, no doubt was the one I originally possessed, but zebra-like marks had been introduced on his sides,

and his head had been bronzed with a dark brown pigment, which came off on your hands if you stroked his neck transversely.

"Where did he come from?" I jocosely inquired of the doubtful sort of half gipsy and half cheapjack who was exhibiting this extraordinary *lusus naturæ*.

"All the way from the great Desert of Sahara. He was imported direct, having been surprised by the Arabs when they were watering their camels. He is a great curiosity, and has puzzled all the naturalists who have ever seen him," said the man, who spoke, as these kind of showmen usually do, with great volubility.

"Are you sure he did not come from Old Ford, near Squire Scales's estate?" I inquired.

The man paused for a moment and looked confused, but he soon recovered himself, and replied that he was sure he did not, for he first had him when in Liverpool.

Although I entertained my own opinion on the subject, I was bound to apparently accept the explanation offered; and "What is it?" continued to be exhibited for some time, till another change took place, and my hybrid goat was then forthwith draughted to a fresh locality.

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# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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THERE is nothing new in women who are not virtuous making a foremost position on the stage. Men write about the condition of the profession as if the world had suddenly rushed into its present groove. In my early days there were bad as well as good women upon the stage; but the difference between that time and the present is that now the bad largely predominate over the good, and that they are not only bad women, but bad actresses. I am told that many shameless creatures in the present day pay for their appearance on the stage. They are thus enabled the better to put their infamy to profitable account. They cannot act; but they can dress, or rather undress, and there are managers who condescend to make theatres the rendezvous of these creatures and their degraded admirers. The wretched men and women who keep miserable establishments for infamous purposes, described with such biting truth in "The Seven Curses of London," are not worse than managers of theatres who receive Circe's bribe and allow her to practice her arts upon the stage, degrading a great educational institution to the level of a Haymarket coffee-house. It is a grave sign of the times that unscrupulous managers find a public to support them in this pandering to the worst passions of the worst people; but I can assure them that they are keeping a more profitable public out of their houses. I put it to them not only on moral grounds, but financially. There is more money to be made out of good plays and efficient actresses than there is out of morbid plays, trashy burlesques, and brazen-faced, shameless women who keep their broughams at the stage door to carry their victims home when the play is over. It is time all honest men combined to reform modern theatrical management. I welcome to the front Tom Taylor. I only regret that his letters upon the subject did not appear in the *Times* as well as the *Echo*.

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A MAN may be too conscientious. As for example, when he goes out of his way to proclaim a mere probability at the risk of damaging his own work. A letter from one of my most celebrated writers inspires this note. My friend is pleased to express the great pleasure he has experienced in reading the biographical papers which have from time to time appeared in *The Gentleman's Magazine*. He more particularly mentions the "Reminiscences of Mark Lemon," and is "glad that a more complete biography of the founder of *Punch* is to be published." This is the keynote of nearly all the reviews of the republication of these papers under the title of "With a Show in the North." The author was informed

while writing his reminiscences that a life of my late brother editor would be published. I learn that no such work is in contemplation. "With a Show in the North" is not only a sketch of Mark Lemon's career, but it is the only account of the modern "Falstaff" likely to be published. The work includes Mark Lemon's adaptation of the story of the fat knight, and should be valued on this account, to say nothing of the ballad-maker's last song set to music, and John Tenniel's picture of his late chief. I notice several additions to the original papers.

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THE most distinguished of my contributors a hundred and twenty years ago thought the arm-chair of the Mitre Tavern the seat of the highest human felicity; and in the course of my career I have passed MSS. from the pens of some of my "most eminent hands" extolling the pleasure of travelling by post-chaise with four horses along a turnpike road at fifteen or twenty miles an hour, and still later of travelling in an arm-chair as soft as the woolsack upon four wheels with the aid of the Iron Horse, reading "Pickwick" or "Ixion in Heaven" over a cigar, with the prospect of a basin of soup or a glass of sherry and a pork pie at Rugby or Swindon or Carlisle. But we are fast leaving all these ideals of happiness behind us; and in a year or two more I expect to find one of my light hands flippantly contrasting the comfort of dining off a haunch of venison and a bottle of Chablis in the gilded saloon of a travelling hotel, flying through the Valley of the White Horse or across Chat-Moss at the rate of sixty or seventy miles a minute, with the untutored notions of luxury which his grandfathers associated with a mail coach carpeted with a bundle of straw, and stuffed to the ceiling with passengers of every description reeking with beer and tobacco. We must come to this soon; for the railway hero of America, Mr. Pullman, is fitting up carriages in which you may travel from New York to San Francisco with as little inconvenience as you would feel from shutting yourself up for a fortnight in a suite of rooms at Delmonico's Hotel or the Langham. Of course at present we are a long way from luxuries of this sort; for there is now only a few miles of road on all our British lines of rail where you can take in a chick and a slice of ham, a bit of bread and butter, and a pint of sherry in a hamper, pay your half-crown, and hand out the relics at the next station—and that is on the Midland line; and travelling as we do from Paddington to Penzance, and from Euston to Edinburgh, in the time that it generally takes one to go from Hammersmith to the Haymarket to see an opera and the ballet, perhaps it is not necessary that we should attempt to reproduce the travelling hotels upon our lines. All we want is a section or two of the hotel: a morning room for the ladies, where they may do a bit of embroidery or chat and call for a cup of tea and a slice of bread and butter; and a sort of commercial room for us men, where we may read the papers or a book, sleep or write or talk, without trampling on each other's toes. With the help of a gas stove, I believe there is no more reason, in the nature of things, why we should not dine in a saloon of the

Great Western Express or of the North Mail as pleasantly as we now do in the P. and O. steamers in the Chops of the Channel. But perhaps at present we may as well content ourselves with cold fowl and ham and a glass of sherry in a commercial room upon wheels. I leave the rest of my suggestions, as Bacon left his fame, to the next generation and to foreign countries.

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AND talking of a hundred and twenty years ago, I was struck a few days since, in revisiting my old haunts in the Gallery of the House of Commons, where I used to sit out the tournaments of Pitt and Fox, and Burke and Wyndham, with boiled eggs in my pocket, to find that the custom I introduced of nicknaming My Lords and Gentlemen from their physical peculiarities still lingers among the *habitués* of that region. One distinguished member is the Goat. An Irish patriot is the Panther. One passes as the Crow; another as the Giraffe. But the House itself is not apparently as happy in the invention of its characteristic adjectives as it was in its racier days, when *The Gentleman* was the only reporter of its eloquence. "The People's William" is a sneer, not a description, and even as a sneer is not as happy as Canning's soubriquet for Addington as the Doctor. And the House has no counterpart now to the Single-speech Hamiltons and Angry Boys of my youth, except perhaps the title recently conferred upon a sparkling Tory from a pretty little pocket borough in the North who is very fond of drawing out Mr. Gladstone, and of extinguishing more bores than any one else in the assembly by plotting counts-out. This gentleman is distinguished by the title of Red Terror, a description which takes in at once his most distinguishing personal and Parliamentary characteristics. Why not upon the same plan call Mr. Lowe the White Terror?

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THE question has, I suppose, often been asked—but every question that is worth asking at all must often be asked in this country, and now and then asked at the top of the voice—why a city with a population of three and a half millions has no place to get a dip in a stream of fresh water without taking your turn in the Serpentine with the ducks and the pickpockets of the Park, and dressing on the grass. On most of the Belgian, French, and German rivers you may find floating baths moored in the centre of the stream, where you may enjoy yourself to your heart's content. But the only substitute that we possess for these continental conveniences are those hideous "swimming baths" which chill your blood to the tips of your fingers to think of; and the Arabs of the streets who cannot raise sixpence for a turn into these swamped cellars must bathe with the mudlarks in the Thames, or the Regent's Canal, or in the pit of a tanyard, like the "Amateur Casual" in his pea soup, to the perplexity of women out for an evening stroll, and to the disgust of all the rest of us. Now all this might be avoided by the construction of a few floating baths upon the plan of those long

wooden frameworks on the Rhine and the Seine, which at the first blush most people believe to be built to puzzle Cook's troops of tourists. A hundred of them might be fitted up at less cost than a Thames steam packet, and I am risking nothing in promising the capitalist who will take the work in hand 10 per cent. upon his investment. All that is needed is a sort of Noah's Ark open to the sky, and with a false bottom of wood and iron work, shelving off like the sea beach from two or three feet to a dozen. The river running through the bath makes the bathing as pleasant and exhilarating as a plunge from a boat in the middle of the stream.

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PIUS THE NINTH has broken the tradition of the Roman Catholic Church by outliving the Pontificate of St. Peter. He attained the twenty-fifth year of his reign on the 16th of June. I hardly know whether I ought to congratulate my Roman Catholic readers on this fact, or to condole with them. But the fact that no Pontiff out of that long and illustrious line of Kings which takes the mind back to the time when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when cameleopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre, has outlived the founder of the dynasty by keeping his seat as long as dozens of temporal Sovereigns, is one that at least calls for a note. Turning to Von Ranke, I find that only five Popes have come within a year of the period of Pius the Ninth's Pontificate. The first of these was Sylvester I., a Pope of the fourth century, who reigned twenty-four years. Four centuries afterwards Adrian the First completed a reign which fell only ten days short of Sylvester's. But ten centuries elapsed before another Pope cleared his twenty-fourth year. This was Pius the Sixth. He reigned within three months of his twenty-fifth year; and his successor, Pius the Seventh, took off the fisherman's ring after a reign of twenty-three years and a half. Pius the Ninth has completed his twenty-fifth year; but to break the charm of the tradition, "Non Videbis annos Petri," absolutely, he must, I believe, contrive to lengthen out the Pontificate about two months longer, for one of the accounts of Peter's reign gives him a margin of two months and seven days against the twenty-five years of his successor.

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AND then—what then? That is the next question; and a puzzling question it is for the Sacred College, for the election rests in their hands, and, with two or three vetos upon their original selection, in their hands alone; and every Prince of the Church carries the keys of St. Peter at his girdle, at least in the sense in which every French soldier carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack. The election is by ballot, and the cardinals on the day of election are locked up in the Vatican like an English jury in Westminster Hall, till they have delivered themselves of their verdict. Of course what takes place here is as great a mystery to the mass of outsiders as what takes place in a Freemason's Lodge upon the election of a P. G. M. But the rules of the conclave are known; and

according to these rules no name is to be proposed, no speech is to be made. In the centre of the room stands a chalice; and into this each cardinal in turn casts a strip of paper containing the name of the candidate for whom he votes. These votes are then taken out, read, and counted; for the Pope must be elected by a majority of two-thirds of the College, and the process is repeated again and again till this proportion is attained. It is the common process of casting out. A year or two ago the popular candidate was Lucien Bonaparte; but the star of the Bonapartes to-day is in eclipse, and the chances are accordingly against the dark-browed and silent young prelate who, till Sedan, was the hope of the Church. The vetos upon the vote of the College are three, and these vetos are in the hands of the Courts of France, Spain, and Austria. It is with each of these a simple case of black-balling; for they may all three reject the Pope in turn, but they can only black-ball one Pope, elect each, and after they have cast their veto the power of election returns into the hands of the cardinals. The last case of black-balling was in 1830, when the Court of Madrid set aside the election of Cardinal Guistiniani.

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WHAT a contempt History has for epigrams! It is repeating itself under our eyes every day; and the insurrection which has been suppressed in Paris is, after all, little more than a repetition of the scenes which startled us all from our propriety in my roystering days. These reflections, common-place enough in themselves, have of course suggested themselves to all of us in turn in looking through the correspondence of the newspapers and comparing it with our recollections of Carlyle's graphic and powerful narrative. But so far I have not noticed any allusion to that startlingly suggestive dream of the Count de Lavalette which prefigured in allegory the scenes which have marked every French revolution that we have yet witnessed, and all apparently that we are destined to witness. But it is worth recalling, hideous as it is:—"One night, while I was asleep"—I take the Count's own version—"the clock of the Palais de Justice struck twelve and awoke me. I heard the gate open to relieve the sentry, but I fell asleep again immediately. In this sleep I dreamed that I was standing in the Rue St. Honoré, at the corner of the Rue d'Echelle. A melancholy darkness spread around. All was still. Nevertheless, a low and uncertain sound soon arose. All of a sudden I perceived at the bottom of the street, and advancing towards me, a troop of cavalry; the men and horses, however, all flayed. The men held torches in their hands, the flames of which illuminated faces without skin and with bloody muscles. Their hollow eyes rolled in their large sockets, their mouths opened from ear to ear, and helmets of hanging flesh covered their hideous heads. The horses dragged along their own skins in the kennels, which overflowed with blood on both sides. Pale and dishevelled women appeared and disappeared alternately at the windows in dismal silence; low, inarticulate groans filled the air; and I remained in the street alone, petrified with horror, and deprived of strength sufficient to seek

safety in flight. This horrible troop continued passing in full gallop for five hours, and they were followed by an immense number of artillery waggons, full of bleeding corpses, whose limbs still quivered. A disgusting smell of blood and bitumen almost choked me." Has this phantasmagoria been as yet fully realised?

THE Registrar-General has grown slightly communicative since the publication, in the June number of this magazine, of the Approximate Results of the Census. He has taken us into his confidence in the matter of the gross population of London. Our numbers, on the night of the 2nd of April, were 3,251,804. These are as yet the only official figures published. They prove that the metropolis continues to grow at a much more rapid rate than any other considerable part of the kingdom. The population in 1861 was 2,803,989, and the increase in the ten years has been 447,815. It would be tolerably safe to assert that never before in history were nearly half a million persons added to the number of the inhabitants of a city in ten years. When the Registrar-General says that the population of London is "increasing at a decreasing rate," he is looking at the problem solely as one of proportion. Between 1851 and 1861 the increase was 441,753, against the 447,815 between 1861 and 1871. The percentage of growth was therefore considerably greater in the preceding than in the last ten years, though the actual accretion was smaller. It is worth while setting down these decennial additions. The population of London at the several dates of the census returns is :—

|           |           |           |           |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1801.     | 1811.     | 1821.     | 1831.     |
| 958,863   | 1,138,815 | 1,378,947 | 1,654,994 |
| 1841.     | 1851.     | 1861.     | 1871.     |
| 1,948,369 | 2,362,236 | 2,803,989 | 3,251,804 |

The increase in these decennial periods of ten years has been :—

|                        |       |         |
|------------------------|-------|---------|
| Between 1801 and 1811  | ..... | 179,952 |
| "    1811    "    1821 | ..... | 240,132 |
| "    1821    "    1831 | ..... | 276,047 |
| "    1831    "    1841 | ..... | 293,423 |
| "    1841    "    1851 | ..... | 413,819 |
| "    1851    "    1861 | ..... | 441,753 |
| "    1861    "    1871 | ..... | 447,815 |

So that, although never before was so large an addition made to our population as in the last ten years, never before since 1801 was the rate of progress so slow. The process of expansion reached its climax between 1841 and 1851, the increase being greater by upwards of 120,000 in the second than in the first of those two census terms. These figures, and many other facts and statistics, point to the working of an important change in the conditions of national life at about the turn of the half-century, the real tendency of which we are hardly able as yet to discern. The immediate attendants of the change are certainly not all satisfactory. There have been hard times and sad episodes in these twenty years. We have passed through financial calamities hardly paralleled in history ; branches



of trade have come almost to a standstill ; whole populations have been thrown out of employment ; of pauperism and destitution the history since the beginning of the second half of the century has been alarming. Whether we are to look for the causes of these misfortunes in what came before or in what was initiated after the commencement of this period is a question that wants answering. It is to be hoped that the detailed official report of the census will help us to solve the problem. No useful purpose can be served by analysing the additions to the unaccredited returns which have been made since May, but two or three errors which crept into the " Approximate Results " ought to be noted. " Ashton," in the list of large towns on page 103 of the June number, should be " Aston." The population of Stourbridge, given correctly on the same page for 1851, was set down at very much too high a figure for 1861 and 1871, the returns for the Stourbridge Union in those cases being mistaken for those of the township. The Worcester census, on page 106, indicated a small decrease in the population of the city, owing to an omission in the local newspaper reports of the number of inhabitants of that part of the city belonging to the Union of Clains. The figures for that district were included for 1861, but omitted for 1871 ; when the error is corrected Worcester shows a small increase of population.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

AUGUST, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE  
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER XI.

FOOL'S BELLS AND CATHEDRAL CHIMES.



STRANGE are the freaks of memory ; stranger still is Fortune's wild caprice.

Our lives are made up of sublimity and common place. Folly and Satire go hand in hand with Dignity and Beauty. Nox had for her sons Discord, Death, and Momus. The latter accused Venus of a want of grace. The jingle of the fool's cap breaks upon the Cathedral chimes. Comedy alternates with tragedy. Even in the valley there are feasts as well as funerals. My sober thoughts were interrupted the other day

by a Punch and Judy show. There never was a more incongruous picture than the showman with his pipes and drum, standing in the shadow of this old parsonage. I looked up from my desk and smiled ironically to see Momus in the regions of Nox, pelting the Dreams with jokes. A small crowd of gaping villagers gathered round the

show. I laid aside my pen for a while. The sound of the drum and Punch's squeaking voice struck me as not an unworthy prelude to the eleventh chapter of this story of my earthly wanderings.

On the day following the pic-nic on the Wulstan river I accepted an invitation to pay Mr. Pensax a visit.

"Come and see me—come now," said Mr. Pensax, in his falsetto voice, and looking at everybody else in the street but me to whom he was speaking.

I had a little curiosity to gratify in a visit to Mr. Pensax's house. There were many curious stories extant about the peculiar collection of humanity which was to be seen there. It was one of the mysteries of Wulstan, Pensax's house. People said Pensax starved himself in order to save money. But his housekeeper was a fat, buxom woman, and his friends always put her in front of their replies to these calumnies. Moreover, he was a benevolent man so far as public charities might testify to his generosity; and if he did pinch and save, his money was laudably spent. Besides, had not the good Dean of Wulstan taken him up, and was not that sufficient to put down all calumniators? These were the observations made for and against Mr. Pensax, who counted friends and enemies by the score.

"Thank you, Mr. Pensax," I said, after a little hesitation.

"Now—will you come now?" he asked.

"Yes, with pleasure."

"Shall we walk or hire a fly?—it will cost us half-a-crown to ride."

"Let us walk, by all means," I said.

"Yes, that's right. I never like wasting money; I always feel when I do so that I am robbing the poor."

"A generous feeling, Mr. Pensax," I said.

"Some people think I am not at all *generous*, Mr. Himbleton; but they shall see. There's that Mr. Molineau—*you know* him—he is one of them. You have heard him."

"I never heard him say so, Mr. Pensax."

"No, he's too careful; but he *thinks* so. I *am* one of the kindest men in the world, Mr. Himbleton; if you *knew* me *well*, you would say so."

"You have the good opinion of the Dean and Miss Oswald," I said, "and that is a patent of nobility."

"Yes, yes," replied Pensax, as if he put the Dean and Miss Oswald aside in his thoughts. "I only wish Wulstan would get a correct opinion of me. I think it will; I want to stand well with Wulstan, you know."

"Yes?" I responded interrogatively.

"I've just given them some schools—cost me seven thousand pounds. It's a deal of money, a deal of money, isn't it, eh? What do you think of seven thousand pounds?"

"I think it is, as you say, a deal of money."

"What do you think of twenty thousand, eh, Mr. Himbleton? They'll think well of me after that, I should imagine. I am going to build a hospital. Peter Trigg, my clerk, is preparing the letter to the paper now."

Mr. Pensax looked at me to note the effect of this revelation—looked at me for the first time during this conversation.

"A noble gift, Mr. Pensax," I said.

"Yes, I should think so. Now look here, Mr. Himbleton; you are one of those persons who can write well, you know; when you see the announcement made in the paper I wish you would write a letter to the editor and say what a grand thing it is, you know; and what a generous, charitable man Mr. Pensax is. Will you, eh?"

"I shall be glad to serve you, Mr. Pensax," I said, not knowing how otherwise to reply to his proposition.

"Yes, I know. You shan't lose anything by it. I was a poor man once—now I'm rich. Nobody knows how much I have—they will some day. I am no common man, Mr. Himbleton. What do you think I shall be before I die? Member of Parliament for Wulstan. Yes, and more than that, you'll see. Everybody as helps me shall be rewarded. I know what I am about, Mr. Himbleton; and I am so generous, sir, so charitable, that I am giving away money every minute. Tell them that, if you hear them say anything, Mr. Himbleton; just tell them that. They'll believe you and your father, because you are simple folk, and not in business, you know. They'll be calling me 'Charitable Pensax' next, I dare say."

While thus addressing himself to me, Mr. Pensax seemed to be directing his attention to the clouds and the pavement alternately. He chuckled slightly at the idea of being called 'Charitable Pensax,' and rubbed his hands. I thought of what Desprey had said when I parted with him, and wondered for a moment at the marvellous truthfulness of his prophecy.

"What are you thinking about, Mr. Himbleton? Thinking that I don't mean what I say? I do. More than that—you don't know what a present I'm going to give you when you are married."

"You are very kind," I said.

"Yes, that's just what I want you always to be saying. Mr. Pensax is very kind—that's it. Mr. Pensax is very charitable, Mr.

Pensax is a philanthropist—that's it, Mr. Himbleton; I'll make it worth your while."

I made no reply. I began to feel an overpowering contempt for Mr. Pensax. It was well that we reached his house before some hostile remark had escaped me to make our walk disagreeable.

"Ah, here we are, sir; this is my house. Wait a little, Mr. Himbleton, and you shall come to see me in a Hall, sir. Yes, in a Hall. I'm the owner of one—a real Hall, a grand county house, sir."

While he was addressing me he knocked twice at a heavy door, upon which the paint had risen in blisters. It was a hard, grim, prison-like door, the entrance of an old-fashioned brick house, standing alone in the middle of an untended garden. A slipshod, bleary-eyed, half-crazy looking boy opened the door.

"Come along," said Mr. Pensax, utterly regardless of the ragged boy, or the ragged mat upon which he stood. "Come along; no ceremony here, as there is at the Dean's. I'm a plain man."

I followed him into a room where the cloth was laid for luncheon or dinner, and where that little sweltering housekeeper whom I have previously mentioned was busily engaged in preparing for the forthcoming meal.

"Mrs. Trigg, I have brought Mr. Himbleton, junior, to have some dinner. We dine very early, you know, Mr. Himbleton."

"Your servant, sir," said Mrs. Trigg, making a low curtsy. "I am very glad to see you."

Mrs. Trigg was about forty-five—a round, greasy-looking person, with a large head, and a cluster of curls on each side of her face. It is strange, after so many years, that the short, stumpy figure of Mrs. Trigg should come before me so perfectly. The witches in Macbeth did not show the Thane of Cawdor more complete representations than I conjure up at times from my own memory. Mrs. Trigg was not over five feet two in height, and she looked as broad as she was long. It was a cunning face on a large scale. There were the remains of a rather nice-looking girl in it, but the nice-looking girl had been so overgrown with fat and so eaten up with conceit and worldliness that you only caught mere indications of what had been. Mrs. Trigg suffered from other excrescences besides fat; she had warts, like Oliver Cromwell, and one of them insisted upon perching itself upon her nose, which gave that organ a particularly knowing appearance. She had a pretty, small hand. Her foot was, no doubt, small too. Probably that accounted for her walking sideways, like a crab. Her

voice was one of the nice girl's remains. It was a musical voice. She reminded me of a show-monstrosity I once saw—a bearded woman, who combined with her masculine face a sweet voice and a graceful deportment. Nothing surprised me more than Mrs. Trigg's voice, except the affability and gracefulness of her manners.

"Come with me," said Mr. Pensax, after he had read a letter which had been placed for him on the mantel-shelf; "come with me while Mrs. Trigg serves the dinner."

I followed Mr. Pensax through an adjoining room, across a court, and into what he called his office, where I made the acquaintance of Mr. Peter Trigg.

A small room hung with maps, plans of estates, and auction bills; a large bow-window of darkened glass; several cupboards and chests overflowing with deeds and papers; in the centre of the room a tall desk; by the side of the desk a tall stool. This was Mr. Pensax's office. Sitting upon the stool a tall, thin, jaunty-looking man, with curly hair, and a showy satin stock which gave him a singularly characteristic appearance. That was Mr. Pensax's clerk. When Mr. Trigg saw Mr. Pensax enter he continued his writing with increased activity, and allowed Mr. Pensax to address him twice before he looked up.

"Industrious fellow," said Pensax, aside to me; "but eats—lord, how he does eat!"

"Twenty-five acres, two roods, three perches," said Mr. Trigg, in reply to the inquiry "What are you doing, Trigg?"

"Oh, you're getting on with that letter to the paper, are you? that's right," said Pensax. "Has old Grubbins paid his rent?"

"Oh, Mr. Pensax, it is you; I beg your pardon—was so engrossed with"——

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Pensax, cutting him short, "yes, I know. Has old Grubbins paid his rent, and have those two writs been issued?"

"Mr. Grubbins has not paid his rent," said Mr. Trigg, making a great point of going on with his work while he answered the question, "the two writs have been issued and served."

"Put a distress in Grubbins's house; I'll have no more of him. It's very hard, Mr. Himbleton, that a man cannot get his rents; everybody takes advantage of me. Put a distress in, Trigg."

"Distress accordingly; it is done, sir; will have it in no time," said Mr. Trigg, jumping from his stool, snatching up a shabby white hat with a band round it, and disappearing, muttering, as he went, "Kind man, Mr. Pensax, and business-like; will have his rents, and shall have his rents."

"Yes, I will; quite right, Mr. Trigg. If I like to give money away, that is one thing; but I'll have my due. If they can't pay rent, let them go into an almshouse. I'll give 'em some almshouses, Mr. Himbleton, that I will. They shall never say I am hard; I'll give 'em some almshouses. Come along, Mr. Himbleton; let us go to dinner."

Dinner was on the table when we re-entered the room. It was uncovered and smoking, whatever it was. Whether the large blue and white dish contained a bird with a long neck, or a fish armed like the sword-fish, or some extraordinary animal, I could not distinguish.

"Shall I send you a little mutton, Mr. Himbleton?" asked Mrs. Trigg, who had taken her seat at the head of the table. "You are surprised at our joint."

"Yes, yes; never mind. Mr. Himbleton does not want any apology—do you, Himbleton, eh? You know, we are plain people."

"No, Mr. Pensax; but a leg of mutton, when the meat has all been cut away for cutlets and the remainder is cooked as you will have it, sir—and very properly, as you are the master—with the bone sticking out as this does; such a joint, sir, has a peculiar appearance."

"I know; quite right. The joint looks like something that it is not. Mr. Himbleton will excuse it. Many things get credit for being what they ain't. People say I am hard and unkind," said Pensax, commencing to dine with noisy earnestness.

"You are the most generous of men, Mr. Pensax. Let those who doubt it ask those who see you always and know your habits," said Mrs. Trigg, taking the smallest slice of mutton that was ever yet called a slice for her own plate.

"Yes, that's it," Mr. Pensax replied.

"I suppose Peter is too busy to come and dine, or perhaps Mr. Himbleton would rather we dined alone," said Mrs. Trigg.

"Oh, no. Mr. Himbleton would not mind, I am sure; would you, Himbleton? We always dine together—Mrs. Trigg, my housekeeper, and Mr. Trigg, my clerk. It saves time and money, you see, because we talk over business matters at dinner."

"Pray do not let me disturb your family arrangements in the least," I said.

"No; that is right. Peter will be here soon, Mrs. Trigg; he has gone to see Grubbins," said Pensax.

Mr. Trigg returned at this moment, and, without a word, took his seat at the table.

"Have you done it, Trigg?" asked Pensax.

"It is done," said the clerk, swallowing a potato, and gloating over a thick piece of meat from the knuckle of the strange joint, which now seemed to be pointing a long finger at him.

"I'm going to give Wulstan some almshouses," said Mr. Pensax.

"You'll give all you've got away," said Mrs. Trigg; "you are always giving."

"Yes. Well, we will draw in our horns a little when we go to the Hall," Pensax replied. "You must come and see me at the Hall, Petherington Hall. We shall have to be a little more lavish in our domestic affairs when we get there, Mrs. Trigg."

"Then it is true," exclaimed Mrs. Trigg, "you are going to be married, Mr. Pensax?"

"Well, if I am, Mrs. Trigg, I suppose I can if I like," said Pensax.

"Of course you can, sir; you can be ruined if you like; you can have a lady-wife as will spend all your money. Mr. Himbleton can marry; that is a different thing; he is young, and has no money; now you are not young, and the money you've got ought not to be squandered. Why, the money you've lent the Dean"——

"Mrs. Trigg, that is enough; you have no right to mention the Dean. I may lend anybody money if I please, I suppose."

"I beg pardon, Mr. Pensax," said Mrs. Trigg, in a subdued voice.

"Kind, generous man, Mr. Pensax," muttered Trigg, with a mouthful of mutton.

"How it is Trigg doesn't get fat I can't think," said Pensax, looking up at his clerk; "the quantity he eats is something wonderful."

"He worries himself too much about your business, Mr. Pensax, to get fat," said Mrs. Trigg, promptly.

Trigg certainly was a thin fellow, and yet his hair curled. I remember that this struck me at the time as something singular. Zimmerman, in his "Life of Haller," extensively quoted by Lavater, attaches much importance to the hair in the delineation of character. Dark curly hair is never associated with a weak, timid, or easily-oppressed organisation. Now Mr. Trigg was evidently ruled by Mrs. Trigg and Mr. Pensax as easily as if he had the white, tender, clear, weak hair of a delicate, gentle, and confiding nature. But Trigg had the light-coloured eyebrow which, associated with dark hair, is said to denote dishonesty. His face was a curious compound of submission and passion, cunning and obedience, sensuousness and humility.



"Yes, I worry myself with your business," he said, endorsing his wife's reply to Mr. Pensax. "I'm always at it, more fool me, day and night."

He furtively slipped several potatoes upon his plate while he was looking at Pensax.

"Yes, more fool me ; but I like the work—I'm ready for to come, for to go, for to fetch, for to carry."

"That will do, Peter ; that will do," said Mrs. Trigg.

"Mr. Pensax is such a kind man," said Peter.

"Yes, mind you stick to him," said Pensax. "I hate ungrateful people, and what is more, I throw them over ; for what we have received Lord make us truly thankful ; now, Mr. Himbleton, I'm going to see some of my tenants ; will you go with me, or walk back to Wulstan ?—Liberty Hall, you know."

Mr. Pensax made this little speech all in a breath. I elected to go home, and we parted on the spot. Presently, finding I had left a newspaper behind which I did not wish to lose, I returned for it. Mrs. Trigg detained me to congratulate me upon my being Miss Ruth Oswald's lover.

"If you would not mind stepping into my own little room, Mr. Himbleton, and having one little glass of cherry brandy—do, sir ; let me prevail upon you."

Mrs. Trigg conducted me up two flights of crazy stairs, with the whitewash falling in patches here and there from the walls. Stopping outside what appeared to be a closet, she unlocked the door and ushered me into a cozy and comfortable room. It was like the matron's room in a prison—a little snugger kept apart from the severity of uncarpeted corridors and grated windows.

"I knew you would be surprised," said Mrs. Trigg, working her way, like a crab in petticoats, to a cupboard, and producing, with the grace of a lady, a tiny decanter and a liqueur glass. "I have not been accustomed to Mr. Pensax's mode of life, I assure you. If my poor father could come back from his grave and see me, he would, sir, be that astonished there would be nothing like it."

Here Mrs. Trigg began to weep, and I to regret my return.

"But it has all come from my disobeying him ; all come from that. I would marry Peter ; he was my first love ; and if you had only known him then, before his troubles ; his hair that delightful and curly you never see. Taste it, sir ; I am sure you will like it."

"His hair ?" I said. I was mildly jocular in those days.

"No, the brandy, Mr. Himbleton. However, where there is true love it is no use attempting to stay its force ; though, Mr. Himbleton,

the match between Miss Oswald and Mr. Pensax certainly surprised me at first."

"It surprises me a great deal," I said, "after what I have seen to-day, Mrs. Trigg."

"Nevertheless, it is true; and that beautiful young Miss Ruth, who is to be your own, sir. Oh, she is the sweetest and dearest young lady in the world; and his Reverence the Dean—well, he always makes me cry, he is so much like my poor father, who, though only a farmer as it were, was distinguished in his manners, and he could not bear poor Peter."

At this moment there was a tap at the door, a key was inserted in the lock, which opened with a spring, and Mr. Trigg entered.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Himbleton—kind man, Mr. Pensax—one sip, if you please, Mrs. T., and then for business," said Trigg, rubbing his hands and propelling himself towards the cherry brandy in a jerking and startling manner.

"How dare you come up here, Peter?" said Mrs. Trigg.

"Won't do it again; forgive me this once—kind man Mr. Pensax," replied Trigg, taking his cherry brandy at a gulp, and jerking himself out of the room.

When I followed him I felt as if I were glad to escape; as if I were awakening from an ugly dream. Once again outside the blistered door of the Pensax establishment I walked with long strides towards Wulstan. It seemed as if I had slipped aside from the paths of rectitude and fallen into unclean ways; as if I had been forced into vile companionship. The feeling of repugnance towards the prison crowd which surrounded the Vicar of Wakefield when he was arrested for debt came back to me. The foul witch, Sycorax, had crossed my path; not that there was anything particularly objectionable in Mrs. Trigg; indeed, that wretched woman's voice was musical, and could be even sweet and tender. It was the voice of a syren with warts; the voice of the woman in the show with a man's beard. I don't know what strange and hideous thoughts took possession of me. The atmosphere of the place had crept into my brain. The blistered door and the falling whitewash had got into my mind. My stomach rose against the grovelling meal of which I had partaken—rose in rebuke as my very soul seemed to rise against myself. I was angry with myself all the way home, angry and ashamed. I felt as though I had committed some terrible crime. Even when thoughts of Sycorax and her offspring conjured up for a moment the beautiful vision of Ruth in the character of Miranda, my thoughts could not fix the dear delusion. I wandered

away from all that was good and beautiful. My thoughts were slimy, as if toads and filthy creeping things had made a thoroughfare of them. It seemed to me that the Dean of Wulstan had been grossly insulted, and that I had shared in calumniating him. The names of Ruth and Mary, to be familiar in the mouths of Mrs. Trigg and that person who had trained himself, parrot-like, to sound the praises of Pensax, was as if people had jeered at the Oswalds in the street. And the Dean's daughter to be married to Erasmus Pensax, who sat down to eat in common with the Triggs, and who dealt with bailiffs and issued writs ! I could not believe it. That Ruth, the noblest and loveliest girl in all the world, and the daughter of a Dean, should some day become my wife, was a piece of wild romance that shadowed forth a condescension fit to be put into a ballad ; but for Mary, a Cleopatra of women, a Juno in her way, as haughty as she was handsome, to be mated with a grovelling slave like Pensax ; it could not be. Fortuna would never put this slight upon Beauty and Pride.

The Cathedral bells were chiming for afternoon service as I entered the College precincts. I saw Dean Oswald, his head erect and his face aglow with health, enter the cloisters. A strange sensation of dread passed over me. The Dean's shadow followed him through the dim arches as if it were an independent creation. A voice whispered in my ear, "The Dean is accursed, and Pensax is his devil." I hurried home afeared. My troubled mind pictured the Dean a prisoner behind the blistered door of Pensax's house, with Trigg and his master making mouths at him, while Mrs. Trigg compelled me to say, "Mr. Pensax is a kind man." The faces on the College Green gateway had eyes to leer out of their stone sockets as I passed, and when I entered the ancient hall of Sidbree House I brushed shoulders with the cavalier's ghost, and saw Robin of Portingale's wife glide out among the crooked fruit trees in the garden. What did all this mean ? Had the Pensax household thrown me back upon some other reminiscence of a former state, sending a grating jar of discord through my nature ? Or was there a fiend at my side, warning my soul of an awful time to come ?

"You are as pale as if you had seen a ghost ; what is the matter ?" exclaimed my father.

"I think I am not well," I stammered.

"Well ! you are not, indeed, George ; what have you been doing ?"

"Frightening myself, I think."

I saw my father ring the bell, and heard him ask for a little

brandy. I thought Peter Trigg bounded into the room, and squatting on his thin haunches, and leering at me under his pale eyebrows, said, "Mr. Pensax is a kind man."

And that is all I remember.

## CHAPTER XII.

### AN INTERREGNUM.

THERE is a blank in my life at this period, a blank of two months, during which memory made no notes upon the tablets of the brain.

When I tried to remember what had happened all events halted at the blistered door of Pensax's house. I knew that something else had occurred. I had been ill. My wasted features, the presence of a nurse, a table with phials upon it and a little handbell told me this; but how long had I been ill? Vainly trying to interpret the interregnum, it seemed to me as if some 'prentice hand had been practising upon memory's tablets. They were smudged and blurred. Here and there I traced a line of reason, but the moment I set myself to dissect the words they disappeared in a vague shadowy outline signifying nothing.

"You are to be dressed to-day, George, and make your appearance once more in my room. Do you think the smell of paint will hurt you?"

This was one of the earliest intimations I received both of my illness and my getting better. The speaker was my father. He addressed me in a whisper, and took my hand as if it were some delicate curiosity in danger of being broken.

"The paint! Oh, no, father, it will be very pleasant," I said, looking up wonderingly at him.

"I thought you would like the studio best," said my father; "we have had the old sofa carried into it, and the room made particularly comfortable. Thank God you are better, George. What a long weary time it has been for you, my dear fellow."

"Has it?" I asked. "No, I think not. I don't remember anything," I said; "very little, at all events, father. How long have I been lying here?"

"Two months, George; two long, weary months," said my father, with a sigh.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "two months!"

"Two sad, eventful months, George, months full of strange events; but you must not talk any more at present; quiet, my boy, that is the great heal-all now."

"What of Ruth?" I asked, in a whisper, just as my father was leaving the room. "What of Miss Ruth Oswald?"

"She will be here to-day," he said, "and you will see her."

The thought of seeing Ruth sent a warm thrill of rapture to my heart.

It was in the month of November. I caught a glimpse of the weird fruit trees tossing about their gaunt limbs in the garden. My father put his arm round me when I was dressed, and helped me into the studio. He said I had grown. I was taller than he. I should soon get fat again, he said. He supposed I should want to take a walk alone, seeing how light and nimble I was. He talked to me all the way to his room as if I were a spoiled child, instead of a man ready for ordination, and looking forward to his first sermon. It seemed as if I were taking part in a dream—not in a dream of my own, in somebody else's dream. I was a shadow—the shadow of George Himbleton. Where was George Himbleton? I consulted my memory, but only to encounter the smudgy hieroglyphics of the 'prentice hand. The gaunt apple trees flung their arms up as we passed the little window in the corridor. The wind swept by with a moan. It came upon me for the moment like the voice of Ossian. O bard of drear November, how often since then have we been companions in the solitude!

It was comfortable indeed, the old studio. The English halberds, bills, and partisans had been carefully dusted, and packed in a corner with the familiar spears, swords, and Cromwellian boots; the pictures on the walls had been re-hung, the rough sketches of knights and ladies had been interspersed with bright bits of landscape that made the rugged trunks of trees sketched for weird pictures look more gaunt and rugged still. The mantel-shelf had been cleared of its nick-nacks, pipe-cases, crayons, and pencils, leaving the old vases to stand out in all their sombre beauty. Over the fire-place was hung "Robin of Portingale's Wife," with the text carefully painted in reddish-brown characters in the left hand corner:—

Up, then, came that lady fair,  
With torches burning bright,  
She thought to give Sir Gyles a drink,  
And found her own wed knight.

A ruddy fire was blazing on the hearth, the glow of the wooden logs competing with the torchlight in the picture. There was an old-fashioned sofa near the fire with a screen round it, a screen covered with quaint sketches in colours and sepia. I was glad to reach the cushioned seat.

"I had no idea I was so weak, father," I said, as I slipped back among the rugs and pillows with which the sofa was filled.

"I had no idea you were so strong," my father replied. "Now you are to have this glass of sherry."

"My poor father," I said, "you are quite a nurse. I feel ashamed to give you so much trouble."

"Trouble, my dear boy! It is long since I was so happy as I am at this moment. There, your hand trembles—it is the unusual exercise you have had. Take it from me. That's it, that's it; you will soon get on now, George."

I had been very seriously ill. My life had trembled in the balance. I had been in the shadow of the brighter land. I must have almost breathed the heavenly air. And yet I knew it not. Kind Death, to have held thine hand at last! Had I gone then I should have been spared a world of sorrow; but Oh! the sweets that have mingled with the bitters! The sweets of Ruth's dear voice, her hand resting in mine, our conversations by the fire, our wanderings by the river, our short journey of bliss, and the certainty of meeting again. No, I would not have had thee take me then, grim guide of the shades. It were far better as it is. And I chide thee not for what thou hast done. We are here but for a day. Our destination is beyond. We have just time enough to meet those we love and mark down our partners for the world to come. I have read the opinion of an able physician that in a dangerous illness a Christian has a better chance of recovery than an unbeliever; that religious resignation is a more soothing medicine than poppy, a better cordial than ether. The morbid apprehension of death in the unbeliever often hastens his end. His trembling hand shakes the glass in which his hours are numbered. Heaven was gracious to me in that illness of mine. The resignation of the Christian would not have made me content to leave Ruth. It was well that a veil was drawn over my mind, leaving me to grope my way in the dark; or my hand, governed by the consciousness of danger, had shaken the sands of life away.

Presently the nurse came into the room, and, with the smile of one who brings good news, whispered in my father's ear; and, looking on me with the expression of triumph which a good nurse's face wears on the first day that her patient is dressed, left the room.

"It is Ruth," my father said. "She has come to see you, George. Do not question her over much; let her talk in her own way. Heaven has laid great trials upon her during the last two months. I will bring her to you."

The minutes hung heavily on the dial between my father's

departure and his return. I listened for her footstep. The wood crackled in the fire. The trees in the garden creaked like rusty doors in a high wind. My heart beat wildly. And then a sudden fear fell upon me. I heard the voice of Pensax. Trigg dashed in upon my memory. These dread shadows fled when her hand touched the door. She had come up the stairs alone. My father thought it was better so. The strength of Hercules seemed to possess me for a moment when she entered the room. I received her in my arms. She laid her head upon my shoulder and sobbed. She could not speak. I could only say "Ruth, dear Ruth." How pale she was! Her eyes were sunken. There was no colour in her cheeks. She was loaded with crape. Her hands were thin. Had death been near her too? A cold, stark, wintry thought of graves came into my mind. What had happened? Something more than my illness. There was a hissing on the hearth, and the fire stood still for a moment. I looked up. The snow was falling thickly, drawing a white curtain outside the windows, and muffling the tap of the ivy leaves. "Do not question her over much," my father said. My soul had strange forebodings of sorrow. When I would have removed Ruth's arms from my neck she clung to me as if loth to trust herself to look into my eyes.

"My dear Ruth," I said presently, "will you not take off your cloak?"

She removed her arms, and I staggered to the sofa.

"Ah, how thoughtless of me," said Ruth, "to let you stand so long and make you miserable."

"I am much better, Ruth, and shall soon be quite well," I said.

"You must not look at me so earnestly, George; you will make me cry again if you do."

There was a deep, fervent longing in her dark eyes, a sympathetic tenderness, an eloquence of sorrow and sadness and yearning, which pained me.

"Let us sit together and talk, Ruth," I said, when she had removed her sombre cloak, and let her hair fall over her shoulders.

Ruth came and sat beside me. The fire leaped up the chimney with the renewed vigour of a freshly-lighted log which I laid upon the hearth. The snow drove against the windows with a sougning sound. I put my arm round Ruth and gathered her to my heart.

"What has happened, Ruth?" I asked her, taking her hand in mine, and whispering the words gently in her ear. "It will relieve you to tell me, I am sure. The heart is better for dividing its sorrows, as well as its happiness, with another."

"Oh, George, but for you my heart would have broken. The remembrance of that autumn day on the river, and the hope of being a consolation and help to you, alone supported me."

"My dear Ruth, let this moment be an augury of happiness to come."

"If I had not had you to pray for, George, my poor little brain would not have borne it all."

"Had you not prayed for me, I should not have been here, Ruth. God has been good to me because you asked Him."

"Your father said we were not to talk too much."

"We will sit and watch the fire, Ruth, and follow our fortunes through the streets, and fields, and cities which the cinders and ashes make beneath the flame. I see two happy lovers sitting in the shadow of an ancient abbey. I see an altar in a parish church"—

"Don't, don't, George; pray see no more. You know not what you say."

"Tell me, then, dear Ruth, what shall I see," I asked her, drawing her closer to me.

"We will not talk of these things now," said Ruth, looking into my face with the tears in her eyes. "There is a coffin in the fire, George—that is all I see."

Her hand trembled, her tears fell faster, and then burying her face in her hands, she said "I am an orphan, George."

Then my heart stood still, for I knew that I had been speaking daggers to her. I bowed my head over her and kissed her forehead. We sat there long, long, until the fire was smouldering on the hearth. I could find no words to soothe her. I only pressed her hand and kissed it. Her sorrow had its full sway. My tears mingled with her own. There are times when silence is more eloquent than words. The poor Dean was gone. The tall, noble figure was laid low. He would come no more out of the shadow of the cloisters. The snow was falling upon his grave. And she had borne all this alone while I had lain unconscious of her woe. "On what strange grounds we build our hopes and fears; man's life is all a mist, and in the dark our fortunes meet us." For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing because our days upon earth are a shadow.

"You are more than ever mine now, Ruth," I said by and by, "more than ever dear to me. God has spared me to be a comfort and a solace to you."

"God is good," she said. "He knows what is best for us all."

"Let that thought bring back cheerfulness to your heart, Ruth."



It is not good to grieve over much. Be comforted, my own dear Ruth."

"I try to bear myself as he would have taught me, George; and I will, for your sake, and in reverence for his memory. You will never leave me?"

"Never, Ruth!" I said. "Let us stir the fire and ring the bell. You are faint."

I resolved to shake off the sorrow that was creeping about my heart. It would not do to encourage Ruth to mourn. I would be brisk and talk. She should catch a cheerful inspiration from my manner. I laid fresh logs upon the fire. I rang the bell. I poured out a glass of sherry, and pressed it upon Ruth. She drank it. I ordered some biscuits. They were brought. My father followed the servant into the room.

"We have determined to be cheerful," I said to my father, motioning him to change the sad expression of his face—"determined to be cheerful, in spite of the snow."

"That is right," said my father, taking off his velvet cap and coming up to Ruth by the fire. "We have many blessings to be thankful for; let us think of that, and look into the future with hope and thankfulness. You must get to work again, Miss Ruth; you must indeed. There is nothing so good for the mind as occupation. Art expects much from you, my dear young lady; and Art must be satisfied."

"I will begin again whenever you please," said Ruth, with a sigh that would come, notwithstanding her efforts to rise to the standard of action we were setting up for her.

"Begin to-morrow, Ruth," I said. "Begin at once, and I can sit here and play the critic."

"I will," she said, smiling a faint shadowy smile.

"Well said," exclaimed my father. "Why, you are beginning already to look like yourself again."

My father walked about the room and chatted, and tried all kinds of artifices to divert Ruth, as though she were an infant.

Are we not infants all? We stretch out our arms, and know not wherefore. Is it not as he hath sung whose words go with me in these closing days—the poet of this later time? We trust that somehow good will be the final goal of ill. But we know not anything. We can but trust that good shall fall, at last—far off—at last, and every winter have its spring.

But what am I?  
An infant crying in the night;  
An infant crying for the light;  
And with no language but a cry.

In the evening, as soon as the shutters were closed and the candles were lighted, my father finished the story which Ruth had commenced.

"If Ruth is to come to-morrow, and again the next day, as no doubt she will, it is better that you should know all the strange history of this past two months, George. If you will lie down comfortably, and promise not to excite yourself any more than you can possibly help, I will tell you what has occurred."

"Thank you, father," I said. "I feel wonderfully strong considering all things."

"And so you are. I did not intend to talk to you any more until to-morrow; but you are a man, and will control yourself, and it is better, for Ruth's sake, that you should know the rest from me. You learnt from her the poor Dean's death?"

"Yes, poor girl, I did. You need not be afraid, father; I am strong enough to hear anything."

I was lying upon the sofa, and looking into the fire. The snow was still falling. Every now and then the fire hissed at it, and then leaped up the great open chimney, as if indignant at the wintry intrusion. Flickers of light fell upon the armour, the cups, and swords in the corner, and made the pictures seem to live in the changing lights. Robin of Portingale's wife retreated into shadow before the ruddier glare of the winter logs. Quaint figures on the screen came and went, starting out of sepia shadows and going back again into heavy indigo clouds and brown madder foregrounds. The firelight fell upon my father's white head, and gloated upon his brown velvet coat. The burning, ruddy glow upon the hearthstone was reflected back upon my father, setting him in a warm light that made him stand out like the leading figure in a time-toned picture. It was a fine intellectual face, my father's, softened by thoughtful shadows about the eyes and mouth. He often sits by my side now in the evening, looking upon me with his benevolent smile, holding in his right hand a favourite meerschaum pipe, as was his wont while he talked.

"There has been a wedding as well as a funeral, George, during your illness," said my father, filling his pipe.

"Mary Oswald?" I said.

"Yes," said my father. "I don't know which is the saddest event of the two, the funeral or the wedding."

"She is living?" I said, gazing into the fire and seeing there the calm haughty face.

"Yes. It took place a fortnight after you were laid up. Wulstan  
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was very much surprised, not exactly at Pensax marrying the Dean's daughter, but at the wedding taking place with so little notice to Mrs. Grundy, you know."

"Yes, I understand, father."

"Wulstan thought the Dean and the bride and bridegroom ought to have consulted them, and told them all about it months previously, so that the Sewing Clubs and the evening tea parties might have talked it over and made scandal out of it if possible. Heaven knows they have had enough to talk about since."

My father sighed and took a turn round the room to compose himself, and then continued his story.

"They were married at our parish church, in a quiet but dignified way. I was one of the guests. Ruth was one of the bridesmaids. The breakfast was at the Deanery. The poor Dean made a touching and eloquent speech. Pensax spoke fairly. He had evidently committed to memory what he said. Nevertheless, he spoke with some sort of dignity, and I could see an indication of satisfaction in the Dean's face, as if a serious difficulty had been happily surmounted. The bride and bridegroom went away to spend a short honeymoon at a country seat in Herefordshire, which had been placed at their disposal by a relative of the Dean's."

"Do you think she loved Pensax?" I asked.

"No," said my father.

"Then why did she marry him? Young Desprey said she would."

"Have you not often heard her talk of self-sacrifice being the noblest instinct of humanity?"

"Yes," I said.

"Do you not remember, for example, the very first time she appeared in this room, that the conversation turned upon that subject?"

"Yes, I do!" I said, asking myself secretly if I should ever forget that happy day.

"Do you not remember my telling you that the Dean was involved in monetary troubles?"

"I do, and I do not forget some remarks the Dean made when we dined there the first time."

"Pensax was the Dean's friend," said my father; "whenever the Dean was in trouble, Pensax came to the rescue. Aye, and behaved generously, too, there is no doubt, paying enormous sums for the Dean. Mary Oswald knew this. When cloud and rack and storm came upon the Deanery, when her father was in more than ordinary trouble and tribulation, Pensax always brought sunshine and peace.

'Send for Mr. Pensax' was always upon her lips at these times. Pensax was the hope and stay of the house, and Mary Oswald had a grateful heart. Presently Pensax made overtures of marriage to Mary, not through the Dean, but direct ; for Mary, after her mother's death, took the leading place in the establishment, and had great power over the Dean. Mary was proud, and had nourished in her heart the ambition, if she ever married, to wed a man of distinction. It was a great trial for her haughty nature to put aside this ambition ; but she did it, and schooled herself to what she came to regard as her mission, her destiny. And thus it came about."

I followed my father's story in the fire, building up the changing scenes with the smouldering logs as he drew the moving picture.

"The bells rang merrily all day long, George, and I went to and fro between the Deanery, to and fro from your bedside, where you lay unconscious of all that was going on. I had to tell Ruth how you were, and encourage her with hopeful words. She looked supremely lovely, George."

"God bless her !" I said.

"Mr. Molineau was there and Mrs. Stamford ; young Desprey's father was there, too, and two men from your college. Lord Wulstan was there also, and Lady Mary Grey, and a most fashionable company, you may be sure. In a fortnight the bride and bridegroom came home to Petherington Hall—a fine place which Pensax had purchased six months previously from the Duke of Wentworth. Their return was followed by various unhappy rumours. Wulstan stood in its doorways and whispered that Mrs. Pensax was a miserable woman ; Wulstan went to its dinner-parties and its tea-parties, and talked of nothing else but the wedding, the honeymoon, and the coming home. Mrs. Trigg, they said, had more authority at Petherington Hall than Mrs. Pensax had. Mrs. Trigg received the bride with a mop in her hand, and the bride fell over a bucket in the hall. No humiliation was sufficient to satisfy the imagination of Wulstan. The gossiping, lazy city sat down and invented the wildest stories of infelicity. Mrs. Trigg's name was mixed up with that of Mrs. Pensax in the strangest way. Everybody seemed to forget the poor Dean, and what was due to his feelings. Some went so far as to say that the Dean had sold his daughter to Pensax, and others said Pensax was a madman. There were even persons to be found malicious enough to say that Mrs. Trigg was, in fact, Pensax's wife, and that Peter Trigg was only a blind ; that a half-crazy servant-boy was Pensax's son. I need not tell you, George, how it pained me to hear these things. I

visited Petherington Hall, and was in a position to contradict nearly every detail of gossip ; at all events, I felt that I could do so. Mrs. Pensax was not a happy woman. I could see that. There was a general evidence of meanness and want of taste in the arrangements of the house, but no ground for the wild rumours and equally wild 'statements by eye-witnesses' which had possession of Wulstan. However, within five weeks of her marriage Mrs. Pensax fled from her husband."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed ; "fled—ran away? And where is she now?"

"Nobody knows," said my father, lowering his voice to a whisper ; "nobody but Ruth."

"Mrs. Pensax made some explanation to the Dean in a letter, which she sent to him by Trigg, who was under cross-examination in the Dean's room for an hour. The next morning, the Dean lying later than usual, his man went into his room and found him dead."

My father laid his pipe down and looked into the fire and sighed heavily. My thoughts went to Ruth. My heart bled for her. To think that all this time I was in another world, as it were ; farther from her than if I had been at the Antipodes !

"It is a very sad story, father ; a heart-rending story," I said.

"It is indeed," said my father, "it is indeed."

That night I heard the surging blast wander round the timbered house. The November wind was hoarse with winter snow. I heard the Spirit of the Tempest cry aloud. Sounds of battle fell upon my ear. I saw troops dashing through the echoing streets. There was a dead cavalier in the hall. Robin of Portingale's wife was lying stark and cold in the snow. Plaintive voices were in the wind. I heard the bell tolling for the broken-hearted Dean. I saw the marriage guests put on their mourning cloth. Then the roaring of the seas took up the sound of the tempest, and I saw on a foreign strand the ghost of Mary Oswald wandering alone by the billows. O for the voice of Cona to set to the poetry of words the thoughts and the pictures that haunted me then, that come and go in my memory now, after this long, cold lapse of years !

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### OUT OF THE SHADOW.

I SAT beside her for many days during that dark November weather. My father complained that there was no light for painting. Yet Ruth and he stood before their easels. The fire made a merry

sound upon the hearth. The wind came down from its noisy clamour into a sad, quiet monotone. The crooked trees in the garden were silent and still. The snow melted away, and left the stunted grass and plants to the mercy of the wintry air.

Ruth came almost every day to my father's studio. I see her now in a plain black dress that seems to cling about her and give roundness to her lithe and supple figure. It is not unlike a modern fashion. The old Squire's daughters have just returned from London with dresses not unlike that worn by Ruth. It is short in the waist, and sufficiently low in the neck to exhibit the graceful roundness of the throat. Her dark hair falls upon her shoulders. In her left hand she holds a mawl-stick, upon which her right arm rests while she rubs in the background of a wild bit of landscape for a picture of Fingal engaging the Spirit of Loda. My father is putting in the two strange warriors. He is a little uneasy without his pipe, but Ruth's most earnest entreaties will not induce him to light it. No matter that she says artists are permitted every licence in this respect, he will only smoke when she is gone, and then he sits over the fire and talks about her with a loving tenderness that is sweet and pleasant beyond all description to his happy listener.

I chide my memory when I think that this time of darkness and sorrow to Ruth had so much sunshine for me. How could I be unhappy sitting beside her, with my heart full of her image? Oh, the wonderful things we talked about in those days! We designed subjects for pictures by the score. Ossian was our principal theme. The very sadness of the poet seemed to have a dispelling influence upon our sorrows. Standing in the presence of his mournful pictures, our own woes would now and then become dwarfed, or receive a halo of poetry which lifted them from the earth and made their weight lighter to bear. My father would argue that the Celtic bard was superior in many respects to Homer. He acknowledged the vastness of Homer's knowledge, the splendid variety of his work—its vivacity, its power; but he claimed for Ossian a higher dignity of sentiment, a truer pathos, and a more consummate skill in describing nature. We talked of the origin of the heathen idolatry and mythological divinity, and I find intellectual refreshment for the mind even now in the memory of some of those discussions. My father was a better read man than I had believed him to be up to this time. He traced tradition back to the first Cataclysm, thence down to the first Olympiad. He filled that interval of darkness, when there were no written records, with marvellous tales. The people had certain vague notions of the Deity and the ministry of angels. They

combined these ideas with stories of their kings and heroes, and the latter they deified, ascribing to their gods all the infirmities of mankind. These fables were exaggerated and filled with superstitious wonders. Hence originated the stories of Jupiter and the Centimani, and Pelion and Ossa, Bacchus and Theseus, Andromede and Medea; and these were the original versions of our tales of giants, knight-errants, and rescuing of kings' daughters from enchanters and dragons.

"These," said my father, "were the views of an old Sussex rector in 1700, whose manuscripts upon Theism I discovered in the Cathedral library last year. It was in great measure owing to the deifying of princes," continued my father, putting in the finishing touches to Fingal's shield; "for most of those gods which were worshipped by the old heathen were formerly kings of the country they adored. Your teaching at Oxford, I imagine, George, must have settled in your mind the conviction that the great Assyrian Belus was either Nimrod or some other great prince of that country. The Greek Jupiter was King of Crete; Saturnus, Janus, Faunus, Fatua, Romulus were princes of Italy. Juno was the old Jana, and Saturn was the true name of that old king whose name is still preserved in the Teutonic Seater. Bacchus was a great conqueror in the East, and Ceres, or Isis, a queen of Egypt. And this was the origin of idolatry, Miss Ruth, according to my Sussex friend, in whom I implicitly believe. These deities were first adopted as tutelary gods of the place, and worshipped with the Supreme God, but in time, like saint-worship, they took the place of the Supreme Being. Besides people stood upon punctilios of honour to have their particular god the greatest god; so that there was not any little hedge-god of a puny province that his votaries did not regard as equal to the gods of the King of Assyria. There is a subject for George's first sermon."

And this was my theme, written to the text of "Thou shalt have none other Gods but Me." I preached it in our own parish church soon after my ordination, and I illustrated an early form of idolatry by the very ancient writing of Job in that passage where he disowns having worshipped the sun or moon. "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth has kissed my hand; this were also an iniquity to be punished by the Judge, for I should have denied the God that is above." My father and Ruth sat and listened to the young preacher, sat in the old family pew. Canon Molineau was there also, and he came and dined with us afterwards. The time was close upon Christmas. By the end of November I had

sufficiently recovered from my illness to go through the solemn ceremony of ordination. In the middle of December I preached my first sermon. All this time Ruth had been staying at the Deanery alone. The Dean had no female relatives. During a portion of the time, Mrs. Trigg had kept house there; this was after Mrs. Pensax had left Petherington Hall. It turned out that all the Dean's property belonged to Mr. Pensax, and there was some talk of a sale by auction. The startling fact that by and by Ruth would have no home dawned upon me early in December. A new Dean had been appointed, and he was expected to arrive early in the new year. The late Dean's lawyers had made various remarkable revelations to my father and also to Ruth. The Dean had died without a will, and the whole of his deeds and securities were in the hands of Mr. Pensax. This seemed to trouble my father greatly. Wulstan said the Dean had died insolvent, and had done serious injury to some of his friends who had backed bills for him to cover overdraws at the bank, and to secure Pensax's advances. It was a remarkable story to tell in connection with a Dean; but the gossiping citizens of Wulstan passed it from lip to lip and seemed to take a malicious delight in pulling down the pedestal upon which they had formerly elevated the Oswalds. The poor Dean's insolvency and the sad termination of his daughter's marriage brought the Oswalds down to the level of the smallest shopkeeper. Mr. Pensax and Mrs. Trigg went up in the social scale in proportion to the fall of the Oswalds. Mrs. Trigg had, in fact, given a tea party at the Deanery, not in the housekeeper's room, but in the drawing-room, where I first listened to the music of Ruth's dear voice. From that moment the glory of the Deanery departed in my imagination. The altar had been polluted. I only remembered its purity. Oh, my dear Ruth, how much you must have secretly suffered during those dark winter days!

"Has the position of Ruth occurred to you as a subject that must be immediately considered?" I asked on the evening of my first sermon.

"It has been a source of anxiety to me for some time," said my father; "she is almost penniless, George."

"Thank Heaven!" I said, "for affording me an opportunity to show the sincerity of my love."

"In what manner, George?"

"I will marry her at once."

"And how will you live?" asked my father.

"Mr. Canon Molineau tells me there is a curacy vacant, which he has no doubt I can have, at Chiswick, near London."

"A curacy! what is it worth?"



"Sixty pounds a year," I said; "but I can make something by writing or as a tutor."

"Miserable existence! Better keep a shop or sweep a crossing," exclaimed my father.

"I can paint a little, you know," I said.

"Ruth can; she would make sixty pounds in far less time than you could."

"Ruth! My dear father, you do not think I would let her paint for money?" I said with warmth.

"Why not, George?" said my father calmly.

"Why not! In Heaven's name, father, do not ask the question!" I replied.

"You will get no living, I fear, George," said my father; "and how are you to make an income sufficient to give to a Dean's daughter comforts equal to what she will have a right to expect? I can only give you a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds!" I exclaimed. "My dear father, I had no idea you were worth so large a sum; but I could not think of taking it from you."

"How, then, will you furnish that house on the Thames which is the object of your ambition? A thousand pounds will soon disappear, George. But I am not thinking of the present only: there is the future, my boy, when I am gone, and you are the father of children."

A picture of my own fireside, with Ruth's children climbing my knee, leaped into my imagination, and dried up the tear that struggled for a moment in my eye at the thought of my father's empty chair.

"Oh, I do not fear the future," I said warmly. "I do not fear the future, father, and you must not talk of a world in which you are no more. I cannot bear it. Let us live in the present; the future will take care of itself."

"The danger of being too much in love lies in becoming selfish. Take care, George, that you consider Ruth's happiness, and not only your own. Nay, do not think me unkind. I love both of you too much for that; but I sometimes wish, George, that you had not been educated for the Church. A man who marries a Dean's daughter ought to be in a fair way for promotion; but your case is a sadly exceptional one. We must do the best we can, George. Give me your hand. May God bless and preserve you, and give you happiness and peace."

My father was much affected. He walked about the room for nearly an hour afterwards, as was often his wont when his mind was

troubled, or when he was thinking out some new subject for a picture.

On the following day Ruth came to the studio, as usual. I had quite recovered my health. The buoyancy of my spirits had returned also. I was full of hope. My brain was alive with pictures of happiness. I received Ruth alone. My father had gone into the town, on purpose that I might have an opportunity of unfolding my proposals to Ruth. It was a bright December day.

"You look better than I have seen you for weeks, my dear Ruth," I said, assisting her to remove her cloak.

"It is the cold air, George, and I walked quickly this morning."

"You are better and more cheerful. Your eye is as bright as a diamond," I said; "it does one's heart good to see you!"

"I have had good news, George," said Ruth, smiling.

"I knew something had happened to bring the colour into your cheek and that dear smile back into your dear face, Ruth. You cannot think how much I love you this morning!"

"Really, George, you must not," said Ruth, quietly unfolding herself from my embrace. "Now, let me tell you quietly what Mary says."

"Yes, dear; you shall sit down by the fire and tell me. I don't intend to let you do any work so long as the master is away. There!"

Ruth took from her bosom a black-edged letter, and motioning me playfully not to interrupt, read: "I am as happy here as I can be under all the circumstances. It grieves me to think of the past, but I am schooling myself to look hopefully into the future, and I find a happy exercise already in busying myself among the poor this strange country. I hope, at no distant day, to come to England. You must not think ill of my husband; he is a very handsome allowance. I ought not to have been to blame as well as he. I will tell you all should have gone mad had I not dared to keep my husband by It is grossly false that Mr. Pensax ill-treated me in the sense of ill-treatment understood by his acquaintances; you all some day. My husband is governed by a weak, perverse nature that borders upon meagre generous impulses; he is a man alternately persecuted by good bad angels. Let it cheer you, my dear, love, I am not unhappy, and that all my wants are supplied by you, my sweet sister, hourly, and for your sake may be a happy"——

Here Ruth stopped and folded up the letter.

"A happy what, Ruth?" I said, noticing her confusion. "May I not know?"

"I did not intend to read so far, George," she said.

"Does not your sister mention me? Now, Ruth, you are hiding something from me. May I not know what it is?"

"No, sir, you may not. Is it not sufficient that you hear the good news which has cheered me?" said Ruth, her eyes sparkling in the glow of the fire.

"I know," I said, taking her hand, "I know what the word is; let me whisper it in your ear."

She laid her dear head on one side, and I whispered "A happy wife."

Ruth blushed, and tried to escape from my right arm, which stole gently round her waist and held her.

"Yes, a happy wife, Ruth," I said, my heart beating wildly; "and then your sister mentions me. Does she not? Nay, my own dear, dear Ruth, let me hold you for a moment. I have something more to whisper."

It makes my heart beat now to think how long that supple, graceful form permitted my loving embrace on that never-to-be-forgotten day. Every time Ruth tried to quit my side, I found fresh reasons for detaining her. Some new question would occur to me, something that could only be whispered in her ear.

"Let us think and talk of mowing grass and happy lovers, Ruth. We have been too sad. It is wrong to mourn always. Do you remember when we walked hand in hand through the meadows at Tokeston?"

"I shall never forget it, George. I often blame myself for letting my mind wander into sunny paths when it should be sitting, silent and sad, in the shadow," Ruth replied, turning her dear face towards me.

I looked into her dark, dreamy eyes. I noted the graceful curves in her mouth. Her white teeth were whiter than white against the contrast of her lips and her brown glowing cheeks. How soon the colour had come back to her face. Youth will be youth. Sorrow lays its hand upon the maiden; but youth, like a rosy god, smooths away the wrinkled touch.

"My own Ruth," I whispered, "say when you will make me the happiest of all men. Nay, do not turn away your head. When shall we stand together at the altar and make that holiest pledge of all?"

Ruth made no answer, but she did not strive against my embrace.

"Mr. Molineau can secure me a curacy near London, and there is a house on the Thames belonging to the rector which we can have. Fancy in the summer, Ruth, we can walk together by the river in the very footsteps of the poet of 'The Seasons.'"

"We must wait, George," Ruth replied. "I understand your motive in desiring to begin your new life so quickly."

"My motive, Ruth! It is a very selfish one, dear; it has regard to my own happiness. I could not bear to be parted from you again."

"Can you not remain in Wulstan?" she asked.

"Do you desire to stay here, Ruth? No, I am sure you do not. Should we not be happier away, both of us; carrying with us the memory of all that is sweet, and trying to leave behind us as much of the bitter as possible, dear? Say 'Yes,' Ruth. Let your heart say what it feels."

"Yes, yes, George," she said, looking up at me with the tears standing in her dear eyes; "but what of your father?"

"My father will never leave Wulstan for good; but he will often come and see us, and we can visit the old house as frequently in return," I said. "When shall it be, Ruth? Early in the new year?"

"Do not ask me; do not ask me, dear. We must wait," was all the answer I could get from Ruth.

Presently, when she had slipped away from me, she said she could not paint to-day; she would go home.

"Are you not well, Ruth?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, quite well," she said.

"I have pained you, then," I said, chiding myself inwardly.

"No, no, George. You shall walk home with me if you will."

I had not been to the Deanery since the Dean's death. It gave me the heartache to hear Ruth call this home, which must soon be home no longer. What a home to lose!

*(To be continued.)*

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## SEA-WAIF.

Often I think of a beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea,  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
" A boy's will is the wind's will,"  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.



HE sea is surely becoming less picturesque in literature than it used to be. Books of marvellous voyages are neither as frequent nor as popular as we can remember them. Stories of boys running away from home to join ships, enticed from their snug nest by narratives of great wonders to be seen and encountered on the deep—where do we meet with them now? The sea novel is out of date. The Jack Tar of Smollett, of Dibdin, of Marryat, is as extinct as the Triton. Who writes for us such works as the "Green Hand," or "Tom Cringle's Log," or "Midshipman Easy"? such songs as were sung in those delightful fictitious forecastles in frigates, where the very flogging was performed and endured in quite a dramatic and interesting fashion?

The nautical play is doomed. It has been relegated to the region of burlesque. Nothing remains of it but the hornpipe. The combat in which the British mariner was obliged to encounter fearful odds has been abandoned. Jack Ashore, instead of spending his wages in grand carouses and sprints, sneaks to a Sailors' Home, and conducts himself for the most part in a prosaic and civilised manner. And the sea itself. Its Phantom Ship or Flying Dutchman is never heard of. Its mermaids are invisible. The kraken to which vessels used to anchor, thinking they were holding on to an island, has not turned up for years. The ocean serpent has been reduced to the size and possibility of an overgrown eel. The whales are not half as big as they were, and instead of being pursued and captured with harpoons after a thrilling chase and struggle, are simply prodded in the back with a wire fastened to a powerful battery and are dead in a moment, without any of those superb death-flukes or flurries which were vividly illustrated by a picture of a boat and crew driven into the

air by a stroke from a gigantic tail. Sharks are losing their appetites apparently for human flesh. Shark yarns are getting rarer and rarer every day. It has been discovered that pearl-divers cannot remain for five minutes under water. Enchanted islands are never met with ; not a single island in the world, I suppose, at this moment is without its missionary and its rum bottles imported from England. The dear old superstitions are all departing.

It is not so long since it was regarded as an adventure to set sail for America, for Australia. The incidents of the voyage were duly recorded, and impressions entered, for future expansion, perhaps, into a book. No one thinks anything of crossing the Atlantic now. The waters over which you rush are penetrated by a cable, through which messages of dull commerce or dull politics are flying from morning until night. The illimitable waste is bridged, the unfathomable has been plumbed, the waves mountains high have been measured by a professor, who has almost discredited for ever a fine figure of speech. The sea and the sky can never again seem to touch, as Virgil, or Falconer, would have it they did when the tempest raged and fumed. Our most amusing vulgar errors have been ruthlessly corrected. Max Müller, following in the wake of Sir Thomas Browne, who first attempted to destroy our faith in dolphins—classical dolphins—has put an end to a creed firmly held by many good people concerning the generation of the barnacle goose from the barnacle shell-fish.

The gentlemen in our merchant navy are dropping the ancient distinctions and method of nomenclature, sanctified by so many pleasant traditions. They are no longer mates, first mates, or second mates, as the case may be, but first officers or second officers. They have grown ashamed of their cloth, to the extent of never donning the blue jacket on land. A first officer in the P. and O. or Mr. Green's service is not recognisable as a sailor once he leaves his ship. He can ride to hounds and hold his own in a ballroom with any garrison lieutenant. He can do his share of the work in the hot corner of a preserve. He never by any chance belays his timbers or shivers his main braces. He is rather addicted to lavender kid gloves, and walks in the Row if he be in town during the season. If Commodore Trunnion could see him his rage and astonishment would be unspeakable. The kettles and the hot water, as Admiral Rous contemptuously terms our steamships, have much to answer for in spoiling many sea illusions. The boilers and the paddle-boxes or the screw do not easily lend themselves to picturesque uses. As for your steam yacht, it is nothing less than an abominable incongruity.

And yet we begin to wend our way towards the melancholy ocean in the month of August. The annual pilgrimage to the shores is becoming a distinct and recognised feature of English existence. Is it in any manner connected with Mr. Darwin's suggestion as to our pre-oysterian ancestry—with that remote period when our simple rudimentary forefathers opened and shut their mouths with the ebb and flow of the tide? People are subject to gaping on their first arrival for the season in October at Brighton, Hastings, or Scarborough. They are prone to seek the shingle and the sand, and to lie in recumbent attitudes for hours at the edge of the resounding waves. Is the habit the result of a primitive impulse, such as the ingenious naturalist and philosopher has hinted at? In a little while their more cultivated and artificial instincts get the better of them. They smoke and ride and attend concerts, and flirt and make inland excursions, as if to escape the duty of attention and homage which they owe to the salt sea. Bachelors retire into monster marine hotels, lounge the morning over cigarettes and the billiard-table, drink more hock and seltzer or brandy and soda than is good for them before dinner, and march up and down to hear a band play of an evening, altogether forgetful of the renewed freshness and health that may be gathered by quiet hygienic rambles upon a beach.

To escape the chances of being dragged into mere seaside dissipations as a change from the weariful pleasures of a London June, I stole off last year to a remote spot on the Irish coast, which I shall call Cronmore. Cronmore was quite free from the invasions of the tourist. The little town sat at the foot of a hill, and the tide used to come to the very portals of what were termed its water-gates. It had many literary and historical associations. Walter Raleigh had lived there for some time, had built for himself a quaint, many-chimneyed house, which is yet standing, and had planted a grove of myrtles about it, which is flourishing at this present moment. In the garden by the house of Sir Walter stood a fine yew tree, under which, tradition has it, Spenser read over some of the MS. of the "Faërie Queene" to his unlucky friend. Over the house falls at times the shadow of a huge church belfry, and close to it nestles the church itself, where lieth in painted state the body of the great Earl of Cork. The tomb of The Boyle is a wonderful affair, and is exhibited by the sexton with considerable pride. The earl is represented asleep on a stone couch, his face vividly coloured, his ruff and trunk-hose gilded. His wives—four or five, I think—are arranged on their knees above his lordship's head, diminished, of course, far below the heroic proportions of their husband; while a bevy of children, of all

dimensions and ages, is stuck over the monument like figures on an old-fashioned bride-cake. With what fearful eyes the writer of this paper used to peep, as a boy, on Saturday afternoons into this dismal chamber, standing on the barrow of a grave outside! For a while nothing could be perceived in the semi-dusk of the vault, but gradually the glaring image would reveal itself, and the watchful, silent effigy would seem as if only waiting for a magic whisper or a magic kiss, or some Barbarossian eventuality, to wake up and come into the light and life of open day.

From this you will perceive that I knew Cronmore of old. Hence the quotation from Mr. Longfellow, which suited the place and my recollections of it with a singular appropriateness. When I tell you that Cronmore preserved its marine superstitions intact, you will understand why I set off with a complaint upon the decay of wild ocean fancies. In an old hut on a promontory visible from my window lived within the memory of Bill Coffey, the chief shoemaker, a veritable water-witch. It was the custom of this amiable dame on stormy nights to put eggs, inscribed with the names of certain vessels, in a cauldron, and woe betide these unfortunate craft if they had gone to sea on a Friday! The water-witch kept a tame seal (her familiar, of course), and the beast would be seen bringing fish in his mouth to her den. Bill Coffey could remember Jack Halloran, whose brother was ready to take his solemn oath that he was told by Jim Burke, of the Ferry, that the witch was seen riding over the waves in a big cockle-shell in that part of the harbour known as Deadman's Pot on a stormy Hallow-eve. As a boy, I believed every word of this kind told me by Tommy Lump and Jack Snipeen. I never could make out the real names of these worthies, who were not known except by the eccentric *soubriquets* I have mentioned. Tommy Lump and Jack Snipeen were part owners of a boat which might be described as made altogether of patches. The *Mary Jane*, however, was safe enough in the skilled hands of her proprietors. In winter, Tommy and Jack hibernated anyhow; in spring, they woke up, made a collection for repairing the boat, and undertook the conduct of fishing parties, or fished on their own account. For more than thirty years it was understood that they never ceased quarrelling and contradicting each other, occasionally coming to blows and even to settling disputes with the oars; but they were still content to drag on together in their own very peculiar fashion. They were always growling and discontented. Tommy's face was scored into a hundred lines and curves. His nose and his under jaw nearly met. His complexion was as that of a head carved upon the



handle of an old and dirty bone umbrella. His eyes were jet black and far in his head, where they sometimes twinkled with rage and cunning, and sometimes looked out upon you with the queer stupid sadness which may be noted in the eyes of a sea-gull. Tommy had the chest and shoulders of a giant, the lower limbs of a cripple ; but his legs were crooked in such a manner that when placed in position for pulling, they were as effectual for work as if they were constructed of the strongest material for the express purpose. Snipeen had a huge moon face, surrounded by a great mass of brown whiskers, and his head altogether suggested an immense sunflower, or a picture of the planet itself in comic books. Snipeen was supposed to be the chief of the firm, and had the privilege of receiving the money from customers, which he was compelled to account for to and divide with his associate always before he had time to put it in his pocket.

Out on the sea, out beyond the still green waters of the harbour of Cronmore, in the *Mary Ann*. We have arrived at our bearings, known to Snipeen and Co. as "Town-upon-point," *i.e.*, spot on which a particular headland will seem to be on a line with the town. Here we throw out the grapnel, and bait our hooks for gurnard, hake, and mayhap turbot. We wait until the sun goes down. Slowly it sinks in the red west, turning the rolling plains of the sea to the colour of blood. Now half the orb of the fiery wheel dips out of sight—now you can catch only a glimpse of its edge, now it has disappeared altogether, and a tender flush in the clouds lingers over the spot where it seemed to descend. A chill breeze creeps along the tide, the hoarse clang of a gannet sounds from the sky ; one by one creep out the shining points of the stars, and in a little while the flame from the lighthouse streams across the treacherous bar, over which the wild sea-horses are shaking their white tremulous manes. The chime of the town clock is borne fitfully towards us, and by the time our lines are cast, the moon gleams above the hills of Knockadoon—fairy haunted hills, on which the good people are said to hold revels through the night. The air is full of the odour of floating weed, and the silence is intense, only broken by the constant murmur of waves upon the distant shingle and the bark of a dog from a shoreland farm. My two companions are moodily feeling for a bite. The moon's rays strike upon the weather-beaten faces of both, and give them a ghastly fixed pallor, such as I have seen in the corpse-like visages of the crew of the demon ship in Richard Wagner's delicious opera. We fish with varying fortune ; the gurnard take freely one hour and the next desert us. When we have counted up three score altogether, I give the word for home. We drift in with the tide, and

in the harbour the water is as smooth as a floor of ice upon a mountain loch. At every dip of the oars a myriad phosphorescent sparks drop from the blades. We glide by the hull of a funeral collier, and are greeted by a "Good night" from the deck. My gondoliers do not deign to reply, and we reach the quay in a few minutes, where the fish are placed in a basket by Snipeen, who waddles after me with his freight to the house in which I am stopping.

We had a regatta at Cronmore. We offered a prize of £5 for a three mile race of market boats, and I do not think I ever saw so toughly fought a contest in my life. The race ended in a general foul about half way to the winning flag, and then commenced a battle such as might have been witnessed in the days when the Romans flooded an arena for the representation of mimic naval combats. This, however, was a regular and expected incident of the race between market boats at Cronmore. We had a German band to play on the Mall promenade during the day, and £10 worth of fireworks let off from a hooker at night. Then followed the regatta ball, with its delightful provincial sets and squabbles. I sat on a wall, above the whispering tide, gazing at the windows of the building within a few yards off, in which the festivity took place. I could see the rather dumpy forms of the rustic belles whirling round and round, and catch the wheezy strains of the scratch orchestra, which gave its animating impulse to the throng. A cigar was better than company of the kind; a cigar and a few fancies to people the night with. For the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts; and I could remember—ah, me! how long since!—an eager lad who had given his heart to my ladye's keeping in that very room; my ladye, who was dead to him before she was dead; who is alive now, though dead, whenever certain music is played.

A peculiar species of Irish peasant, locally termed an "Olisher," used to visit Cronmore. The Olishers, male or female, were rather simple characters. They were bumpkins even to the native rustics of Cronmore, who imagined they were cunning, sharp, and clever dogs when they contrasted themselves with Olishers. An Olisher was invariably a frugal valetudinarian. The salt water was, in the inland districts, reported a specific for every sort of ill to which flesh is heir. Our visitors used to consume it by the gallon. They were to be seen late and early, tin pint in hand, sitting on the rocks and swallowing huge quantities of fresh Atlantic. They were exceedingly innocent in their habits and customs of bathing, and it took a long time for the town commissioners, the parish priest, the minister, and the police, to make them understand that there was any harm in

walking about stark naked on the beach, or paddling in the surf up to their ankles when they were that way inclined. On two days in the week the Olishers embarked on board a large yawl, and put out to sea, for the express purpose of getting sea-sick. The catastrophe was thought to be a powerful restorative. The "sick boat," as the yawl was termed, usually carried a fiddler, and was crammed to suffocation. The robust invalids danced on the deck in the beginning of their voyage, and until they had passed the bar everything went merry as a marriage bell. When in the open, however, the yawl was hove to, and the serious business of the expedition was entered upon. Visitors to Cronmore used to await the return of the "sick boat," but not with the ironical intent of the cads who grinned at the foreigners that were wont to land at Dover. An Olisher was proud of being desperately unwell; it was an incident of his *villegiatura* which he would not omit to subject himself to for any consideration.

Our sailors at Cronmore had really something of the old salts about them. They were, as a race, fine, reckless, rollicking, dare-devil fellows, with a delicious spice of superstition in their nature. They were addicted to smuggling tobacco in a small way, and you never wanted for a pound or so of the best Cavendish or golden leaf in Cronmore. It was a splendid place for lotos-eating. You lay on a cliff, book in hand, on a still day, and saw the great pool of water stretching out, with the smoke of an Inman or Cunard steamer, like a dark, unfurled standard, streaming low on the edge of the horizon. The sea fowl piped, and whistled, and croaked, and shrieked at your very feet; and if you were still as a mouse, and kept your eye fixed on a rock which jutted into the deepest part of the bay, you would in all probability notice a huge seal creep on its slimy top and bask in the sun for hours, dropping with a sullen plunge into the green ground swell on the slightest disturbance. To enjoy the seaside you must cultivate laziness as a fine art. You may find it irksome at first, and long for your paint brush, your brief bag, your ink pot, or what not, to keep you company; but it is wonderful how quickly you may accommodate yourself to the tax of indolence, and how skilled you may become at ensuring for yourself a disposition for ruminating with positively vaccine or bovine placidity. The so-called amusements of the fashionable watering-places are amongst the most exhaustive and debilitating practices of our time.


You cannot find a Cronmore in England, and it may not be worth your while to cross St. George's Channel to look for it; but the watering-places of our home circle are far from being exhausted. It

is a new pleasure to be the pioneer of tourists—to have an entire beach to yourself—to escape the tawdry accompaniments of Piccadilly existence which pursue the unfortunate Londoner who trusts himself for a tidal holiday to the established quarters. Who wants to go to New London as a change from Old London? I believe the sea smells of cigar-ends at Brighton, while at Scarborough the booths of Vanity Fair are as numerous and as clamorous as in town.

But it is needless to make invidious remarks or comparisons. Gregarious people must flock to bathe; they are only happy in their gregariousness. Solitude would be the death of them; they move in herds; hence the Megatherium hotels which have supplanted the venerable marine hostelries which bore the name of the "Ship" or the "Hoy" above their lintels, and which are still resorted to by those who are wise in a generation that understands them not. I wonder is this mood, this drifting into the temper of a praiser of times and things past, a proof of approaching fogginess in the writer. I might be inclined to admit such a weakness on other themes, but the sea has been always my hobby, and I will not yield in my knowledge of how to take it and to enjoy it to any bachelor in England. Sterne (rather sharply for a clergyman) remarks of Solomon that he did not make his celebrated "Vanitas Vanitatum" discovery until he had performed a grand round of experiences and was qualified to pass an opinion. The observation will apply to every one who gives what may be termed sumptuary advice to his or her neighbours. I have tried fast and slow watering-places, and recommend—neither. The reader may seek out a sea cosy nook for himself, and can do so without much trouble. Once lodged there, let him conquer *ennui* without artificial assistance, and if he feels that *ennui* is conquering him, let him fly back to the haunts of men and women in which his work is to be done. But no one need weary of the glorious, ever-shifting, changeful though steadfast, eternal tide, if the right mind be brought to contemplate it. The sea ought to make a poet of the dullest dog that ever lived within its hail, but I have known it to develop nothing more literary in a very ingenious essayist than a perfect passion for shrimping. I attribute this, in some measure, to the fact I have noted in the beginning of this rather rambling paper—the decay of fanciful and imaginative literature in connection with the wilderness of waters, the half-world of this our planet, and the vulgarising of its noble and picturesque associations through a sort of illiberal and narrow contempt generated by a familiarity with scientific triumphs and the dissipations of big marine hotels.

# THE SCOTT CENTENARY.

## SIR WALTER AT HIS DESK.

IR WALTER SCOTT'S birthday falls on the 15th of this month, and a troop of gentlemen distinguished in politics, in letters, in arts and science—intermingled, probably, with a strong sprinkling of Scotch sheriffs and baillies—propose to keep the day by dining together in Edinburgh, under the presidency of “the bold Buccleugh,” whom “the Scottish Shakespeare,” with his clannish instincts, acknowledged as his hereditary chieftain. Agreeing, as most Englishmen do, with Theodore Hook, that a good dinner is one of those things which stand in need of no apology and hardly of a pretext, no one, I presume, will be found to protest against this form of commemorating the centenary of one of the most genial and hospitable Scots that ever handed a quaiigh of whisky to a guest at his table ; and if the centenary of a man of genius is to be kept by speeches and hurraing at a dinner table in a town hall, it would be puzzling to find any man of genius in modern times whose memory ought to be kept greener by men of letters than that of the Ariosto of the North ; for, looked at from every point of view—as a man of letters, as a man of business, and as a gentleman—Sir Walter Scott was the ideal of a brave and honest Englishman, a man of stout and loyal heart, of chivalrous instincts, and of an ambition which, if not of the highest kind, was at least of a kind which touches the heart of the Englishman and Scot alike far deeper than the ambition of a Milton or a Bacon, and is, after all, perhaps, the ambition that is most serviceable to the State.

But of Sir Walter Scott, as a man and as an author, enough, and perhaps more than enough, has been or will be said before this centenary of his is over. My purpose is simply to throw one more stone upon his cairn by sketching him at his desk ; by throwing together a few hints and suggestions about the personal habits of the author of the “Waverley Novels” in his study, with his dogs and his books—for they were linked together in all his associations ; with his MS. upon his table, and his pen in his hand ; with his proof and his publisher.

It is said that every great man except Pitt has begun life by writing poetry ; and of most poets, except Burns and Byron, it may,

I believe, he said, with at least equal truth, that they have made their first dash into literature by translations. This was the case with Milton and Pope and Dryden, probably even with Shakespeare. Cowper tried his 'prentice hand on Homer. Coleridge developed his genius for poetry and metaphysics by poring over Schiller. Moore began by translating Anacreon; and Sir Walter Scott made his first appearance in the field where he was destined to win so many triumphs with a thin quarto volume of translations from the ballads of Bürger in his hand. It was not a brilliant *début*; and I do not believe that a single copy of the work is now to be found. It fell dead from the press; and most of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunkmaker, with the mass of the rival translations of German ballads which were then issuing from half the presses of London and Edinburgh. The author's own friends, of course, were in high glee about it, and perhaps not without reason, for the work, trifling as it is, was distinguished from most of its rivals by many terse and vigorous lines, by many striking metaphors, by many bold and picturesque expressions; but out of his own quiet and narrow circle the volume was hardly seen, and no critic of the day discovered beneath this blank shield the slightest trace of the most brilliant and dashing poet of a generation distinguished by the publication of poems like "Childe Harold," the "Revolt of Islam," the "Excursion," the "Ancient Mariner," the "Curse of Kehama," and the romance of "Lalla Rookh." Scott's failure was complete and palpable; and it stands out in marked contrast with the triumph which a sparkling, bright-eyed Irish youth, nestling among a covey of French *émigrés* in a lodging-house off Portman Square, was then preparing for himself with the "Odes of Anacreon." But palpable as it was, the failure hardly touched the spirits of the hardy Borderer. He returned to his desk in his father's office, to copy writs, with as free a heart as if he had won a victory as brilliant and decisive as Tom Moore's. "I was coolly received by strangers," he said, recalling the incident many years afterwards, when he stood at the head of English literature, "but my reputation began rather to increase among my own friends, and on the whole I was more bent to show the world that it had neglected something worth notice, than to be affronted by its indifference."

The history of the translation itself is not without its interest, giving us, as it does, our first glimpse of Walter Scott at work. Till Scott took up these German ballads, he had been known, I need hardly say, principally as a harum-scarum sort of youth, of awkward and bashful manners, possessing a fund of queer stories and old

Border ballads, little scholarship, and less law, but with a turn for versification and story-telling ; and one evening, when the conversation at his father's table happened to turn upon the ballads of Bürger, Scott promised one of the guests, Miss Cranstoun, a rhymed version of the most popular of them, "Lenore," from his own pen. He began his task after supper, and sat up till he had finished it, working himself up to such a state of excitement in reproducing the vivid imagery of the original as to set sleep at defiance. He presented his translation to Miss Cranstoun at breakfast the next morning, and she seems to have been particularly struck by its point and finish. "Upon my word," she said, writing to a friend, "Walter Scott is going to turn out a poet—something of a cross, I think, between Burns and Gray."

This is the first glimpse that any one seems to have had of that turn for poetry and romance which within ten years was to raise the loutish son of an Edinburgh attorney into the position of the Ariosto of the North ; and the discovery took every one by surprise. Scott's father had frequently been perplexed by finding the wild moss-trooping blood of Harden asserting itself in his son, and asserting itself often in a way that promised anything but success in a profession like the law. But the old gentleman would probably have been less surprised to hear that his son had turned foot-pad and taken to the road, after the fashion of his Border ancestors, than he must have been to hear that the lad had turned poet. Yet when the discovery had been once made, all Scott's friends must have confessed to themselves that this had been his bent from his cradle, and that the instincts of the boy had been rooted and strengthened in him by the whole course of his reading, as well as by all the associations of his life, till he was set on a stool in his father's office to engross deeds and to puzzle out the mysteries of the law of Scottish entail. Homer, Spenser, Milton, Ossian, Tasso, the novels of Richardson, of Fielding, and of Smollett, all the literature of romance and imagination that a boy with a ravenous appetite for books could lay his hands upon in the library of a Scottish laird,—these had been the companions of almost every moment that Scott could call his own, from the day that he could put two sentences together in type ; and, above all, Bishop Percy's "Reliques of Ancient Poetry." This book fired his imagination more than anything else that he ever read, and it was in poring over this volume that Sir Walter Scott formed and nurtured the genius which made him, at forty, as Wordsworth said, "the whole world's darling." It was under a large platanus tree in his aunt's garden, at Kelso, that he first read these ballads, forgetting even the

dinner-hour in his enjoyment of his new treasure. "To read and to remember was, in this instance," he says, "the same thing, and henceforth I overwhelmed my schoolfellows, and all who would hearken to me, with tragical recitations from the ballads of Bishop Percy. The first time, too, I could scrape a few shillings together, which were not common occurrences with me, I bought unto myself a copy of these beloved volumes; nor do I believe I ever read a book half so frequently, or with half the enthusiasm." Browsing all day in his hours of thought upon works of this stimulating nature, and browsing upon them year after year during all the period when the heart is freshest and the imagination most active, Scott spent most of his evenings at his grandfather's fireside, listening with rapt attention to tales of the Jacobite risings from the lips of men who had been outlawed almost as often as William of Deloraine, to anecdotes of Border life and its heroes, to Scottish songs, and to legends of "auld Watt Harden" and the rest of his kinsmen in the old days of Border chivalry; and in a few years we find him, almost as a matter of course, giving rein to his faculties and manufacturing legends on his own account, for the mere pleasure of brooding over them, with a rod and line in his hand, on the banks of the Tweed, or of relating them in the playground or over the yule log to his schoolfellows.

He tells us, in his notes upon his life, that "whole holidays were spent in this pastime, which continued for two or three years, and had, I believe, no small effect in directing the turn of my imagination to the chivalrous and romantic in poetry and prose." "He used to interest us," writes a lady who was then his playmate, "by telling us the *visions*, as he called them, which he had lying alone. . . . Child as I was, I could not help being highly delighted with his description of the glories he had seen. Recollecting these descriptions, radiant as they were, I have often thought since that there must have been a bias in his mind to superstition. The marvellous seemed to have such power over him, though the mere offsprings of his own imagination, that the expression of his face, habitually that of genuine benevolence, mingled with a shrewd innocent humour, changed greatly while he was speaking of these things, and showed a deep intenseness of feeling, as if he were awed even by his own recital." Perhaps a few years of hard drill in an attorney's office might have extinguished this boyish passion of Scott's. This was the hope of his father, and it was a hope which was apparently in a very fair way of realising itself when the "Wild Huntsman" and "Lenore" fell fresh into his hands. These ballads stirred his imagination to



its depths afresh—stirred it more, perhaps, than anything that he had read since he cut the leaves of his first copy of Percy's "Reliques" in the garden at Kelso. Miss Cranstoun's flatteries told upon him like a spur. Making up his mind to realise her conception of the powers of his genius, Scott at once set vigorously to work—with the assistance of an old German dictionary, which he borrowed from the original of Jonathan Oldbuck, and with that of his clever and accomplished cousin of Harden—to translate everything that struck him in his reading of the literature of Germany—lyrics from his old master, Goethe, ballads from Bürger, and dramas wherever he found them; and in 1799 a selection of these translations was, through the assistance of Monk Lewis, "a martinet in rhyme and numbers," published under Scott's own name by Mr. Bell. This was the first of Sir Walter Scott's acknowledged publications, and it was the first, too, that brought him a penny in the form of what he calls "copy-money." Its price was £25.

Concurrently with the translation of these scraps of German poetry, Scott had been spending most of the leisure of his vacations in hunting up the traditions of Liddesdale, in collecting the ballads of the Scottish marches, and in making his "first serious attempts in verse" by writing, in imitation of these ballads, the trifles by which he won his spurs as an original writer—"The Fire King," "The Grey Brother," "Glenfinlas," and "The Eve of St. John." It was not, however, till he was preparing the third volume of the "Minstrelsy" for the press that the idea of trying his 'prentice hand at anything more ambitious struck him; and in its original form even the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was, to use his own words, nothing more than "a romance of Border chivalry in a light-horseman sort of stanza." Like his translation of "Lenore," too, this "Lay" owed its origin to the suggestion of a lady, the Countess of Dalkeith. Scott was in the habit, when living at Ashiestiel, of riding out with his lovely chieftainess and her husband—

When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill ;

and in the course of one of these pleasant rides, Lady Dalkeith happened to repeat the grotesque story of "Gilpin Horner," which she had recently heard from an old gentleman on a visit at the castle, as "an o'er true tale." She insisted that Scott should "turn it into a Border ballad." "Had she asked me to write a ballad on a broomstick," said Scott, "I must have attempted it." He therefore took up his pen and sketched out a few verses to be called the "Goblin Page," in imitation of the style of "Lady Christabel,"

which he had recently heard read, in part at least, from Coleridge's MS. at a supper by Sir John Stoddart. These preliminary verses Scott read over one evening after dinner to a couple of his friends, Erskine and Cranstoun. They listened, as men generally listen to MS. with their dinner still in their throats, with perplexing politeness, and nothing more. They smoked their cigars, passed on the claret, h'm'd, drew a sigh of relief at the end of the first canto, kept their criticism to themselves, and went back to the thread of conversation which Scott had broken with his cold dash of poetry. This to a man of Scott's temperament was like a wet blanket. He interpreted their silence as meaning that they did not think much of what they had heard; and taking his cue from their inarticulate criticism, he threw his stanzas aside in a fit of disgust. "They lay long by me," he says, in a letter to Miss Seward, "till the applause of some friends whose judgment I valued induced me to resume the poem. So, on I wrote, knowing no more than the man in the moon how I was to end. At length the story appeared so uncouth that I was fain to put it into the mouth of my old 'Minstrel' lest the nature of it should be misunderstood, and I should be suspected of setting up a new school of poetry, instead of a feeble attempt to imitate the old. In the process of the romance, the page, intended to be a principal person in the work, contrived (from the baseness of his natural propensities, I suppose) to slink down stairs into the kitchen; and now he must e'en abide there."

The scene and date of this resumption Lockhart traced years after in the recollection of a cornet in the Edinburgh Light Horse. While the troop were on permanent duty at Musselburgh, in the autumnal recess of 1802, Scott, the Quarter-Master, during a charge on Portobello Sands, received a kick from a horse, which confined him for three days to his lodgings. Mr. Skene found him busy with his pen; and he produced before these three days expired the first canto of the "Lay"—very nearly, if his friend's memory may be trusted, in the state in which it was ultimately published. That the whole poem was sketched and filled in with extraordinary rapidity there can be no difficulty in believing. He himself says (in the introduction of 1830), "that after he had once got fairly into the vein, it proceeded at the rate of about a canto a week." Visiting London shortly afterwards, Scott read the manuscript to his friend Mr. Ellis, under a tree in Windsor Forest; and afterwards "partly read and partly recited, sometimes in an enthusiastic style of chant," the first three or four cantos to Wordsworth, when on a visit to Ashestiel. Of its success when published I need say nothing; it

was prodigious ; and, under cover of this success, Scott at once made up his mind to make literature the profession of his life.

This point once settled, and the law abandoned—except as a crutch—Scott set to work with characteristic energy, entered into partnership with the Ballantynes, stocked a printing-office in the Canongate with types and presses, and drew up a plan of work sufficient to keep them and himself well employed for three or four years, by the republication of a costly series of English classics. To be the editor of Dryden and Swift, and the annotator of old ballads, was at this time the highest ambition of the most brilliant and fertile author of one of the most brilliant and fertile ages of English literature. Poetry was the last thing in his thoughts. “As for riding on Pegasus,” he said, in a note to Mr. Ellis, when at work on the proofs of Dryden, “depend upon it, I will never again cross him in a serious way, unless I should, by some strange accident, reside so long in the Highlands, and make myself master of their ancient manners, so as to paint them with some degree of accuracy, in a kind of companion to the ‘Minstrel Lay.’” To vary the monotony of hunting up original readings and scribbling foot-notes, Scott threw off an article now and then for Jeffrey’s *Review* ; and in the summer vacation of 1805 we find him trying his hand at “a companion to the Lay,” by throwing together, in the form of an historical novel, some of his recollections of Highland scenery and customs. This was the origin of “Waverley.” Like the “Lay,” however, it was no sooner taken up than it was thrown aside. “When I had proceeded as far, I think, as the seventh chapter, I showed my work to a critical friend, whose opinion was unfavourable ; and having then some poetical reputation, I was unwilling to risk the loss of it by attempting a new style of composition. I therefore then threw aside the work I had commenced, without either reluctance or remonstrance.” It was not till some months after this that the idea of writing “Marmion” seems to have suggested itself, and the necessity of raising £1,000, to pay off some debts of his brother Thomas, was the motive of this magnificent poem. Constable offered this sum at once for the copyright, without asking to see a line of the MS., and, indeed, even before a line of it had been written ; and it was under the spur of making the poem all that Scott thought it ought to be for this handsome sum—as £1,000 was then thought to be for a poem—that he put his whole soul into his task, and gave up to its composition all the time that he could spare from the proof-sheets of Dryden. Most of the poem seems to have been composed on horseback, either on the banks of the Yarrow or on the sands of Portobello.

Mr. Skene, his mess-companion, tells us "that in the intervals of drilling, when out with the Edinburgh Light Horse, Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself upon the Portobello Sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me, to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise." The description of Flodden Field was struck out in this way; and we know from Scott's conversations with Lockhart, years after, that most of the rest of his descriptive pieces were put together in the saddle when out for "a grand gallop among the braes of the Yarrow." The letters at the head of the cantos were an afterthought, or at least the idea of weaving these letters into the web and woof of the poem. Originally they were intended to be published in the form of "Six Epistles from Ettrick Forest;" and Scott afterwards acknowledged, with Southey, that if they were to be bound up at all with "Marmion" they ought to have been bound up at the end of the volume, or at the beginning, or anywhere except where they are. But Scott, who even when writing poetry always kept his eye upon the market, thought "Marmion" by itself too thin a volume for a guinea and a half, and partly as an act of generosity to the publisher, and partly as an act of generosity to the public, threw in these half-dozen epistles as a sort of make-weight.

"Marmion," as a commercial success, put even the "Lay" into the shade. It was the work of less than a couple of years, or perhaps I ought to say of the vacations of a couple of years, and of the hours that Scott could steal from his task-work. But even the sale of ten thousand copies of his poem at a guinea and a half a volume within a year was not enough to induce Scott to throw up his editions of Dryden and Swift, and devote himself to poetry as the main business of his life. "I have done with poetry for some time," he told Ellis, in answer to an appeal to throw his proof-sheets aside as drudgery beneath the dignity of the author of "Marmion." "It is a scourging crop, and editing is a green crop." The green crop, however, was but a short one. In less than a year Scott was wooing the Muse again under the inspiration of the pathetic tradition of Ellen and the Knight of Snowdon. Of the conception of the "Lady of the Lake" I can find no account beyond this, that Scott, in the summer of 1809, undertook to have a third poem ready to keep Ballantyne's press in action at the end of the year. What this poem was to be Scott, probably, knew no more than Ballantyne, for about this time

he began what I may perhaps call the system of drawing bills at three, six, and nine months upon his genius, to raise cash to pay for his purchases at Abbotsford, or to guard against the presses and types in the Canongate lying idle for a day; but in reading or conversation, his imagination had been set on fire by the story of the "Lady of the Lake;" and upon the rising of the Court of Session in July, we find him starting off with Mrs. Scott and his eldest daughter to revisit the scenes which he had chosen for the framework of his fable. Not a little of this poem was, I believe, written in the course of the trip. The description of the stag chase certainly was; and I do not think one needs the gift of second sight, knowing what we do of Scott's habits, to pick out at least one passage which was worked out in the course of the gallop from the shore of Loch Vennachar to the Rock of Stirling, which Scott undertook to anticipate his critics by testing the practicability of a good horseman, well mounted, riding within the space allowed to Fitzjames after his duel with Roderick Dhu. Except bits of description, however, here and there, the greater part of the "Lady of the Lake" was confessedly written at Ashiestiel during the winter of 1809; and we have from his own pen a characteristic conversation which took place with his cousin, Miss Christian Rutherford, upon the poem and its composition:—

A lady to whom I was nearly related, and with whom I lived during her whole life on the most brotherly terms of affection, was residing with me when the work was in progress, and used to ask me what I could possibly do to rise so early in the morning. At last I told her the subject of my meditations, and I can never forget the anxiety and affection expressed in her reply. "Do not be so rash," she said, "my dearest cousin. You are already popular—more so, perhaps, than you yourself will believe, or than even I or other partial friends can fairly allow to your merit. You stand high, do not rashly attempt to climb higher, and incur the risk of a fall; for, depend upon it, a favourite will not be permitted even to stumble with impunity." I replied to this affectionate expostulation in the words of Montrose:—

" He either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who dares not put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

"If I fail," I said, for the dialogue is strong in my recollection, "it is a sign that I ought never to have succeeded, and I will write prose for life. You shall see no change in my temper, nor will I eat a single meal the worse. But if I succeed—

" Up wi' the bonnie blue bonnet,  
The dirk and the feather an' a' !"

How he did succeed I need not say, for the success of the "Lady of the Lake" is one of the brightest traditions of Paternoster Row. Till the "Lady of the Lake" appeared, the Highlands were as little

known to the mass of Englishmen as Iceland. But within a couple of months of its publication the Trossachs were swarming with an army of visitors from every part of the island ; and it is a statistical fact that from the year the "Lady of the Lake" appeared the post-horse duty rose at a jump and continued to rise regularly year by year as editions of the poem multiplied and the circle of its readers grew wider.

Till Scott published the "Lay" his highest ambition would have been realised by the possession of a cottage at the foot of Minchmoor, with perhaps a hundred acres of heath along the banks of the Tweed, and a couple of spare bedrooms, with dressing-rooms, in which, on a pinch, a couch-bed might be let down for an extra visitor or two. But the success of the "Lay," and still more the success of "Marmion," changed the spirit of his dream. The cottage grew into a castle ; the hundred acres at once rose up in his imagination in the form of a gentleman's seat studded with woods and plantations. He saw himself a few years hence playing the part of a Border chief, of a Scottish laird of the old type, with a host of dependants around him, horses, dogs, huntsmen, foresters, and household servants—the territorial and social equal of his kinsman, Scott of Harden. He saw that he could coin money by his brain, that in working his vein for criticism and poetry he was working a vein of virgin gold in El Dorado ; and as he turned out volume after volume of Swift and Dryden, with a fee of £40 a volume, fifty-guinea articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, and poems which added £1,000 to his banker's balance at a stroke, this dream grew and strengthened till it became ingrained in all his thoughts, one of the passions of his life. When, therefore, Clarty Hole fell into the market, Scott rose to the bait like a bull-trout at a painted fly. It was exactly the spot to take his fancy, for he valued scenery all his life, not as an artist values it, in itself and for itself, but as an antiquarian values it, for its associations ; and Clarty Hole, with all its barrenness, was rich in the sort of associations that took Scott's fancy. We can see at a glance how his imagination pictured Abbotsford, with its gables and its towers, with its stables and gardens, and its fair domain, rising, like the phantom of one of his own dreams, out of the naked moor, a few turnip fields, a Scotch cottage and farmyard, and a few straggling Scotch firs, which was all that Clarty Hole was when the Sheriff of the Cairn and the Scaur crossed the Tweed to take possession of what he intended to make the hereditary home of "the Scotts of Abbotsford." He was in raptures with this bleak bit of black moor, with its background of bare hills. To his eye these grey hills and all this

wild Border country had beauties peculiar to themselves. "I like the very nakedness of the land," he said to Washington Irving, striking his stick upon the heath; "it has something bold, stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year I think I should die." To him this bare and cheerless scene, where, as he once confessed, you might without much of an effort realise to yourself the superstition of the chase in the air, hear the baying of the hounds, the throttling sobs of the deer, the wild hallos of the huntsmen, and the

Hoof thick beating on the hollow hill,

was in his eyes as exquisite in its beauty as the dell of Egira in the eyes of Byron, as rich in romance as Monte Rosa. He admits now and then, when pressed by visitors like Moore and Washington Irving, that the scenery is not quite equal in picturesque beauty to the lakes of Killarney, or to the banks of the Clyde. But he always takes care to balance every admission of this sort with a dozen "buts;" and to him it was quite enough that the scene with all its faults was, as he was always telling his visitors and his correspondents, "in the very centre of the ancient Reged." He walked Washington Irving off his legs with Tom Purdie and his hounds, in the thick of a Scotch mist, to point out to him the Catrail, which had bounded

Reged wide  
And fair Strath-Clyde

when the Roman eagles were flying on the haugh of Callander, the glen of Thomas the Rhymer, the haunted ruins of Boldside, the field of the battle of Melrose, the last great clan fight of the Borders, and the Eildon Hills cleft into their picturesque serration by the magic art of one of his own ancestors, Michael Scott, and to trace the course of the

Yarrow through the woods  
And down the meadow ranging.

To plant and adorn this wilderness, and to raise the towers of Abbotsford in rivalry with those of Harden and Bowhill, was, as Scott frankly avowed, the only object that he had at heart in taking up his pen to write "Rokeby." "I want to build my cottage a little better than my limited finances will permit out of my ordinary income (he says, writing to his friend Mr. Morrith at Rokeby, proposing to run over and see him, to pick up a few hints for the

scenery of his poem upon the spot) ; and although it is very true that an author should not hazard his reputation, yet, as Bob Acres says, I really think reputation should take some care of the gentleman in return." "As I am turned improver upon the earth of this every-day world, it was under condition that the small tenement of Parnassus, which might be accessible to my labours, should not remain uncultivated."

This was the origin and the mainspring of "Rokeby." The price of the poem was fixed beforehand at £3,000, and to earn this £3,000 as quickly as it could be earned by the pen of a poet was the thought uppermost in the mind of Scott when he put aside his "Life of Swift" for a few weeks to throw off an English companion to his "Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion." In the "Lay" Scott threw the force upon *style*; in "Marmion" it is thrown upon *description*; in the "Lady of the Lake" upon *incident*; in "Rokeby" he determined to try his hand upon the portraiture of *character*; and in the rough draft which he drew up of the poem he selected Bruce for his hero, intending to sketch the most heroic of his achievements in the poem. Burns had hit upon the same idea ; and it was probably this idea that Scott had in his head when he sketched out the plan of the "Lord of the Isles." But Scott had hardly written a dozen lines of his poem when he saw that it was impossible to make it what it ought to be without a visit to the Hebrides and the Orkneys, and he threw it aside in favour of a subject likelier to hit the taste of his readers south of the Tweed. He had often promised his friend Mr. Morritt to make his park and castle the scene of one of his romances, and he now made up his mind to make it the scene of a sketch of the Parliamentary Civil War. Mr. Morritt tried to induce him to throw back the date of his story to the Wars of the Roses, in order to keep himself free to make use of the ghost stories and all the rest of the superstitious traditions which still lingered in the echoes of the ruined castles upon his estate, in every glen and in every wood. But it was to no purpose. Scott had fixed his mind upon the Parliamentary War, and he was not to be turned. He revisited Rokeby to refresh his recollection of its scenery and to catch the inspiration of the *genius loci*, and returned to his cottage at Abbotsford to write his poem. It was written in the midst of a scene which would have driven most poets out of their wits. The clank of the stonemason's hammer, the clink of the trowel, and the whizz of the carpenter's plane were ringing in his ears all day ; and in a note to one of his friends upon the progress of the house and the poem, he



gives an amusing account of "twelve masons hammering at the one, and one poor noddle at the other." He had no room of his own. What he did he had to do in the midst of workmen, of servants, of wife and children, and now and then of visitors. But when he wished to be particularly quiet he tells us that he used to improvise a study by placing his desk in the recess of a window overlooking the Tweed, and hanging up an old bed-curtain across the room. This was his original study at Abbotsford, and it was here that "Rokeby" was written concurrently with the "Lord of the Isles" and "Trierman" in the summer of 1809.

These were not the happiest efforts of his genius. They sold, as everything from Scott's pen did sell; and thus enabled him "to retreat from the field with the honours of war." But, as a poet, Scott no longer stood alone. He had to contend against powerful rivals in the South, especially against the authors of the "Corsair" and "Lalla Rookh;" and although he might probably have vanquished both had he put his heart into his work afresh, he allowed Ballantyne to extinguish the poet in him by a single hint that the star of Byron had eclipsed the star of Scott. He took it into his head that he was too old and stupid for poetry, abandoned the field to Byron and Moore, and turned to fiction to gather fresh laurels. "Well, James, we can't afford to give over." This was his answer to Ballantyne, as he sat at his desk trimming his pen afresh for "Waverley." "Since one line has failed, we must try another."

It was under these circumstances that he turned his thoughts to fiction. He had frequently within the last year or two spoken to Ballantyne and Constable of trying his hand at a novel; but with "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" in the first flush of their popularity, the printer and publisher were too busy to think of anything but poetry, or, at least, of poetry with an afterthought to Swift, whose works Scott was annotating, in the few hours that he could steal from the Court of Session, under an editorial fee of £1,500. Hunting, however, one day in an old cabinet for fishing tackle, Scott turned up the MS. of "Waverley." He ran his eye through it, thought it had been undervalued, and determined to finish it. He looked through his notes, brushed up his recollections of the Highlands, and threw off the companion volumes in three weeks. The MS. was copied out by Ballantyne and submitted to Constable, without any hint as to the author. He offered £700 for it off-hand. But Scott had set his mind upon £1,000. The point was compromised, and the book published upon the plan of half profits. In three months Constable was biting his fingers with vexation that he

had not taken "Waverley" upon the author's own terms. The work was in its fifth edition by the end of the year, and Scott and Constable were pocketing £1,000 apiece out of its profits. This was one of the busiest and most prolific periods of Scott's life. He was at work morning, noon, and night, either at his proofs of Swift, at the "Lord of the Isles," or at one of his novels. He was up to his chin in engagements arising out of his printing partnership with the Ballantynes, and out of his building and planting projects at Abbotsford; and he worked like a horse to set himself free. He wrote "Guy Mannering" in six weeks, to raise cash to meet a bill; and in the famous vision of Menzies we have a vivid sketch of Scott in his quiet little study in Edinburgh at work upon one of its companion romances. Three or four of Scott's friends were one evening spending an hour or two together over whisky and cigars in a room overlooking Scott's study. Scott was at his desk, and Menzies, after looking at him for some time, turned pale, laid down his cigar, and put his hands before his eyes. "The sight of that confounded hand," he said, "which has often bothered me before, won't let me fill my glass with a good will. I have been watching it ever since we sat down. It fascinates my eye; it never stops; page after page is finished and thrown on that heap of MS., and still it goes on unwearied; and so it will be till candles are brought in, and God knows how long after that. It is the same every night. I can't stand a sight of it when I am not at my books."

This was Scott at Edinburgh. At Ashestiel and, at first, at Abbotsford, he did most of his work in the midst of his family, like Sydney Smith, with music and conversation and all the rest of the diversions of a group of boys and girls going on around. It was this fact that perplexed all Scott's friends and visitors, and even his own sons and daughters, to explain the rumours which attributed the "Waverley Novels" to the author of the "Lay." "We don't know what to think of these novels," said Scott's eldest daughter to Wilkie, when he was taking her portrait. "We have access to all papa's papers. He has no particular study, writes everything in the midst of us all, and yet we have never seen a single scrap of the MS. of these novels. But still we have one reason for thinking them his, and only one, and that is, that they are the only works published in Scotland of which copies are not presented to papa."

Till Scott took up his abode at Ashestiel and settled down to his task as a man of letters by profession, he had been in the habit, like Byron and Jeffrey and most men of their class, of lengthening the

day by stealing a few hours from the night. But upon a suggestion from his physician that this habit was likely to aggravate his nervous headaches, he at once reversed his plan, and adopted those habits of early rising and of early work which characterised him from this period till the pen dropped from his cramped fingers on the closing pages of "Count Robert of Paris." He was out of bed by five o'clock all the year round, at his desk by six, and by the time that his family and visitors assembled at breakfast between nine and ten, he had "broken the neck of his day's work." These were his hours of inspiration, and generally of his best work. Observing how Scott was harassed by lion-hunters at Ashestiel, and what a number of hours he spent either in shooting or coursing with his visitors, or in looking after his workpeople, Mr. Cadell, Constable's partner, once expressed his wonder that Scott should ever be able to write books at all in the country. "I know that you contrive to get a few hours in your own room, and that may do for the mere pen-work, but when is it that you think?" "Oh," said Scott, "I lie *simmering* over things for an hour or so before I get up, and there's the time I am dressing to overhaul my half-sleeping, half-waking *projet de chapitre*, and when I get the paper before me, it is commonly run off pretty easily. Besides, I often take a doze in the plantations, and while Tom works out a dike or a drain as I have directed, one's fancy may be running its ain riggs in some other world." He attests the same facts in his diary eight or ten years afterwards. "The half-hour between waking and rising has all my life proved propitious to any task which was exercising my invention. When I got over any knotty difficulty in a story, or have had in former times to fill up a passage in a poem, it was always when I first opened my eyes that the desired ideas thronged upon me. This is so much the case that I am in the habit of relying upon it, and saying to myself, when I am at a loss, 'Never mind, we shall have it at seven o'clock to-morrow morning.'" Scott, in fact, thought so much of these morning hours, as the hours when his thoughts were fresh, that he generally lingered over his toilet longer than he did over anything else—"shaving and dressing," as his son-in-law tells us, "with great deliberation; for he was a very martinet as to all but the mere coxcombs of the toilet, not abhorring effeminate dandyism itself so cordially as the slightest approach to the personal slovenliness, or even those 'bedgown and slipper tricks,' as he called them, in which literary men are so apt to indulge." Perhaps no brighter picture is to be found in the history of genius than this of Sir Walter Scott sitting down to his morning task dressed in the green velvet

shooting jacket of a Scottish laird, with his books and papers around him, on the desk and on the floor, his favourite hound eyeing him from the rug, a couple of spaniels gamboling with his children in the garden, and the songs of the birds pouring in through his half-open window. Scott knew nothing of those feelings of irritation that make composition a torment to so many men. His study was always open to his children no less than to his greyhound. "He never considered their tattle as any disturbance; they went and came as pleased their fancy. He was always ready to answer their questions; and when they, unconscious how he was engaged, entreated him to lay down his pen and tell them a story, he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour as if refreshed by the interruption." Of course, when at Edinburgh, two or three hours after breakfast were spent at the clerk's table in the Court of Session; but when at Ashestiel or Abbotsford, these hours were devoted to the "Lady of the Lake," "Rokeby," or one of his novels. He generally, however, laid down his pen about one o'clock, and devoted the afternoon to sport or exercise. When he had visitors staying with him, he would even say, "Out, damned spot, and be a gentleman," at ten o'clock; and in fine weather he was so complaisant in this respect that most of his visitors, like Washington Irving and Sir David Wilkie, left him with the impression that, by whatever magic he might contrive to keep Ballantyne's press at work, he was a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but to bask in the sunshine and repeat legends and ballads for the diversion of himself and his friends.

Of course the explanation of this apparent leisure of Scott, in comparison with the vast amount of MS. which he turned out, was to be found partly in the regularity of his habits, the steadiness with which, day after day, week after week, and year after year, he adhered to his plan of setting apart four or five hours of every morning to his task; and partly in the ease and fluency with which he used his pen when he did sit down to his desk. When Scott took up his pen it was not to think, but to write. He never knew what it was to cast about either for a thought or an expression; and he never wasted a second with the file. Possessing a prodigious memory—a memory that lost nothing—a powerful and vivid imagination, a fluent pen, and a spirit that courted difficulties instead of craning at them, Sir Walter Scott never needed anything more than an incident or a tradition to start with in any of his novels; and when he had once laid down the

“keel of a story,” it grew under his hands, chapter by chapter, and volume by volume ; and a stroll in the woods, or the half hour’s quiet between waking and sleeping, or dressing, was enough to supply him with his chapters for the day’s work. “ I sometimes think,” he says, speaking of “Harold the Dauntless,” “my fingers set up for themselves, independent of my head ; for twenty times I have begun a thing on a certain plan, and never in my life adhered to it (in a work of imagination, that is) for half an hour together.” “The action of composition,” as he goes on to say, after noting down a similar confession in his diary years after, when, writing “Woodstock,” he found himself at the end of the second volume without the slightest idea how the story was to be wound up to a catastrophe in the third volume—“the action of composition always extended some passages, and abridged or omitted others ; and personages were rendered important or insignificant, not according to their agency in the original conception of the piece, but according to the success or otherwise with which I was able to bring them out. I only tried to make that which I was actually writing diverting and interesting, leaving the rest to fate. I have,” he adds, “been often amused with the critics distinguishing some passages as particularly laboured, when the pen passed over the whole as fast as it could move, and the eye never again saw them, except in proof.” These sort of confessions turn up again and again in his diary and his correspondence with Ballantyne and his brothers and sisters of the quill. Referring to the “Maid of Perth,” for instance, he makes a note in his diary that he has “sent off ten more pages this morning with a murrain. But how to get my catastrophe packed into the compass allotted for it? .

“ It sticks like a pistol half out of its holster,  
Or rather, indeed, like an obstinate bolster  
Which I think I have seen you attempting, my dear,  
In vain to cram into a small pillow-bier.

There is no help for it. I must make a *tour de force*, and annihilate both time and space.” Of the “Antiquary,” again, he says, in a note to Mr. Morritt :—“I have only a very general sketch at present ; but when once I get my pen to the paper, it will walk fast enough. I am sometimes tempted to leave it alone, and try whether it will not write as well without the assistance of my head as with it.” The “Lord of the Isles” and “Guy Mannering” grew under his hands in exactly the same manner. Like the “Antiquary,” and like all his works, they were written without either plan or premeditation. “The ideas rise

as I write," and the faster he wrote, Ballantyne used to say, the freer the ideas rose, and the better the story developed itself. This was Scott's opinion also. "I cannot pull well in long traces," he used to say, "when the draught is too far behind me. I love to have the press thumping, clattering, and banging in my rear; it creates the necessity which almost always makes me work best." When he was ahead of the press—when the printer's devil was not at his door waiting for copy—Scott's spirits drooped and his pen flagged, he dallied with what he was about, and lost the threads of his story. His poetry, of course, stands in a different category—that he frequently laboured, and wrote over two or three times; but all his novels were printed as they left his desk, with nothing more than a little revision at the hands of James Ballantyne, and a hasty glance at the proofs by Scott in odd half hours.

But with all this tendency to slipslop in his style, with all this haste and carelessness, all this want of preparation, allowing his pen to take its own course, and his plots to construct themselves, perhaps no great writer ever took more trouble about the substratum of his fiction and poetry. Even when building with rubble, his foundations were of adamant. His imagination was vivid and powerful, and the amplitude and accuracy of his memory were the marvel of all his friends. But he trusted nothing either to memory or imagination when he could trace out the facts themselves by paying a visit to a scene, or by hunting up an old ballad or a tradition in a library. Refusing to give ten minutes of his leisure to lay down the plot of a novel, he never hesitated a moment to give up the leisure of a week to settle a point of history, or to gather the details of a bit of scenery, which he was thinking of working into a poem or novel. Upon points like these he was, like Moore, almost finical. When at work upon "Quentin Durward," Lockhart frequently found him in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh, poring over maps and gazetteers with care and anxiety; and his own letters to Ballantyne attest the scrupulous nicety with which he hunted up his facts, even for the description of a village like Plessis les Tours, consulting Malte Brun's geographical works, Wraxall's "History of France," and his "Travels," and even Philip de Comines. Most of his descriptions, too, like Byron's, are photographs; and with the "Lady of the Lake" or the "Lord of the Isles" in your hand, you may trace out every view that Scott had in his eye when penning them, with his dogs and his children at his knee, in the morning room at Ashestiel. He visited his friend Mr. Morrill, when he was at work upon "Rokeby,"

to refresh his recollections of the scene ; and Mr. Morrith gives us a striking conversation that took place the morning after Scott's arrival upon this characteristic of his compositions :—

“ You have often given me materials for a romance,” said Scott ; “ now I want a good robbers' cave, and an old church of the right sort.” “ We rode out,” says Mr. Morrith, “ in quest of these ; and he found what he wanted in the ancient slate quarries of Brignal and the ruined Abbey of Egglestone. I observed him noting down even the peculiar little wild flowers and herbs that accidentally grew round and on the side of a bold crag near his intended cave of Guy Denzil, and could not help saying that, as he was not to be upon oath in his work, daisies, violets, and primroses would be as poetical as any of the humble plants he was examining. I laughed, in short, at his scrupulousness ; but I understood him when he replied, ‘ that in nature herself no two scenes are exactly alike, and that whoever copied truly what was before his eyes, would possess the same variety in his descriptions, and exhibit apparently an imagination as boundless as the range of nature in the scenes he recorded ; whereas, whoever trusted to imagination, would soon find his own mind circumscribed and contracted to a few favourite images ; and the repetition of these would sooner or later produce that very monotony and barrenness which had always haunted descriptive poetry in the hands of any but the patient worshippers of truth. Besides which,’ he said, ‘ local names and peculiarities made a fictitious story look so much better in the face.’ ”

And this was the principle upon which Scott worked in all his poems and novels. It is the source of half their charm. And this apparently was what Goethe had in his mind when, in reading one of Scott's novels to a group of friends at Weimar, he burst out with his remark upon its artistic skill and truth : “ What infinite diligence in the preparatory studies ! What truth of detail in the execution ! ” Of course, looking at the Scotch novels, as we do now, with a microscope, we are able to detect inaccuracies of costume and historical solecisms which the keenest and most accomplished of French and German critics must of necessity have missed. But these inaccuracies and violations of art are, after all, but trifles : and even with these Goethe's remark still represents the opinion of the highest and maturest spirit of criticism : “ All is great in the ‘ Waverley Novels,’ material, effect, characters, and execution.” And the main source of their greatness lies in their truth to nature. The “ Lady of the Lake ” is, as a description of the Trossachs, superior to “ Murray.” Scott knew every goat path in the Bristol Territory long before he sat down to photograph it ; and every goat knew the Sherra. But Scott revisited the Trossachs, as he revisited Rokeby and Liddesdale, to refresh and correct his recollections before he took his pen in hand. And what he did in the case of scenery, which he might have

sketched in its broad outlines from memory with the exactitude of an Ordnance map, he did with his characters. They were none of them the creations of his own fancy. They are all drawn from life. Most of his sketches of the heroes of '15 and '45 are reproductions of his own personal recollections or of those of his friends; and characters like those of the Black Dwarf and Tod Gabbie were all characters that Scott had met with in his ballad-hunting rambles. Margaret Branksome, in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," is a photograph of Scott's first love; and Alan Fairford, in "Redgauntlet," is obviously intended as a portrait of himself. Under the thin disguise of Saunders Fairford we have a sketch of Scott's father, even down to the minutest details of his dress, his suit of snuff-coloured brown, his silk stockings, his silver buckles, and his bob-wig and cocked hat; and in Darsie Latimer we have one of the dearest of Scott's companions in his youth, Mr. William Clerk. George Constable, a friend of Scott's father, sat for Jonathan Oldbuck; but as the original conception was developed, Scott "embroidered" Constable's character with many traits from his old friend, John Clerk of Eldin. Dominic Sampson, again, was a cross between Launcelot Whale, the master of the Grammar School at Kelso, an absent grotesque being, between six and seven feet high, and an old blue-gown who used to stand bleaching his head in the wind at the corner of one of the streets of Edinburgh in order to raise enough to pay for his son's education for the ministry. Those who knew Scott, too, before he thought fit to avow the authorship of the Scotch novels, frequently tracked him in the snow of his own dialogue; for Scott's ear was as quick as his eye, and anything particularly striking or characteristic that happened to turn up in conversation generally found its way in one form or another into his works.

Reinforcing his imagination and his wit with recollections like these, and possessing wider and more diversified experience than probably any writer of fiction except Fielding, Scott dashed off his novels when he had once got into the thread of his narrative with astonishing fluency. "The manual labour alone of copying them," as Moore once said to him, "seems enough to have occupied all the time that he took in producing them." "But I write very quick," was Scott's answer. "That comes of being brought up under an attorney." Even when his eyes were failing, and his fingers gouty, he frequently threw off thirty or forty pages of print before dinner—that, in fact, was his task when he was at work upon "Woodstock" and the "Life of Napoleon;" and till he had accomplished that, he



did not think himself at liberty to take his axe and stroll out into the wood for an hour's sharp exercise. In his prime, he thought nothing of throwing off a novel in a month. "Guy Mannering" was written "in six weeks about Christmas," and this, by itself, he thought easy work. Very frequently, however, Sir Walter had a brace of novels on hand together, or a novel and a poem, or two or three reviews for the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly*. "Ivanhoe" and the "Monastery" were written concurrently in this way; and he took up the story of "Woodstock" as a diversion to kill time when he was ahead of the press with his "Life of Napoleon." Hasty work in literature is not generally the highest kind of work; and of course there is in all Sir Walter Scott's works much that is thin, and rambling, and vapid. But Sir Walter Scott's ideal in poetry and in prose was that "perpetual animation and elasticity of thought" which in his opinion formed the highest distinction of Dryden, and he preferred ten times over to be unfinished rather than overfinished. The first sufficient words that presented themselves suited his purpose; and in his writing, as in his conversation, he never gave a second thought to those niceties of expression, those epigrammatic turns of thought, and that precision and polish of style by which men of inferior calibre eke out their genius, and now and then, as in the case of Pope, build up a reputation as high as that often attained by the most brilliant and diversified powers of originality. Perhaps no great writer has supplied us with fewer quotations than Scott. You may run off all his quotable passages on your fingers, and a single volume of Mr. Disraeli's contains more epigrams than the whole of the Scotch novels. This slap-dash style was with Scott, partly the result of an impatient temperament and partly the result of ingrained contempt for the work of the desk, except as the easiest way of earning £10,000 a year, and keeping up the position of a Scottish laird. What was good enough for the public was good enough for him; and his cardinal test of the value of his work was the price of its copyright and its sale. In poetry he wrote by inspiration, taking up his pen like Byron, only when the muse was upon him, and even then he wrote as he thought all poetry must be written to be worth anything, with anxious labour. But when it came upon a novel or a history, all he thought of was to get through his task, and if he was not in the vein when he took up his pen he simply wrote on as he said, till he "wrote himself into good humour." This was not generally a very hard task; and when he had got into a good humour with his work, he wrote on as freely

and as gaily as he talked. His manuscripts testify sufficiently to this. In his poems you meet with stanzas that are hardly legible with blots and interlineations, particularly in the manuscript of "Rokeby," which was set up from the original draft, written on paper of various sorts and sizes; but the manuscripts of his novels are as free from everything of this description as his correspondence. You may turn over page after page without finding a single correction. "His thoughts," as his amanuensis said, "flowed easily and felicitously, without any difficulty to lay hold of them, or to find appropriate language. He sat in his chair (when dictating), from which he rose now and then, took a volume from the bookcase, consulted it, and restored it to the shelf—all without intermission in the current of ideas, which continued to be delivered with no less readiness than if his mind had been wholly occupied with the words he was uttering." When dialogue of peculiar animation was in progress, James Ballantyne says, Scott walked up and down the room, raising and lowering his voice, and, as it were, acting the parts. It was in this way that the greater part of the "Bride of Lammermoor," the whole of the "Legend of Montrose," and all but a few pages of "Ivanhoe," were dictated from the sick sofa in the Abbotsford library, as Scott was recovering from his first illness. The file-work Scott left to the printer; and of several of his stories, he did not even see the proofs till they were in the hands of the public. This was the case with the most finished and most poetical of all his novels, the first of the three which he dictated to "Single-song Laidlaw" and Ballantyne; and when it was put into his hands in its complete form he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation in it. It was all as fresh to him as it was to his readers, and fresher than it was to his amanuensis. With the exception of the "Lay," it is an open question whether he ever read any of his poems after they were published. He liked that better than he anticipated; but I do not think the perusal increased his opinion of the critical discernment of the public. He was "never fond of his own poetry," and placed Joanna Baillie far above him as a poet, as he did Jane Austen as a novelist. Burns and Byron he thought the most genuine men of genius of his time, and when Ballantyne told him that the "Lord of the Isles" and "Rokeby" were paling in the glare and glitter of "Childe Harold" and the "Giaour," he abandoned the laurel wreath to Byron without a struggle, and almost without a sigh. "Byron hits the mark where I don't even pretend to fledge my arrow. He beats me out of the field by his description.

of the strong passions and in deep-seated knowledge of the human heart." But with Burns's couplet upon his lips—

The mouse who only trusts to one poor hole  
Can never be a mouse of any soul—

he turned to his abandoned MS. of "Waverley" with fresh vigour and determination to win in prose all that he was forfeiting in poetry; and when, in their turn, the novels of the author of "Waverley" began to pall upon a taste which likes its fiction fresh and fresh, Scott left the field to his imitators, and turned to history. "There is but one way," he said, "if you wish to be read—you must strike out something novel to suit the humour of the hour;" and that was the principle by which he was governed all through his career. It was not a very lofty principle to act upon; with a weaker man it might have been a dangerous principle, ending, as in the case of Byron, in the complete demoralisation of his genius. In Scott, however, it led to nothing more than a variation of style. When poetry failed, he turned to prose. When he had flooded the market with Scottish legends, he took up those of France; "Quentin Durward" was hardly out of hand when he began to dream of trying his hand at the romantic legends of the Rhine. Lounging on his pony, with Lockhart and Laidlaw, one fine calm afternoon, along the brow of Eildon Hill, and looking down into Melrose, Scott spoke of the "row" that was going on in Paris about his new novel, and added, "I can't but think that I could make better play still with something German." Laidlaw grumbled at this—"Na, na, sir! take my word for it you are always best, like Helen MacGregor, when your foot is on your native heath; and I have often thought that if you were to write a novel, and lay the scene here in the very year you were writing it, you would exceed yourself." "Hame's hame," answered Scott with a smile, "be it ever sae hamely. There's something in what you say, Willie. What, suppose I were to take Captain Clutterbuck for a hero, and never let the story step a yard beyond the village below us yonder?" "The very thing I want," said Laidlaw; "stick to Melrose in July, 1823." "Well, upon my word," Scott answered, "the field would be quite wide enough—and what for no?" He mused over Laidlaw's suggestion for a few moments; his air became graver and graver, and at length he added, half in soliloquy, "Aye, aye, if one could look into the heart of that little cluster of cottages, no fear but you would find materials enow for tragedy as well as comedy. I undertake to say there is some real romance at this moment going on down there, that

if it could have justice done to it, would be well worth all the fiction that was ever spun out of human brains." This was the origin of "St. Ronan's Well." The story itself was written for the most part in the course of a trip with Lockhart to Lanarkshire, and to the ruins in the upper regions of the Tweed and the Clyde. This was the first time that Lockhart had ever been out on the road with Scott; and he tells us the surprise with which Scott's literary diligence when away from home and from his books struck him. He was always at work. "Wherever we slept, whether in the noble mansion or in the shabbiest of country inns, and whether the work was done after retiring at night or before an early start in the morning, he very rarely mounted the carriage again without having a packet of the well-known aspect, ready sealed and corded, and addressed to his printer in Edinburgh. I used to suspect (Lockhart goes on to say) that he had adopted in his latter years the plan of writing everything on paper of the quarto form in place of the folio, which he at an earlier period used, chiefly because in this way, whatever he was writing, and wherever he wrote, he might seem to casual observers to be merely engaged upon a common letter, and the rapidity of his execution, taken with the shape of his sheet, has probably deceived hundreds; but when he had finished his two or three letters, 'St. Ronan's Well,' or whatever was in hand, had made a chapter in advance."

Throwing off his MS. in this rapid and careless style, tossing it into the post without a second glance, and reserving all his corrections till he saw how it read in type, I need hardly say that Sir Walter Scott's proofs were the terror of his printers. He sent Dr. Lardner half wild with the MS. of his Scottish History. It was full of slips of the pen, of false grammar, of incomplete sentences, of repetitions and clumsinesses without end; and all these Scott corrected in his proofs till the Doctor in sheer despair had to set a clerk at work to copy out the MS. and "make it read" before it was set. Yet this Scottish History was written, not in half hours stolen from the leisure of halting-places in the course of an antiquarian raid, but in the quiet of his solitary and luxurious Gothic study at Abbotsford. This was where Scott did all his best work, and it is still preserved with pious pride by Mr. Hope-Scott exactly as his distinguished kinsman left it when, with tears in his eyes, he laid down his pen for ever, and asked Lockhart to lead him back to his bedroom to listen once more to the murmur of the Tweed, and to die. It is a snug little room opening out of the splendid library in which Scott gathered one of

the finest collections of books to be found in his day, but it is fitted up in the strictest sense of the term as a work-room—that is to say, it has but three articles of furniture: Sir Walter's desk—a small writing table, a plain arm-chair covered with black leather, and a companion chair made from the oak of the house of Rob Royston, the scene of the betrayal of Wallace by Menteith; and here, in this quiet little ingle nook of his library, we can still picture the Ariosto of the North, in his green velvet coat and plaid trousers, with his vast pile of forehead, his deep grey eyes, and that smile of gentle enthusiasm which gleams out upon us in Phillips's portrait, with Maida at his feet and his staghounds asleep upon the hearthrug, throwing off his morning task of "Woodstock"—can still hear the "dashing trot" of his pen over the paper, till, with a jerk of his hand, he brings his work to a close with the characteristic flourish which marks all his MSS., and lays down the wand by which he had held three generations of readers spell-bound under the glamour of his genius, without, as he said with a flush of pride, writing a single line to unsettle any man's faith, or to corrupt any man's principle, or a single line which on his death-bed he should wish to blot.

CHARLES PEBODY.



## NEWMARKET.



WE are essentially and practically a sporting nation ; fond of sports and pastimes. Our daughters are fair ; our sons are brave ; and racing seems to be recovering the vigour of the time when royalty patronised the Turf earnestly and heartily. The taste for breeding, rearing, and buying good horses seems in the ascendant, the great stakes being more valuable than ever. Yearlings are fetching almost fabulous prices, notwithstanding all the ailments that horseflesh is heir to. Still we cannot be blind to the fact that, although the keeping of race-horses forms a pleasant pastime, it has, unfortunately, become of late years subservient to the over-weening desire of getting money, influenced by sordid motives and notions highly detrimental to the best interests of the Turf, and contrary to the honest intentions of the Jockey Club, who have long interested themselves to procure the best horses for competition. Perhaps the finest trial ground in the world is Newmarket. It has none of the bustle of our great race meetings. It is the private property of the Jockey Club, who are omnipotent on its precincts, which they rent of the Duke of Portland. Gentlemen and blacklegs can be equally warned off the course if they do not conduct themselves and their transactions in a satisfactory manner, and instances have been known of even our sporting writers being made amenable to Newmarket laws.

The town of Newmarket is picturesquely situate under the Cambridgeshire hills, on the verge of a vast area of down or heath land, dotted with fir plantations or emaciated oaken strips struggling for existence from the flinty, chalky soil. A narrow line of chalk road is seen for miles running over the hills, hedged in by a vast Roman ditch, or Devil's Dyke, and ornamented with rustic sign-posts, directing the wayfarer to its purlieus on market days. There is a fine old ruined palace which belonged to Charles II., with its grounds and racing stables. The whole town is interspersed with racing stables, from one end to the other, with their yards, paddocks, and double gates. The "Rutland Arms" and the "White Hart" are hostelries of much note during the race meetings. Over a vast expanse of fen country, from the Bury and Limekiln Hills, beaming out in the horizon stands Ely Cathedral, with its venerable towers, a landmark for miles around.

Dreary and bleak as the heath is, it gladdens the heart of the courser and the racing man. The whistle of the plover is heard, and the cry of the curlew, as she sweeps over the plain, heightens the solitude of the place. The old hare "forms" in the cart-rut, as there is no enemy to oppose her, as in our western woody districts. You can see from one mile-stone to another with the naked eye, and a long line of telegraph-wires and posts extending from Cambridge to Newmarket.

It is the July meeting. The July and the Chesterfield Stakes are run off on the last half of the Bunbury Mile. It is the prettiest summer racecourse in the kingdom. It is on the extreme side of the heath from Newmarket, verging on the London and Cambridge turnpike roads, on the other side of the ditch which stretches away three miles or more towards the Beacon Course, which is four miles in length, but seldom used now, as men like short and more decisive spins. Old-fashioned saddling-stables and battered Stewards' Stands dating from the time of Queen Anne are visible on the different courses—about a dozen in number. The Beacon Course extends from the four-mile stables, through the ditch, and over the flat by the bushes, to the New Stand and the Duke's Stand at the top of the town. The Cesarewitch is run over the Swaffham Course, through the ditch, over the flat, to the Grand Stand; while the Cambridgeshire begins at the Newmarket end of the ditch and ends at the Duke's Stand, and the Two Thousand Course is the greater part of the Cambridgeshire; so that there are all sorts of courses, to suit the different ages of the racehorse, which dates from the 1st of June in each year. A colt engaged in the Derby, or a filly in the Oaks, is three years and off at the time of running in May, and if not put into training in the summer or autumn of its second year, as a yearling, and treated kindly, becomes so raw and restless that a young jockey can hardly manage it in a crowd. Hence the necessity of trial horses to lead the gallops, as described by "Asteroid," a fine judge of racing, in the March number of this magazine; and so essential is a good trial horse that a thousand guineas was given for Jack Sheppard to lead Wild Dayrell, who proved anything but a raw rogue by winning the Derby easily, and one of the fastest on record. Horses in their natural state, as descended from fierce, fiery Arabs, are anything but remarkable for timidity, and present a beautiful appearance when seen in their native wilds; instead of flying from men, as deer and hares do, they gallop in compact masses of many hundreds, apparently for the purpose of reconnoitring strangers, and frequently advance within a short distance of the line of march, showing curious signs of astonishment. Everything, then, depends

on early handling and kindness. Vice is generally the exception, not the rule, as well with animals as human beings. The sooner a vicious colt is destroyed the better, as it is a frightfully savage animal at times. *Rarefying* horses has proved an absurdity. We saw Cruiser operated upon at the Alhambra, a miserable, stupefied object, afterwards utterly worthless.

The Newmarket Houghton Meeting brings what is generally called the legitimate racing of the year to a close. At this meeting all sorts of handicaps and sweepstakes are run for, and all sorts of conditions imposed. On a fine July morning during the meeting large sales take place opposite the Rooms, or in the paddocks adjoining the town; hosts of sportsmen and sporting men attend them. A country town never looks so well as in a bustle on market day. The "Rutland Arms" asserts its aristocratic influence, whilst the "White Hart," with its regilded emblem, puts in its claims for this eventful week. Landlords become more obsequious, landladies more obliging; chambermaids wear new caps, and postboys new hats; shops are newly painted and decked out with the latest London fashions; and everything betokens a new existence in this otherwise dull town. The railway is laden with fish from the metropolis, the Rooms are lighted up in the evening, dinners arranged; the theatre opens, and the town is placarded from top to bottom with fiery dragons, and wonderful achievements of acrobats and coryphées. Babel-like is the clamour of the betting-ring; racehorses are out on the hills, and racehorse vans are making for the heath. The favourites are walking about the ditch; a phalanx of sportsmen ride up the hill towards the heath; little Joe Rogers, Fordham, Custance, French, and a host of light weights canter up on their hacks and ponies (the smartest in the world), with their pigmy saddles strapped behind their backs, and clothed from head to foot in frieze grey flannel coats, with red, white, and blue caps. They are the neatest and wealthiest jockeys of the day, earning larger salaries than the Prime Minister of England. The scene thickens about one o'clock; flies and carriages laden to the roof take their stands; ladies on horseback—to wit, Ladies Stamford, Hastings, and others—attended by their husbands and cavaliers, are cantering in the distance. There is not the dash and danger of Epsom or Hampton. Presently there is a move of horsemen from the Hare Park Plantation towards the ditch, and the July horses are off in a cluster down the descent. They rush by like meteors, a second Balaclava charge, past the old saddling stable, and up the gentle incline. Crack! go the whips—they conquer or die. One of Baron Rothschild's has beaten one of Mr.



Merry's by a neck. The gradual refinement of our manners and customs has so contracted the circle of our real sportsmen, and the new England style so eradicated all former traces of the ancient *régime*, that the race of fine old English gentlemen is nearly extinct. We look in vain for exploiters such as the Duke of Queensberry, or the Dukes of York, Grafton, Portland, and Cleveland, Sir Charles Bunbury, Colonel Mellish, or poor George Osbaldeston. We remember the Tattersall's of some thirty years back, when a masquerade could hardly exhibit a more motley group than the *habitués* of Hyde Park Corner; curricles, tandems, mail phaetons, britzkas, with four posters, led horses, and natty grooms, occupied a great length in Grosvenor Place. Around the magic circle of the old Fox statuette, now removed to Messrs. Tattersall's new premises at Knightsbridge, stood peers and members of Parliament cheek by jowl with jockeys and fighting men. Tom Spring, Ward, Cribb, Molineux, and Langham were then in their zenith. Dandies and exquisites, not forgetting Count d'Orsay, Lord Pembroke, Beau Brummell, and others, mingled in the throng in French braided frock coats, buckskins, and hessian boots, booking the odds or witnessing the sale of some of the finest hunters or harness horses in England; for these were the days of the Four-in-hand Club, in the palmy days of coaching. Sir Harry Peyton's greys in brown harness, Lord Sefton's white-legged chestnuts, Annesley's roans, Dolphin's pies, Lord Harborough's fast little browns, Russell's speedy bays, and Fitzroy Stanhope's dark greys. "The star of the racecourse at that time," says "Nimrod," "was the late Colonel Mellish, the cleverest man of his day as regards the science and practice of the Turf. No one could make matches so well, nor could any one excel him in handicapping horses in races (perhaps Admiral Rous and General Peel were his pupils). He was a clever painter, a fine horseman, a brave soldier, a scientific farmer, and an exquisite coachman; but, as his friends said of him, not content with being the second best man of his day, he would be the first, which was fatal to his fame and fortune. It, however, delighted us to see him in public in the meridian of his unequalled popularity, with his neat white hat, his white silk stockings, and pink neckerchief, his blue body coat and nankeen trousers in summer, and black moustache (then a rarity); the like of his style was never witnessed before or since. He drove his barouche himself, drawn by four beautiful milk whites, with two outriders on match horses, ridden in harness bridles; in the rear was his saddle horse groom, leading a thoroughbred hack, and at the Rubbing Post on the

heath was another groom in crimson livery, waiting with a second hack. But we marvel when we think of his establishment, and remember him with thirty-eight racehorses in training, seventeen coach horses, twelve hunters, four chargers at Brighton, and not a few hacks. By his racing speculations he was a winner ; his judgment pulled him through ; but when we heard that he would play to the extent of £40,000 at a sitting (mad fatality !), we were not surprised that the domain of Blythe Hall passed into other hands, and that the once accomplished owner found a premature grave, like the poor Marquis of Hastings, all his horses being sold at an enormous sacrifice." One of our great novelists says :—" Even in our day, notwithstanding the march of intellect and the rapid strides of imagination, a man, in order to distinguish himself in this money-getting artificial world, should possess a million, birth, or genius." Let us hope that the English Turf may reach the acme of prosperity. We should be sorry to witness its decline ; but fall it must unless a tighter hand be held upon the whole system of overreaching, as the dead sets against young turfites are now tremendous, and of Machiavelian desperation ; so much so that they awe the opulent and honest minded, and make the adventurer and the blackleg industrious for no useful purpose.

WHIZ.

## CARRIG O' GUNNELL.



THEY called thee of old, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
The boast of O'Brien,  
The fear of his foemen,  
When we brooked not the Briton in our fastnesses  
free,  
When Thomond the Brave feasted Bourke and O'Donnell,  
Or leaped like a lion  
On the Sassenach bowmen,  
Spite of all that the Witan said over the sea.

Thy pride is broken, Carrig o' Gunnell.  
By the banks of the Shannon,  
Chieftain and vassal,  
Lie mould'ring neglected thy ruins around ;  
Yet thou still lookest down on thy foe Castle Connell,  
Breached like thee by the cannon,  
The hall of his wassail,  
Unroofed, unprotected, his moat a dry mound.

But still runs the story, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
By thy witch thou art haunted :  
Still her green taper glances  
O'er a heap of hid treasure weird-winking by night ;  
And still mid thy ruins, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
E'en by day not undaunted,  
Dreamers delve, full of fancies ;  
But none dare *her* displeasure, none dig by *her* light.

Who rest on thy ramparts, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
As the daylight is flitting?  
A son of the Saxon  
To a daughter of Erin pleads his passion with sighs.  
In the breach where their fathers fought, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
Side by side they are sitting,  
While like flowerets the flax on  
From her lover, half fearing, shrink her sunny blue eyes.

Thou hast loved the fair vision, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
As a child, as a woman,  
When she hid from thy sister  
In thy nooks, climbed thy towers, or feasted with thee.  
But see! to the wooer, Carrig o' Gunnell,  
The witch gives her omen,  
Maid, thou canst not resist her!  
Youth, *the treasure* is yours; bear thy bride o'er the sea.

SHIEL DHUV.

# ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

## V.—ADDISON AND STEELE.



WE are to treat of two time-honoured names ; the patriarchs of periodical fancy literature ; the Beaumont and Fletcher of the essayists ; the Pylades and Orestes of Button's Coffee-house, and of the Wits' Club—men to whom their posterity have perhaps been more indebted than to any other public instructors of their age, principally from the correctness and refinement of their opinions in all questions of social morality and good taste ; and not less from the bland and sprightly tone (courtly, yet not servile ; bantering, yet not offensive) with which they denounced the errors and follies of the circles, or laughed down the vagaries of fantastical politicians. The general tone of writing in the *Tatler* and *Spectator* has, I believe, communicated to after periodical essayists, both fanciful and didactic as well as political, an unconscious tone of good breeding that we may seek in vain among the party writers of previous ages. In those two collections of essays we doubtless miss the ruthless satire, the flaying sarcasm, and the uncompromising onslaught of the party men during the periods of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. The cause had ceased, and the excitement in consequence was considerably allayed. The political skirmishing, therefore, had assumed somewhat of the courtliness of the Chevaliers at the battle of Fontenay, who, taking off their hats to their English opponents, requested the honour of receiving the first fire—an action which, if it be an arabesque sort of gallantry, is infinitely finer in spirit and feeling than the ferocious holocausts of Cromwell in his Irish campaign, or of the modern Russian fiend, Suwarrow, at Warsaw. The medicine, perhaps, in this case was suited to the disease ; but what ill regimen induced that disease ? However, we may place to the credit of these two Whig writers (Addison and Steele) the employment of their political weapons fairly and without rancour ; that their wit was exquisite in polish, and never used against virtue and good order, that their satire was without

malice, and their humour wholly untainted with coarseness and vulgarity.

Having introduced the two men conjoinedly, I proceed to treat of them distinctly with regard to their characters, social as well as intellectual ; and if, in the course of the ensuing remarks, I appear to detract from the general and rough estimate just made of their pretensions to literary and moral eminence, the act proceeds from an honest motive, and in the full consciousness of the benefits they have conferred upon their species. While revering the genius, the defects in the mortals are canvassed. And first of Addison.

In the constabulary reports of our learned Dogberry, his judgment in the case of Hugh Oatcake and George Seacoal will be found recorded, that "A good *name* is a good thing, but that writing and reading come by natur." If in the case of Addison this "good name" did not supersede his "writing and reading," it steadily kept pace with them ; and it may be asserted that it has been of more value to him than to almost any writer in the whole range of English literature ; and in various points of his career he was in other respects most fortunate among the brotherhood of authors. He started in life by courting the Hon. Charles Montague, afterwards Lord Halifax, coupling his name as a *poet* with Cowley and Dryden. So some other devotees compared Lord Byron to Shakespeare. Addison then wrote a Latin poem upon the peace of Ryswick ; and for this incalculable service rendered to his country he was rewarded by his patron and Lord Somers with a pension from the public purse of £300 a year to enable him to travel. From Italy he addressed to Lord Halifax his famous epistle, the most esteemed of his poetical compositions ; and upon his return to England he dedicated his travels to Lord Somers. This course was prudent, and worldly prudence was Addison's *forte* ; moreover, it was grateful, and both actions procured him the reward his forethought merited. The battle of Blenheim shortly followed, when Lord Halifax again befriended him by recommending to the Prime Minister, Godolphin, that Mr. Addison should celebrate in verse the glories of that event. When the poet had proceeded as far as the famous simile of the presiding angel, who "rides on the whirlwind, and directs the storm" (the strongest lines, by the way, he ever wrote), he prudently submitted the unfinished composition to the Lord Treasurer for his approval, and the result was his immediate appointment to the Commissionership of the Court of Appeals—the qualification for a commissionership being, it should seem, to write a poem about a battle. In this office the great John Locke was his predecessor. In two

years from this time he was created Under-Secretary of State ; and in a year or two more, Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, also Keeper of the Records in Bermingham's Tower in Dublin—a mere sinecure, the salary of which was nevertheless augmented for his accommodation. Upon taking this appointment, he again had an opportunity of cultivating his prudential faculty. He made a law to himself to remit no fee of office in civility to his friends. "I may have a hundred friends, said he, and if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two guineas." Here, however, we must bear honourable testimony to his integrity of principle while holding this office. He accepted his regular fee of a Major Dunbar, and offered to render him a service with the Lord-Lieutenant, but he refused a cheque for £300, and afterwards a ring that the Major had purchased to the same amount, adding that "he might conceal the practice to which he was then tempted from the world, but he could not do so from himself." The hard-featured man of the world might attribute this act also to Addison's constitutional "prudence," but we would not hold from any one the full benefit of a virtuous resolution, more especially when we must be ignorant of the real motive which prompted it.

In eight years from this period Addison rose to the office of Secretary of State ; but being wholly unfit to discharge the duties of it, he solicited to retire, prudently, again, stipulating for a pension of £1,500 a year, and actually succeeded in obtaining this reward for his incompetence. Upon such a principle of recompensing public service—or, rather, non-service—under the famous Walpole Administration, it is not illogical to conclude that had Mr. Addison committed some flagrant act of delinquency his pension would have been proportionately increased. In all this disinterested generosity with other people's money, we are reminded of that piece of practical morality in the "Sandford and Merton," where Master Tommy Merton, in a fit of profusion, gives the beggar Mr. Barlow's loaf, and comforts himself amazingly with his charitable propensity, till Mr. Barlow recommends him in future upon similar occasions to dispense his own bread.

But Addison was prudent and thoughtful for others as well as himself. He kept his old friend Steele under an arrest for debt ; not, as he gravely protested, to indemnify himself, but to teach that thoughtless man economy. Even in the hour of death his ruling passion did not desert him. He sent for Gay, whom he had not spoken to for years, and announced to him that he had formerly

injured that fine wit and amiable man ; but that if he recovered he would make him restitution. Still prudently, however, he did not divulge the nature of the injury ; and as he died shortly after, Gay had the mortification of knowing that he had suffered in his worldly interests, joined to the perplexity of being unable to repair the loss, the nature of it not having been disclosed. One act of prudence Addison omitted upon this occasion. In the event of non-recovery, he might have secured to Gay, by legacy, an equivalent amounting to the injury occasioned.

These features of character are not pleasant to contemplate in the man who is reported to have said :—"See in what peace a Christian can die !" For nothing shakes one's faith in a man's professions of religion like meanness and injustice towards a fellow being ; for he who cannot be true to one whom he knows, can have but a lax fidelity towards a Being whom he does not know.

Addison was, as has been said, a fortunate author. We have seen that he started in life with no ineffectual patronage. Steele, too, at an important period of his friend's career, rendered him an essential service by dedicating to him his comedy of "The Tender Husband ;" at the same time complimenting him, in his prodigal way, at the expense of his own talent, by acknowledging that the best scenes in the play were contributed by his friend. And afterwards, again, in the *Tatler*, he compares himself to a feeble prince who calls in to his aid a powerful ally, and who bears away the whole glory of the campaign. His words are :—"I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid : I was undone by my auxiliary ; and when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him." The worst of this self-depreciation is that Steele has ever since been taken at his word ; for people have a remarkable habit of taking a man literally who underrates himself ; as Charles Lamb has well said :—"The world never meets a modest man half-way." We may be sure that Steele's contemporaries were of the same way of thinking ; besides, no literary professor could be supposed to have the genius of a Secretary of State.

Again, when the tragedy of "Cato" was produced upon the stage, parties at that time ran into faction. The Whigs were in power, and Steele packed the theatre with Whigs ; and the consequence was that the piece was carried triumphantly night after night, the Queen signifying her desire that it should be dedicated to her ; while posterity, with the natural reverence for what their grandsires "delighted to honour," have allowed the tragedy its niche in the Pantheon of our classical drama. And yet there are few standard



compositions in our literature of the same class, and holding the same rank, that exhibit less pretension to originality of design, a less interesting plot, less variety of character, less vigour and force of diction, less dignity and grandeur of conduct. The scheme of Syphax, that Sempronius should carry off Marcia by disguising himself and followers as Numidians (and therein consists the *whole* interest of the drama, *as to plot*), is so deplorably bald and commonplace that it is almost an impertinence to notice it; and yet Sempronius is so struck on a heap with the amazing ingenuity of the contrivance that in a spasm of admiration and delight he exclaims: "Heavens! what a thought was there!" As for the characters in the play, Cato, without uttering one single sentiment of enthusiasm in behalf of liberty, deports himself much like the pompous and very obstinate chairman of a parish meeting; ever and anon dispensing profound truisms like this:—

True fortitude is seen in great exploits,  
That justice warrants and that wisdom guides;

which axiom amounts to no more than, "The greater the occasion, the greater the demand for fortitude." And this passage has not been invidiously selected. Scrutinise the whole deportment of the hero of the piece, and I think it will be found that he does not utter one grandly original thought. Even the popular soliloquy upon the immortality of the soul does not contain a single new reflection upon that vast argument; and on one occasion the inference drawn is illogical. The winding-up of the speech, describing the deathless and unchangeable nature of that fiery particle, is the most poetical passage in the whole play:—

The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

So of the other *dramatis personæ*. Syphax and Sempronius are two traitors, with no distinctive difference, except that one is old and the other is young; and the villainy of both stares so conspicuously through their Roman togas that Cato and Juba must have been two tom-noddies to have trusted them out of arm's reach. The first scene, where Syphax pumps his prince, is flatly ludicrous. Portius is cold-blooded, with a fidgetty inclination to turn scoundrel. He dabbles in scoundrelism, and cannot ascend beyond meanness and duplicity. Martius is a generous and courageous young soldier, such

as may be found in every marching regiment in Europe. And, lastly, the heroines, Marcia and Lucia, are remarkably good and dutiful girls (a sort of white-of-egg characters), and doubtless had been parlour boarders at the principal seminary in Utica. In short, it is difficult to consider the success of "Cato" in the first instance, and its subsequent protracted popularity, to have resulted from any other influence than that of extravagant puffery, aided in its effect by the elevated station of the author.

In the employment of the allegory Addison laid down as an axiom, and doubtless justly, that an allegory or metaphor which will not bear representation on canvas will be false in narration. This very rule, however, he has himself violated to a remarkable extent in his celebrated letter from Italy. The passage alluded to would be difficult to match for false writing. This it is—the opening lines :—

I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
That longs to launch into a nobler strain.

Dr. Johnson's analysis of this figure is at once so concise, so acute, so just, and withal so humorous, that it would be conceit to attempt another. Excellent as Johnson was at unravelling a sentence, he surpassed himself upon the present occasion. "I bridle in my struggling muse," he says. "Now, to bridle a goddess is no very delicate idea; but why must she be bridled? Because she 'longs to launch'—an act which was never hindered by a bridle; and whither will she launch? 'Into a nobler strain.' She is in the first line a horse; in the second a boat; and the care of the poet is to keep his horse, or his boat, from singing."

Willingly and cheerfully do I turn from the metred compositions of Addison, where dispraise has been drawn as "bird-lime from frieze," to pour out the full measure of my admiration at the excellence of his talent as an essayist and delineator of character and manners. The very relief is a joy! As a critic, he doubtless skimmed only the surface of his subjects; and yet he rendered notable service by his papers on the "Paradise Lost," in the *Spectator*; and his essays on wit, and on the pleasures of the imagination, are as fully distinguished by sound judgment as by their elegance and facility of diction. Who can be said to have excelled him in ease and natural gentility in the invention, and Watteau-like painting of character, when we think of Sir Roger de Coverley? with that masterly little touch of manner, in making him talk to the servant all the way up stairs: by what happier and more unpremeditated thought could he have given the reader a full idea of the knight's bland demeanour and habit of

gentle condescension? There is so little constraint, and so much suavity, such unpremeditation in the detail, that we can scarcely bring ourselves to believe that he has drawn upon his inventive resources, but rather that he has patiently and accurately portrayed an intimate and long-standing acquaintance. It has become a matter of domestic history, and will be preserved in the galleries of literary art as a likeness of the English country gentleman in the seventeenth century.

The wit of Addison is sterling and refined gold. As a satirist or a humorist, his own character of Virgil, in the agricultural poem of the "Georgics," may be applied to himself: that "he even throws the dung about with a grace." He is never malignant or coarse; never personal or violent. He is master of the ceremonies to civilised society, and with all the conventional amenities of his "order" he rallies in playful sarcasms the indiscretions and frivolities of the impertinent; or, with a smiling scorn, exposes the absurdity of a wilful and selfish indecorum. He did not "*lash* the vices" of his age; he rebuked them like a Court chaplain. It is difficult to conceive two orders of men and minds more opposed than those of Addison and Swift: the one all grace and refinement, floating gaily upon the surface of society, *above* his company, yet one of them; Swift would be above his company everywhere, and *not* be of them: he was content to be "himself alone." Addison could with propriety have met any class of society whose weaknesses and follies he had satirised, and he would have bowed and smiled them into conviction; and, like Hood's "Mr. Kilmansegg," have seemed all the while "washing his hands with invisible soap, in imperceptible water." Swift, too, could—and he would—have met the victims of his ridicule anywhere: he would have met Old Harry himself, have "given him his own," and "stared him out of his wits." Addison always appears the polished gentleman: he was *point de vice* in all the externals of intellectual demeanour. We never catch him in an undress. He was prudish with regard to his genius, and afraid of his intellectual virtue. He had such a horror of the negligence and dishabille of literature, that he reminds one of Louis XIV., who used to have his peruke handed to him while in bed, and with the curtain drawn between himself and his valet-de-chambre. The contemporary admirers of Addison called this conduct modesty. If, however, he never descended to the slip-shod humour of the farcist, he never rose into the enthusiasm of the sublime, or, it should seem, encouraged enthusiasm of any sort. He was eminently aristocratic, and avoided every boisterous exertion that might vulgarise and give a plebeian

tone to his mental features ; as very high-bred people do not suffer themselves to be betrayed into any emotion or common excitement of our nature. It spoils the face, and, what is worse, it is "low."

Addison maintained an undeviating course in the highest range of the middle regions of talent—a sphere from which it will be difficult to show that he ever in any important instance ascended. From the station he held in society, as Secretary of State, with its dispensing powers of patronage, he could not lack eulogists ; and when we consider that his personal deportment was not of the description to rouse an active enmity (notwithstanding the violence of party politics at that time), the bright halo that has accompanied his fame to posterity may be accounted for. His style has been extravagantly praised. It is, doubtless, elegantly correct ; but it is deficient in muscle and vigour. It wants the roughness as well as the robustness of manhood. It is a symphony composed entirely of concords : it is a current without a ripple. Milton has described it :—

A slow and silent stream,  
Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her wat'ry labyrinth.

It is said of Addison that "he is never feeble, and that he did not wish to be energetic." Had he been uniformly engaged in discussing passionless subjects, his style and manner would, no doubt, have been perfectly characteristic ; but the total absence of energy and enthusiasm that he manifests, where these qualities were called for by the occasion, betrays a want of feeling rather than a premeditated plan to suppress strong emotion. The mechanism of his mind is not unlike that of enamel-painting, or of such artists as Carlo Dolce ; wherein we perceive the very consummation of technical skill, with commonly exquisite grace and beauty ; at all times "propriety"—as the term is employed in artistical arrangement, as well as in artificial style. But then we have always the same mechanical manner of expressing the various surfaces of objects. The flesh of a Madonna and her drapery differ only in form and colour ; the fabrics appear to be of the same material. So with the manner of Addison. He never departs from the monotonous polish—the smooth precision of passionless perfection. The very circumstance of his not being able to express his thoughts in public (for Addison, like many literary men, could not trust himself in a set speech) is only a proof of his consciousness and want of self-possession, and not of inaptitude to arrange his ideas ; for he has been known to dictate whole essays for the *Spectator* faster than an amanuensis could follow him ; and in which scarcely a sentence was

afterwards altered in the proof. This circumstance, likewise, shows that his style was native to him, and not the result of premeditation or laboured contrivance; a style which, for expressing subjects of placid, grave, and even sportive and humorous character, was admirably calculated. Beyond these limits I cannot accompany his eulogists; still less sanction the dictum of Dr. Johnson that "the time were well spent in devoting whole nights and days to the pages of Addison," for the sole purpose of imitating his style; since the consequence must infallibly ensue that the student would produce a laboured imitation of a manner which is neither of the highest nor of the most varied class.

I cannot but think that the strength of Addison's genius lay in irony, and a humour of a quiet and exquisitely subtle character; and which never shows itself to so great advantage as when he is rallying the ladies of fashion in his day upon their little senseless impertinences. What delightful quizzing, for instance, is comprehended in the following half dozen lines; and with such a man dictating to the world of fashion—at a time, too, when he was the chief public arbitrator in such matters, we may fancy the flutter it produced in the circles:—"Many a lady," he says, "has fetched a sigh at the toss of a wig, and been *ruined* by the tap of a snuff-box. It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder knot, while that fashion prevailed; or to reckon up all the virgins that have fallen a sacrifice to a pair of fringed gloves. A sincere heart has not made half so many conquests as an open waistcoat; and I should be glad to see an able head make so good a figure in a woman's company as a pair of red heels." The irony here is perfect, as in its manner it is playful and good-natured. What delightful bantering, too, of French frippery in his apprehension of the approaching peace with that nation; and, in his character of the silent and bashful "Spectator," his horror of our countrywomen aping their neighbours in the custom of receiving male visitors before they rose in the morning. He says:—

I am very apprehensive of the many ill consequences that may attend this peace. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but our manners. What an inundation of ribbons and brocades will break in upon us! What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to! The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this *ludicrous* nation. I remember the time when some of our well-bred countrywomen kept their valet de chambre, because, for sooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I have seen one of these male Abigails tripping about the room with a looking glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see everything that is new (*Spectator-wise*) I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycombe to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies; desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was *ruffled with great care*. For my own part, I am so shocked with everything that looks immodest in the fair sex that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees; well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out without making any impressions.

Nothing, too, can be in finer vein of delicate satire than his rallying the women out of that detestable fashion of sticking patches on their faces; and what good sense and good humour in the fact of their converting the fashion into a symbol of party-politics! His banter on this question is as perfect as Swift's famous feud of the Big-endians and Little-endians—a nation going to war in order to decide which end of the egg—the big end or the little end—should be broken. At the Opera our Spectator observes that the two parties of ladies are ranged on the opposite sides of the house; the Whigs being patched on the right side of the forehead, and the Tories on the left; and that in the middle boxes were a neutral party, whose faces had not yet “declared themselves.” . . . “But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes who do not patch for the *public good* so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain that there are several women of honour who patch *out of principle*, and with an eye to the *interest of their country*.” What graceful and good-natured bantering! The next sentence, too, is equally pleasant, with an affected sedateness in the narration:—“Rosalinda, a famous Whig partisan, has, most unfortunately, a very beautiful mole on the Tory part of her forehead, which, being conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes and given a handle to her enemies to *misrepresent her face*, as though it had *revolted* from the *Whig interest*. But whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs, and, like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with

Rosalinda in what they thought the spirit of her party ; when, on a sudden, she has given them an unexpected fire that has sunk them all at once. If Rosalinda is unfortunate in her mole, Nigrinilla is as unhappy in a pimple which forces her against her inclinations to patch on the Whig side."

Whatever the subject of his banter, it is always treated in the same half-serious, half-jocund manner. In his account of the medical profession, with an air of reflective impartiality, as though he had considered the question statistically, he gives the physicians the advantage over all their brethren for facility in destroying their species, comparing them to the warriors of ancient Briton. "Some of them" (he says) "slay in chariots, and some on foot. If the infantry do less execution than the charioteers, it is because they cannot so soon be carried into all quarters of the town, and despatch so much business in so short a time." This is as fine as any of Molière's satires on the profession.

The "Exercise of the Fan," too, in No. 102, is one of the most entertaining of the *Spectator* trifles. Addison never loses an opportunity of girding and laughing, in his quiet way, at the party prejudices and party feuds of the day. At a grinning match in the country, for a gold ring, before a Whig justice of the peace, who presided at the solemnity, one competitor for the prize would have received the reward due to his hideous talents, "but the justice was apprised by one who stood near him that the fellow who grinned in his face was a Jacobite ; and being unwilling that a disaffected person should win the gold ring, and be looked upon as the best grinner in the country, he ordered the oaths to be tendered unto him, which the grinner refusing, he was set aside as an *unqualified* person."

Both the wit and the humour of Addison are at times so grave and subtle, and so unostentatious withal, that their full effect is not always simultaneous with the full acquaintance with them. That he was a far-looking man in the great questions of commerce and finance may be seen by his remarks upon the banking system ; and he was a liberal free-trader—as witness all the sentiments put into the mouth of Sir Andrew Freeport, whose defence of, and eulogy on, the English merchant should be written in letters of gold in our Exchanges throughout the country. It is a triumphant answer to a sneer from Sir Roger de Coverley, who represented the landed interest. Those who are unacquainted with this piece of defensive eloquence may find it in No. 174 of the *Spectator*. It will do as a set-off against Steele's "Brummagem" merchant—the execrable Inkle.

One more, and a concluding specimen of Addison's playful raillery it were a positive heresy to omit, for its oldest acquaintance would be the first to welcome its introduction. It is in No. 18 of the *Tatler*; wherein he is contemplating the distress that will come upon the armies upon the ratification of peace; and, above all, the destitution into which the *newspapers* will be thrown by the cutting off their staple commodity in trade. The gentlemanly irony in this little paper is of the first water. He says:—"The approach of the peace strikes a panic through our armies, though that of a battle never could do it; and they almost repent of their bravery, that made such haste to humble themselves and the French King. The Duke of Marlborough, though otherwise the greatest general of the age, has plainly shown himself unacquainted with the arts of husbanding a war."

This would look like a piece of irony, only Marlborough and Addison were of the same party in politics; but the Duke lay under the stigma of having protracted the war for his own advantage; and for the real character of Marlborough it is needless to refer to Macaulay's History.

Addison continues:—

For my part, I cannot see how his Grace can answer it to the world, for the great eagerness he hath shown to send a hundred thousand of the bravest fellows in Europe a-begging. But the private gentlemen of the infantry will be able to shift for themselves; a brave man can never starve in a country stocked with hen-roosts. "There is not a yard of linen" (says my honoured progenitor Sir John Falstaff) "in my whole company; but as for that" (says the worthy knight) "I am in no great pain: we shall find shirts on every hedge."

There is another sort of gentlemen whom I am much concerned for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of which I have the honour to be an unworthy member; I mean the news-writers of Great Britain, whether post-men, or post-boys, or by what other name or title soever dignified or distinguished. The case of these gentlemen is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers, considering that they have taken more towns, and fought more battles. They have been upon parties and skirmishes when our armies have lain still; and given the general assault to many a place when the besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They have made us masters of many strong towns many weeks before our generals could do it; and completed victories, when our greatest captains have been glad to come off with a drawn battle. When Prince Eugene has slain his thousands, Boyer [an editor of one of the papers] has slain his ten thousands. This gentleman can indeed be never enough commended for his courage and intrepidity during the whole war: he has laid about him with an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Marius of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his countrymen as must be the work of two or three ages to repair.

It must be confessed the redoubted Mr. Buckley [another editor] has shed as much blood as the former; but I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not look like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley as a kind of *Drawcansir*, who



sparing neither friend nor foe ; but generally kills as many of his own side as the enemies'. It is impossible for this ingenious sort of men to subsist after a peace : every one remembers the shifts they were driven to in the reign of Charles II., when they could not furnish out a single paper of news, without lighting up a comet in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There scarce appeared a letter without a paragraph on an earthquake. Prodigies were grown so familiar that they had lost their name, as a great poet of that age has it. I remember Mr. Dyer, who is justly looked upon by all the *fox-hunters* in the nation as the *greatest statesman* our country has produced, was particularly famous for dealing in *whales* ; in so much that in five months' time (for I had the curiosity to examine his letters on that occasion) he brought three into the mouth of the River Thames, besides two porpoises and a sturgeon.

The judicious and wary Mr. Ichabod Dawks [another editor] hath all along been the rival of this great writer, and got himself a reputation from plagues and famines ; by which, in those days, he destroyed as great multitudes as he has lately done by the sword. *In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo was sure to be unpeopled.*

The domestic life of Addison formed a melancholy contrast to his public one. Married to a disdainful and ill-tempered woman, who constantly reminded him of her aristocratic lineage, and of her condescension in wedding herself to him ; embittering his home with eternal altercations, petty resentments, and peevishnesses of all sorts ; driving him to that wretched alternative, intoxication, to procure an oblivion for his annoyance. Holland House, Kensington, was the place of his residence, and the tradition exists that he was accustomed to spend his evenings at the small public-house in the road at the corner of the avenue leading up to the mansion, lately rebuilt, and called the "Holland Arms," then a humble lath-and-plaster hostelry.

So little was Addison respected in his own family—nay, so actively was he disliked—that his daughter, and only child, could by no means be induced to study his works, still less to praise them. In the midst of all this terrible retribution for his selfish and not very sincere course of life, we are naturally led to contemplate him in his last hours with more than ordinary tenderness and sympathy. Horace Walpole (who, by the way, seems to have been a tantaddling old eaves-dropper) has recorded that he died drunk with brandy. Few persons, in thinking of Addison, reflect upon the early anticipation of his decline. He died at the age of *forty-seven*—the robust period of manhood, both mental and physical. There is an outline sketch of him, writing at the coffee-house ; and the figure is as haggard and emaciated as that of a Turkish opium-eater.

If Addison was a "prudent" character (meaning as regards money), Steele seems to have been the direct antipodes to him ; for his career was one constant series of shifts and contrivances, schemes,

projections, and speculations ; now glutted with success, now hiding from duns and bailiffs. Holcroft, in his own biography, relates that after one of the day's races at Newmarket (he was then one of the stable-boys to the stud) he went up at moonlight to the course, in the desperate hope that he might pick up some casual coin of the thousands that, during the day, he had seen passing from hand to hand. Steele, who had far more genius than Holcroft, shut himself from the world for a period, and seriously set to work to make gold. He was a man of rapid and abundant imagination, great excitability, and with little adhesiveness of purpose. The books he commenced, proceeded in, neglected, or finished, were numerous ; and the list of those he *projected* would form a respectable catalogue. His plans for public companies, and his schemes for making the world one mine of wealth, an "El Dorado made easy to the meanest capacity," is like a romance of Eastern invention. Nothing seems to have staggered him ; the end, the goal of his desire, once in view, no intermediate obstacles presented themselves to his imagination. He was thoroughly Irish in his ardour of mind, and, like that quick-witted and pleasure-loving race, would make any compromise with the future for the present gratification. This is not said sneeringly or disparagingly ; it is the constitution of their blood. The question is not one to discuss at this juncture ; it will therefore be considered as a mere passing remark. Steele either could not "let well alone," or he became disgusted when he began to do well. At different periods of his life he was in the receipt of very considerable sums, arising both from his literary speculations and from official appointments ; and yet a great part of his public career seems to have been passed in the turmoil and flurry of pecuniary expediences, and patchings, and night-fittings, and owl-like seclusions. As some men are never at peace but when they are in a strife, so it should appear that there is an order of mental activity which will create to itself difficulties and perplexities for the pure vain-glory of surmounting them. A manager of a theatre was heard to say that the knowledge of writs being issued to secure his person was always an excitement to him, and gave him an indescribable sense of pleasure. With all his imprudences, however, and his (certainly not reputable) extravagances, Steele seems to have been a most loveable character. We could all-but love him *for* his failings, but we do love him *in spite* of them ; and the reason is, because we do not find in any instance that they were fostered for a dishonest purpose, but that they were the consequence of an over liberal and even profuse disposition, which in early life had not been controlled and prudentially educated. His

father died when he was but four years old, and early in life he was left his own master. Steele's whole character seems to have been impulsive; he made noble resolutions, but he had not the strength and the persistence to carry them out. He wrote his "Christian Hero" "with a design (as he himself says) principally to fix upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity to unwarrantable pleasures." To render his engagement binding he put his name to the book, and he strove to live up to his principles; but the consequence was (to use his own words), "it had no other good effect than that, from being thought a pleasant companion," he was "reckoned a disagreeable fellow." One or two of his companions thought fit to misuse him; and everybody measured the least levity in his words and actions with the character of a "Christian Hero." "Upon these sort of abstract resolutions, without the stringent prickings of conscience to fulfil them," Dr. Johnson has truly said, "a man who proposes schemes of life in a state of abstraction and disengagement, exempt from the excitements of hope, the solicitations of affection, the importunities of appetite, or the depressions of fear, is in the same state with him that teaches upon land the art of navigation, to whom the sea is always smooth, and the wind always prosperous."

But in opposition to his imprudences and irregularities, a noble catalogue of virtues can be recorded to Steele's honour. Through all his writings he appears always to have entertained the purest and most transparent principles of religion and morals. In the decline of health and life, and when money was really necessary to him, he gave to Lillie, the bookseller, all the rejected letters and papers sent to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, with the injunction (as ill health prevented his looking them over himself) that he was to "take care that no person or family was offended at any of them, or anything in them published contrary to religion and good manners."

Steele possessed a high sense of propriety in language, too, as well as in conduct, and he appears to have had an absolute aversion to gross vices, as compromising the temporal if not the eternal welfare of man. He strenuously opposed—and, it is said, not without personal risk—the insane and wicked practice of duelling, that was so prevalent in his day. Upon this topic he wrote with bitterness, because he himself, in endeavouring to disarm an opponent who had forced him into a contest, wounded his adversary to death. Here are one or two paragraphs from one of his papers, showing the humour of the man in exposing the absurdity of the custom. He says:—

There is one unintelligible word which I fear will extremely perplex my

dissertation, and I confess to you I find very hard to explain, which is the term "satisfaction." An honest country gentleman had the misfortune to fall into company with two or three modern men of honour, where he happened to be very ill-treated, and one of the company being conscious of his offence sends a note to him in the morning, and tells him he was ready to give him "satisfaction." "This is fine doing," says the plain fellow; "last night he sent me away cursedly out of humour, and this morning he fancies it would be a 'satisfaction' to be run through the body." As the matter at present stands, it is not to do handsome actions denominates a man of honour; it is enough if he dare to defend ill ones. Thus you often see a common sharper in competition with a gentleman of the first rank; though all mankind is convinced that a fighting gamester is only a pick-pocket with the courage of a highwayman. One cannot with any patience reflect on the unaccountable jumble of persons and things in this town and nation, which occasions very frequently that a brave man falls by a hand below that of a common hangman; and yet his executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. . . . Most of the quarrels I have ever known have proceeded from some valiant coxcomb's persisting in the wrong to defend some prevailing folly and preserve himself from the ingenuousness of owning a mistake. If the contradiction in the very terms of one of our challenges—that of giving a man "satisfaction"—were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?—"Sir, your extraordinary behaviour last night, and the liberty you were pleased to take with me, makes me this morning give you this to tell you, because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde Park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, and endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal on every post in town; and so, sir, if you will not injure me more, I shall never forgive what you have done already; and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant."

Steele was also constantly and uniformly vehement in his denunciations of gambling, and of women gamesters in particular. His sentiments, also, upon the passion of love are pure, generous, ardent, and graceful, and few writers have given vent to more cordial thoughts upon the blessings of a real love-marriage. There is a plainness, a sort of brotherly confidence, in his manner upon this question—particularly towards the women—that never can be mistaken for the lip-deep mouthing of the mere essayist. In referring to the crime of seduction, he says, with finely condensed truth and wit, "To the eternal infamy in the male sex, falsehood among men is not reproachful; but credulity in women is infamous." And in the *Tatler* there is one paper upon marriages of "convenience" that is as extraordinary for its out-speaking—too much so (which is a pity) for the present occasion—as it is estimable for its honesty and truth. And every woman must acknowledge his devotion to the real interests of her sisterhood who has read the paper by "Mrs. Jenny Distaff, half-sister of Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff," in No. 33 of the *Tatler*. The

fact is that Steele himself was a most affectionate and even tender husband. His little scraps of notes despatched to his wife upon the most trifling occasions, and almost upon no occasion, demonstrate this; and it is "trifles" that show true love; as straws thrown up tell the point of the wind, which a bag of gold will not do. Steele's letters are a contradiction to the report that he was not happily married. It is said that his wife loved money, and was cold "as a woman and a wife." *He* never said so, or he would have been a hypocrite as well as a scoundrel. On the contrary, in his paper of the "Theatre" (No. 12), he deplores her death as "the best woman that ever man had;" and he adds that "she frequently lamented and pined at his *neglect of himself*." It is no uncommon occurrence for a wife to be called stingy who endeavours to counteract the imprudences of a spendthrift husband; and thrift and Steele were remotely allied.

But let us turn from the grave side of his character, and survey him in his mirth and his humour, his pleasantries and his raileries. From his general sympathy with his species, as well as from his general impressibility of nature, Steele was formed to know more of human nature—particularly feminine nature—than Addison, who was of a colder temperament, and displayed little more in his genius than the elegant wit and accomplished essayist. In a company of women, I should say, while they listened always with respect and even with admiration when Addison spoke; Steele would have them all round him like bees, buzzing and fluttering and tittering;—now breaking into a clatter of mirth, now resenting some impertinent speech he has made, with a "Well, if *ever!*" "Upon my *word*, Sir Richard, you are too bad;" followed, perchance, with a smart rap of the fan, or a short turn on the heel from him. And he, the rogue, all the while was following the clue of his observations through the intricacies of their unconscious hearts—laying down a chart of their courses of action, their causes, motives, and consequences. Who but such a chevalier of the order dared, or indeed could, have said the impudent home-truths he has said to the women? Why, "Cynthia, who has wit, good sense, and fortune, never can gain the heart of Sacharissa; for that she is in love with a fellow who stares in the glass all the time he is with her."

Who has rallied them upon their coquetries by "keeping men off you keep them on?" when he says:—"Observe Clarissa the next time you see her, and you will find when her eyes have made the soft tour round the company, she makes no stay on him they say she is to marry, but rests two seconds of a minute on Wildair, who neither

looks nor thinks on her, or any woman else." Another rally of the coquettes:—"Pretty Mrs. Toss; she sees what she has a mind to see at half a mile distance; but poring with her eyes half shut at every one she passes by." And lastly upon their vanity in dress—the most memorable of his subtleties in observing character—that of the young lady in company whose consciousness of manner was a riddle to all present, till it was revealed that she had on for the occasion a "*pair of new garters!*" In short, Steele had an extraordinarily quick sense of the ridiculous, and he exposed it, whether in conduct, dress, fashion, or discourse, with always an easy playfulness, never with acerbity (unless it were a vicious folly), and very commonly with a humorously grave irony; and as he has the credit of being our first *periodical* moral essayist, employing wit and humour for the improvement of his species—as the geniuses of the libertine age before him (that of Charles II.) had done to corrupt and debase their minds and conduct—so to his memory will ever be attached the honour of having, through his individual instance, example, and exertion, laid the foundation for a change in the public mind, morals, and opinions which has never ebbed to the present day, and which has contributed, beyond all calculation, to the just regulation and refinement of society.

As a dramatist, Steele had considerably the advantage of Addison, and for the constitutional cause just before given. Addison's comedy of "The Drummer" is probably one of the most solemn attempts at humour—whether in plot or dialogue—that ever was produced on any stage, Christian or Pagan. Addison had not the dramatic faculty; he was essentially the essayist—the graceful and sagacious reflector upon actions and customs. Steele threw the whole of his liveliness of character and manner into his comedies; and, possessing more intellectual movement and more invention than his co-partner, his dramas are as entertaining for their plots (not, indeed, without some extravagance in their design and development) as the dialogue is for its ease and perfectly natural sprightliness. His three principal comedies are "The Conscious Lovers," "The Tender Husband," and "The Funeral; or, Grief à la Mode." The course of his dialogues is now and then somewhat arrested by a sententiousness that savours rather of the essayist—not to say, perhaps, of the pedant—than of the man-of-the-world converser; and, moreover, he sometimes falls into the error of over-informing his humble members of the *dramatis personæ*. His menials, Tom and Phillis, in "The Conscious Lovers," talk remarkably well; and Trim, Lord Hardy's servant, in "The Funeral," is competent to be his lordship's

secretary, if he were in the Home Department. But Steele was a gentleman at heart of the old school—and, indeed, of any school; for true gentility is nothing more than unselfishness, and having a sympathy with the feelings of others: and so his real nature is constantly peeping through the conduct of his characters. Young Bevil, in “The Conscious Lovers,” has engaged a musician to play a sonata for the entertainment of his mistress. When the artist has finished, and is about to withdraw, Bevil waits on him to the door. Then turning to the lady Indiana, he says: “You smile, madam, to see me so complaisant to one whom I *pay* for his visit. Now, I think it not enough barely to *pay* those whose talents are superior to our own (I mean, such talents as would become our condition if we had them); methinks we ought to do something more than barely gratify them for what they do at our command only because their *fortune* is below us.”

It has been said that Steele somewhat over-informed his humbler characters. Here is the celebrated love-confession scene between Tom and Phillis. The reader will not fail to notice one or two expressions on his part somewhat elevated above his calling and presumed education.

*Tom.* Well, Phillis!—what! with a face as if you had never seen me before? What work have I to do now? She has seen some new visitant at their house, whose airs she has caught, and has resolved to practise them upon me. . . . Well, madam, as unhappy as you are at present pleased to make me, I would not, in the general, be any other than what I am; I wouldn't be a bit wiser, a bit richer, a bit taller, a bit shorter than I am at this instant. [*Looking steadfastly at her.*]

*Phil.* Did ever anybody doubt, Master Thomas, but that you were extremely satisfied with your sweet self?

*Tom.* I am indeed. The thing I have least reason to be satisfied with is my fortune, and I am glad of my poverty; perhaps if I were rich, I should overlook the finest woman in the world, that wants nothing but riches to be thought so.

*Phil.* [*Aside.*] How prettily that was said! But I'll have a great deal more before I say one word.

*Tom.* I should, perhaps, have been stupidly above her had I not been her equal, and, by not being her equal, never had opportunity of being her slave. I am my master's servant for hire; I am my mistress's from choice—would she but approve my passion.

*Phil.* I think it is the first time I ever heard you speak of it with any sense of anguish—if you really do suffer any.

*Tom.* Ah, Phillis! can you doubt, after what you have seen?

*Phil.* I know not what I have seen, nor what I have heard; but since I am at leisure, you may tell me when you fell in love with me, how you fell in love with me, and what you suffered, or are ready to suffer, for me.

*Tom.* [*Aside.*] Oh! the unmerciful jade! when I am in haste about my master's letter! Ah! too well I remember when and how, and on what occasion I was

first surprised. It was on the 1st of April, one thousand seven hundred and fifteen, I came into Mr. Sealand's service. I was then a hobble-de-hoy, and you a pretty little tight girl, a favourite handmaid of the housekeeper. At that time we neither of us knew what was in us. I remember I was ordered to get out of the window, one pair of stairs, to rub the sashes clean. The person employed on the inner side was your charming self, whom I had never seen before.

*Phil.* I think I remember the silly accident. What made ye, you oaf, ready to fall down into the street?

*Tom.* You know not, I warrant you—you couldn't guess what surprised me—you took *no* delight when you immediately grew wanton in your conquest, and put your lips close, and breathed upon the glass; and when my lips approached, a dirty cloth you rubbed against my face, and hid your beauteous form; when I again drew near, you spit and rubbed, and smiled at my undoing.

*Phil.* What silly thoughts you men have!

[A tormenting hussy to her heart's root!]

*Tom.* We were Pyramus and Thisbe—but ten times harder was my fate. Pyramus could peep only through a wall; but I saw her, my Thisbe, in all her beauty, but as much kept from her as if a hundred walls were between, for there was more—there was her *will* against me. Would she but relent! Oh! Phillis, Phillis! Shorten my torment, and declare you pity me.

*Phil.* I believe it's *very* sufferable; the pain is not so exquisite but that you may bear it a *little* longer.

The coquetry of that trifling little scene could scarcely be surpassed in its homely truth to nature.

The only farcical scene that Steele ever wrote is in the apparently paradoxical play, "The Funeral;" but the whole piece, plot and all, is an extravagance, which turns upon the principal character, Lord Brumpton, coming from a swoon (when he was supposed dead), and being made to prove for himself the unnatural conduct of his widow, who, upon his supposed death, immediately proceeds to beggar her son-in-law, young Lord Hardy. The scene referred to (quoted purely for its farcical language and character, maintaining the harmony of the whole plot and action) is that of the undertaker with his men. It will make a legitimate *finale*:—

[Scene—SABLE and his Men.]

*Sable.* Where, in the name of goodness, have you all been? Have you brought the sawdust and tar for embalming? Have you the hangings, and the sixpenny nails, and my lord's coat-of-arms?

*Serv.* Yes, sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the herald's for a coat-of-arms for Alderman Gathergoose, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow.

*Sable.* Ah! the deuce take some of our cits. The first thing after their death is to take care of their birth—pooh! let him bear a pair of stockings; he is the first of his family that ever wore one. Well, come, you that are to be mourners in this house, put on your sad looks, and walk by me, that I may sort you. Ha! you; a little more upon the dismal. That fellow, now, has a good *mortal* look; place



him next the corpse : that wainscot face must be o' top of the stairs : that fellow, almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery), at the entrance of the hall. So. But I'll fix you all myself. Let's have no laughing now, on any provocation. Look yonder, that hale, well-looking puppy ! You ungrateful scoundrel ! didn't I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages ? Didn't I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a week, to be sorrowful ? And the more I give you, I think the gladder you are.

[*Enter GRAVE-DIGGER.*]

*Grave.* I have carried home to your house the shroud the gentleman was buried in last night. I couldn't get his ring off very easily, so I brought you the finger and all. And, sir, the sexton gives his service to you ; and desires to know whether you'd have any bodies removed or not : if not, he'll let 'em lie in their graves a week longer.

*Sable.* Give him my service. [*Enter GOODY TRASH.*] I wonder, Goody Trash, you couldn't be more punctual, when I told you I wanted you and your two daughters, to be three virgins to-night, to stand in white about my Lady Catherine Grisell's body. But there's nothing minded. Well, I've put off that till to-morrow. There, go and get your bags of brick-dust and your whiting ; go and sell to the cook-maids : know who is surfeited about town : bring me no bad news—none of your recoveries again. [*Exit GOODY TRASH.*] And you, Mr. Blockhead ! I warrant you have not called at Mr. Pestle's, the apothecary. Will that fellow never pay me ? I stand bound for all the poison in that starving murderer's shop ! He serves me just as Dr. Quibus did, who promised to write a treatise against water-gruel—a curst healthy slop, that has done me more injury than all the faculty. There ! look now ; you're all upon the sneer. Let me have none but downright stupid countenances. I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take people out of the play-house : but, hang 'em, they are as ignorant of their parts as you are of yours : they never act but when they speak ; when the chief indication of the mind is in the gesture, or, indeed, in case of sorrow, in no gesture, except you were to act a widow, or so—but yours, ye dolts, is all dumb show—dumb show. I mean expressive, elegant show : as, who can see such a horrid ugly phiz as that fellow's, and not be shocked, and killed of all joy while he beholds it ? But we musn't loiter. Ye stupid rogues, whom I have picked out of the rubbish of mankind, and fed for your eminent worthlessness, attend, and know that I speak you this moment stiff and immutable to all sense of noise, mirth, or laughter.

Although I have asserted that Steele had a more inventive genius than Addison, yet there can be little, if any, doubt that he chastened and materially improved his style and language from having continually before him the graceful model of his more classical companion. They were schoolfellows at the Charterhouse, and were for years inseparable. Happy had it been for them had their union retained its integrity. The circumstances and cause of their quarrel and separation for ever is, fortunately, no subject for present discussion, as we have had to treat of the more joyous side of their characters and talents.

# THE LIFE GUARDS.

II.—FROM 1716 TO WATERLOO.

BY AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

**F**ROM 1716 to 1718 nothing remarkable occurred in the history of the Life Guards. They were repeatedly reviewed by the Prince of Wales, and continued to discharge their usual duties. They assisted at the proclamation of war on the 17th of November, 1719; they were reviewed in Hyde Park on the 27th of February, and ordered to hold themselves in readiness for active service. The only active service, however, they were engaged in this year was in suppressing a serious riot which had been raised by the Spitalfields weavers, who found their trade affected by the introduction of foreign silk, and the manufacture of printed calicoes. They seem to have reasoned and acted on the same principles as Demetrius the Silversmith of Ephesus in the first century, and the members of the English Trades Unions in the nineteenth. They came to the conclusion that the best way to promote their own trade was to destroy all the foreign silks and printed calicoes they could lay their hands on. Issuing forth in strong bodies, they took possession of the streets, arrested every woman they found wearing the accursed article, and tore it up before her eyes. A sturdy butcher wishing to save his wife's calico dress, cut down her assailant with his cleaver, and killed him on the spot. A detachment of Life Guards were sent to clear the streets, which they did with the loss of only one life; a weaver, having attempted to unhorse a guardsman, was cut down. A strong body of weavers then set out for Lucem, in Surrey, with the intention of destroying the calico-printers' presses, but, being pursued by a party of Life Guards, they quietly dispersed.

In February, 1720, the rate of purchase money for commissions in the Life Guards was fixed thus:—

| <i>Life Guards.</i>        |        | <i>Horse Grenadier Guards.</i> |    |
|----------------------------|--------|--------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. and Lieut.-Colonel. | £4,000 | Lieut. and Lieut.-Colonel.     | £3 |
| Cornet                     | 3,400  | Major                          | 2  |
| Guidon                     | 3,200  | Lieut. and Captain             | 1  |
| Exempt                     | 1,600  | Guidon and Captain             | 1  |
| Brigadier                  | 1,000  | Sub-Lieutenant                 |    |
| Sub-Brigadier              | 500    | Adjutant                       |    |
| Adjutant                   | 500    |                                |    |

At this period the privates were not solicited to enter the service as at present; on the contrary, they purchased their appointments and held them on indenture. It appears from the Troop Registers that the usual price paid by a private for his appointment was £105 13s. 6d., a larger sum than any recruit is likely to possess at the present day. In 1722, in consequence of a threatened rising among the adherents of the Pretender, the Life Guards again encamped in Hyde Park. On the 10th of August a detachment formed part of the funeral *cortège* of the Duke of Marlborough, who was buried with much pomp and solemnity. They continued to discharge their usual duty till the King's death, in 1727; they were frequently reviewed, and a small party of them always attended the King when he went out hunting. They escorted him to Greenwich on the 2nd of June, when he undertook his last journey to Germany.

The 1st troop of Life Guards and the 1st troop of Mounted Grenadier Guards were present when George II. was proclaimed king, on the 15th of June; the whole corps was reviewed on the 27th of July, and the usual party assisted at the coronation on the 11th of October. A detachment escorted the King and Queen to Cheapside on the Lord Mayor's Day, to see the procession pass; in the evening His Majesty was present at the banquet at the Guildhall. During 1728 they furnished the royal escort when the King visited Hampton Court, Richmond, Windsor, and Newmarket; during his absence in 1729 the usual number continued to wait upon the Queen. There were the usual reviews during 1730-1; in 1732 it became customary for four privates to attend upon the princes when they went out hunting. The King took an active interest in everything that concerned his army; the minutest details of the orderly room had a peculiar attraction for him, so much so that he gained for himself the sobriquet of "the little captain." He voluntarily undertook duties which are usually left to the recruiting sergeant and the surgeon: no recruit was admitted into the Life Guards without having undergone his inspection and received his approval. In 1734 a party of the Life Guards assisted at the marriage of the Princess Royal with the Prince of Orange; the next year twenty of the best looking privates of the Life Guards were selected from the different troops to do duty in the palace in stockings and shoes. The King, who was somewhat penurious, probably adopted this arrangement from motives of economy. The year 1735 was remarkable for the audacity of the highwaymen who infested the country and even the streets of the metropolis. Those were the days of Dick Turpin, Rob Roy MacGregor, and other marauders still known to fame. The carriage

of the Countess of Stafford, though protected by four footmen, was arrested in the park as she was returning from the palace. She escaped with the loss of her jewels, and returned in terror to the palace, where she received an escort of Life Guards to conduct her home.

In 1742 the King sent 16,000 troops to Flanders, under the command of the Earl of Stair, to aid the Empress Maria-Theresa, whose possessions had been attacked by the Prussians and the united armies of France and Bavaria, after the death of her father, Charles VI. The 3rd and 4th troops of Life Guards and the 2nd troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, after having been reviewed on the 23rd of June, embarked for Flanders in August, landed at Ostend, and proceeded to Ghent. At the battle of Dettingen, fought on the 16th of June, 1743, the Life Guards and the Horse Grenadier Guards were formed into a brigade under the command of the Earl of Crawford, the colonel of the 4th troop. They were posted near the centre of the line, and were exposed to the fire of the enemy for nearly five hours. The Earl of Crawford, as the Gold Stick in Waiting, had special charge of the King's person—no easy task, as he was possessed of great courage, and dismounted to encourage the soldiers by his example. At one time he was exposed to the fire of a French battery, but Crawford manœuvred his men with such skill that the enemy's forces were drawn between him and this danger. The King appreciated the service thus rendered. On seeing Crawford approaching next day, he exclaimed, "Here comes my champion."

After being exposed to the enemy's fire for nearly five hours, the Life Guards were charged in front and flank. Crawford always appeared where the fight was the thickest, and encouraged his men by his voice and example: "Never fear, my boys; this is fine diversion." The enemy were beaten back, and the Life Guards remained on the field during the night, exposed to torrents of rain. In the general charge they were opposed by a division of French infantry, who, unable to sustain the impetuosity of their attack, broke and fled. In giving the order to charge, Crawford said: "Come, my brave lads, follow me; I warrant we shall soon defeat them. Trust to your swords—handle them well: never mind your pistols." The trumpeter of the 4th troop showed the same gallant spirit as his commander, and earned his special thanks by advancing to the front playing "Britons, strike home." The air was appropriate; the Life Guards struck home with a will, and the French infantry fled before them. While his own men were engaged in the pursuit, Crawford rode to the top of an eminence, and encouraged those who were

lagging behind to continue it. On this occasion the following officers of the Brigade of Life Guards were wounded :—Colonel the Earl of Albemarle, Lieut.-Col. Lamolonier, Major Jackson, Captain Willis, Lieutenant and Adjutant Elliott, better known afterwards as General Elliott, the defender of Gibraltar ; five privates were killed, and a great many wounded.

The Life Guards behaved with great gallantry at the battle of Fontenoy, fought on the 30th of April, 1745, and also during the retreat. They charged the enemy, with Crawford at their head, but, overpowered by superior numbers, they were driven back. As they were re-forming their ranks, a Dutch regiment of Dragoons rode into them in their headlong flight, and caused much confusion. Crawford rallied and encouraged them by his example. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "mind the word of command, and you shall gain immortal honour." The Life Guards, with two squadrons of the Royal Horse Guards (Blues), presented a bold front to the enemy, and covered the retreat of the fugitives till they reached Vezout, where General Ligonier had succeeded in arresting their flight. When the danger was over, and the Life Guards were defiling through the pass at Vezout, Crawford took off his hat and thus addressed them : "Gentlemen, you have gained as much honour in covering so great a retreat as if you had gained a battle." Their good conduct was admitted by others besides their commander. When General Ligonier was congratulated on the skill with which he had conducted the retreat, he frankly confessed that all the credit was due to Crawford, by whom it had been planned and executed. The squadrons of Life Guards and Horse Grenadier Guards had seven officers wounded : Lieutenant-Colonel Lamolonier, Major Brereton, Captains Melgrave, Elliott, and Burton, Cornet Burdett, and Adjutant Shacker ; ten men were killed, and thirty-six wounded. Seventeen horses were killed, twenty-four wounded, and five missing.

The Life Guards' career of arms on the Continent was arrested by the landing of Prince Charles Edward, the eldest son of the Pretender, in Scotland, and the civil war which ensued. We need not enter upon that war ; its origin, progress, and final issue are known to all. The Life Guards remained in London for the protection of the Court and the King's person. When the danger was over, the corps was reduced from four troops to two ; the strength of the two was increased by the addition of some privates from the disbanded troops. The officers of the two junior troops thus disbanded received annuities in addition to their regular half pay, and were placed as officers *en seconde* to the other troops. The

gentlemen-privates who had been long in the service were pensioned; the rest received temporary allowances till they could be otherwise provided for; many of them received commissions in regiments of the line. At the same time three regiments of Horse were converted into Dragoon regiments, and were known as Dragoon Guards. The annual sum of £70,000 was thus saved from the national expenditure, and the King received the thanks of the House of Commons.

A detachment of the Life Guards was present when Lord Lovat was executed on Tower Hill, on the 9th of January, 1747. His death was in keeping with his life—a strange admixture of buffoonery and cynicism. On seeing the people crowding around the coach which conveyed him to the scaffold, he told them they need be in no hurry, as there would be no sport till he came. One of the scaffoldings gave way, and five hundred persons were thrown to the ground or buried among the ruins. Colonel Carpenter, the officer commanding the Life Guards, caused his men to dismount and to aid in extricating the people. Twenty persons were killed and a great many wounded. Lovat is said to have expressed his feelings on the occasion in the old Scotch proverb, “The mair mischief the better sport.”

In 1750 the old building at Whitehall, where the Life Guards had hitherto mounted guard, was pulled down, and the present Horse Guards built instead. It was considered at the period a masterpiece of architectural skill. The King passed through the arcade on the 4th of November, and was met by the Life Guards, who were drawn up in the courtyard to receive him. Till the year 1756 there were no non-commissioned officers in the corps of Life Guards; the duties discharged by those officers were confided to privates of approved character, known as *right hand men*. On the 25th of September the King raised the four senior right hand men to the rank of quartermasters; the four junior right hand men were made corporals of horse. The non-commissioned officers of the Horse Grenadier Guards were the same as in infantry regiments; they were looked upon as foot soldiers on horseback. In 1758 the standard of the 2nd troop of Life Guards was ordered to be made of blue embroidered satin instead of crimson; the standard of the 1st troop continued to be crimson as before. After the King's death, on the 25th of October, the officers of the Life and Horse Grenadier Guards went into mourning, and a detachment attended his funeral on the 11th of November.

His successor, George III., took a special interest in the Life Guards, and delighted in being present when they were reviewed.

Hitherto they had always furnished the escort when the King rode out or removed from one Royal residence to another, but in 1760 George III. dispensed with their attendance, and this duty was now discharged by detachments of Light Dragoons. On September 8, 1761, a party of Life Guards proceeded to Romford to meet the Princess Sophia Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and accompanied her to London, where she arrived at three o'clock p.m., and was married to George III. on the evening of her arrival. A hundred men of the Life Guards mounted guard daily at the palace. Hitherto the stables at Kensington had been occupied by the Horse Grenadier Guards, but in 1763 they were transferred to the Light Dragoons, who had to furnish the Royal escort. In 1764 the Life Guards received orders to allow their horse's tails to grow as nature would seem to direct; the practice of docking them had been introduced from Holland at the Revolution. The Dutch would appear to have adopted the same quaint taste in dressing their horses' tails as in dressing their gardens.

On the 10th of February, 1766, a new warrant was issued, fixing the regulation price of commissions in the Life Guards :—

|                                                      |        |
|------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| First Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Colonel .....        | £5,500 |
| Second Lieutenant and Lieutenant-Colonel .....       | 5,100  |
| Cornet and Major .....                               | 4,300  |
| Guidon and Major .....                               | 4,300  |
| Exempt and Captain .....                             | 2,700  |
| Brigadier and Lieutenant-Adjutant and Adjutant ..... | 1,500  |
| Sub-Brigadier and Cornet .....                       | 1,200  |

The regulation price of commissions in the Horse Grenadier Guards was fixed as follows :—

|                              |        |
|------------------------------|--------|
| Lieutenant-Colonel .....     | £5,400 |
| Major .....                  | 4,200  |
| Lieutenant and Captain ..... | 3,100  |
| Guidon and Captain .....     | 3,000  |
| Sub-Lieutenant .....         | 1,700  |
| Adjutant .....               | 1,400  |

During 1768 there were frequent riots—first among the Spitalfields weavers, who were suffering from the depression in the silk trade, and then among the admirers of the notorious Wilkes, who happened at the moment to be the favourite of the London mob. When their favourite was apprehended they showed their sympathy by sacking the houses of his supposed enemies, and were proceeding to burn the King's Bench Prison, when the Life Guards and Horse Grenadier Guards were called out. An undisciplined, unarmed mob can have little chance against regular forces; the rioters refused to disperse, and opposed force to force when the Life Guards attempted to clear

the streets. It is always a hateful task for soldiers to use their swords against their own countrymen ; but in this case they had no choice, and many of the rioters were killed. When order was restored, the Life Guards received the King's thanks for the firmness and forbearance with which they had acted. In 1769-70 they were frequently called out on account of the riots in the metropolis. No change took place in the constitution of the corps till 1775, when a Sub-Lieutenant was added to each troop, and four trumpeters were substituted for the drummers and hautboys in the Horse Grenadier Guards. The duty fell heavy on the Life Guards during the Gordon Riots of 1780, an account of which would be foreign to the object of this article. Owing to the remissness of the authorities, London was for successive days in the hands of the mob, and experienced something of the horrors of civil war. Seventy-two houses, four public gaols, and several chapels were destroyed ; and, during the efforts made by the military to disperse them, two hundred and ten of the rioters were killed on the spot, and a hundred died of their wounds in hospital. Many also perished in the cellars of the burning houses, being too drunk to make any effort to escape.

By the warrant of the 8th of June, 1788, a complete change was effected in the organisation of the corps. The 1st troop of Horse Guards, commanded by the Marquis of Lothian, became the 1st regiment of Life Guards ; the 2nd troop, commanded by Lord Amherst, became the 2nd regiment of Life Guards. The rank of the officers was materially the same, but each regiment was divided into four troops of fifty men. The Colonel on duty continued to be Gold Stick in Waiting, and the Major on duty to be Silver Stick in Waiting, as before. Hitherto a private in the Life Guards was presumed to be a gentleman by birth and education. He bought his appointment for a considerable sum of money, and held it on indenture. At one time he furnished his own horse, and part of his accoutrements. In rank and pay he was not inferior to the ensign of an infantry regiment. It was a highly prized privilege to be admitted into the Life Guards, and the aspirant had to submit to the inspection and meet with the approval of Royalty before he could be so. All this was now changed. The corps of the Life Guards was recruited in the same way as any other regiment, by enlistment and attestation. The recruit might be superior to other recruits, but he was no longer necessarily a gentleman, and he ceased to receive that designation. The gentlemen who had hitherto served in the ranks left the service, and were provided for elsewhere, their place being supplied by the recruiting sergeant. The pay was considerably reduced : a corporal



received only 2s., and a private 1s. 6d., but they no longer provided forage for their horses, as they had hitherto done. The ranks were so reduced by this change that the Royal Horse Guards (Blues) had to do duty for the Life Guards till the recruits were properly disciplined.

In 1790 the lieutenant-colonel was promoted to the rank of colonel-major, and the first major to that of lieutenant-colonel; but no officer could hold either of these appointments unless he had been second captain seven years before. From this date also the cornets held the rank of sub-lieutenants. In 1793 a fifth troop was added to each regiment; at this time the strength of each regiment was twenty-one commissioned officers, eleven warrant officers, and two hundred and sixty non-commissioned officers and privates. During the three subsequent years, the Life Guards continued to discharge their usual duties, and aided in celebrating the victories gained by our army abroad. In 1797 the pay of the non-commissioned officers and privates was increased: a corporal received 2s. 6½d. and a private 1s. 11½d. a day. In December the firelocks they had hitherto carried were exchanged for long carbines with bayonets. In 1798 the Life Guards of all ranks gave a contribution from their pay to prove their sympathy with the King, and to aid him in carrying on the war. This was the first but not the last occasion on which the Household Troops have made contributions for similar purposes. In the same year the period of service before a lieutenant could become a captain was reduced from seven to four years. In September, 1799, a sixth troop was added to each regiment, and the supernumerary majors were placed on the establishment. In 1803 eight corporals and fifty-four privates were added to each regiment, and in 1804 a regimental troop major and thirty-seven troop horses. In 1805 another veterinary surgeon was added, so that each regiment now had one.

Hitherto the commission of the lieutenant and adjutant had been saleable, like that of any other officer, but in 1806 this office was abolished, and a new adjutancy introduced which was not saleable. The adjutants since that time have almost invariably been non-commissioned officers, who owe the appointment to their own merits alone, and have obtained it without purchase. In 1810 the Life Guards were called out more than once in consequence of the riotous proceedings of the London mob after the arrest of Sir Francis Burdett. In 1812 the Prince Regent, whose tastes lay in that direction, undertook the task of reforming the equipment of the two regiments of Life Guards. Brass helmets, with black crests of horsehair, were substituted for the cocked hats with feathers; the long coats were replaced by coatees, with gold lace on the collar, cuffs, and end of

skirts ; jack boots and leather pants for the King's guard and State occasions ; on ordinary occasions blue grey pants with a scarlet seam down the side, and short boots ; leather gauntlets when in full uniform, short leather gloves when in half uniform. The long muskets with bayonets and the large horse pistols were discarded for short carbines and pistols of a smaller size.

Duties of a more stirring character were now about to devolve on the Life Guards. Wellington was using every effort to make head against the French in Spain, and in 1812 two squadrons from each regiment of Life Guards, and two squadrons from the Royal Horse Guards, were sent to reinforce his army. The united squadrons formed the Heavy Cavalry Brigade. They embarked at Portsmouth in October, and landed at Lisbon towards the end of November, having suffered severely during the passage, and lost a good many horses. At the same time two troops were added to each regiment to supply the place of those engaged in foreign service. In consequence of the want of forage, the Life Guards were detained for a considerable time at Lisbon. On the 16th of January, 1813, they took part in the reception given to the Marquis of Wellington, and were reviewed by him on the 18th of the same month.

It may be doubted whether a body of heavy cavalry like the Life Guards is adapted for the kind of mountain warfare in which our troops were then engaged, but it is creditable to them that they contrived to keep their horses in good condition during the campaign, and shared in the fighting wherever the nature of the ground admitted their doing so. They charged at the Battle of Vittoria, and carried their horses safely over a ravine which lay between them and the enemy. For two days after that battle they were exposed to heavy rains without shelter, forage, or food. At the passage of Puerta de Maya, where we lost fifteen hundred men, and the gallant 92nd were nearly cut in pieces, the Life Guards were unable to take any part in the contest, owing to the nature of the ground.

On the 18th of March, 1814, they marched into France by the Pyrenees. The good condition of their horses may be inferred from the fact that the 2nd Regiment advanced from Tolosa for eighteen hours without drawing bridle. They were joined by two squadrons from home, and continued their march till they reached Pau, the capital of the ancient kingdom of Béarn. After the abdication of Napoleon, they continued their course toward the north till they reached Boulogne, where they embarked on the 21st of July, after nearly three years of foreign service.

More pleasant duties devolved on the Life Guards at home.

They took part in all the pageantries got up in honour of the Allied Sovereigns when they visited England. On the 18th of April, 1814, they formed part of the escort which accompanied Louis XVIII. during his progress through London. Early in June, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia arrived; the Life Guards furnished the escort on this occasion. The barbaric tastes of a civilised community were gratified by the sight of a troop of Cossack Lancers, who were quartered in King Street, Portman Square, in the infantry barracks, which have been done away with since the erection of the new barracks at Chelsea. On the 20th of June the Life Guards were reviewed in Hyde Park. On this occasion a subdivision of the 2nd Regiment appeared in cuirasses, which, after being disused for a century, were reintroduced on the accession of George IV. On the 1st of August the six squadrons which had just returned from foreign service were reviewed at Blackheath; soon after the strength of each regiment was reduced to two hundred men.

At this time some alterations were made in the uniform of the Life Guards: the black horse-hair crests were discarded, and replaced by blue and red woollen crests, with a scarlet and white plume on the left side of the helmet; sabretaches were added to sword-belts; scarlet horse-furniture, with housings, holster caps, and flounces, was replaced by sheep-skin shabraques—black for the officers, white for the men; and blue horse-furniture trimmed with gold lace; the sashes scarlet and yellow instead of blue and yellow. These changes in military costume are not unworthy of the notice of the historian: to certain minds they possess more interest than all the varieties of clerical costume exhibited in the Church at the present day.

In 1815 the Life Guards were allowed to inscribe "Peninsula" on their standards, in memory of their past services. After the landing of Napoleon from Elba both regiments were increased to five hundred and eighty-nine men, and on the 27th of April two squadrons from each regiment received orders to embark for Flanders. They landed at Ostend on the 13th of May, and formed part of the 1st Cavalry Brigade under the command of Major-General Lord Edward Somerset. The 1st Life Guards were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ferrier; the 2nd under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. E. P. Lygon. In addition to the Life Guards, the 1st Cavalry Brigade consisted of the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards and the 1st Regiment of Dragoon Guards. On the 15th of June, on the advance of the French army, the Life Guards were ordered to Quatre Bras, but did not arrive in time to take part in the battle. They were posted in a corn-field near the Brussels road, and received orders to

cover the retreat when our army began to fall back on the 17th. On reaching the vicinity of the village of Genappe, which was occupied by a large body of French cavalry, the Life Guards were drawn up on the summit of a range of heights, from which they could see all that was passing. Amid loud shouts from the enemy, a dense column of Lancers emerged from the street: part of them, mad with drink, dashed against a squadron of the 7th Hussars, and were made prisoners almost to a man. The main column halted on seeing the British cavalry, and became jammed in the narrow street, where they were charged by the covering squadron of the 7th. The leading troop of Lancers was firm as a rock, and the Hussars were driven back with considerable loss.

Strengthened by the fire of a battery of Horse Artillery on the left bank of the Genappe, the French Lancers now pushed forward, but were driven back by the 7th Hussars, who, in turn, were compelled to retreat. The French column now began to deploy, and Lord Uxbridge, who had been watching his opportunity, ordered the Hussars to move aside, and launched the 1st Life Guards, supported by the 23rd, at the Lancers. It was the first time for many years that the Life Guards had had a chance of proving their courage: their conduct was worthy of their former reputation. It was one of the most brilliant charges in that brief but brilliant campaign, and it proved irresistible. In vain the Lancers attempted to keep their ground. Within a few minutes they were ridden down, broken, scattered, and fleeing in every direction. In vain they sought an asylum in the town. The Life Guards were on them, slashing, hewing, and driving all before them, till they were arrested by the stream.

Then came the last struggle of all, the Battle of Waterloo. The 1st Cavalry Brigade took its place near the centre of the British army; the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Royal Horse Guards, and the 1st Dragoon Guards were formed in line with the Horse Guards as a support. The 1st Life Guards were on the right, the 2nd Life Guards on the left, and the Dragoon Guards in the centre. The whole occupied the broad summit of a range of heights, having in its front the Havre road, which cuts the road from Charleroi and Genappe at right angles. Passing over the rest, we come to that point in the battle when Milhand's Cuirassiers, carried away by their ardour, pushed past Donzelat's division. There was something terrible in the advance of those steel-clad horsemen; no wonder that the skirmishers fell back before them. Their first encounter was with a Hanoverian battalion; raw and untrained, the latter were cut to pieces before they could form square. The fugitives rushed wildly

towards the main position, hotly pursued by the right wing of the Cuirassiers ; on this two batteries of Horse Artillery opened fire on them, but they had only discharged a round or two, when Lord Edward Somerset gave the order and the Household Brigade came thundering upon them. The shock was fearful, the struggle was desperate ; the combatants were the *élite* of the two armies, and they knew it. Owing to an obliquity in the plateau, the 1st Life Guards were brought first into contact with the enemy ; the left of the Cuirassiers kept their ground manfully, and for several minutes fought hand to hand. The French right were less successful in their resistance ; they had not yet crossed the hollow road when the Household Brigade prepared to charge. They had just cleared the road and were struggling up the opposite bank, when the 2nd Life Guards came sweeping down upon them. The shock of their onset was like the break of a mighty wave on the sea shore ; it swept everything before it. Wheeling to the right, the Cuirassiers rushed down the hill across the Charleroi road ; some of them fell into the sand-pit and perished to a man ; the rest forced their way through the hedge, and tried to rally behind their own skirmishers. Before they could do so, the Life Guards, broken by the hot pursuit, were upon them. There was no order and no discipline ; every man fought for his own hand. It was a Homeric contest, with such displays of individual heroism as modern warfare rarely admits of. It was then that Shaw, whose fame as a pugilist and swordsman still survives in the regiment, cut down seven Cuirassiers with his own hand, and regained his former position, where, covered with wounds and exhausted by the loss of blood, he threw himself down to die. He was found next morning by his comrades beside one of the straggling horses in the rear ; his giant form was stark and stiff.

On this as on many other occasions the ardour of the British cavalry carried them too far ; they did not know when to stop. They rushed down the hill as if they had been following the hounds, each eager to be first in at the death. The Blues, who were intended to act as a support, were seized with the same wild frenzy and rushed forward regardless of the consequences. The Cuirassiers were driven before them, turning at times and fighting doggedly till they were again forced to retreat. It had been their proud boast hitherto that they had never been attacked. On this occasion they were not only attacked, but driven back by men inferior to them in point of arms. While the Cuirassiers, the very *élite* of the French cavalry, wore steel back and breast plates and helmets, and were armed with long swords, the Life Guards were not encased in steel,

and their swords were inferior to those of their adversaries ; but they knew how to use them, and the superior weight of their horses gave them the advantage in the shock of battle.

The ardour of the 2nd Life Guards and the 1st Dragoon Guards carried them furthest into the fray. Dashing across the Charleroi road in pursuit of the fugitives, they soon got mixed up with the Inniskillens and the Royals. In vain Lord Uxbridge, who saw the whole extent of the danger, sounded to halt and rally. The sound was lost amid the din of battle. The 2nd Life Guards, Inniskillens, and Royals rushed forward in one confused mass till they plunged into the valley, when a corps of infantry on the right poured a murderous fire into them, and several pieces of cannon began to play upon them. At the same moment a fresh body of Cuirassiers was seen advancing in perfect order from the opposite side ; and what Lord Uxbridge had foreseen now actually occurred. The victors were so intermingled that they could neither form nor present a bold front to the advancing Cuirassiers ; nothing remained for them but to fall back, which they did, with considerable loss, as the ground was heavy and their horses blown. But here a new danger threatened them. Several battalions of the enemy had stationed themselves on the slope, to cut off their retreat. Their destruction seemed inevitable, when, at this critical moment, Vandeleur's brigade pushed forward to the rescue. The 12th, gallantly led by Colonel Ponsonby, galloped down the declivity, and swept through the French column before they had time to form. They then charged the French Lancers, who were pressing on the 2nd Life Guards, and literally rolled them up. The 2nd Life Guards were saved ; and it would be foreign to our task to trace the subsequent career of the gallant troopers to whom they owed their safety.

Meanwhile the 1st Life Guards and the Blues, undeterred by any obstacle, continued the pursuit of the Cuirassiers whom they had driven down the slope and across the valley. Amid showers of grape they chased them up the declivity on the opposite side. On the summit they found themselves on a level with the French guns, and, turning to the left, they swept through the whole line, sabring the horses and men as they passed. After performing these feats of bravery, they found themselves exposed to a heavy fire, and began to fall back, which they did in good order, closely followed by the Cuirassiers, who pressed on them hard, till they found themselves behind our line of infantry. It was on this occasion that a cannon ball struck Lord Edward Somerset's horse, and rolled him over. "Scramble through the hedge," shouted an officer, as he rushed past.

"You have not a moment to lose." Lord Edward acted promptly on this advice, and was saved.

The Battle of Waterloo was the last engagement in which the Life Guards have taken part, and many anecdotes are related of the prowess they exhibited on that occasion. Immediately after the first charge, while they were pursuing the French, three of the Cuirassiers turned down a narrow lane, with a view to escape, and were pursued by Private John Johnson, of the 2nd Regiment, who, carried away by the heat of the pursuit, failed to perceive that he was alone. The narrow lane proved to be a *cul de sac*; the Cuirassiers, finding no means of exit, turned at bay, when Private Johnson attacked them with such fury that they surrendered at discretion. Corporal Shaw, of the same regiment, was well known as one of the tallest men and best swordsmen in the British army. An almost incredible number of Cuirassiers are said to have fallen beneath his hand before he met with his death in the first charge. Private Godley, of the 2nd Regiment, also highly distinguished himself; in the same charge his horse was killed, himself wounded, and his helmet knocked off. Bare-headed and wounded, he attacked a Cuirassier, slew him, and mounted his horse. He died in the regiment some years afterwards, when his comrades erected a stone to his memory, which may still be seen in the burial ground at St. John's Wood. With these proofs of their prowess, this historical sketch of the Life Guards may be brought to a close; their successors have had no opportunity of exhibiting the same distinguished bravery, but, if the occasion should ever arise, it will be found the race has not degenerated.

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## A CRY FROM THE RANKS.

**D** CRAVE from you, Mr. Sylvanus Urban, who have seen some of the most critical as well as some of the most triumphant scenes in our national performances on the world's stage, space for a few remarks on the present position and future prospects of the "citizen army" of England.

I will not detain you over the text of my discourse. It is an extract out of the Speech from the Throne, and is as follows:—"No time will be lost in laying before you a Bill for the better regulation of the army and auxiliary land forces of the Crown, and I hardly need commend it to your anxious and impartial consideration." My intention is to offer for your consideration and, through you, for that of the British public, a brief criticism on the merits, defects, and composition of a branch of these auxiliary land forces, and some suggestions for their better organisation.

I single you out, Sir, for these remarks because, from your great age yet ever flourishing youth, I expect the ideas of a Waterloo, a Redan, and a Delhi Briton, and not those of your modern chamber philosophers who, having lost their own martial tails, desire their friends to be reduced to the same condition. I hope, therefore, that the views of a patriotic young Englishman—and a private in a crack metropolitan corps—proud of his country's past and hopeful of her future, will be received in a kindred and kindly spirit.

I have read the account of "The Battle of Dorking" (who has not?), and almost wept, and certainly swore, over that graphic description of the awful hours of our country's ruin and the conduct of the victorious troops after the battle. I have not seen or heard the ideas of a Volunteer on the subject of our treatment by the author of that article, and I think something ought to be said on our behalf. I, moreover, do not think that, forming as we do a feature of the home forces, we have received sufficient attention from our unwarlike but generally clear-headed legislators in the House of Commons. Do we not appear, both to the nation and to the Government, to be an unwieldy creature, not to be managed, but yet hardly to be destroyed? With regard to the Dorking narrative, though the writer writes as a Volunteer, I detect signs of a startling ignorance of certain military matters which cannot but be known



to the latest recruit in our much criticised and much praised or blamed service ; but no doubt many of his charges are, in a measure, true. These I seek to render groundless for the future.

The readers of "The Battle of Dorking," and its answer, "The History of the Second Armada," cannot fail to draw a conclusion from the treatment of our fleet by the two prophetic writers. In the one case we are sunk and destroyed by the enemy, and in the other we perform the same kind office for him. Now of course each of these writers has a numerous band of fellow thinkers ; we therefore are forced to admit that there is a strong doubt in some minds whether our fleet is a safe sole defence, and in the same and other minds whether all fleets now are not very risky, the slightest error in judgment in the commander leading to their complete annihilation. Reasoning from this admission, and the conviction that it is wicked not to remove doubts when the safety of a nation is concerned, we must, I assert, resolve to *thoroughly* provide for the unhappy event of the loss of our fleet. Passing by the necessity thus imposed on us of having secure because highly fortified naval arsenals and repairing docks, and also strong defences for our mercantile docks, we come to the food for powder which the enemy, having beaten off our fleet, should find on our shores.

Both the writers referred to treat this part of the subject feebly. The invaders of Worthing have a very easy time of it, and the defenders of Suffolk have a more easy task. At Worthing, we are told, the enemy could have been beaten back easily, though he was supported by a fleet we must suppose, and there were, as we can learn, no heavy guns on land to silence his bombardment. On the Suffolk coast we are told that during the bombardment our army was, like a host of rabbits, safe in its trenches, and only came out to shell in its turn the enemy's boats then close in shore. Here, indeed, we were prepared, even to the cavalry, ready to charge over shingle banks or sea sands. No doubt the success or failure of an invasion may, to a certain extent, be said to be a fluke. The defence of and attack on a country are governed by many chances. But I cannot admit, Sir, that off Worthing we should have been so grossly unprepared, or that off Suffolk the enemy would have been so easily scattered. However, it is my self-assumed duty to speak of the present only.

The land forces of the country now, in round numbers, amount to some 500,000 men. They consist of 135,000 Regulars, 139,000 Militia, 14,000 Yeomanry, 9,000 Reserve, 30,000 Pensioners, and 190,000 Volunteers. This army even now, before Her Majesty's

promise is performed, is an awkward nut for continental teeth. But if this army had intrenched rallying camps in the separate military districts, and were made one for harmonious working, and had an elastic system for recruiting and training all arms, we may rest assured that the quality of the nut would *never* be tried.

But to return to our Volunteers. I will first point out the chief defects observed by the critic of Dorking. He certainly treats us as (ranking with the Militia) the mainstay of the country—that is to say, for numbers. He is right. Besides, many of our faults and wants are also shared by the Militia, though in a less degree. These defects appear to be mainly bad officers, and therefore bad discipline; bad equipments, and therefore increased suffering and loss in the field; and, lastly, unsteadiness in drill, and a liability to panic, though I doubt whether we should be seized with a stampede if a cloud of skirmishers managed to break our line—a line well supported by reserve columns, as he of Dorking relates. I rather reckon that we should have closed with them or shot them down. Could, indeed, skirmishers break a regiment in line of any but rank cowards? nay, would they ever attempt to do so? But it should be stated that at the time of the panic he did not exactly know where the officers had gone. Were they all killed? No, because it is absurd to think so; and, besides, they were picked up afterwards. Were they the first to run away? Apparently they were; they were not to the front at the trying moment. Did they know how to re-form their men? Apparently not. Now does not this show that the battle is rather improbable?

All these accusations of the writer of “The Battle of Dorking” are, however, true in a measure. And now for my remedies. I shall divide the rest of my remarks under convenient heads—viz., Officers, Localisation, Organisation, Drill, Equipment; these will include the subjects of discipline, camps, &c.

1. *The Officers.*—My scheme has at least one merit—that of, to a certain extent, solving the question of getting officers out of the army early without purchase. I propose that we shall have a much larger leaven of army men in our officer staff. There are, it is true and natural, much needed among our officers the alertness, sharpness, and habit of command only to be gathered from a life in the army. The way in which many officers give the words of command is disgraceful; it is hesitating, too late, feeble, and often wrong. A short, sharp, but gentlemanly issue of the words of command is what we require; we—of whom some are gentlemen, others tradesmen or high class workmen, but all high-spirited and too well educated to become at once

military machines—require tact and *admitted* authority to manage us. Some proportion, therefore, of the officers—say, one to every full company of a hundred and twenty men (in addition to an adjutant, as at present)—should be retired Regulars. If the half pay were increased for officers serving with Volunteers in this way, I have no doubt that we could get as many officers as we wanted ; and supposing the Militia to be officered in the same way, and that a rule was made for retiring these officers on the normal half pay at a certain age, when they were getting too old for service, there would be a constant flow from the army to the auxiliary forces, and from these to the half pay list. Having amongst us so many officers who have made war their profession and study, we must raise the standard of knowledge of the Volunteer officers. I therefore submit that they should all have to pass, in addition to the present examination, one in the higher branches of military knowledge. Therefore, I would add to their red book the thorough understanding of, say, Colonel Hamley's "Operations of War." What I want them to have is some idea of the principles of fortifications (the conduct of the French in the village of Le Bourget shows the importance of this knowledge to irregulars) and also of the theory of our present drill movements. Drill movements should be considered as a set of problems, some adapted to one set of facts, others to another. I thus would place before these officers as a test a small district map, showing the natural features, &c., and point out the actual and desired position of the troops, and ask what movements will bring the latter about. The sergeants I would also require to know more than at present, and give them more authority and responsibility ; they should always see that their sections are steady in whatever movement is going on.

2. *Localisation.*—I should at once abolish all the corps divisions now existing—that is to say, break up all the corps, some large, some small, each with a different uniform, band, &c., now dotted over the kingdom. The present military districts should be mapped out into sub-districts ; each sub-district into one or more battalion depôts, according to the population. To these battalions I should at once transfer all the Volunteers, according as the head-quarters of their former corps agreed with the situation of the battalion depôt.

3. *Organisation.*—The battalion depôt should as much as possible agree with those of the Regulars and Militia of the district. Wherever there were Regulars' barracks, the head-quarters of the Volunteer battalions should be attached to them. The Volunteers would in this way be always mixing with the Regulars, and both would get accustomed to working together ; and they would have the use of the

Regulars' drill-ground—and what an advantage this would be in London only those know who have been drilled in our parks, where the movements are always hindered by the crowds of people who assemble there. Again, the Volunteers of a district should consist of engineers, artillery, and riflemen in certain proportions, and always the same. I almost think it would be advisable if each battalion had a company of engineers attached; on certain occasions these engineer companies should, of course, meet together for their own peculiar drills. On every possible occasion the Volunteers should meet the Regulars for brigade drills or field days.

4. *Drill.*—I would at once raise the number of compulsory drills from nine annually to twenty annually. With these extra drills and the superior knowledge of the officers, we should have a much smarter body of men. I should expect a better and stricter state of discipline to follow the introduction of the Regular officers; and if the non-commissioned officers properly aided their superiors, we should not see those waving lines in line and company marching, and the loose skirmishing, &c., now to be observed.

In connection with the last two heads, I must slightly touch on the question of the internal fortification which our country requires for security. It is clear that we cannot have forts all round the coast, nor even at all river mouths and harbours; the expense would break the country's back. Nor are they needed. All our greatest naval, military, and mercantile ports, docks, and arsenals, must, as I have already stated, be thoroughly fortified; but the camps I shall presently mention, with these, will put the country in a perfect state of security. I think the same argument of expense and needlessness applies to the project recently put forth for surrounding London with a series of forts. The Thames fortified, and the nearest district camps which I now propose to describe, will protect London sufficiently. England is at present divided into seven districts—namely, the Home, the South-Eastern, the South, the Western, the Eastern, the Northern, and Woolwich. Scotland forms another district, that of North Britain. Supposing an invader has eluded our navy, overpowered our coast defences, and finds himself on English land near the coast, he can now walk the length and breadth of the land without meeting with any resistance other than that of men and temporary field works. Hence the Battle of Dorking is not an impossibility. We have no chance of rallying and recruiting a beaten army. But imagine a large intrenched camp in each district, supplied with heavy guns of position, and commanding the most important strategic positions in the island. The problem to be solved by the

enemy then becomes infinitely more dangerous. If well placed, well manned, and if in four of them there were extensive magazines and cannon and ammunition arsenals to supply the drain of war, no Power nor combination of Powers could without fearful loss ever do us much harm. Certainly such ruin as fell upon France would be an impossibility. Like the water-tight compartments of an iron ship, if one of these positions were taken it would not lay the country prostrate.

Moreover, these camps would be invaluable as the training grounds of the Volunteers. I would propose that a certain amount of the barrack accommodation in them should be set apart for the use of Volunteers for nine months in the year. The Volunteers should be encouraged as much as possible to spend a week every year in these barracks, to go through the usual routine of a soldier's duties; such week might be chosen at the most convenient time by the Volunteer himself. While in camp he should be found by Government in everything. This service in the camp might be made compulsory for all the Volunteers once in the first year or two after the alterations in the service were carried out, and always once for recruits on joining.

I have lastly to speak of equipments. The uniform should be the same for the whole service; that is to say, all battalions of Volunteer riflemen should have the same rifle uniform, all batteries of artillery the same artillery uniform, and all engineer corps the same engineer uniform. Battalions might have distinguishing badges on their belts and shakoes. The uniform of the riflemen should be of a grey colour, faced with red. Grey is the best colour for wear. A loose sort of coat, very free across the chest, but having the stuff taken into plaits at the waist, so as to fit under the belt comfortably and neatly. The coats should be properly cut, as in the Regulars, and not, as at present with us, in many cases fitting badly; in my corps, for instance, perhaps two-thirds of the men have their coats neatly made, but the others have skirts as long as petticoats. There should be no belts or straps across the chest. In my corps we have two, and they are exceedingly fatiguing. The ammunition should be carried in a pouch at the back, slung on the waist belt, and in a sort of leather bag pouch (in front while firing is going on). It is awkward to get cartridges quickly out of a small, stiff, tin-lined pouch. The trousers should be loose, and gathered into short untanned boots, knickerbocker fashion. We should have greatcoats of a similar cut to those of the Regulars, but loose across the chest. Finally, we should have knapsacks and haversacks. Greatcoats,

knapsacks, haversacks, and belts should—except as to the badges—be of exactly the same pattern for all.

Having thus provided for uniformity in costume, I reach the last subject which I propose to discuss, that of attendance at drill. The number of obligatory drills having been raised, increased facilities must be afforded for the Volunteers to attend them. I would suggest, therefore, that a Volunteer should be allowed to drill with the local battalion wherever he may be staying, and also to shoot over the local range. Having the same uniform, no irregular appearance would be caused in the drill by such new comer. This is a more important question than it looks, as it might sometimes be necessary to enrol Volunteers in the district battalions of the place where they carry on their business or profession, rather than in that or those of the place where they actually reside, and in all other cases it should be left to the men to choose where they should be entered. These questions would occur more frequently in large towns. I lay stress on this point because I hope and believe that one uniform will be adopted in the service soon. The breaking up of the small corps and formation of district corps must eventually take place. It is, therefore, most important that the convenience of the Volunteers, as described above, should be fully considered. The range question is more pressing still; for instance, I live some six miles from my corps range, and can only reach it by a cross set of omnibus and rail journeys through the town, while on the other hand there is a range used by other corps a mile and a half from my own door. There can be no difficulty about the ranges if the Government will only pay all expenses connected with them.

Were the Volunteers organised on a somewhat similar plan to the one I advocate—that is, were the force placed in closer relation to the Regulars; were a stricter discipline maintained by its officers; were a higher standard of drill and knowledge of military affairs required of officers and men; and were a more public and national character conferred on the Volunteers by the adoption of a uniform system, both in equipments and battalion distribution: in short, were it proved by the Government that it had a just sense of the importance of the Volunteer movement, I feel no doubt that my own corps (represented on the new system by a district battalion of the metropolis) would speedily gain the second battalion, which it has lost since the depreciation of the Volunteers commenced. So it would be with all other corps. There are thousands, aye, hundreds of thousands of young men who would gladly join were a certain feeling of ridicule, combined with condescending patronage,

which the public undoubtedly now entertains towards the Volunteers, removed.

How would the nation like a compact and efficient army of 500,000 Volunteers to back the Regulars and Militia? The Volunteers, rightly treated, are the backbone of the country. They are an institution congenial to the national spirit; and it needs but a correct appreciation of them and their qualities, and action accordingly, on the part of the Government, to create a permanent force amply sufficient for defensive purposes at a very small cost. This number could soon be raised by a judicious threat of the Militia ballot, and be maintained by the same means. The engagement of a Volunteer should be for five years certain. Thus by degrees there would be formed a strong reserve of well-trained men. It should be the aim of the Government to recruit the Volunteers from all ranks and classes. At present the corps are rapidly being filled up by workmen only; class corps are not desirable, and in certain states of politics even dangerous. The Parisian National Guard is a case in point.

F. R. SYMS.



# WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

A SERIES OF MOSAICS FROM THE CITY.

BY D. MORIER EVANS.

## VIII.—PINNER'S HALL TWO CENTURIES AGO.



H! those days—those memorable days—“the days that are no more.” Never on earth shall we three meet again. We had frequently assembled together to celebrate the *jour de l'an*, and, although a French institution, we always did it in a right royally English fashion. Poor Richard Howell, with a large heart, and a fund of mirth and humour that was unsurpassed, was the founder of the festival, assisted by his grand associate, Jules Bordier, who never failed to anticipate the arrangements at least a week beforehand.

Howell, Silvery-haired Howell—“Good-natured Dick,” as he was sometimes called, at others the “City Spectre”—was at that period at the head of the corresponding department of a large Parisian firm in Alderman's Walk; and Jules Bordier, who, in circumference and weight, was a kind of model Lablache, occupied in the same establishment the important post of ledger keeper. These two individuals were inseparable cronies, and, notwithstanding one was English and the other French, they were during the whole of their lives, even when separated in business, the fastest friends.

Through incidental connection with “Good-natured Dick” in early life, I was invested one day by them with the order “of the Fleece”—that is, I was allowed to purchase half a pound of prime rump steak at John Bannister's, the then celebrated City butcher, and, after leaving it next door in the charge of the cook at the gridiron, to take scot and lot with them in the miscellaneous provision they had made—probably mutton chops and kidneys, in addition to great mounds of mealy potatoes, and the requisite supply of the beverages of that period, brown stout or Meiklejohn. About half or three-quarters of an hour sufficed for the meal, and when it terminated arrangements were made for spending a convivial evening, or fixing the time for dinner next day.

This friendship ripened between us, and, after a close acquaintance



of nearly twelve months, I was initiated into the mysteries of the great festival, the *jour de l'an*. Although the Fleece was a hostelry affording good accommodation, and was attended by a number of *bons vivans*, it possessed no private apartment which could be devoted to such an entertainment, and therefore the Excise Coffee-house, Old Broad Street, was selected for the purpose, and it was to assist in the celebration of this ancient custom that I made my first visit there.

The interior of the Excise Coffee-house was a study worthy of Teniers or Ostade. The windows, lined with punchbowls and ladles of every size and pattern, from real Pekin or Nankin to Düsseldorf or Burslem, interspersed here and there with bottles of rare liqueurs, and these again environed by small nets filled with choicely selected lemons, afforded a sight worthy of attention. Looking through the quaint, old-fashioned windows, with the half-opened green Venetian blinds, the wayfarer could see huge clean and well-scrubbed trays filled with rump and beef steaks, large and small, or point, as might be desired; mutton chops, long-boned and short, or chump, as the appetite varied; or if kidneys or sausages were considered preferable, there they were in the most delightful profusion. Attended by the daughters of the worthy host, neatly dressed and pretty, what could be more inviting? the host himself, a regular Bardolph in style, being, when in his best temper, amusing and witty.

The extent of the dining room stretched from a few yards before the grand gridiron, with its numerous accessories—steak tongs, gravy spoons, potato tongs, dish and plate racks—to nearly the end of the establishment, and beyond this was a snug little parlour, capable of accommodating about half a dozen, used as a smoking room by a few agreeable spirits resident round about. The walls of the establishment were clean, but somewhat dull and heavy in colour; the chairs and long tables in the dining room being of a brownish yellow, mellowing the blaze from the gridiron, which was always kept at full heat in the winter months, not only for culinary purposes, but also for warming the establishment.

In quaint old corners might be observed quaint old porters, who were allowed to come in for their bread and cheese and beer—and bread and cheese it really was: a huge crust and a good piece of double Gloucester to match—sitting on low settles, talking and munching alternately in a subdued manner, and at the same time warming their benumbed feet at the sides of the high iron fender. The whole appearance of the place was that of comfort and order, without pretension to magnificence in glass or frippery such as is witnessed in the present generation.

The apartment in which we held our banquet in honour of the *jour de l'an* was upstairs. There were no regular courses. The repast usually consisted of grilled steaks, with a good supply of catsup, stewed kidneys, and boiled tripe. A pint of dry sherry and a bottle of sparkling constituted the wine, and an omelette *soufflé* wound up the entertainment. The topics discussed were the events of the past and the prospects of the new year.

After our banquet, which was conducted with due decorum, we adjourned downstairs to enjoy cigars and punch in the quiet room already described. One of our friends who generally visited the place in the evening was a remarkable character. He might have been taken for a real burgomaster, so broad and round was his figure. Always dressed in black, with a capacious waistcoat, from which he every now and then drew a strange, angular-shaped potato snuff box, he looked the personification of importance, and, as he tapped it with his fat heavy fingers before he opened the lid, he would quietly survey the room, as if he were performing some stupendous operation. His white frilled shirt, neatly plaited, was commonly soiled with the stray dust that never reached his nose, which was of the hard short cut school. But what gave a singular effect to his general appearance was a pair of large round green spectacles, which ever and anon he adjusted, showing beneath a pair of small, bloodshot grey eyes, the result, as every one was given to understand, of night work and study. He was, nevertheless, a great conversationalist, and when he raised his tall black hat his breadth of forehead indicated his strength of mind and powers of perception.

Howell—Silvery-haired Howell—was in the best of spirits. His lustrous brown eyes sparkled; he was full of wit, and his jokes constantly set the room in a roar. Jules, though somewhat quiet, appreciated the proceedings; and I, as a junior among them then, was comparatively a passive spectator, joining, however, occasionally in the conversation sallies.

The man with the tall black hat and green spectacles volunteered a comic ditty, the chorus of which he gave with real gusto:—

Then the rats and the mice from their holes  
Came into the cupboard by shoals,  
So freely exercising their gums  
On cabbage, cheese-parings, and crumbs.

But what was worse will be seen,  
They dipp'd their nasty little tails in the cream,  
Which was very bad manners you'll say,  
Alas, and alack a day.

Still my moral I will make,  
 Listen, great and small :  
 You had better have some crumbs for the mice to take  
 Than to have no crumbs at all.

This strange effusion, which I never heard before, and have never heard since, rendered, as it was, in a most eccentric manner by the singer, created great merriment ; and Jules Bordier, who was naturally a good vocalist, gave with exquisite taste the charming little French ballad, "Ma Normandie." Howell, not to be outdone, "his eyes in fine frenzy rolling," essayed with great effect the tent scene in Richard the Third, and was, as the critics say, loudly applauded. When it came to my turn, young and timid as I was, I fairly broke down, notwithstanding several efforts, in attempting "My Love and Cottage near Rochelle." The evening was now fast drawing to a close, and, after a further cheerful chat, we separated, promising to meet our friend of the green spectacles the next night, to discuss a philosophical question which he had started as we were about to leave.

Howell, his long, gaunt figure throwing a deep shadow before him as he walked, made for one of the northern squares ; Bordier cut through London Wall for the City Road, his bright face smiling as he trilled his customary "Addio ;" and I, solitary and lonely, went to my residence in Bishopsgate Without. It was a sharp, clear, frosty night, cold, but agreeable, and as I sped along I took stock of Pinner's Hall and the adjacent buildings, my mind travelling over scenes of the past, and conjuring up all kinds of curious fancies.

When I retired to rest I could not sleep, but kept dozing and waking and dozing for several hours, in the midst of which a singular phantasmagoria passed before me, which will be related hereafter.

The next morning I saw Jules Bordier, and told him what had occurred. I gave him an outline of the vision, or dream, as he termed it, and he was so pleased with it that he refused to listen any further, but said I must reserve it for narration in the presence of our friends Howell and "Green Spectacles," who, he thought, could not fail to appreciate it.

The night came, and at the appointed hour Silvery-haired Howell, the man with the tall black hat, Jules, and myself, constituted the entire company in the room. I saw, when I entered, by the merry twinkle of Jules Bordier's eye, that they were prepared for some communication from me. The philosophical question raised was discussed, and though Locke, Jeremy Bentham, Spinoza, Hegel, and

Fichte were freely quoted, it could not be settled to the satisfaction either of Howell or his opponent.

Silvery-haired Howell then attacked me. He said he understood that I had witnessed some extraordinary vision or dream, and that, as we were by ourselves, there could be no harm if I possessed the courage to recount the particulars.

"Hear, hear," said our friend with the tall hat and the green spectacles.

"Do, there's a good fellow—do," continued the black-haired Jules.

I consented, after much persuasion, on the understanding that they, being so much my seniors, would allow for any faults they might discover in my style and delivery.

"Ah! perhaps, though you cannot achieve success in singing, you may turn out a good story-teller," said the friend with the tall hat.

I then narrated how I walked home, retired to rest, but could not sleep; and how, in the course of waking and dozing, I had a strange vision concerning Pinner's Hall.

"At the beginning it appeared to me that first the old Excise Office donned his best attire, and, with his gold-headed clouded cane, stepped out into the common road, and beckoned to his friend Winchester House, who, having steadily fastened his buckled shoes, was also ready for a stroll; and these two worthies, in deep confab, took their way through short cuts and narrow turnings, though occasionally much to their personal inconvenience, until they were *en route* for far-famed Kingsland.

"Then the Union Bank of Australia and the Bank of South Australia, like well-disciplined schoolboys, having completed their letters ready for the mail bags, bounded off in strong holland blouses and broad-heeled kangaroo boots, to enjoy themselves for the rest of the day, and were soon lost to view. New Zealand House, however, did not apparently care to disturb herself till the shade of Gibbon Wakefield, with his plans for the Canterbury settlement, followed by his friend and companion, George Frederick Young, bent his steps towards Leadenhall Street. Then, with sombre mien and faltering gait, she, in her course towards Islington, shortly passed from sight."

"Well, that's cool, I think," said Good-natured Dick; "turning bricks and mortar into flesh and blood—giving them real vitality. Well, we shall see."

"Humph, humph," growled the gentleman with the green spectacles. And he gave a cough, that seemed to come from the depths of his stomach, so unearthly was the sound.

Jules Bordier was silent, and quietly drank his punch.

"The National Bank of Ireland," I continued, "broth of a boy as he was, having assisted the 'Great Liberathor,' could afford to be well at his ease, and therefore he flung on his frieze coat, mounted his dudeen, and, freely, on his journey home, anathematised 'the Castle.' The Provincial Bank of Ireland, before leaving for his temporary trip in his jaunting car, looked into his books, found the statistics were right, and delivered himself of a homily upon agricultural prospects and the state of trade in general. Nothing could be more encouraging than the manner in which these representatives dealt with their several interests.

"Austin Friars retired gracefully, leaving his position to be occupied with other and more resplendent embellishments. The Dutch Reformed Church gradually became dwarfed in proportion, but through the oriel windows streamed bright lights, giving the whole a very picturesque aspect. These extraordinary dissolving views followed so rapidly upon each other that I was scarcely prepared for what was in the meanwhile taking place.

"Pinner's Hall, that I had for years looked upon as a most respectable and steady place of business, seemed quickly to be metamorphosed, and, instead of the ordinary buildings upon which I had been accustomed to gaze, there was a stately mansion, with outlying gardens and shrubberies; and most enjoyable walks through avenues of cultivated and well-trained trees. According to the arboreal and floral appearance of the place, it was spring time, silently but gradually passing into summer. The localities previously occupied by the Excise Office, the banks, the New Zealand House, and other establishments, spread and opened, and disclosed most luxuriously embedded pleasure grounds.

"The bloom on the profusely-scattered almond trees was fast fading; the golden drops of the laburnum were just falling to the ground; the bright pearly blossoms of the apple and cherry trees were rapidly opening, and the red and white chestnuts sent forth their rich perfume. All through the rows of limes could be noticed birds fitting to and fro; the voices of the thrush, the goldfinch and the chaffinch, the flycatcher and the wren were heard, the latter seeking the trailing ivy as it drooped, covered with the many-hued convulvi and the delicately scented jessamine. As far as eye could trace, the scene seemed to expand. Down through Austin Friars—where the church in its altered form made a picturesque background, and the dreary space at the end gave room for fountains, which raised their silvery, sheeny waters with such force as to create a refreshing coolness—out into Finsbury Circus, where the robust lads of Moorfields in

their holiday suits came to disport with the 'merrie maids of Finsburie,' it was one round of gaiety and freedom.

"But Pinner's Hall, as the centre, was specially reserved for the pleasure and the pastime of the cavaliers and dames, the *élite* of the mercantile community. The scene in its splendour was worthy of the Arabian Nights' Entertainment. Every nation seemed to be represented in the alcoves and bowers spread throughout the grounds; and the antique dresses, with the glittering jewels they displayed, well testified to the wealth and position of all who took part in this pleasant *fête*.

"At separate stations in the grounds were erected capacious buffets, arranged with white, blue, and pink gauze drapery and ornamented with flowers, supported at the back by high oval bright burnished mirrors. Rich confections and all kinds of delicacies were there: China bird's-nest soup, Padre tea, pure Mocha coffee, small reindeer tongues, caviare, crystallised fruits from Spain and Portugal, Tangarine oranges, Constantia, Madeira, Champagne, claret, and every *recherché* wine or dainty liqueur that could be obtained.

"The gay groups hovered round these refreshment stalls, the cavaliers toying with their ladies, the swords and gew-gaws which many of the former wore creating an agreeable accompaniment to their gestures whenever they enforced their attention. To enliven the scene there were parties made up to dance the *Minuet de la Cour*, the *Cotillon*, and the true old Sir Roger de Coverley; in which the ladies, with their charming faces and beauty spots, their bright brocaded dresses, and high-heeled, bow-faced shoes, gave great and graceful effect. Many of these were followed by black and mulatto footmen, dressed in blue livery tricked out with gold and silver lace, leading apes and monkeys, bedizened in puce and grey velvet jackets, but firmly secured by silver-gilt chains.

"Then suddenly, as if by magic, black clouds obscured the horizon. Every alcove and bower was sought by the gay and motley crowd which had previously spread over the velvet lawns and through the blooming parterres observable in every direction. Even the black and mulatto pages seemed to dread the portending storm, seeking refuge at a respectable distance from the cavaliers and dames who required their services.

"Presently a huge cry arose as from persons in great distress, which gradually increased till it was echoed and reverberated through all space. Shortly it gained vent, and took form and substance in these ominous words,—'The bull-baiters of Bethnal Green are at hand.' Immediately, and before the surging crowd could make their way up

Norton Folgate and Bishopsgate, the bells of old St. Matthew's, Bethnal Green, crashed out a warning with their iron tongues, and those of the stately Christchurch, Spitalfields, followed. The loud acclaim from the steeples of the surrounding parishes, announcing danger, induced, as it appeared to me, the citizens to close their shops, and, in their rough jerkins, well-bound aprons, and sturdy leggings, to seize their truncheons and assist the constables, active and stalwart as they were, in turning the rabble concourse, with the maddened and panting beasts in their front, to their own proper localities of Russia Lane, Bonner's Fields, the Dog Row, and Bunker's Pond, where they were allowed to exhaust their brutal saturnalia in the dull lanes and alleys, fields and gravel pits, with which the neighbourhood abounded."

"Not so bad that," said Silvery-haired Howell, as he allowed streams of smoke to escape from his nostrils, in pure Castilian fashion.

"Rather dreamy," chimed in our fat friend with the tall black hat, who sat complacently in the corner.

"Yet what shall we say," observed Jules, "to the velvet lawns and the blooming parterres?—one would think he had been studying landscape gardening all his life."

"After the storm passed and the pattering rain ceased the sun shone out with redoubled vigour. The leafy heads of the copper beeches waved their dark plumes lightly, and the willows, the syringas, and the aspens danced and laughed as the rippling stream went past. Even the broad-stemmed cypresses and fir trees, after the shower, though sombre and dark, looked, as they reared their forms before the church, stronger and greener than ever. The voice of the cuckoo was heard in the plains, and, as the day declined, the soft note of the nightingale showed that, as evening descended, the bird of night was preparing 'to bare his breast against the thorn.'

"In the distance could once more be seen the sprightly lads of Moorfields and the fair maids of Finsburie resuming their rustic games, the long bow and the cross bow, with other feats in archery, prevailing. Nearer at home, within the immediate precincts of the Pinner's Grounds, the roystering and junketing were sustained with unflagging spirit, and the long, embowered trellised alleys were sought by many loving couples, whose voices, tremulous and low, kept time to the strains constantly awakened by the harp, lute, and mandolin.

"The evening was rapidly closing in the midst of a glorious sunset, and everything seemed to promise a most charming termination to a day of unrestrained relaxation and pleasure, when, unhappily, two cavaliers rushed from one of the alcoves, and, before they could be

separated, crossed their swords and made several desperate passes. The one in dark buff was evidently stronger than his opponent in green, with gold facings to his doublet, and, forcing him with terrible energy downwards, pierced him severely through the side. As the vanquished cavalier lay extended upon the sward, the red streams saturated his shirt of Maltese lace, and his diamond-buttoned ruffles were covered with blood. From the violent grief of one of the dames, it was almost certain that she was the cause of the fray, and she was speedily removed from the scene of violence. The victor, who seemed to be a Spaniard, was not allowed to escape, and was escorted from the ground under surveillance, to be remitted to the hands of justice.

"Night now sank fast. Heavy, murky black shadows intervened, and daylight disappeared. I rolled in bed, and was altogether uneasy in my sleep. Turning once more, the whole scene rapidly passed away. There was Pinner's Hall standing as usual in all its red brick, dull painted substantiality; its offices as fully occupied as ever, and its residents in active employment. The Excise Office and Winchester House had returned from their stroll to Stamford Hill, where, at the 'Birdcage,' they had enjoyed their 'cakes and ale'; the South Australian Bank and the Union Bank of Australia had resumed their former positions; whilst the National Bank of Ireland and the Provincial Bank of Ireland, once more adopting business habits, looked thoroughly cheerful and healthy. New Zealand House was again in her place, Gibbon Wakefield still guiding her administration; and Austin Friars, with its Dutch Reformed Church, wore a less cheerful aspect than when it stood out in relief at the back of the Pinner's Grounds.

"That, gentlemen," I concluded, "is the whole of my remarkable vision or dream."

"Nonsense—fudge," said Howell. "Visions, romance—fiddle-dee-dee. You, a hard, practical business fellow, a romanticer! Pshaw! Now, let us have no skim milk; all cream. If you fancied you saw anything it was the wanderings of a distorted brain, worked upon by the warm whisky-punch and the full-flavoured cigars."

I protested against the doubtful insinuation, and appealed to Jules Bordier to know if he had not seen romantic visions such as I had recounted.

Jules assented.

The man with the tall black hat bound to the top with crape here interposed. Taking from his broad side-pocket a yellow silk handkerchief to wipe his large green spectacles, he looked steadily at



me. "Yes," he said, "I do believe him. I have had those visions myself. He may be, as you say, a hard, practical, business fellow, but" (measuring his forehead and pointing at me) "he has also some imagination, a combination probably of Jean Paul and Motte Fouqué. He could not have recounted that singular dream, tinted with so many historic truths, unless his mind were somewhat developed." So saying, he resumed his full-bowled long clay pipe, and, after emitting a few heavy clouds of smoke, gulped down with evident satisfaction about half a tumbler of steaming rum and water.

"Ah, ah," replied Good-natured Dick, "don't praise the fellow so, or he'll go half cracked, and take to writing poetry instead of earning a living. Ever since you told friend Jules that his voice reminded you of Braham in his best time, we are never without the 'Echo Song,' or 'The Anchor's Weighed,' or, last and not least, 'Ma Normandie' (opening his mouth wide and carrying his eyes to the ceiling). Even the old ledger in Alderman's Walk has become quite musical under the constant superintendence of Jules, and creaks melodiously as he turns over the heavy folios. As *pour moi*, I like the *dolce far niente* tempered with a modest amount of work. I could almost add on occasions like the present" (concluded Silvery-haired Howell with mock gravity) :—

"Honey'd shall be my lip  
With dew from Hybla's mount;  
From that luxurious fount  
My loving cup I'll sip."

"Oh!" rejoined Jules Bordier, whose ruddy cheeks and well-shaven dark face showed to great advantage; "what an attempt to scale the heights of Parnassus. Abandon Anacreon and Shakespeare—the desk requires you, sir, with unanswered Spanish, French, and German correspondence; and to-morrow is foreign post-night."

"My ghostly majesty will not disturb Alderman's Walk any more to-night, Jules, my boy," replied the "City Spectre." "A warm room, a nice fire, and a tumbler of well-mixed punch suit my constitution better than answering the letters of Hidalgo O'Shea of Madrid, the old fogies of the Rue Rivoli, or the great Schlimacker of Berlin. Besides, who likes to pass the 'Bone House' after eight o'clock p.m.? It gives rise to very uncomfortable feelings. No, Jules, not to-night. To-morrow I shall be up with the lark, take my constitutional round Hampstead, and be with you at ten a.m. punct"——

"Not very likely, Don Ricardo," responded Jules; "a better

guess would probably be a *petit verre* with a cup of coffee—and a struggle to leave your bedroom to reach the office in time.”

We then separated,—to meet, however, many times again.

Howell—Silvery-haired Howell—departed this life several years ago. After matriculating through a variety of degrees in City business, having held important positions in the house of Sir John Rae Reid, and others of equal note, he retired from active employment, and, through the assistance of wealthy relatives, was placed above pecuniary want, indulging his literary fancies with occasional contributions to the press and the magazines of the period.

Jules Bordier, freehearted soul that he was, as he advanced in years lost his voice, and gave up singing. His endeavours to render his favourite ballads, “Ma Normandie” and the “Echo Song,” were, however, not without effect, indicating force and pathos, if the notes were less round and mellow than in the days of yore.

Many a time and oft in after years, when seated round a cozy fire in the winter months, and regaling on superior fare to that enjoyed either at the Fleece or at the Excise Coffee-house, was the Dutch interior of the latter brought vividly to our remembrance, and the details of the vision recounted and sarcastically criticised.

Jules Bordier lived some time after his old associate, Howell, was gathered to his fathers. I visited the merry Frenchman at his residence—for he was ultimately in good circumstances—in his last illness. He reverted to the scenes of our youth, and, although he knew his days were numbered (his disease being atrophy), he could not forget “Ma Normandie,” and favoured me with two stanzas. Notwithstanding that the fine robust man was reduced almost to a skeleton, his voice seemed temporarily to return with all its force, his eyes brightened, and a smile played over his pale features; but the last effort was too much for him, and he finally swooned. After this he never rallied, but gradually sank through exhaustion.

His last words, as he elevated his eyes to heaven, were “*Curio*, oh, *Curio* (Silvery-haired Howell’s *nom de plume*), where art thou?”

Every one who is acquainted with the neighbourhood of Old Broad Street in its present altered shape and surroundings knows perfectly well that Pinner’s Hall exists only in name. What was once the seat of an ancient and privileged corporation is at present a craggy pile of red brick buildings, very solid and respectable, principally let out in suites of offices to City firms. The chief establishment on the site is that occupied by the old and well appreciated house of Messrs. Thomson, Bonar, and Co.

# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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TO a man whose recollection runs back, like that of SYLVANUS URBAN, to the days when the *Times* was nothing more than a sheet of advertisements, interspersed with a few scraps of police news, a coroner's inquest, and a leaderette stereotyping the commonplaces of the coffee-houses of Fleet Street in a style that the editor of the *Clerkenwell News* would now turn up his nose at, perhaps there is nothing more perplexing than the grave and stately tone in which the London newspapers now deal with the topics of the day. All the sparkle, all the wit and humour, all the vivacity and *élan* that once distinguished the metropolitan press are gone, or all but gone. The *Pall Mall* in its early days gave us a fresh taste of the flavour which all but the oldest of us had forgotten. But even the *Pall Mall* now is taking that serious view of politics and of life which comes over all of us when the blood begins to cool, and when we get the first glimmering of that enervating suspicion that life is not all beer and skittles. Its articles are now all written, like those of most of its contemporaries, in what may be called a State Paper style—in the style, that is, in which men talk when they get upon stilts, restrain all their native tendency to levity and epigram, and make up their minds to put even commonplace into an oracular form. It is like going through one's morning's devotions now to spell out the high political articles of the *Times* and its companions. Perhaps in my young days the light hands of the press carried their roystering spirit a little too far now and then; for many of them were, I fear, if the truth were told, hopeless Bohemians. But the reaction is going too far; and I often find myself sighing for the return of those racy days when I took up my *Times* in the morning to find an epigram or a song from the pen of Tom Moore or Macaulay, or one of the light and sparkling spirits who, with them, were laughing at politics over a glass of champagne or a cigar, without the remotest suspicion of the irreverence of the thing—an article from the pen of Brougham startling the town with a sentence at the outset like that of "The Queen has done it all"—or from the vehement pen of that scampish parson who did as much to carry the Reform Bill as Brougham; when I could trace the fine Roman hand of Disraeli, or Leigh Hunt, or Theodore Hook, or Douglas Jerrold, or Thackeray, in half the papers upon the club table; and when, in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, as in the *Times* and *Chronicle*, I could single out a few pages of bright and caustic writing from the pens of Jeffery, and Smith, and Scott, and Canning, and Frere, Delta, or Father Prout. Oh, for an hour with these men once

more ! The dream sounds a hopeless one, I know ; and yet the original band of Saturday Reviewers were within an ace of realising it ; and there is one paper even now, the most powerful rival of the *Saturday Review*, which is doing as much to reproduce the golden age which still lingers in the recollections of a few of us as a single brace of men with fresh intellects and keen wit can do to redeem the press of London from the stately mediocrity which at present pre-eminently distinguishes it.

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PERHAPS apropos of Col. Tomline's discovery of the ineligibility of men of the law to sit and vote in Parliament, and of the consequent crash of all the Acts of Parliament that have been passed since Sir Edward Coke sat as Knight of the Shire for Norfolk, I may recall the anecdote which is told in one of the Western Counties of a Clerk of the Peace who distinguished himself by holding his appointment for sixty years, and by swearing-in every Justice of the Peace who was added to the roll of magistracy during that period. Happening one day when close upon ninety to be laid up with the gout, a Deputy was called in ; and this Deputy, prying, like Col. Tomline, into mysteries which are better left alone, made the appalling discovery that all the gentlemen of the county in the Commission of the Peace, from the Lord Lieutenant to the rawest recruit who was spelling out the rules of the quorum in "Burns' Justice of the Peace," had been sworn, not upon the New Testament, but upon "Robinson Crusoe." The discovery, when whispered in the ear of the Chairman of the Court of Quarter Sessions, gave every magistrate upon the Bench a "turn ;" for a keen-witted Squire was, of course, upon the spot, to play the part of Mr. G. Bentinck in the House of Commons, by suggesting that this fact was enough to invalidate all the acts done by that court, and all the sentences of the magistrates in Petty Session which had still to run. But these were days before reporters had found their way into the Court of Quarter Sessions ; and the discovery was kept a secret till all the magistrates had contrived to get themselves re-sworn upon a New Testament.

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WHERE is the famous vellum-bound copy of Junius ? I ask the question apropos of the discussion which M. Chabot has raised afresh by his keen criticism upon the handwriting of Sir Philip Francis and the handwriting of Junius. This vellum-bound copy of the Letters must have been intended for preservation in an historic library ; and in that library it is no doubt to be found at this moment, with the autograph of the author upon its title-page. Where is it ? This single volume might put the question at rest for ever ; and there must be some quiet country gentleman in one of the old Manor Houses of the North or the West who could lay his hand on the book in an instant, and tell us the author without more ado. The Temples knew the author ; and against all the evidence which M. Chabot brings together to strengthen the arguments of Lord Macaulay, it is perplexing to find them asserting pointblank that Sir Philip Francis was

not the man. All Sir Philip's books were sold after his death ; and although every page of every volume was scanned by a hundred eyes, not a single trace was to be found in any one of them connecting their owner with Junius. Francis, upon his marriage, presented his wife with a splendidly bound copy of the Letters ; but it was one of the ordinary copies upon the ordinary paper, neither the vellum-bound copy nor either of the copies upon blue paper which Woodfall printed for his famous contributor. M. Chabot's evidence, as far as it goes, is very startling in its minuteness. It is strong enough, no doubt, to justify a jury in finding a man guilty of forgery. But, after all, M. Chabot does not take us a step nearer to the conclusion as a matter of positive fact than Macaulay ; and before M. Chabot had looked at a page of Francis's MS. it had been perfectly well known that the hand of Francis and the hand of Junius agreed very closely in their main characteristics. Yet it was in spite of this resemblance that the Temples denied Francis to be the author of these lightning flashes of spleen and satire ; and when, apropos of this evidence, Lord Brougham adroitly put the question to Francis—"Is it a thing quite ridiculous to suppose that you might be the author?" Francis's answer was simply "Why, sir, if the world is determined to make me out such a ruffian, I can't help them." This, like all Sir Philip's answers upon this point, is evasive ; but it is the evasion of a man who feels flattered—in a sense—by the suspicion, and wishes to keep up the illusion without either asserting or denying his authorship explicitly. Junius, in a literary sense, is a far greater man than Francis ; and Francis must have felt this as keenly as his critics. But the world always prefers a guess to a blank ; and, possessing but one clue to the mystery, it has always gone on attributing the Letters to Francis, and, like Rogers, jumping to the conclusion that Francis must be Junius, and Junius Francis, because if he is not, who is ? The plain fact is—and we may as well acknowledge it to ourselves—we are no nearer our quarry to-day than we were in my youth ; and most of the reasoning then, as now, runs in the circle marked out by Rogers's conversation with Sir Philip. "There is one question, Sir Philip, which I should much like to ask if you will allow me." "You had better not," answered Francis, in his terrific tone. "You may have reason to be sorry for it." Rogers kept his question to himself after this, and walked away muttering, "If Francis is Junius, it *must* be Junius Brutus." And that is what all the world has been muttering to itself for forty years, and will apparently go on muttering for forty more, unless we can find the vellum copy of the Letters, with the author's autograph on the title-page.

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SITTING by the fire on a midsummer morning, I feel strongly disposed to call to account the weather philosopher who, a year or two back, proved to his own satisfaction that our average climate had become two degrees warmer within the past fifty years. I suppose I should be told that exceptions do not prove the rule, and that this year is anomalous. Not so anomalous as to be unprecedented, however ; for I fancy that we have

had wintry springs more than once within the past threescore years. To cite a few instances : in London, on June 16, 1810, the thermometer sank to  $37^{\circ}$  during a prevalence of northerly winds. Four years later it went a degree lower, on June 9 ; and in 1816, at a date a week later, it also sank to  $36^{\circ}$ . I do not think we have been quite so badly off this year, though our gardeners may have told us there has been frost during one or two of the past June nights. But these good men are authorities hardly to be trusted upon a nice point, and I put my faith in more accurate observers. It must be borne in mind that thermometer readings, under some circumstances, are liable to very false interpretations. Lay one such instrument on the grass on a fine night, and suspend another a few feet—five or six—above it ; the first may read  $10^{\circ}$  or  $15^{\circ}$  below the second. Which is to be taken as correct ? Meteorologists know that the higher one shows the real temperature of the air ; the lower one gives a conditional reading, which will depend upon the state of the sky and the nature of the soil. I mention this to show that the indication of a thermometer is not always to be taken as the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere.

MR. MURRAY has just issued one of the most expensive and at the same time one of the most interesting books of the season.\* The illustrations have occupied a large portion of the author's time during the last six years. The subjects have been engraved in the best possible manner ; and in order that justice might be done to the plates, the paper has been made expressly by an eminent house. As an example of the printer's art, the work is a book that deserves to be bound in gold. I have read the leading chapters at a sitting. They have carried me through marvellous mountain paths, over glaciers of snow and ice ; they have perched me on strange platforms, thousands of feet above the level of the sea ; they have shown me all the wonders and dangers, all the delights and sorrows, of mountain climbing, and left me at last with an aching heart rehearsing that terrible revenge which the Matterhorn took upon the brave men who first set foot upon the mountain's virgin snow. Mr. Whymper has told the story of the various campaigns against the Alps with the modest gracefulness of a brave and earnest man. He was the first mountaineer on the summit of the Matterhorn—the first of that courageous party who paid so dearly for their triumph in 1865. Mr. Whymper, with two guides, father and son, it will be remembered, were the only survivors. The coolest and most undaunted guide perhaps in the history of mountaineering, Michel Croz, fell with Mr. Hudson, Mr. Hadow, and Lord F. Douglas, a distance of some 4,000 feet. The bodies of Messrs. Hudson and Hadow and that of Croz were recovered ; but Sir F. Douglas has never been seen since that moment of supreme anguish when his companion, Mr. Whymper, saw him disappear between the summit of the Matterhorn and the Matterhornletscher. The body of Sir Francis Douglas lies, it is

\* "Scrambles Among the Alps in the Years 1860-69." By Edward Whymper. (London : John Murray, Albemarle Street.)

supposed, upon some jutting piece of rock, a more impressive warning in the imagination than the graves at the Zermatt Church of the perils of mountain climbing. Mr. Whymper's book is a remarkable narrative from beginning to end. It culminates in a detailed account of the Matterhorn accident, which is carefully illustrated in certain new and essential points. For example, Mr. Whymper gives his readers diagrams of the ropes, which clearly exonerate old Peter Tugwalder from the atrocious charge which some persons made against him; namely, that he cut the rope between himself and Sir Francis Douglas. There still, however, remains the mystery of the weaker rope being used to connect Tugwalder and Sir Francis. This is a sufficiently grave matter for the guide, without the false accusation of cutting the rope. I commend this book to my readers who are mountaineers, and I more particularly commend it to those who are not. The general reader will find it more entertaining than ninety-nine novels out of every hundred that crowd the catalogues of Mudie's and Smith's.

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RESTORING lost noses is a worthy department of practical nosology. You and I have heard before to-day of skilful surgeons supplying this most important of facial features, where illness or accident has made it conspicuously absent. But these curious feats pass in time out of mind, and out of belief; so that when a fresh and well-authenticated case occurs it is worth noting. Know, therefore, that a few weeks back the surgeon of one of our London hospitals, Dr. Mason, undertook and successfully accomplished the formation of a new nasal organ upon the face of a man who had been bereft of this ornament six years ago. The operation consisted in carefully dissecting and turning up two shapely pieces from each of the patient's cheeks, and a third piece from the region between the eyes, and then bringing down a piece of skin including an artery from the forehead, to cover the whole. The joints were seamed up with silver wire, and the result was a capital substitute for the lost member. As the operation was a matter of luxury rather than necessity, there is nothing distressing in the thought of it. It would pain me more to hear of a false nose being furnished by a "beautifier" out of putty or wax.

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OUR Legislature is going to show a light at the mast-head. While Parliament is sitting, an electric lamp will shine on the great clock-tower at Westminster: when the House breaks up, the light will be extinguished. What is the idea of this exhibition? Is it to symbolise the intellectual lights that are assembled beneath, or to typify the light of liberty and freedom which illuminates the deliberations thereunder? All sorts of reasons offer themselves, all of which may be futile, for the beacon may be hoisted for no specific reason at all. But why should it not serve a purpose? Let it be a signal to telegraph to all who can read its indications what is going on in the council chamber. The means are simple enough. Do you know the Morse telegraphic code? It consists of dots

and dashes on a strip of paper, and it is worked by the telegraphic operator pressing a key instantaneously for a dot, and lengthily—say during a second—for a dash. A dot and a dash represent *A*; a dot and three dashes stand for *B*; dash, dot, dash, dot for *C*; and so on; and a gap or pause is made between each letter. Now, let an instantaneous flash of the light on the Parliament Houses stand for a dot; let its shining for a second or less represent a dash, and its extinction for a second separate the letters; then you will have a system of telegraphing which can be understood wherever the light is seen by any one who knows or will learn the Morse alphabet. Thus, by a very simple apparatus, a Morse operator in the House can keep the world of London *au courant* with the House's doings, giving digests of each speaker's speech during delivery, and the results of each division as it occurs. So may the public have to thank the light for something more than its mere brilliancy.

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TALKING of electricity, to what humble—not to say base—uses may it not be called! If yours should be the luxury of ordering a brougham of a first-class maker, you will discover during your first drive that he has provided you with an electric check-string of a high order of development. Three knobs, respectively labelled "turn to right," "turn to left," and "stop," are ready to your hand. You touch either, and the corresponding order appears upon the splash-board under your Jehu's eye, a bell being rung simultaneously with the exhibition of the signal, in order that his attention may be called to your command. The battery is stowed in the boot. If these sort of applications extend, we shall have all our servants becoming electricians, and then what wages will they demand?

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RAILWAYS are often accused of parting friends, destroying fellowships, and breaking up associations; but it occurs to me that there is much to be said on their opposite influences. Railways, especially those which unite large towns with their suburbs, are in fact great socialisers. They are the original sources of more than half the cliques and friendly communities that make out-of-town life endurable. A man takes a villa a few miles from the city of his vocation; he thinks, wishingly or ruefully, that he has isolated himself from his circle of acquaintances; but soon he finds that the train he travels by always carries the same people backwards and forwards with himself. By and by he finds he often sees the same faces in the carriage he steps into. He gets to know who's who, and presently an opportunity for speaking occurs; he falls into conversations and discussions, and if he is human, and not ursine, he very soon tumbles into a friendship that he has at once the power of extending to his heart's desire; for those with whom he associates have already their little cliques into which they have been carried by the same railway route. And a curious phase of this socialisation is that particular trains form and sustain particular cliques, and it is often by merest chance that a 9.50 passenger knows anything of any member of the 10.40 cliques. How



far this process goes in forming true and fast friendships, it is not my purpose to consider ; probably as far as any other process, except that whereas the men thus thrown together are of all ages, it is only among the younger of them that the conditions for close friendship are to be found. We may make *friends* up to forty, but we only make *acquaintances* after.

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THAT which comes from a high quarter is sure of a good reception ; that which has a lowly origin is lowly esteemed. A fireman's respirator conceived and perfected by Professor Tyndall and Captain Shaw is pretty sure of extensive use, though I fancy such things have often been produced before by lesser dignitaries, or by no dignitaries at all. This new smoke filter which the magician of Albemarle Street has evolved from the depths of his scientific consciousness consists of a layer of cotton wool moistened with glycerine, and a layer of pulverised charcoal. The glycerined wool, which keeps moist, arrests and captivates (the right word here, I think, whatever its common significance) the solid smoky particles, while the charcoal robs the inhaled air of noxious vapours. Thus protectingly muzzled, a fireman can remain in a suffocating atmosphere for half an hour. Whether the firemen will accept the boon is a question : men of their class do not like impedimenta, whatever their virtues ; though in this case a persuasion very like something else may, if needful, be resorted to. At least the invention will not share the reception of the kindred one for protecting needle grinders from the deadly steel dust that is their bane. When the Society of Arts took up the magnetic gauze respirators, and sent a commission among the grinders to advocate their use, not only was the innovation scouted, but the members of the commission were actually threatened with violence for introducing a safeguard which, by lessening danger and lengthening workmen's lives, would diminish the rate of wages !

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE  
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER XIV.

IN THE FIRELIGHT.



It is autumn in the valley. I sit at my desk in the firelight. The river is hurrying by, with great bubbles of foam on its brown bosom. The trees are bare. A dark mist hangs over the valley. I sit at my desk in the firelight. I am familiar with death. I fear it not. There is nothing to fear in a change which perfects our hopes and aspirations. This is autumn. I am in the sere and yellow leaf. Next comes winter—quiet, and still, and white, and withered. Then spring—fresh, and pure, and full of sweet breath. There

are those who find terror in oblivion. They say death is not so sad a thing in itself, but that it is ruthless in blotting out the memory of us. To many persons it is painful—the feeling which Homer expresses in likening the generations of mankind to leaves. They are born, they wither, they die, and are succeeded by others. The simile does not hold good. The soul cannot be likened unto a leaf. The soul only sojourns on earth. It is a prisoner

here. Death makes it free; and, so it hath met its fellow soul below, of what value is remembrance on earth? I wandered among the graves this morning; wandered through God's acre in the valley. Gray's poem was in my mind, and his lament over "mute, inglorious Miltons" struck me as incongruous. Is it not better that the bud of genius should blossom in heaven, rather than upon the earth? Every good thing is perfected and made complete in the promised land. Love is heaven-born. It is typified in the lark which, catching its inspiration direct from the skies, descends to its mate on the lowliest spot of earth. Death is only promotion. Instead of preparing for life, we should always be preparing for death; just as the people of the valley have been preparing for winter. They have gathered in the harvest. The wheat is stored in the barn. The apples are stacked for the press. The cattle are driven under cover. Doors are closed, and windows tightly fastened; for the autumn wind heralds the monarch of snow and ice.

It is good that we welcome him defiantly. The birth of Our Saviour came at a needful time. We had been forlorn, indeed, in December's darkest days without the Star of Bethlehem. It was a blessed ordination that the Sun of Christianity should shine out in the winter. It comes to us like the midnight sun of the icy regions, lighting up and beautifying what otherwise would be cold and gloomy. If the scheme of Christianity had done nothing more than institute the feast of Christmas, it would have deserved well of all mankind.

That Christmas which comes next in my memory after the last chapter of my reminiscences is a happy, hallowed time. I sit at my desk in the firelight, and enact the scenes again. The autumn wind sings a mournful accompaniment to my memory. Familiar shadows come and go in the room; and I know that the rose which she gave me long ago is lying in my drawer, filling it with the fragrance of that undying perfume which is the emblem of true love.

It was Christmas Eve. We had dined at the Old House—Ruth, Mr. Molineau, Mrs. Stamford, Ernest Fenton, and Masters and his sister. Fenton was a young man of considerable literary reputation, who was visiting some friends at Wulstan. My father had met him several times. This was my first introduction to him. Masters was a college friend whose home was in Wulstan. His sister was about Ruth's age. Fenton was evidently fascinated by Ruth. I noticed this early in the evening. His homage was flattering to myself. I rejoiced to see her admired. I pitied Fenton for the moment, that there was only one Ruth Oswald. Courtesy gave Mr. Molineau the

honour of taking her in to dinner. I took Miss Masters, and sat opposite Ruth. I never was jealous, except as a boy; and then my jealousy only extended to the flower that lay in her bosom, or the wind that kissed her cheek or brushed aside her dark brown hair. Jealousy is the offspring of a vulgar mind. It is begot of selfishness and envy. "It is cruel as the grave," saith Solomon; "the evils thereof are coals of fire, which have a most vehement flame." Masters sat beside Ruth—happy privilege!

The time went rapidly. Mr. Molineau studiously avoided any reference to the past. He was a kind-hearted man. The proverb about not mentioning the gallows in the company of a man whose father was hanged, was not made for such men as the Rev. Canon Molineau. Mrs. Stamford had most need of proverbs. She raised the ghost of the poor Dean at our feast. Mr. Molineau, however, exorcised the vision at once. Now and then the shadow of the past fell heavily upon Ruth. The Minor Canon was always ready with a genial smile and a pleasant remark at the proper moment. When the ladies had retired, my father turned the conversation into the channel which Mrs. Stamford had been aiming at.

"It is a sorry Christmas for poor Miss Ruth," my father said; "and it was very kind of you, Mr. Molineau, to protect her from Mrs. Stamford's active reminiscences of the past."

"Poor Mrs. Stamford; her sensibilities have been somewhat blunted—somewhat blunted," said the Canon, his last words coming forth like an echo. "But she is a very estimable woman, Mr. Himbleton."

"I am sure she is, Mr. Molineau," said my father.

"What a charming girl Miss Oswald is," said Fenton. "I don't think I ever saw so much beauty combined with such an evidence of intellect."

"Yes, you may say that, indeed," said Masters.

"And Fenton is a judge of beauty, too, I suppose. Gentlemen who live in London, and mix in literary society, and with fashionable life, have opportunities of seeing fine women which we poor countrymen do not possess—do not possess," said Mr. Molineau.

"I am not so sure of that," said my father. "I will back this county of Wulstan against all the world for pretty women. Pass the wassail, George. I only introduce this as a matter of form, gentlemen," continued my father, pointing to a smoking bowl which a servant had just placed upon the table. "We fulfil all the proper observances of Christmas; but, somehow, George and I always prefer a drop of good port wine after dinner to anything else."

The bowl went round. Father Christmas was duly honoured. We wished everybody all the happiness of the season.

"You took it to the ladies first?" said my father to the servant.

"Yes, sir; it has been in the drawing-room."

"And have we the privilege of following the ladies?" exclaimed Fenton. "Then, excuse me, Mr. Himbleton, I will drink again."

"That is a tribute to Miss Ruth," said Mr. Molineau. "You must beware of Mr. Fenton, George."

"Oh, lies the wind in that quarter?" said Fenton, laughing. "Is it serious?"

"Serious," said my father, "very serious."

"I congratulate you, Mr. George," said Fenton. "May you have many happy Christmases with the prettiest girl in the world."

"Hear, hear," said Masters and my father.

"Amen," said the Canon.

"Thank you, Mr. Fenton," said I. "And now let us change the subject"—for, though I felt proud of Ruth's beauty, I did not care to have it canvassed in this way.

"Your friend Pensax has just given another window to the Chapter," said Mr. Molineau, "and he talks of charging himself with the cost of restoring the west front of the Cathedral—yes, the west front of the Cathedral. The information was given to me just as I was coming here—just as I was coming here."

"What a strange mixture of liberality and meanness that man presents," said Masters. "He gives a Christmas dinner to a hundred poor families to-morrow, and I dare be bound he has cold mutton at home."

"Kind man, Mr. Pensax," I said, imitating Trigg.

"Ah, very good, George," said the Canon; "that is Trigg, his lieutenant, his aide-de-camp, his *fidus Achates*."

"His *particeps criminis*," said my father, holding up a glass of port to the candle. "Now, Mr. Molineau, I want your opinion of this wine."

"You shall have it," said the Canon. "*Particeps criminis* is very good, very good. There never was a more curious association than that of the Triggs and Pensax. Mrs. Trigg has become quite a woman of importance in Wulstan—yes, quite a woman of importance. She dispenses Mr. Pensax's alms; and it appears to me that Trigg has nothing else to do but to go about saying, 'Mr. Pensax is a kind man.' It is very odd, very odd."

The Minor Canon tasted the wine during these remarks; tasted, and refilled his glass; passed it on, and said—

"Excellent ; very good indeed. Just old enough to have retained the delicate flavour of the grape, without its grossness ; a very excellent wine, full of character ; yes, full of character."

"No reflection upon your port, Mr. Himbleton," said Fenton, as he tasted the fresh bottle, "it is very fine ; but all ports are doctored now. The custom began with the English themselves. They persuaded the innocent foreigner to add brandy during fermentation, and elderberries to give colour."

"There is one thing you Londoners do not understand," said Masters, "and that is port wine."

"It is because we understand it that we do not drink so much as you do in the country ; and, for my part, I think we should all be better without it. Pure port does not exist."

"Taste again," said my father, who prided himself upon his port.

"Except at the Old House of Sidbree," said Fenton, promptly, and bowing courteously to my father.

At this moment the Christmas bells clashed out from half a dozen towers and steeples.

"Gentlemen," said my father, "Christmas may almost be said to have arrived. I do not wish to hurry you, but Mr. Molineau is anxious to join the ladies."

The genial Canon laughed at this mild sally, finished his wine, and said he was quite ready.

"Now, Mr. Masters, no heel-taps, sir ; your Oxford education is not worth much if it tolerates heel-taps."

The bells rang out with wonderful power.

"Grand old bells," said my father, "they make one feel young again. Come, gentlemen, let us join the ladies, and believe ourselves boys once more."

It was a quaint old drawing-room. We rarely entered it. My father's guests, both ladies and gentlemen, preferred his studio. There was a freedom from all kinds of restraint in the painting-room. Moreover, the men always smoked there unless there were ladies present, and then they smoked sometimes. The drawing-room was a quaint old room, hung with pictures in every part of it ; not water colours, as is the fashion nowadays, but with oil paintings. The two bow windows were covered with heavy drapery. An old mirror over the mantel-shelf made a long avenue of pictures and candles. It reminded me, on this evening, of a magician's glass that I had read of, wherein you could see the future. Our housekeeper had so completely surrounded it with holly that no frame was visible. All you could see was a cluster of holly

encircling a strange vista that lengthened out into a star. Well for me, well for all, on that Christmas Eve that this was not the magician's glass with the future in it. Shakespeare, who seems to have thought everything and said everything, is most eloquent and descriptive in regard to looking into the future. Oh, if this were seen, the happiest youth, viewing his progress through—what perils past, what crosses to ensue—would shut the book, and sit him down and die. Heaven is indeed merciful in closing the future to our view, though methinks there are times when we are admitted to a glimpse of what is to come.

"How merrily the bells ring," said my father, as we entered the drawing-room, still influenced by his determination to infuse some of the mirthful spirit of the season into his guests. "We are going to be young again, Mrs. Stamford," he said, holding a branch of mistletoe over the poor lady's head, and kissing her.

"I don't know that we are so very old yet," Mrs. Stamford replied, looking at Mr. Molineau.

"Very good, Mrs. Stamford," said the Canon, turning to Ruth, and leading her to a "kissing bush" which was hanging near the door.

Ruth smiled at me as she went by, and Fenton looked enviously at Mr. Molineau.

The Canon kissed Ruth's forehead, and wished her all the happiness of the season, and blessed her, and called her "My dear child." My father did the same towards Miss Masters. The young men of the party could only look on, and promise themselves to claim the privilege of the season before the night was over. But, somehow, they were unsuccessful. Mr. Fenton had his eye upon Ruth, but she evaded the intended salute. He was successful, however, with Miss Masters. It is a dangerous licence, this kissing at Christmas. Fenton lost his heart in that kiss on Christmas Eve. He has told me since, that if Ruth had not been engaged to me, he should have fallen hopelessly in love with her. The impossibility of obtaining some object which we think for a moment we desire, is a great check upon the imagination. Some misanthropic and selfish natures would have revolted at the obstacle of my love and Ruth's, and only thought of their own passion. In a romance, this momentary flash of love on the part of Fenton might have been developed into a dramatic complication. Fenton married Miss Masters two years after he kissed her under the mistletoe at Sidbree House. What trifling incidents influence our destiny! It was quite accidental that my father invited Fenton to dine with us on Christmas Eve. If my father's old custom-

loving housekeeper had not planted her "kissing bush" in the drawing-room, Fenton would probably never have kissed Miss Masters; if he had not kissed her then, he would most likely never have married her; if he had not married her, his eldest son would not have led a relieving army to the aid of a besieged city in India, and his youngest would not have preached those stirring sermons in the East of London, which created so much remark and did so much good a year or two ago. Although the world seems full to overflowing, it would have been incomplete without the Fentons. That kiss under the mistletoe at Sidbree House was part of the working scheme of life's great play.

If that portion of the drama which is performed on earth were anything more than the prologue to the story which is concluded in heaven, it might have been better that Ruth should have married Fenton. But they who suffer most in these early scenes below, have proportionate bliss in the world to come. If the millennium were not contrary to the Apostolic Epistles, I could rejoice in the fancy of a thousand years on earth with Ruth, under the benign and righteous government of the Heavenly King. 'It would be bliss indeed to wander with Ruth back to Tokeston Abbey and that hayfield in the valley. There is no warrant whatever for this notion of a millennium. The Scriptures are full of references to spiritual bodies and spiritual blessings, and nothing is said of a temporal reign upon earth. Papias was the author of this unscriptural doctrine. Irenæus and Justin Martyr followed in the same line; and I confess Irenæus is ingenious in his interpretation of Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, and Daniel in favour of a temporal and earthly kingdom. He finds encouragement, also, in the mouth of Christ himself, when He declared that He would drink of the fruit of the vine with His disciples in His Father's kingdom. Thus He will, Irenæus argues, "renew the face of the earth" according to David. He promised, says the Father, to drink of the fruit of the vine with His disciples, thus indicating both these points—the inheritance of the earth in which the new fruit of the vine is drunk, and the resurrection of His disciples in the flesh. For the new flesh which rises again is the same which also received the new cup. This fruit of the vine could not belong to a super-celestial place; nor could they who drank it be devoid of flesh, for to drink of that which flows from the vine pertains to flesh and not to spirit. This idea of a flesh-and-blood reign springs out of our mere earthly nature. Christ certainly never promised it according to my interpretation of His Word. There are other worlds besides this sin-stained earth of ours; other worlds,



where vines may grow yielding nectar ; other worlds, studded with heaven-built mansions. St. Augustine's description of the heavenly land is a happy dream of endless spring, perpetual roses and lilies shining in the sun, green meadows and unbroken boughs of heavy fruitage, and an atmosphere filled with incense of strange, subduing odours. Ah, dear friends, we make our own heaven and hell. St. Augustine's heaven, with its fragrant flowers, and honey-sweet rivers, and cities of never-dying light, would be hell to me without that one dear soul who could make almost a heaven of hell itself ; if hell there be in that hard and bitter sense of physical pain which some of the Fathers plead for so earnestly. I tell my faithful flock that all the fire and brimstone in the world burns not sharper than a guilty conscience perpetually excited by remorse. Weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, may have other sources than physical pain ; though far be it from me to take the pittance of the Church and not preach her doctrine. I do not tell my congregation that there is no hell. There are those to whom fire and brimstone is necessary. Dante's hell, and Milton's, give terrible force to the desire of some to reach the true heaven ; but the fairly-balanced mind may see all the metaphorical terrors of hell in broken faith, ingratitude, sordidness, and friendship disregarded. "A world where sin and truth are seen thoroughly ; you want no other hell," saith some modern divine, carrying one to a similar thought in Young, who describes hell something after the manner of him who said, "Hell is—truth seen too late."

It is full knowledge of the truth,  
When Truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe,  
And calls Eternity to do her right.

Let us get back to that Christmas Eve at Sidbree House. It is the parson's privilege to preach. I shield myself behind my gown. Yet do I not feel as a parson ought. I question if I should be considered orthodox by the bishop. In a large city I might be goaded into controversy, and bring a scandal on the Establishment. I am only fit for this dreamy Valley of Poppies, where I can walk in imagination with my love, and wait until I am called to that promised land, of which my soul has had many a dazzling and bewildering glimpse.

Ring out, O bells of Yule ! I follow two figures in the moonlight, with the music of your clamorous voices in their hearts. They pass through the ghostly hall of Sidbree House into the frosty air. Their footsteps echo on the winter-bound road. It is George Himbleton taking Ruth Oswald home on that Christmas Eve when she

named the day for their wedding. Mr. Canon Molineau offered to take Ruth in his brougham, as he took Mrs. Stamford and Fenton, to drop them on his way to Bachelor Hall, on the hill. But he relented at a glance from me, and Ruth's timely plea that she had only a few yards to go, and the walk would do her good. Dear Ruth! I pressed her shoulder while I gathered her cloak about her, and put the fur hood round her sweet face. Ring out, O tender bells of Yule! I remember how your echoing strains clasped us round about. We crept along in the shadow of the old Cathedral, and saw the moon among the naked branches of the elms.

In these later days my mind has often mingled thoughts of Darthula with that Christmas Eve under the moon. I seem to taste the bitter sweet of that story. I look back upon the silence of the moon's calm face. I see the stars turn aside their green, sparkling eyes, and I feel within me the soul of Nathos. Darthula with the dark brown hair, thou art lovely as the sunbeam of heaven; fallen are the friends of thy youth. But there was only the mirth of the bells in my heart on that night. I was happy beyond all description. Ruth leaned on my arm, and laid her head on my shoulder. The cold wind of winter came in our path, but there was the summer of love in our cheeks. Ruth removed her hood, she was so warm; and I kissed her as she pushed the fur mantle from her face. I felt her hand trembling in mine. I saw in the soft, sweet smile, the deep, earnest look of that summer time in the Tokeston meadows. When we stood within the Deanery porch she said, "Early in the New Year, George;" and then the bells rang out a new peal of hopefulness and joy. I stood outside the well-remembered house after we parted in the porch; stood and saw the lights wander from room to room, until they all disappeared, except one in Ruth's own chamber; and, while I stood there in a dream of happiness, the light went out, the blind moved aside, and I saw her dear face peer out into the night, as if her thoughts were following me home. I took her image with me through the quiet streets. I set it in a framework of bright and tender fancies. The bells accompanied my thoughts, and repeated her words, "Early in the New Year, George." The famous Monk of Cluny was right—the bells say whatever you wish them to say.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### "UNTIL DEATH US DO PART."

THERE are only three bells in the old tower of my church in the valley. They were made in the early days. There is an inscription upon them in Lombardic characters. Their music is generally solemn.

It wails. You can hear it wandering up and down the valley on Sundays. The last time Masters came into the valley we ascended the tower and interpreted the ancient inscription. It ran thus :—

Repent ye all,  
While I do call.

This is the message of each individual bell : a solemn warning. I hear the words very plainly now, and my parishioners hear them too. But they are time-serving, fickle bells. Though they are only three, with three notes, I have heard them say many things besides

Repent ye all,  
While I do call.

The other morning there was a wedding in the parish, and the bells were quite merry over it. They kept up the old story told by Rabelais. There is a spell upon them. They are to say whatever mortals wish them to say.

Wonderful music, this oracular and speech-like music of the bells ! With what terrible power Poe made them clash and clang. He was a bell-ringer in a thousand. Scott's midnight bell startling the echoes of Northumbrian rocks is a solemn thing, but the submerged bells of Tintagel, they are haunting ; their story is a soul-searching tale. Cowper's Bells "in cadence sweet" have a sympathetic power over the memory ; and the poet of these latter days who set a-ringing that thrilling peal at Christmas, hath he not learnt the secret of the bells ? But for a sweet and tender reflection, a heart-searching and appealing thought about bell music, I turn to the most melodious of singers :—

Those pleasant hours have passed away,  
And many a heart that then was gay  
Within the tomb now darkly dwells  
And hears no more those evening bells.

I suppose these lines are known to nearly every man, woman, and child in the land. There is a deep, fervent human pulsation in them which sometimes takes hold of me and buries my face in my hands. At last the future comes to my aid. Moore left out of his poem the sweeter bells that ring above the world, the heavenly music of the better land. The old bell-founders never forgot this. Their inscriptions always direct the thoughts of the earthly pilgrim to the better land.

I understand the bells. We understand each other. Sometimes I think there are spirits among them. It is an ancient thought, full of poetic fancy and mystery. The passing bell in old times was rung just as the soul was parting from the body, to scare away the fiends.

There is a story told in the valley that a hundred years ago, on the death of a wicked squire who had oppressed the poor, a fiend took possession of the passing bell. When the ringer went to do his solemn office he found the demon sitting on the bell. A dozen strong men went to pull the rope, but ten thousand men could not have overpowered that terrible shape. Pensax may be said to have articulated for similar honours; we shall see how far he progressed by and by. We have the authority of his wife for saying that Pensax had good impulses. None of us are all bad. Even those miserable Triggs, I dare say, have their generous moments when the divine light glimmers through their darkened natures.

There must be a marvellous sensation of delight and glory in the jubilatory clashing and hammering and clanging and joyful turbulence of a grand marriage peal. To be a bridegroom bearing away from the altar the woman of your choice amidst flowers and cheering and the strains of the Wedding March; to see your horses prancing, and to hear the bells pealing out; to know that you will carry that sweet maiden to a noble home, to offer her luxury and pomp; to give her all that the imagination can paint and the heart desire. Riches do not always give happiness, it is true. Very often they do not. That is because riches do not always fall into good hands. God makes some people rich to show His heavenly contempt of wealth. Oh if I could have played the prince to Ruth! I would have had Wulstan covered with roses. She should have had an atmosphere of perfume distilled for her. The bells should have rung such peals as ear never heard. She should have had such pageantry as even the days of the Wulstan priors could not have equalled. And at the end she should have been received at her own castle with a cloud of servitors, amidst a blaze of trumpets. The rivers should have run wine. No extravagance in invention could have been equal to what my soul would have offered her. I know how worldly this is; I know that it is wrong, that it is sinful—as sinful as the Captain's defiance of the warning billows of Tintagel; I should have done it, nevertheless. Perhaps a kind and gracious Providence has afflicted me in consequence. We sin in imagination as well as in act.

My poor dear Ruth! The bells did not ring at our wedding. It was thought best that we should go quietly to church, and keep our joy to ourselves; and I question if all the bells on earth had rung, and all the fountains spouted champagne, whether we should have been any happier. We were married in the old parish church where I preached my first sermon. The spring sunshine streamed in through the open doorway. There never was a more

lovely bride, never a happier bridegroom. We were married from the Rev. Canon Molineau's. Only a few personal friends were invited. Masters and his sister were present. Miss Masters and a school friend of Ruth's were bridesmaids. Masters was my best man. Molineau gave Ruth away. Mrs. Stamford was at the breakfast. Fenton was there also. He proposed the toast of "The Bridesmaids" in a very piquant speech. Molineau and my father both spoke, and there was a solemnity in my father's manner which for a few minutes threw the company back upon mournful thoughts. I said what my heart prompted me to say when the toast of the morning was proposed. There were, I suppose, about five-and-twenty guests present. I see the happy picture now and smell the perfume of the freshly-gathered violets which crowded the table. Mr. Molineau's sister, a stately spinster who had vowed never to marry as long as the Canon remained single, did the honours of the house most gracefully, and, when we left, shed tears over Ruth with an apparently genuine sensation of sympathy and affection, which I remember now with gratitude. The shoes came after us in a shower. What a happy calm it was when we were alone, whirling through green lanes to a village station four miles from Wulstan. Ruth laid her dear hand in mine. We were too happy for words. There had been tears in Ruth's eyes—tears of joy and sorrow. The remembrance of other days had been too much for both of us. The closing good wishes and affectionate speeches at the Canon's fell upon hearts already overflowing with gratitude and love. When we were clear of the house, and Wulstan was retreating behind the trees, the calm was like a summer dream of happiness, full of drowsy perfumes and the sound of running brooks. Ruth's hand lay in mine, and it seemed as if all the end and aim of life was accomplished.

While the carriage containing that happy couple of true lovers travels through the Wulstan lanes and over the long white highway dotted with village homesteads, let me say that my father and a mysterious lady had made domestic arrangements for us on the Thames near Hammersmith. The mysterious lady was Mrs. Pensax. By her express wish she had undertaken to superintend the furnishing of our house. Some few questions had been submitted to Ruth early in the New Year, and a few points had also been referred to me; but the compact was that Mrs. Pensax and my father should charge themselves with the furnishing of "The Cottage." We were not to see it until we went home. Mary Oswald—Mrs. Pensax, I should say—begged us to grant her this favour. It would be something for her to do. She would come over to England without any one knowing,

except my father, and we were to keep her secret. I need hardly say that we did religiously keep her secret. My father early in the New Year, between January and the spring when we were married, frequently went to and fro between Wulstan and London, and his messages from Mary to Ruth were a source of great interest and pleasure to her. My father would have taken her to town, but Mary opposed this proposition. A subject of much discussion at the Old House had been whether Pensax should be invited to the wedding. The decision was unanimous against him. He had called upon my father once or twice, but chiefly in connection with business relating to the Dean's affairs, in which my father had some private interest. I noticed that these visits had disturbed my father a good deal at times. The handsome present which Pensax had promised on my marriage never arrived. I was glad at the time that it did not. It would have embarrassed me. I had not made up my mind whether Ruth ought to return any gift which he might have sent. Ruth had many presents. They were to be forwarded to London after us, for Mrs. Pensax to arrange in our new home.

We spent the honeymoon at Boulogne. I have heard of people who marry and tire of each other's society. I can well imagine that men and women who marry for other motives than those which should prompt two young people to dedicate their lives to one another, find what is called the honeymoon grow irksome. To me and Ruth it was a foretaste of heaven. To be in each other's society always was something beyond all our dreams, something so strangely happy. When I think that Pensax and his minions helped to bring this delicious dream to an end, my soul grows dark and the Devil has power over me. The philosophy of courting and marriage, as it is generally understood, were changed, I think, in the case of myself and Ruth. Until the lady of his heart has become his own beyond power of separation, the lover is unremitting in his attentions, and lavish in his adoration. Possession gives him the right to relaxation in this respect. Married, the bridegroom assumes another part. He may be none the less kind, but he wears at once his new power, and the love and companionship of courtship assume the character of friendly association. I suppose this is natural and good, as a rule—good for all parties. It would hardly be consistent with this work-a-day world that a man and woman should be continually under the influence of that sentimental heat which glows with such happy warmth before marriage. The man has work to do. He has the battle of life to fight. Duty steps in and cools the heat of love. The world is before the married couple. They begin

to feel their responsibilities. Much of the romance is over. Well if the woman understands the change and ascribes it not to altered affection. The man has had his boyish holiday, his summer time, his dream of bliss ; rent-day and the tax-gatherer bring him face to face with life's realities. The great fight has begun ; but there should be pleasant evening hours when wife and husband may sit down and dream the old times over again. A village is the safest home of love. I know old men and women in the valley who can hardly be said to have come out of their youthful dreams of happiness, except for a few hours now and then when farming affairs go wrong. Sunday is always a supremely happy day with them, and I thank God that He has permitted me to minister to the minds of these simple-hearted people. I could not have found another spot so pleasant for a half-way resting-place between this world and the next. I once thought I could never have a moment's peace away from the sight of her footsteps ; but now I know that she is with me wherever I am, and I often wander with her and talk with her in the fields and by the river. I hear her footfall on the broken paving stones of the garden, and her voice mingles with the patter of the fountain dripping over the stones and gurgling through the mosses. And she is never old ; she is always the same. Her bright eyes, her rounded arms, her bosom swelling beneath its gauzy covering ; her long brown hair ; her white teeth ; her musical voice ; her tripping feet. I used to think in the early days of our marriage that some day she would be old. These thoughts were the outcome of the sinister criticism of philosophers who discoursed of beauty. I defied age to quench my love, or her beauty. There is beauty in age itself, I said ; and then we have our past. But Ruth never had silver locks. Time himself would have been moved at his own work had he been compelled to leave the marks of his hand upon that dear head. "The good die first," the poet saith, and "the reaper telleth not alone the bearded grain, but the flowers that grow between." There was a time when I did not understand Wordsworth. I have found out lately that he is the poet of old age. Longfellow, too, has much command over the heart and the affections. There is consolation deep and true in his "Voices of the Night."

I remember now that the favourite poets of our honeymoon at Boulogne were Moore, Gray, Scott, Byron, and Macpherson ; we never deserted our Ossian, even during our happiest hours. We stayed at an old-fashioned hotel near the dock-basin. I think it was called the *Hôtel des Bains*. It had many of the characteristics of an English hotel. There was a large square court-yard shut in by huge

gates. You looked out upon the street through a lattice. At the back of the hotel was the harbour. There were seats in the hotel yard. We often sat there and saw the diligences come and go. In the early morning we used to open our sitting-room window and enjoy the quiet of the place. We had a suite of rooms on the ground floor, at the left-hand side of the quadrangle. There was a separate entrance to these rooms. We had our own key, and came and went at our pleasure. The rooms were furnished with the quaint elegance of French fashion, and yet had the substantial character of English pride of wood and carving. Although we were staying in the hotel, we were quite alone, as, indeed, we were in Boulogne quite alone; for our imperfect speaking-knowledge of French cut us off from general conversation. For the time being we were alone in the world; alone with our love, our memories, our books, and the sea.

It seemed to be early summer at Boulogne, although the month was April. The sun had quite a July warmth. They told us at the hotel that the town was very quiet. There was a freshness about the appearance of the place which seemed to be in delightful unison with our happiness. The sea rolled in crisply and with a surging noise. The sound comes back to me now in the whispering of the elms at evening. The white houses of the town, the picturesque fishwomen, the gay little French soldiers—all were in keeping with our new position towards each other. Life seemed altogether a new experience now. To be in a foreign land was to add to the novelty of our companionship. I cannot imagine any condition of being that could afford a higher state of happiness than that early experience of married life. It is not, I believe, given to all men and women to find the bliss we found. The way to the nuptial temple of joy is through the path of virtue. Man's footsteps are only rigidly maintained in that direction by true and early love. It is a blessing when two people plight their troth in youth.

One morning, sitting beside Ruth on the beach, I told her all about my visit to Pensax's house, bringing out more particularly the humorous incidents of the time. There was no one near to criticise what we did, so I acted my story, giving Ruth an illustration of Mrs. Trigg's side-way walk, Peter Trigg's cat-like manner, and Pensax's shuffling gait. For a moment it seemed as if the narrative would rather depress Ruth's spirits than excite her mirth. There was hesitation in her smile. My description of the strange joint that was neither a bird nor a fish decided her. She laughed heartily at the long finger which pointed to Trigg. But I found that Ruth had endured much that was unpleasant at the hands of Mrs. Trigg.



"When first she came to the Deanery she was very obsequious," Ruth said presently; "but eventually she assumed quite an air of fashion and authority. I remember one incident which would make a companion picture to your sketch of the scene in Mrs. Trigg's room, when she gave you the cherry brandy. Mrs. Trigg sent to ask if I would oblige her by kindly coming to her room for a few minutes. I found Mrs. Trigg dressed, evidently for a ball, surveying herself in a mirror which had been brought out of the drawing-room. Mr. Peter Trigg was sitting on the edge of a chair."

"Was this at the Deanery?" I said, reflectively.

"If you are going to receive my sketch in that sober fashion, George, we will talk of something else," said Ruth.

"Go on, my darling," I said.

"The cook had assisted Mrs. Trigg to dress; and the result was very curious. 'Miss Ruth,' said Mrs. Trigg, 'don't I look a fright? I can't get my dress to suit me anyhow. I am going to the Mayor's ball; it is the first time we have been invited, and I want to go as distangy as I can, and here I am a perfect fright, and the cook says she is sure if you would be so kind you could give me a finishing touch.' 'Yes, Miss Ruth, if you please, ma'am,' said the cook. 'I do not think I can help you, Mrs. Trigg,' I said; 'perhaps your head would look a little better with less ornamentation; take that feather on the right side away, for example.' 'No, pardon me, I do not think that would be an improvement; it's the dress that is not becoming.' 'You look very nice, Maria,' said Trigg, who was full of admiration for her. 'I don't,' replied Mrs. Trigg. 'You do,' said Trigg; 'you look like a dear little duck of a dowager duchess.' With which remark Peter Trigg jerked himself upon his feet, and flung himself into an attitude of admiration which was very curious. Even the cook could not restrain her laughter without the active assistance of her apron. 'I don't look like a dowager duchess,' said Mrs. Trigg; 'I look like a jam roley-poley pudding tied round the middle with a string;' and then, bursting into tears, Mrs. Trigg flung herself upon a chair, and Trigg went down upon his knees to console her. I thought it was time for me to retire."

"I think so too," I said.

"You don't laugh," said Ruth. "I have not told the story well; but if you could have seen Mrs. Trigg's poor head covered with feathers, and her poor shoulders bursting out of a bundle of green satin, with that long, thin figure of her husband, like a demoralised Don Quixote, on his knees, you would certainly have laughed. It would

make a very humorous picture. I am not good at figures, but I will make a sketch of it."

"I am laughing, Ruth. I can see every detail of the scene as you describe it; but it is not pleasant, is it, dear, to think of those people being at the Deanery?"

"Then we will not talk of them, George; let us take this boat which is coming round by the pier, and sail out as far as that long streak of light on the water. Ah! now the colour has gone out. How wonderfully the sea changes."

I hailed the boat, and presently her two sailor-like occupants ran her ashore. I lifted Ruth on board, and we were soon gliding out to sea.

I seem to stand on the shore now, gazing at the vessel. The sun shines upon it. I see the tiny thing in the distance moving athwart the changing shadows on the sea. The crisp waves roll upon the shore and break at my feet. I smell the salty breath of the wind. The boat returns, and I see myself walking along the quiet streets of Boulogne with my bride. I did not care to hear her talk of the Triggs. My pride in Ruth and my love for her were outraged at the thought that these persons had lived in a corner of the Deanery, and had dared to assume anything approaching to familiarity with the late Dean's daughter.

There were about a dozen persons staying at the *Hôtel des Bains*. A chattering little Belgian woman who had charge of our rooms told us that these guests dined together at *table d'hôte* every evening at six. On the third day after our arrival we resolved to dine with the other occupants of the hotel. A cynic might infer by this that we were already growing tired of each other's society. The truth was, that little chattering Belgian woman said we should get a better dinner at *table d'hôte* than we could possibly have in our own room. She said the *menu* was altogether more attractive. She was a *gourmande*, evidently. "If you will dine at *table d'hôte*," she said, "I will speak to the cook—we are to be married shortly—and he will be more than usually artistic. Madame must be sure to let me know which she considers the most successful dish of the day."

It was a new and pleasant experience, this first French dinner. I think we should have enjoyed it more if the eyes of the other guests had not been so frequently directed towards us. Ruth had made a most successful toilette. When I took her into the dining-room, a sensation of astonishment filled the room. I felt proud of this spontaneous admiration of my wife. We compared notes upon each dish for the satisfaction of our singular little waiting-woman. The dinner

was excellent. Coffee was served at small tables in the courtyard, where the gentlemen smoked cigars. A fat, round-faced priest, with full lips and a large mouth, the picture of a *gourmand*, sat near us and talked of the delights of the table. He spoke English, and praised our poultry and beer. He hoped Englishmen would some day learn to eat. Every subject was discussed through its *gourmandise* relations. Talking of 1815, he said, when the Allies entered Paris, the money which they spent in eating and drinking paid the war indemnity. Véry made his fortune; Achard did likewise; Beauvilliers made two fortunes, and a celebrated *restaurateur* in the Palais Royal sold 13,000 *petits pâtés* every day. He was amused at my description of English port, and resented my praises of old English cookery. Noticing the little Belgian waiting-woman come out and speak to my wife, he praised her taste and judgment, said she had been a lady in her own country, and that her alliance with the cook at this hotel had given an additional piquancy to the *chef's* sauces, which was a theme of daily congratulation among the guests who knew the house well. I confess to myself, in these latter days of my life, that the cooking in an English gentleman's house has some very special features of excellence. There never was wine equal to the Deanery port. After this first introduction to the general table at the hotel, we found the dinner-bell a pleasant sound. A happy idle time, I could not help feeling once or twice, would have endangered the activity of my mind. The French breakfast and the luxurious dinner have a tendency towards sensualism. I lately read Brillat-Savarin's "La Physiologie du Goût," and was a little scandalised to find myself sympathising with some of this epicure's enthusiasm concerning *la gourmandise*. The book brought back to me the atmosphere of that quadrangle at Boulogne, the taste of the coffee, the perfume of the cigars, and Ruth smiling at the exuberant similes of the French priest, who said in nothing was our gratitude to the Creator more practically shown than in a hearty enjoyment of life. His definition of life was eating and drinking.

Where is he now, that old priest of Boulogne? And the little Belgian woman, and the cook, and the two sailors who used to take those two happy lovers sailing in the bay? And the fishermen, with their naked feet, and the little soldiers, and the attentive shopkeepers, and the men loitering on the pier, to see the steamer come in once or twice a week from Folkestone? Have they each found their separate heavens? or are they waiting that promised sound of the last trump?

## CHAPTER XVI

## OUR COTTAGE BY THE THAMES.

IF it were not for the drawback of our physical nature, imagination might defy time, poverty, and death. Imagination is as potent as the slave of the lamp was, except in the matter of physical enjoyment. The spirit in the fairy tale could supply his master with food, raiment, and gold. Imagination cannot satisfy the cravings of hunger; it cannot protect the body from the biting winds of winter; it cannot satisfy the demands of greedy creditors. But apart from these drawbacks of its earthy home the mind soars above time and space, defies the oblivion of the grave, gives back to our arms our first love, revives the halcyon days of our youth. At this moment those reflective interrogatories of my last chapter affect me not. I know what the answer must be. When I asked myself these sad questions I put my hand before my eyes and shut out the picture. I laid my pen aside and prepared my paper for the next chapter. I shut out Boulogne from my sight. I took up another slide for memory's lantern. I turned down the lamp. I heaped fresh coals on the fire. I walked about the room. I heard the autumn wind sobbing and sighing among the elms. I heard the rush of the river as it swept between its sedgy banks in the valley. I heard the "trailing garments" of Somnus and saw the Dreams standing beside the black-curtained throne of feathers. Night was gradually taking possession of my senses. But all suddenly Imagination led me back again to the sea. Imagination trimmed her lamp, unwilling that I should leave that white city of the sea where I had that foretaste of the heaven to come. I sat down again at my desk. The old parsonage library disappeared; the night wind was simply the murmur of the sea; I was sitting on the beach at Boulogne with my bride.

This sensation of rejuvenescence is, thank Heaven! no new experience to me. The escaped prisoner of Godwin's romance possessed an elixir no more powerful than that combined action of memory and imagination which makes me young again in these autumn days. The fugitive from the Inquisition, on the evening when he entered Mordecai's house, looked fourscore. What he beheld the next morning was himself as he had appeared on the day of his marriage—the eyes, the hair, every circumstance, point by point the same. He had leaped a gulf of thirty-two years; I leap a gulf as wide with the aid of Imagination's elixir—unless I have lost count of time in this peaceful valley. But I am only young in thought, in memory, in imagination, in my love for that saint-like

vision of beauty that belongs to my early memory of Cathedral chimes and meadow-sweet.

"Ruth," I said, "this is our last day in Boulogne; to-morrow we go home."

The sea rose and fell as I spoke, and then crept lovingly towards Ruth, as if it sympathised with that first yearning for home and was ready to carry us there.

"Yes; I long to go, George," she said, her eyes sparkling and her face glowing with anticipation.

"Our home," I said; "is there not something sweet and musical and full of joy in that word 'home,' as we use it now?"

"It is altogether like a dream to me," Ruth said; "less real, I sometimes think, than one of my own pictures. It is like something I have read of or sketched; I can hardly think it is I who am so happy. But we must give up dreaming, George. Only think what a busy little woman I must be as mistress of 'The Cottage.'"

"Do you know anything about housekeeping, Ruth?" I asked, smiling at the pretty concern she evinced in regard to her new duties.

"I hope I do, George; you shall see. Let us run over our work, George. Mary has engaged two servants—a cook and a housemaid."

"That will not be sufficient for you, Ruth?" I said interrogatively.

"Quite, George; quite sufficient, George. You do not know what a practical interest I take in household affairs. Moreover, if we are extravagant we shall have nothing to give to the poor; and a curate's wife, though she will not be expected to give much away, must still do something to help those who are in necessity and tribulation."

"You shall have every opportunity to gratify the dictates of your kind heart, Ruth. I am going to be quite a mercenary fellow in the way of making money. Fenton tells me I shall have no difficulty in obtaining some important literary engagements. I was great in English composition at school and at college. It is true that kind of knowledge was not thought much of either at Wulstan or Oxford; but Fenton tells me it is in great request on the London press."

"Mr. Fenton is an author, is he not?"

"Yes, a writer of fiction, I think. I am ashamed to say that I have not read his books. How is it, Ruth, we seem to feel less interest in an author's work, when we know the man himself apart altogether from his books?"

"If you read a book and admire it very much without knowing

the author personally," said Ruth, "it is a delightful experience to make the author's acquaintance afterwards."

"Fenton is a very successful man," I said, thinking how I would increase my income by literary industry; "he edits a publication of some importance, and is the author of several works which find great favour with the booksellers."

"You will meet many men of note in London, George; it is a long-established fancy of yours to live in London?"

"It is, Ruth; I sometimes think Desprey stirred my ambition in that direction. Ah, I forget, you did not know Desprey; he was a very clever, enterprising, manly fellow; a school friend of mine at Wulstan. Then my father, as you know, was fond of London; he used to take pleasure in describing its gaieties, its pictures, its artists, its authors, its shows, its music, its crowds, its life, its bustle, and the thousand other things that go to make up an imperial city."

"Shall we see much of London?" Ruth asked, looking out into the bay, where a cluster of smacks with brown sails were slumbering on the calm ocean.

"I hope so, my dear; we shall be so very happily placed on the Thames. When we are tired of London, we can make excursions upon that king of rivers, and cultivate our knowledge of its strange romantic history, and visit the haunts of the poet and painter who have added their own to the story of the flood."

"When shall you write your sermons, George?"

"When you are painting, Ruth."

"But I shall have little time for painting," said Ruth, thinking, no doubt, of a hundred household duties to which she would devote herself.

"My dear Ruth, one of my father's strongest injunctions to me when I robbed the world of Art of its priestess, as he called you, was that I would never encourage you to lay aside your brushes and palette for a day."

"Your dear father's wishes shall be obeyed, George," said Ruth, "as if they were your own. I will find time to transcribe some of the prettiest bits on the Thames. What an odd man and wife we shall be, George. It will be like playing at marriage and house-keeping."

I know not how long we sat by the sea on this last day at Boulogne, prattling, like a couple of birds, of our nest by the Thames. *Table d'hôte* was played out by the time we got back to the hotel. The sun had gone down upon the old-fashioned hostelrie. The men had smoked their last cigars in the court-yard. The women had

disappeared. Even the fat priest who sang the praises of eating had carried his jolly face away. We had a very late dinner in our own room, the little Belgian waiting-woman giving us a *poularde de Bresse* which her *cher ami* had prepared by her direction. The incident brings back to my memory Savarin's capital story of the *déjeuner d'huitres—bien sellé et bridé*. Memory plays this kind of trick upon me now and then. It is an occasional triumph of the flesh over the spirit. I see the comfortable old room now, lighted by half a dozen wax candles. Ruth would have charmed Savarin. She was a glorious picture at the table. Perfectly natural and charmingly frank, she confessed that she was hungry. She entered into a variety of details, during our repast, with the waiting-woman, concerning the dressing of certain dishes. Savarin has described a pretty graceful lady at table which would fit my darling admirably, ethereal as she was intellectually. Her napkin is well placed, says the Frenchman; one of her hands rests on the table; the other, armed with a fork, conveys delicate morsels to her mouth; her eyes sparkle; her lips are vermilion; her conversation is agreeable; every movement is graceful; she is irresistible. Madame la Belge was in ecstasies at the compliment which we paid to the *chef* in our enjoyment of the dinner; and I think I loved Ruth all the more for having an appetite. We sat over that white table, on the first floor of the quadrangle, for two hours, and we talked about old times. I rallied Ruth on the little she ate when we first dined together, and insisted upon her taking curaçoa with her coffee, and no cream, according to the advice of our French clerical friend of *la table d'hôte*. Ruth was very merry, and set me laughing immensely at a small note-book of sketches which she had made during those few odd moments when I had left her alone while I wrote letters or posted them, or went out to bring home some little luxury in the way of flowers or perfume for her. The priest occupied an important place in Ruth's sketch-book; and she had caught the special characteristics of the hotel visitors with a peculiar power of humour that sent me into an ecstasy of mirth. Ruth was half ashamed of her performance. Did I not think it unkind on her part to burlesque these people who had been so courteous to us? Did I not think this particular phase of Art a degradation of Art? Did I not think it unwomanly, unwifely? She laid a score of charges against herself for this exercise of her pencil, every one of which I kissed away, vowing that the guests ought to be proud, and would be proud, even of being caricatured by so charming a hand. But they were not caricatures, these reminiscences in Ruth's sketch-book; they were portraits with the faintest

exaggerations of the special characteristics of each person. Until then Ruth had never shown any marked success in figure drawing. But her genius had no bounds. When dinner was really at an end Ruth sat down to a little square piano and played some sweet compositions, which were the work of an old cathedral organist of the previous century. I am not a musician, and do not understand the different characteristics of musical writings, but I have a vague remembrance of Ruth's playing on that last night at Boulogne. It must have been descriptive music, and I note it in my memory as full of reminiscences of waving corn, and running brooks, and the voices of girls.

Ah me, that last night at Boulogne! If Marguerite had been the early love of Faust he might well be forgiven for that awful bargain with Mephistopheles. What vision could tempt me from my love? My soul has been true to her in thought, and word, and deed since first Fate stamped her image on my heart. Could I look forward to that second meeting if it were not so? My half dried-up heart flames into new life at thought of that meeting again in the new land. One night I saw myself laid out; saw this poor decayed shell lying still and silent. Above, in a radiant halo of light, I saw two figures looking down upon the old man as if they pitied him for the troubles he had suffered. I looked up. The two figures were myself and Ruth, boy and girl as we were, when I stood beside her in the mowing grass at 'Tokeston. I accept the cherished vision, and calmly wait Heaven's promised reward of hope, and patience, and virtue.

"Welcome home!" leaps into my memory like a voice out of the darkness. "Welcome home!" The two cheering words of my father and Mrs. Pensax standing at the door of "The Cottage" on a bright May morning. We had slept at an hotel near London on the previous night, having arrived late from Folkestone by the coach. In the morning we drove to "The Mall." There is little change even now in that well-remembered spot. A long row of grand old houses, looking out of their top windows, through a cluster of giant elms, on the Thames. Between the houses and the river there was a carriage road and foot-way; and between the trees and the river there were several water gates at which many a gallant freight had landed in the days of chivalry and romance. At the farthest end of The Mall, standing back from the other houses, was "The Cottage." It was quite as old as its neighbours, and had balustrades on the top; it was also as imposing in its way, though more modest in its pretensions. It stood farther back from the river than the houses more immediately adjoining it, and cultivated in front a hedge of tall evergreens, behind



which the entrance seemed to hide itself. There was a garden in front full of such flowers as Ruth loved. Her sister had planted them. In the balcony which ran along the wide, old-fashioned window there was a variety of plants and flowers which looked like a living part of the ivy that crept round the window-sills, and hung in festoons of green leaves on the balcony.

When our coach stopped before the house on that May morning Mrs. Pensax was the first to welcome us. Ruth flung herself into her sister's arms, and my father, wringing my hand, the tears standing in his eyes, said, "Welcome home, welcome home ! And God bless you."

Ruth and Mary disappeared, and my father conducted me into what he called the library-painting room. I squeezed his hand again, as I noted his affection and thoughtfulness exemplified in the contents of the room and their arrangement. It was a large square apartment, entered from a landing on the staircase through an old oak doorway. On the right as you entered was a set of ebony bookshelves, filled with the authors I loved—many of the books my own, brought from dear old Sidbree House. Ossian was there in a new Russia leather binding. A favourite quarto edition of Shakespeare was ranged in volumes next to Fielding and Massinger and Ford. Then there were "Don Quixote," Thomson's "Seasons," the "Cabinet Poets," "Sharpe's British Theatre," a fine edition of the "Writings of the Fathers," a superb "Virgil," a rare edition of Dante, and the old family Bible of the Himbletons, with the names of my grandfathers and great grandfathers and their children's children down to my own name. I have the book now. The record was continued on that day ; for I sat down there and then, and wrote Ruth's name in it, and where we were married and when.

On the opposite side of the room there was a large open fireplace. On one side was placed Ruth's piano, from the Deanery ; on the other, a cushioned seat over which my father had hung his famous picture of Robin of Portingale's wife. On that side of the room where the entrance was, the wall was covered with pictures, chiefly by Ruth and my father, and a comfortable old-fashioned sofa full of cushions. In the centre of the room stood an easel and a small oak cabinet for colours and brushes, chalk, pencils, and other materials. The other side of the room was almost entirely occupied by a window. The blind was down when we entered. The maroon-coloured curtains were drawn on either side, half enveloping a pair of statuettes—a fawn and satyr. When I had looked at almost everything, and expressed my delight and astonishment a

hundred times, my father drew up the blind, and there burst upon me a scene of enchantment. I saw, through a perfect bower of spring flowers, the river Thames, the king of rivers, "the most loved of all the ocean's sons."

"This is indeed a paradise," exclaimed Ruth, bursting into the room, flushed with excitement. "What a beautiful room! what a glorious view! And that is the Thames! I never was in such a splendid little house. Have you seen the dining-room, George? Oh, my dear Mary, it is impossible to find words to thank you. And Mr. Himbleton—father, I am overwhelmed with your goodness."

Mrs. Pensax gazed at us all with a face of calm satisfaction. She was not much altered. She looked more grave than when I saw her last, and less proud. Her face had a kindlier expression in it than formerly. There was a softness in the eye which touched your heart with an untold story. Dressed in deep mourning, her fair complexion struck me as fairer and more beautiful than ever.

"It makes me very happy that you are pleased with the arrangements which Mr. Himbleton and I have made for you, Ruth," said Mrs. Pensax, kissing my wife.

"Nay," said my father, "I have simply been Mary's subordinate officer."

"Who, sir, furnished this very room, the choicest apartment in the house?" said Mrs. Pensax.

"I had a hand in this, I confess," said my father, looking round with a certain air of pride and pleasure.

"Your father, George Himbleton, furnished and arranged this room himself, even to the curtains; but we will not discuss the subject further. Dinner is ready, and I'm sure we are all ready for it. Come, George, your arm."

As we went down to dinner, I pressed Mrs. Pensax's white hand to my lips, and told her that I was the happiest man in the world, and she the kindest of women.

It was a solid oak staircase down which we passed, with panelled walls that repeated themselves, only more elaborately, in the dining-room itself. The ceiling was oak also, picked out here and there with dark gold and red ornamentation. The furniture was of black oak and crimson leather. The table was laid and furnished in the most perfect taste, with a correct blending of the Himbleton and the Oswald arms engraved upon the silver.

"Your economical ideas, Ruth, prevented me from engaging more than two servants, but I think you must have another; and I would

advise a page," said Mrs. Pensax, when we were alone at dessert; which remark led to a sparkling dialogue upon servants and house-keeping, interspersed with some pleasant sallies about the romantic pages of ancient ballads.

Mrs. Pensax explained to us that she should leave us the next day, and my father had arranged to go home at the same time. We remonstrated with both of them, but found both equally firm in their resolution. Mrs. Pensax said young married people were best left to themselves at this early stage of housekeeping; in addition to which reason she had others even more important that rendered her departure necessary. Moreover, the vessel which she had to take left the London Docks in the evening, and my father had undertaken to see her on board. I soon discovered that it was useless attempting to influence our guests.

On the following day we were alone in our nest on the Thames. In the afternoon we went out to explore the neighbourhood and call upon the Vicar. As we returned I saw Peter Trigg creep aside from the path near "The Cottage," and disappear behind one of the fine old elms which to this day throw their long shadows over the houses in The Mall. It was for that night a shock to my happiness, this apparition of the Pensax household. I saw that Ruth had not noticed Trigg, and I did not tell her what I had seen. I seemed to have gathered in this unexpected appearance a clue to Mrs. Pensax's departure. Trigg was evidently a spy upon "The Cottage." I thought of him many times during the night. I had no reason to fear him, and yet a vague sense of alarm came upon me—something that carried me back to the day when I first heard him say Mr. Pensax was a kind man. I was careful on that first night, when I was alone with my wife in our own house, to lock and bar all the doors. There was not a fastening that I did not examine. I told Ruth this was one of the small details of a husband's duty, more as an acknowledgment of responsibility than anything else; and we had a long, pleasant conversation about the mutual and individual duties of husband and wife. Notwithstanding all my care, I woke up at midnight and saw Peter Trigg getting through the window. It was only a dream, but dreams have struck terror into stouter hearts than mine. It was an omen of evil, the shadow of that sinister figure falling upon our bridal chamber.

*(To be continued.)*

## TO THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS BEFORE SUNRISE."



MARVELLOUS master of rhyme  
And rhythm ! O grand rhetorician !  
Lord of all musical chime  
Of words ! O consummate tactician,  
And sovereign of terse various verse !  
O peerless creator of song,  
Soulless, impotent, nathless so strong !

O hater of joys others prize !  
O lover of lust and uncleanness,  
And all that is vile in pure eyes—  
Crying ever "your leanness," your "leanness !"  
O scorner of creeds and all deeds  
Of devotion, and ethical  
Virtues and habitudes all !

"Fools babble of God in the sky ;  
But man that is born of a woman,  
He is God !—I am man—therefore I  
Am God, and above me is no man !"  
Lo ! thine own creed, as we read  
Over and over, eftsoons,  
In thy scroll of egotheist runes !

Yea, all men are tyrants and slaves,  
And foolish, with fools to their fathers ;  
Of all living or lying in graves,  
Of all ages as age to age gathers,  
Only thou until now,  
Since the world brought forth men, hast had light  
Of wisdom to judge things aright !

Thou takest of morning the wings,  
 And dost ride on the whirlwind and thunder ;  
 Only to thee are the secrets of things  
 Of the world of thick darkness and wonder,  
 Ancient or new, through and through—  
 Yea, the heavens and the stars and beyond  
 Are reveal'd at the wave of thy wand !

Of all men who have been or are,  
 Poets and prophets and sages,  
 From the dawn of the earliest star  
 Down through the numberless ages,  
 Thou and thou only hast known  
 To define of heart instinct and soul  
 Their portion and function and goal !

But what is man better'd for aught  
 By thy doctrine of life-limitation ;  
 Thy heavenless world, and thy sport  
 Of his hope of angelic translation ?  
 Doth it ensure a more pure  
 Wisdom and worth to be won,  
 More happiness under the sun ?

Nay rather, thou wouldest destroy  
 In many a heart full of sorrow  
 Its one only solace and joy  
 Of every to-day and to-morrow ;  
 Wouldst put out the light, in their night  
 Of affliction and gloom and despair,  
 Of the one star of hope gleaming there !

If it be to the hungry soul food,  
 To the stricken soul rest and allayment ;  
 If it be to the needy and nude  
 Refuge and riches and raiment ;  
 Why shouldst thou take or unmake  
 What no power of thine can restore  
 To its place or its grace any more ?

*To the Author of "Songs Before Sunrise."* 413

If it be to the sad spirit mirth,  
To the feeble heart strength to aspire ;  
If it maketh the deathbed new birth  
Into life far far happier and higher ;  
Oh, how canst thou dare seek to tear  
From the soul what is lifeblood and bread,  
Who hast nothing to give in its stead ?

What art thou who comest with flame  
Of judgment, and loud indignation,  
To put all the kingdoms to shame,  
And o'erwhelm them with dread execration,—  
And to win them from sin  
And dishonour, and thralldom of fate ;  
To make the rough smooth, the bent straight ?

Yet what, hadst thou never been born,  
Had fallen upon us, I wonder,  
In the depths of our darkness forlorn,  
With a world of woe over and under ?  
Had thy right arm of might  
Never freed us, nor thunder of thee  
Ever fulmined "*Let right and light be !*"

But alas for the worlds of the dead  
Who died in the darkness of error,  
Ere the night at the voice of thee fled,  
At the flame of thy glory, in terror ;  
Or who perish'd in chains of their pains,  
While as yet thy strong arm was afar,  
That should scatter and break and unbar !

Still, who made thee ensample and teacher,  
To fools wisdom, a guide to the blind ?  
Who set thee on high as a preacher,  
A light to lighten mankind ?  
Judge, reward, rod ?—who ?—not God,  
For thou ownest not any, I trow ;  
Not man, for acephalist thou !

Prophet and Mentor, the fame  
 Of whose name flies from nation to nation,  
 What voice did thine advent proclaim,  
 With outcry of great acclamation ?  
 At the throes of thy birth did the earth  
 Tremble and shake?—did it break  
 Into song for deliverance sake ?

All thoughts, all opinions, all creeds,  
 Unblest of thy own approbation,  
 Are rubbish and fungus and weeds,  
 Are false and of no valuation ;  
 Only thine are true vine,  
 Whose branches are beauty—whose fruit,  
 Wisdom and pleasure to boot !

“ The heaven of the Christian is hell,”  
 Say'st thou, “ and full of all horror,  
 Of shame and corruption, and fell  
 Sin, and iniquity thorough.”  
 Even so is his hell, Infidel !  
 With all to him hateful and dire,  
 The heaven of thine own heart's desire.

What tho' his thoughts are not thine,  
 Nor his ways as thy ways—are they evil ?  
 Is he mad that he holdeth divine  
 The God that thou say'st is a Devil ;  
 Or the volume whereof, in thy scoff,  
 Thou makest derision, altho'  
 Condescending to plagiarise so ?

Drinking deep of its vilified springs,  
 And decking thy blasphemous idol  
 In the garb of its prophets and kings ;  
 Yea, with contempt vaticidal,  
 Thou dost pillage and spill,  
 And the hallow'd materials use  
 To build up your hovels and stews !

*To the Author of "Songs Before Sunrise." 415*

Deicide art thou ! behold, thou wouldst stab  
God of heaven, and set up before us  
A loathsome, idolatrous drab,  
Shrieking in song, psalm, and chorus,  
Her infinite praise, endless ways,  
And wouldst have us bow down and incline  
Our hearts unto her as divine !

But what doth it profit, thy woof,  
Of transcendent, profuse declamation ?  
Eloquent prate is not proof,  
Nor mellifluous song demonstration ;  
Therefore revile, and we smile ;  
Prophesy, and we say ding-dong bell ;  
Blaspheme, and we pity. Farewell !

ROBERT STEGGALL.



# DRUMS AND TRUMPETS.

A RECOLLECTION OF LYONS BEFORE THE WAR.

BY CHARLES KENT.



AS accident would have it, I was loitering in Lyons upon the eve of the great war of 1870—that stupendous campaign which has since been spoken of, and it can hardly be said extravagantly, as the Battle of Armageddon. Thanks to railways and steam vessels, I had been enabled to complete then, after a run of as many weeks as it would formerly have taken months within which to accomplish the same distance, what used to be called the Grand Tour in the days of Lord Chesterfield. Starting from Ostend, and going thence by way of Brussels and Cologne, I had already, in making the circuit of Europe, visited, one after another, no fewer than seventeen of its capitals. Nobody at that moment—unless it might have been, in his inner consciousness, the Prince von Bismarck of the hereafter—had the faintest notion that so very soon for France the fountains of the great deep were to be loosened and the floodgates of heaven were to be opened, and that, before Napoleon III. could say “Après moi,” there would come for himself and the forty millions he had for more than twenty years been governing—the Deluge! Looking back at it now, the lull, no doubt, was as distinctly ominous as that which is often seen before a thunderstorm. But even at a later period, to the keen sense of men as diplomatically weatherwise as Mr. Hammond, the political atmosphere was in no appreciable degree charged with electricity. As I had just previously traversed the whole length and breadth of Germany, going as far north as Berlin and as far east as Vienna, taking Dresden and Munich intermediately, the ground, it might have been said, was hot under my feet as I advanced. A foreign traveller may be excused, however, for not recognising anything of the kind, seeing that the people themselves were wholly unaware of any alteration in the temperature. And so, lapped like everybody else in this blissful illusion as to the prevailing tranquillity, living in Armorica all the time that I was speeding on through Prussia, and Saxony, and Bavaria, and Austria, until, by way of Trieste, I had crossed the Adriatic into Italy, after visiting in sequence the seven great capitals of the Roman Peninsula—witnessing, by the way,

during my sojourn in the Eternal City, the inauguration of the largest Œcumenical Council ever convened—I had so far directed my steps back on the road towards England that I had gone, by way of Nice, to Marseilles. Proceeding thence, in due course, to Lyons, I was there preparing to make a flying *détour* to Geneva, from which point, through Paris, the way would lie directly homewards.

France was then in her pride of place. The Imperial edifice was nominally crowned. There were still visible in all directions the paraphernalia of an Autocracy; but side by side with these there were no less clearly visible all the forms of Constitutional Government. In the tribune there was freedom of speech—as witness the daring oratory of the leaders of the Left, such men as Jules Favre, for example, and Leon Gambetta. In the press there was not only liberty, but licence, *ex. gr.* the *Lanterne* of Henri Rochefort. Never before had the resources of the country been raised to so high a level of material prosperity. As for the defences of France, her ironclad fleet was second only to that of a great maritime Power like England; her army, in prestige, in efficiency, in magnitude, in equipment, was second, in general estimation, to none other upon the European continent. Altogether, it was at that time ostensibly with the Emperor as with the strong man—armed and keeping his house.

Whoever has once seen Lyons will readily recall to recollection the salient points in the outlines of as picturesque a city as ever has been constructed. Its central streets and more historical localities are crowded together on the oblong tongue of land formed by the sinuous approach towards each other of the two great rivers, the broad but curiously contrasting currents of which are at its extremity intermingled. The rapid and boisterous Rhône, the gentle and noiseless Saône, in this manner constitute the inner framework of the picture presented to view by the manufacturing capital of France when scanned from an elevation. A distance of three miles, densely packed with narrow streets and noble squares, extends back from the spur of the Point de Perrache, marking the confluence of the twin rivers to the landward part or commencement of the urban peninsula, along the heights of which, known as La Croix Rousse, the artisan population has long been for the most part congregated. Upon the outer or left bank of the Rhône lie the suburban quarters of Les Brotteaux, while upon the opposite side of Lyons, otherwise upon the right bank of the Saône, rises the precipitate acclivity called in classic times by its Roman conquerors the *Forum Vetus*, the summit of which is now crowned by the ancient church, and the latter

surmounted by the colossal statue known far and wide—that is, both church and statue—as Notre Dame de Fourvières. As in duty bound, like every other traveller who visits for the first time that second city of France, I had toiled up the spiral road winding gradually to that eyrie height, entering the track midway between the Saracenic Cathedral of St. Jean and the Palladian Palais de Justice, and emerging from it only as it seemed in the clouds, now at the gateway of the Observatoire, now again at the porch of Notre Dame de Fourvières. Half way up the steep ascent one passes by the huge Hospice de l'Antiquaille, the site of which was the birth-place of two of the Roman emperors, a spot now sacred to the shelter of madness under the care of the Sœurs de la Charité and the Frères Hospitaliers. Overhanging this Bedlam of the Lyonese are two wonderful coigns of vantage, one immediately above the other, to which in rapid succession I ascended. A payment of five centimes gains admission first of all to the aerial terrace directly below the skyward Church of Our Lady. Another of fifteen centimes obtains access by a corkscrew staircase leading to the topmost outer gallery of the spindling turret, perched on the giddy summit of which is the vast gilded statue, which is not only the loftiest landmark in all that countryside, but a beacon of pilgrimage and an object of veneration. Both from the railed terrace and from the turret gallery a magnificent view is commanded; and although I could see it only at intervals and in patches, as it were, whenever a flaw of wind scattered the tantalising mist that otherwise veiled the panorama, nevertheless, even through those occasional glimpses it was possible to recognise clearly enough the variety and splendour of the prospect spread forth like a vast chart covered over with myriads of the tiniest toyhouses, miniature bridges, and Liliputian trees, far away there beneath one's feet to the distant horizon. It needs no Asmodeus crutch to strip off those roofs in order to realise the significance of the wonderful spectacles there presented to the view of the traveller. Apart from Paris, there, in effect, lies before him, visible at a glance from end to end, the most revolutionary capital in that land of revolutions. Not only the central city, but the commercial metropolis of France. Another Manchester; only that here the fabrics, instead of being cotton and calico, are of the very costliest materials, the richest silks, the glossiest satins, aerial gauzes, blooming velvets, embroidered taffetas, gold and silver brocades. Yonder, when all goes well, seventy thousand looms are throbbing, a hundred and fifty thousand silk weavers are at work together, two million pounds' weight of the shining filament is annually consumed, the aggregate value of the goods produced

every year within those thriving factories being roughly estimated at three hundred million francs. Yet, for all that this artisan population is directly dependent upon the encouragement of luxury for its employment, here among these Lyonese, as inevitably it would seem as among the Parisians themselves, insurrection has flourished again and again at frightful intervals, through three successive generations. What Paris has but just now partially accomplished Lyons eighty-eight years ago threatened to effect—meaning its utter demolition. Gazing down at it, as if from cloudland, from the turret gallery of Notre Dame de Fourvières, it is easy enough to distinguish the various localities in which the principal incidents of 1792 and afterwards of 1793 were enacted, when Lyons was given up completely, city and people, body and soul, to the Red Terrorism. There, along that leading line of thoroughfares, intersecting the narrow peninsula formed by the approaching rivers, the pitiless Châlier, carrying in his pocket a list of eight hundred proscribed, had trailed through the most populous quarters the guillotine hurriedly procured by him from the metropolis. Yonder is the roof beneath which he deliberately meditated for the benefit of the Lyonese a repetition of the Parisian massacre of September. There, within those walls, lurks the cell in which, when that ghastliest of all his sinister projects was hauled upon the very eve of its perpetration, he shed tears of chagrin while fondling a pet turtle-dove brought to him by his mistress as a solace for him in his imprisonment. There, in that public place, upon the very instrument designed by him for the decimation of the Lyonese, Châlier was himself doomed to undergo a horrible execution, the blunted axe of the guillotine four times descending in vain upon his neck, his head being only hacked off at last after repeated gashes with a knife, and then tossed with a curse by the local Samson into the basket. The terrorist's fate in that instance was the result of a Royalist reaction. When I was thus looking down, seemingly but yesterday, upon the arena of those tragic occurrences, the then imminent and retaliatory invasion of France by the united forces of Germany, together with its terrible sequel, the disastrous civil war that followed immediately upon the overwhelming triumphs won by the legions of William the Victorious, no one in any way dreamed of, no one could for a single moment have foreseen. As, in writing these pages, I here recall that marvellous panoramic view of Lyons to my remembrance, and with it the historical recollections it naturally, or rather inevitably, awakened, it almost seems as if every minute detail, shade, outline, of each were brought before my "mind's eye" with more and more vivid distinctness, lit up as they are now, in retrospect, by the glare

of the appalling conflagrations kindled since then three hundred miles away by the Paris Communists. The Tuileries, the Louvre, the Hôtel de Ville, the Rue de Rivoli, a lamentable array of the noblest streets and palaces of the capital, were then intact. Remembering all that has since happened, and recollecting how entirely the thoughts awakened by that superb view of Lyons had reference exclusively to the calamities of the past, I recur to my reflections, now, with a more painful sense than ever that in its crimes at least, if in nothing else, history is indeed but a series of repetitions.

Peering down from the heights of Fourvières upon the winding course of the two great rivers flowing into each other, away there to the right, beyond the marshy extremity of Perrache, the eye realises in a few seconds the salient points imparting such a wholly exceptional and distinctive character to the city of the Lyonese. Conspicuous among these is its double row of bridges across the Saône and across the Rhône; the former nearer to, the latter farther from, the spectator. Surveying the scene from this lofty acclivity, I bethink me of the fate befalling that ill-starred city almost immediately upon the morrow of Châlier's execution; its ineffectual defence by the Royalists under M. le Comte de Précý of Charolais; its ruthless bombardment by the revolutionary soldiers led by General Kellermann, afterwards, with the title of Duc de Valmy, one of the marshals of the great Napoleon; its being ravaged upon a single day, the terrible 24th of September, 1793, by an infernal raining in upon it of 11,000 red-hot shot and 27,000 bomb-shells. Then it was that many of its finest quays were shattered, that some among the chief of its more ancient buildings were destroyed, that one whole quarter, that of St. Clair, was ruthlessly given to the flames past all redemption. Later on—namely, on the 29th of September—came the desperate assault: fiercely made, fiercely repelled; later still, the subjugation of the thirty sections of the Lyonese by a subtle and more formidable assailant than one throwing red-hot shot and bomb-shells—famine; last of all, on the 10th of October, the compulsory capitulation—preceded, however, over night, on the 9th (and let the leaders of the army of Metz lay this incident well to heart), by the pick of the heroic defenders, the very flower of Lyons, De Précý and two thousand others, cutting their way out, most of them, men, women, and children, being massacred—only fifty, in truth, after all (including among them De Précý) escaping eventually into Switzerland.

Then it was that the Red soldiery, after bivouacking in the Place Bellecour and the Place des Terraux, opened upon Lyons the full

horrors of the despotic authority exercised by an infuriated and triumphant terrorism. Eighty-eight intervening years seem to have disappeared as one gazes down upon the city from that dizzy parapet as from the car of a balloon, and the atrocities of 1793, that yesterday appeared almost incredible, bear the semblance now of contemporary occurrences.

The infamous Couthon, one of the terrible Triumvirs from the metropolis, has just entered the conquered city on the morrow of its capture by the troopers under Kellermann. Nominally he is there as the autocratic Commissioner of the Convention. He comes actually as Avenger and Iconoclast. Crippled and carried upon a litter, as though he were some hideous fetish, Georges Couthon is conducted through the principal quarters of the Lyonese, bearing a silver hammer in his hand, and as the litter pauses he strikes some building by the wayside with the butt-end of his silver hammer, exclaiming to the doomed house, in a sort of devilish apostrophe, "Je te condamne à être démolie au nom de la loi!" And thus nearly 2,000 houses (1674) are razed to the ground by the fiat of the Triumvir. He has arrived nursing in his bosom the favourite spaniel upon which the whole of his affections are lavished. Together with the fondled cur, he has also brought in his bosom, there to Lyons, three infernal denunciations: against the "guilty rich," whose heads are for the guillotine and whose houses are for destruction—against the merely "selfish rich," whose fortunes are simply confiscated—against the ignorant *ouvriers*, who are coolly to be swept out of the way and replaced by staunch revolutionists. One of Couthon's associates, by name Bertrand Barère de Vienzac, issues a proclamation, announcing that in the midst of the ruins of the infamous city a monument shall be raised marking the site upon which the commercial capital of France once stood, and having engraved upon it this laconic inscription:—

Lyon fit la guerre à la Liberté—  
Lyon n'est plus!

Its very name is to be erased from the map of the Republic. The locality is thenceforth to be spoken of simply as the Commune Affranchie. Couthon has come to demolish the habitations; Collot d'Herbois to destroy the inhabitants. The Proconsuls of the Convention are not idle. While the former is rolling down by the hundred the dwellings of the Lyonese, with a single tap from a hammer as fateful as that of Thor, his brother destroyer effects the butchery of six thousand of the population. Property to the value of £700,000, palaces erected at a cost of twelve millions sterling, are,

at the touch of a crowbar and the igniting of a curtain, reduced to dust and ashes. Blood flows in pools and fountains and cascades. Forty in rapid succession are upon a single occasion decapitated by the guillotine, the ponderous machinery of which is kept clanking all day in front of the hall in which the victims are condemned. A pestilence being bred there by the stench of these human shambles, the scaffold is next raised over a grating, so that the blood streaming from the swift rise and fall of the blade may run direct into the main sewer. Even this precaution being insufficient, the structure is built up anew in the middle of the Bridge of Morand, so that the sanguinary current may be swallowed up at once in the waters of the Rhône and carried hurriedly seaward. The executioner's practised hand is not speedy enough in delivering over the condemned to destruction. Musketry and cannon at last are resorted to as substitutes for the groove and the knife and the basket. Yonder over there, in the Place des Brotteaux, a crowd of prisoners huddled together are swept out of existence by a mitraille. Yonder, again, sixty-four one day, two hundred and nine the next, are shot down by discharges of artillery; those among the prisoners who are only mutilated being riddled with bullets by a fusilade; a survivor here and there among them even then being finally sabred. Seated in a raised balcony at a considerable and therefore a safe distance, complacently observant of this spectacle through their telescopes, just as a couple of fine ladies might be through their lorgnettes from an opera-box, are the two Revolutionary Commissioners. Who are these men, or rather these monsters? One has already been named—Collot d'Herbois—the sallow wretch with the dark hair hanging down upon his shoulders in profusion—a villainous comic actor who has been hissed off the stage by the Lyonese, and who has now returned to revenge himself upon his audience. The other is a still greater miscreant than the miserable comedian beside him, who is showing his skill now, in such a ghastly manner, at tragedy. It is a creature who contrives to wriggle himself later on, after the despicable fashion of Uriah Heep, into the robes and title of the Duc d'Otranto. It is Joseph Fouché, who, a few years afterwards, is the presiding genius of the Secret Police, beside whom Vidocq shines with the lustre of a *preux chevalier*—a man of skill and a man of *mots*. He it was who said, eleven years later, of the murder of the Duc d'Enghein, "C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute." He it was who in the grimliest turmoil of the Terror issued the atheistic proclamation enjoining that over the cemeteries should be inscribed—

Death is an eternal sleep.

This is the wretch who closes one of his letters to his colleague Collot d'Herbois—the original document may be turned to in the *Moniteur*, under date 25th December, 1793 (observe that date, Christmas Day!)—by exclaiming, in a horrible effusion of sentimentality, “Adieu, mon ami ! les larmes de joie coulent de mes yeux, elles inondent mon âme ; nous envoyons ce soir deux cents et treize traitres pour être fusillés !” A joint proclamation concocted between them prescribed to the citizens, among other solemn mandates, these—“Extirpate every species of worship ; the Republican has no other God than his country.”

As I am recalling these dogmatic utterances of the First Revolution to my remembrance, while still gazing down from the parapet of Fourvières, over the roof-tops of the Lazaristes, beyond the Saône, into the open square yonder, or Place des Terraux, what is the hideous saturnalia that passes before me as in some appalling phantasmagoria ? It is an infamous fête of expiation and homage to the manes of Châlier. It is a spectacle conjured up by no morbidly diseased imagination. History vouches for its authenticity. An altar is erected there in the midst of the Place des Terraux. Thither is brought the bust of Châlier, carried through the principal streets of Lyons by assassins and prostitutes. Thither also is led in the train of the procession an ass, bearing conspicuously on its back a copy of the holy gospels, an ebony and ivory crucifix, a golden paten, a chalice, a ciborium, a remonstrance ; Fouché, as the high priest of the occasion, awaits in front of the altar the arrival of this pagan concourse. When the square has been filled to overflowing, and silence after an interval has been obtained, he thus apostrophises the effigy of Châlier :—“The blood of the wicked can alone appease thy manes ! We swear before thy sacred image to avenge thy death ; the blood of the aristocrats shall serve as its incense !” The gospel and crucifix are then burnt to ashes upon the altar. The consecrated hosts are emptied out of the ciborium into the mire, and trampled under foot by the rabble. The ass is compelled, in the midst of ribald jests and laughter, to drink wine out of the chalice. Licentious songs are chanted in chorus as the mob pour out of the Place along the leading line of thoroughfares, while the ambulatory guillotine is hauled through the city to the roar of their voices—the horrible procession pausing every now and then for the dancing of the Carmagnole. And that !—has it not in our own time been described with marvellous distinctness (see the “Tale of Two Cities”) by the greatest of all realists in imaginative literature ?—

Five hundred people dancing like five thousand demons to no other music than



their own singing—dancing to the popular revolutionary song, keeping a ferocious time that is like a gnashing of teeth in unison. At first a mere storm of coarse red caps and coarse woollen rags; but as they stop to dance some ghastly apparition of a dance-figure gone raving mad rises among them. No fight could be half so terrible. It is so emphatically a fallen sport—a something, once innocent, delivered over to all devilry—a healthy pastime changed into a means of angering the blood. The maidenly bosom bared to this, the pretty almost child's head thus distracted, the delicate foot mincing in this slough of blood and dirt, are types of the disjointed time.

As a formidable result of this demonstration, six thousand persons are soon afterwards thrown into prison, being crowded together in two enormous wine vaults: one entitled, by reason of leaving still open some faint possibility of escape, "La Bonne Cave;" the other, set apart for those doomed to certain death, being called significantly "La Mauvaise."

Other startling reflections from the past come back to me from that wonderful panoramic view, half city, half landscape. Young Bonaparte's enthusiastic reception by the Lyonese on his way from Frejus and beyond the Pyramids to the 18th Brumaire and the St. Cloud Orangery. His rapturous reception by them again when, as First Consul, he passes through their midst a few months afterwards on his way across the St. Bernard to Marengo, at which time he lays the first stone of the new Place Bellecour. His arrival there as Emperor on the 12th of March, 1815, during the memorable return from Elba, when entering Lyons by the suburb of La Guillotière at the head of his advanced guard, he is received with delirious joy by the multitude and conducted, for the presentation of the keys of the city, to the palace of the archbishop. Yet, fourteen years afterwards, are not those Lyonese equally frantic in their evidence of devotion to Lafayette, when, in the autumn of 1829, they welcome him on his passage amongst them like a sovereign prince, in an open chariot drawn by four white horses, richly caparisoned? Scarcely two years more have elapsed, however, when, in the October of 1831, such is the local destitution, in spite of the realisation meanwhile of Lafayette's day-dream—to wit, the establishment of a Constitutional Monarchy—that all the Lyons workman can earn, by toiling eighteen hours a day, is a miserable stipend of as many sous, otherwise a wretched day's wage of ninepence: the vast majority, nevertheless, being altogether out of employment. Hence their insurrectionary rise on the 20th of November, fired by the resolve thus sublimely inscribed upon their banners: "Vivre en travaillant, ou mourir en combatant." Although the city is for a brief interval in the hands of the revolvers, a daring surprise on the part of the Government, a rapid

concentration of forty thousand troops and a hundred cannon by midnight of the 3rd of December, when a salvo of artillery announces the arrival in the camp at Montesserey of the Prince Royal and the Duc de Dalmatia, enables the latter on the following day to recapture Lyons without the loss of a single life—Marshal Soult entering at the head of his troops in order of battle, drums rolling, matches lighted, bayonets fixed, sabres drawn, the bloodhounds of war straining upon the start, ready at any moment to be loosed. Another and more disastrous insurrection is that of 1834, when during April the red flag is flying from nearly all the steeples, the churches beneath them being turned into arsenals—balls being cast in one of the naves, powder manufactured in another, the side chapels for the nonce becoming hospitals for the wounded.

I am reminded of a calamity equally appalling in its way by the very splendour of the view still lying spread out before me: those terrible inundations of the valleys of the Rhône and the Saône by which in the November of 1841 sixty square leagues of territory are laid waste, as many as a hundred villages being utterly destroyed. Recalling to mind the disorders occurring in Lyons during the February of 1848, the outbreak there in the following May, and the serious revolt on the 14th and 15th of June, 1849, when barricades are raised by the Socialists and the tocsin is rung for the time with a fury that seems ominous of the disaster that is nevertheless eventually evaded, I finally bear in remembrance, as I descend from cloudland to the level of the city, how in 1850 the Prince President is entertained by the Lyonese at a grand banquet on the occasion of the Fête Napoléon—the future Emperor being welcomed there with a strange enthusiasm. In passing the grand old Cathedral of St. Jean, that mellow product of six centuries, lighted with a glory of stained glass, having in its belfry a bourdon weighing 20,000 pounds, and an astronomical clock almost as curiously intricate in its way as that of Strasburg, I muse for a moment, literally *en passant*, over the fact that here it was, somewhere about the middle of the thirteenth century (was it not in 1245?), at a General Council convened in Lyons by order of Pope Innocent IV., the Cardinals in attendance at it arrayed themselves for the first time in robes and stockings and skull cap and biretta of scarlet. Traversing the Place Bellecour, with its cincture of flowering lime trees and its equestrian statue of Louis Quatorze in the centre, I am forcibly struck, in regard to this effigy (in spite of a sufficiently painful remembrance of our own hobgoblins in bronze, scattered far and wide all about London and Westminster), by its absurdly incongruous full-bottomed, or rather flowingly hyacinthine, wig, coupled

with a trailing classic toga over the shoulders, a laurel wreath among the ambrosial ringlets, a truncheon more like a rolling-pin than a marshal's bâton, held a-kimbo against his thigh by the Grand Monarque. Entering the Place Napoléon, I observe a couple of red-legged, blue-coated French soldiers advance and take their stand together, evidently in worshipping admiration, in front of a very different equestrian monument. Napoleon the Great, seated there, compactly alert upon his charger, wearing the familiar costume consecrated by so many heroic recollections, the overcoat, the long jack boots, the three-cornered hat, no "get up" whatever, so to speak, and yet in every line, visible at a glance, the beau-ideal of Hero, Conqueror, Imperator.

Earlier in the morning, when I was in quest of this particular locality with its memorial figure of the great Emperor, I had paused on the Quai Celestins to watch the tramp past me, to the tuck of drum and the flourish of trumpets, of a regiment of French soldiers of the line. Afterwards, on returning to my hotel, the Hôtel de l'Europe, while I have been jotting down a hurried record of my day's wanderings and meditations, the sound of the returning band calls me, at a momentary impulse, to one of the windows of my apartment, whence I watch the regiment marching back again from whatever point of the city they have been to for their exercises or manœuvrings.

What absolutely are the words I read now, written immediately afterwards, on the renewal of my interrupted occupation? What are those words penned there, upon the spur of the moment, at a time when we were all of us unconsciously upon the very verge of witnessing that stupendous Franco-German war, in which Cobden's hyperbolic phrase about the Russian was actually realised at last in regard to the Gallic empire—France being crumpled up like a piece of paper in the grasp of Germany! What are the words then indited, when the rattle of the drums and the clang of the trumpets were dying away in the distance? *Litera scripta manet*—words that I now read remorsefully, as it were, and almost with a sense of being shame-faced. Frankly they are these:—"In the slinging walk of every man-jack of them it is impossible not to recognise the finest soldiers in the world." The opinion thus confidently expressed reads now with the effect as of some humiliating anti-climax. Remorseful, and even shame-faced, though its enunciator may feel, nevertheless the shame and the remorse apply not to the words themselves, but to those of whom they were written. The military glory and pre-eminence of France, until yesterday, were not the illusions of a few, much less of an individual. They were blazoned in history and recognisable by all.

The greatest of the military historians of England, among a vast number of authorities who could be adduced, has spoken upon the point perhaps the most emphatically—certainly the most magnanimously. In the rhetorical climax, or peroration, as it might be called, of his literary masterpiece, in the midst of his comparison, or, rather, contrast (after the manner of Plutarch), of Wellington and Napoleon, in the last chapter of his "History of the Peninsular War," Sir Wm. Napier says of the Duke, "It is to be presumed he learnt something of the art (of war) from that greatest of all masters," the Emperor, of whom Napier yet further speaks in his very last sentence as "Napoleon, the greatest man of whom history makes mention—Napoleon, the most wonderful commander, the most sagacious politician, the most profound statesman." As for the secret of Napoleon's system of war, the English military historian has previously remarked, in language that reads now surely like the very bitterest irony, "His discipline, severe but appealing to the feelings of hope and honour, wrought the quick temperament of the French soldiers to patience under hardships, and strong endurance under fire;" adding, "He taught the generals to rely on their own talents, to look to the country wherein they made war for resources, and to dare everything, even with the smallest numbers, that the impetuous valour of France might have full play." Napoleon, according to no French eulogist, but according to the English Napier, thus making his troops "so sure and terrible in war that the number and greatness of their exploits surpassed those of all other nations, the Romans not excepted, if regard be had to the shortness of the period; nor the Macedonians, if the quality of their opponents be considered." In proof of which it is only necessary to bear in remembrance the fact that Prussia, Austria, Russia, Italy, Poland, Spain, Holland, Portugal were overrun in succession within an astounding interval of twenty years, the capital of each passing for a while into the possession of the French soldiery. France may say now, unhappily, with Sganarelle, "Nous avons changé tout cela." The grand military system of Napoleon has become simply traditional. Those *roulades* and *fanfares*, heard at Lyons upon the eve of the war, were, in one sense, about the last roll of her drums and the last flourish of her trumpets listened to with a full belief in their heroic significance. Since then the world has come to think of her drums as simply hollow and of her trumpets as all brass and wind: at the best mere "sound and fury, signifying nothing." The parchment of the one has been ripped open disastrously; the blatant convolutions of the other have been battered into the shape of an old cocked-hat.

## BY THE RING-SIDE.



THE public taste for attending yearling sales is quite of modern growth. In this assertion we are not including the Northern division of sportsmen, who, from time immemorial, have dearly loved to while away their leisure time in such a recreation, from pure affection for the young scions of venerable blood which follow the lead of the stud-groom or his assistant round the smallest circumscribed limits of the magic circle. The Yorkshireman is rich in pedigree lore, and as knowing concerning all the points of a horse as the trainer's eyes which follow them round and round the ring. With them the stud-book is no sealed volume, and round many a Northern hearth, when nights are long and the snow folds its silent mantle around the dreaming wolds, their talk is of Turf times long gone by, and Calendars are gravely consulted as to the future of their much-loved hobby. Vastly different is the Southron's idea of sport. He looks rather at the surroundings of racing than the contests themselves, and prefers the saturnalia of Hampton, with its wretched plating accessories, to the business of a Newmarket afternoon and the characteristics of the famous Heath. The advent of the Royal *cortège* at Ascot, the glories of the Epsom Hill, and the time-honoured revelry on Moulsey Hurst are features treasured up more dearly in his mind than the finest struggles among the highest-bred coursers in the land, and those quiet "bits" of old country reminiscences on which "The Druid" was wont so fondly to expatiate, the recollections of which are cherished in many a Norseman's heart. The Londoner must have something sensational, whether it be on river, road, or Turf, or in the columns of the paper which he is content to consider an oracle. Favonius and Jack Spigot locked together in deadly combat at the Criterion Hill, or a dead heat between three for the Cesarewitch, would present but few charms to the Cockney mind, were it not for the surroundings of the scene: the screaming crowds, the tumult of the ring, the "noise of the captains and the shouting." It may be true that every Englishman loves a horse, but to how few is it conceded to arrive at a correct judgment on the animal before them! In the South, too, things are carried out more in drawing-room style, and the confusion of the Corporation Field or primitive rudeness of

Knivesmire cannot compare with the luxury and ease of a Middle Park day. The "plunging brigade" were the first to attract the vast audiences which crowd around the rails to the discomfort of those most interested in the proceedings. The crowd came not so much to see the horses as to hear the biddings, and when at the hammer's fall a burst of applause showed the appreciation of the great unwashed, weaker minds were deluded into still wilder deeds of extravagance, and breeding became the "finest business in the world." In the "halcyon days" of the Turf, as they were falsely denominated, visitors to Hampton Court, or Middle Park, or East Acton, might point out to their comrades, almost with feelings of awe, the adventurous spirits of that era who contended for the possession of some star of the yearling string. The Danebury division mustered strong, and the pale, fragile-looking Marquis nodded his thousands between puffs of his cigarette with all the *sang-froid* of a mandarin. The tall, lithe form of the youthful "Squire of Blankney" led the opposition, with the Captain as his aide-de-camp; while the cheerful face of Mat Dawson might be descried prompting the biddings of his Dukery, and enjoying, heart and soul, the excitement of the fray. Times have altered now, when the tall cross at Kensal Green casts its shadow over the grave of one whose worst enemy was himself; when the layer of thousands and tens of thousands joins Sir Joseph Hawley in his reforming crusade; when the only recollection of the Newcastle horses is furnished by the brilliant clothing in course of wearing out on the backs of the Heath House inmates; and when the Hamilton cherise and grey languishes in the cold shade of misfortune. It were better—not for themselves, but for the interests of the Turf—that such arose and fell, for the example of a future age, and for a warning to those who, like sheep, were ready to follow their leaders into the same paths of destruction.

In this age of free and rapid locomotion, it takes scarcely more time to find oneself at the end of the long elm avenue on the Kentish road than to roll on two wheels past the ancient site of "Tatt's" to Albert Gate. The fresh country air, laden with scent of hay, and cawing of rooks in ancestral trees are sweeter far than the pressure of the panting crowd which courts a kick from the vicious, and the everlasting hum of many voices in an atmosphere teeming with noxious influences. And the youthful scion of racing blood bears himself more proudly and bravely to the cheery whistle of his patient schoolmaster than when in stranger hands he shows off his paces between a wall of brick and a wall of humanity to the refrain of Mr. Tattersall's loud "Take care!"

No more dainty pavilion was spread in the vale of Cashmere for Lalla Rookh on her progress, than this in the deep turf hollow, on whose banks the roses bloom so bountifully, and their companion nightingales are not wanting in serener hours. No sound of the moving multitude intrudes upon the stillness of these garden bowers, and, like warriors, we recruit the energies within before donning our armour and sallying forth to the crowded lists. From the highest to the lowest the same open hand of hospitality is freely extended, and "Give up exclusiveness all ye who enter here," might not inappropriately furnish a motto for the entrance. The conversation may be of the horse—horsey, but it flows so readily and easily that the merest novice can see how genuine is the feeling of love for a great national pursuit which prompts it. There is talk of mighty heroes and heroines who have gone forth from their quiet birthplace here to gain renown for the old home, and who, though perhaps doomed never to revisit its shades again, yet acquire for the untried offspring of their parents a prospective measure of fame, such as shall cause rival factions to contend for their possession to-day. There is speculation as to financial results of the sales, and who are likely to become the purchasers of those "cracks" concerning which men have talked and consulted and meditated so much. As we take up our coigns of vantage by the ring-side, stragglers close in, leaving a select coterie to take stock of the first batch of youngsters, circling round in the deep pasture below. In the distance haymakers are intent on winter provender for the establishment, and half a score mares and foals are gazing wistfully towards the swathes whitening in the sun. Younger and tenderer charges absorb all their maternal cares, and they reckon not of their children of a former year being sold into bondage to the Egyptians. These are old enough to shift for themselves, and must make their way in the world like their parents before them.

The Southern stables are well represented to-day, and such of the Northerners who have done well at Ascot, or who are on the look out for something to swell their July entries, eke out their week in town by a run down to Eltham. Middleham is waiting for autumn garnerings, but does not disdain to snatch a stray ear of corn here and there to swell the sheaf at home. Malton has long ceased to show prominently either by ring-side or on racecourse, and Richmond is too much wedded to home strains of blood to cross blades with the fiery Southron. Yet the laird of the blue and silver braid is here, jaunty as ever, and as if no Bothwell disappointment had made Tom Dawson rap his ancient snuffbox more fretfully than his wont.

Mr. Cartwright's faith is strong in the home blood, and Lord Falmouth makes no outward sign. But Matt Dawson does some clever execution among the high-priced ones, and Newmarket is in high force with its Joe, and John, and legion of the training craft. Colonel Pearson is content with the goods the gods provide him at Hazels; and Dover, as he scans the yearling brood, is carried back many a long day to the time when the Lyon was strong in his dawning might, and Achievement's early promise was so gloriously vindicated. Mr. Merry's heart is set on taking home one of "bonnie Dundee's," just to fill up a vacant yearling stall at Russley, so rich in its associations with "Lord John's lot," and the glorious family which Winteringham fostered so successfully in the cause of the yellow jacket. John Day is "in his place," to use a Parliamentary phrase, and Mr. Morris may take his cigar from his mouth occasionally to nod with all the power of a Jupiter on behalf of some person or persons unknown. Alec Taylor stands at Mr. Craufurd's elbow, and the chances are that some of the youngsters will be put through their facings on Ogbourne, or Barton, or Marlborough Downs before December next. No more plucky bidder, no more unsuccessful sportsman than he of the scarlet jacket which Chaloner knows so well; but turns in the tide of fortune have come later in life than this. Mr. Graham may be on the look-out for another Gamos, but will depute to some *fidus Achates* the contest for its acquisition; and the somewhat grave visage of the immortal George relaxes into a smile as he sees some future two-year-old winner led away *en route* for Mr. Woolcott's Beckhampton seminary. Mr. Lombard and Tom Jennings occupy a coach box between them, but daring as the Frenchman is, he is no sensational or extravagant buyer, and the shake of his head when he has had enough is determination itself. A great Turf diplomatist and financier looks as calmly as if no Klarikoff or Kangaroo had ever been born, and no search, high and low, had been instituted for the dam of that mighty impostor, to lure her once more to Middle Park from her drudgery in exile. Mr. Morgan's purchases at Middle Park have been many and dear, but St. Leger winners, like angels, are apt to present themselves unawares, and the young Lord Clifdens may fail to please. William Day has enough promise of young things at home with his half century of nursing mothers and their gallant courtiers, and rumour whispers of a great annual sale at Woodyeates which shall cast all others into the shade. Mr. Chaplin is on the look-out for a slice of his favourite Seclusion blood, and there is much consultation between a 'cute captain and his trainer as to the advisability of



a King John purchase, whom Mr. Blenkiron has sworn he will raise to the rank of premier stallion on the establishment, to the exclusion of the mighty Frenchman himself, and the bald-faced chestnut of Malton, and "Matt's black," and the rest. Prince Batthyany is breeding his own stock at present, but were a second edition of Typhœus to be introduced by Mr. Tattersall, he would bid as pluckily as ever for its possession. Lord Eglinton gives token now and then of renewing the ancient glories of the Dutchman jacket, and no colours would be more heartily welcomed back than those which the North has supported so chivalrously, and the bold Scots have applauded to the echo. If Lord Coventry should drop in, it will be only for the sake of a look round, and the numerous other breeders who are taking stock of the youngsters are here only for an afternoon's amusement, and to take mental notes of comparison between the tyros here and their own chicks at home. Whenever there is a promising Trumpeter to be disposed of, Mr. Harry Hill may be seen fitting around the outskirts of the ring, and hanging anxiously upon its fate. Other members of the speculative class are here on business or on pleasure bent: the prim yet stalwart form of a large commission agent, whose address is better known than that of many a State or Church dignitary; the "Government broker" of a famous Southern stable; and a couple of the most spirited bettors of the day; a few of lesser note among owners and trainers, on the look-out for bargains, and snatching eagerly at the smaller fry; a stray representative of the "knocked out" division, perforce a spectator where he was formerly a buyer, whose tongue would fain have its strings loosened once more, and the fixed head set a-nodding; commissioners from the Colonies, who are taking advantage of the lowered rates of prices to consign their precious cargoes to the Antipodes; quick, eager, and discriminating bidders, giving profusion of "bids to start with," and delighting Mr. Tattersall's heart; hard-worked members of the fourth estate, who criticise and record and annotate, knowing that a hungry public is anticipating a rich repast in their next issue, be it of the mighty "Thunderer" itself, or of the humblest print which essays to educate the sporting tastes of the million.

The ruler of this army of yearlings sits as assessor to Mr. Tattersall, and watches the biddings for his cracks with paternal interest. Now he smiles proudly, as a compact, well-built chestnut colt is brought up to the pulpit, and staring round with its dark full eye, pricks its ears inquisitively, and whinnies plaintively to his play-fellows outside. Two determined bidders are alternately "catching the Speaker's eye."

and as the more experienced shakes his head and resumes his seat, the hammer falls decisively, and a burst of applause drowns the name of the buyer, and sets the rooks cawing in their leafy alcoves above. In some cases the biddings, after commencing at a painfully low ebb, are protracted to such length that a kind of interest is imported into the encounter, and persons who have lapsed into careless mood are constrained to take fresh stock of the animal under sale. Anon, the contest will be short, sharp, and decisive, and the bargain is clinched by some "tall" offer. There are "bad beginners," who, though hankering after the possession of some animal, will wait for the peremptory "Take him away!" before they can be induced to open fire; and there is the individual who wishes to advance by guinea bids; and the gentleman who timidly hands in his card to the auctioneer, as if he had done some frightful or unhallowed deed. The chaff passes round with the champagne cup, and as spirits rise higher, proceedings become more lively, and the crowd (good humoured, like most crowds) laughs at things it cannot understand, and stares more fixedly than ever at the perpetrators of jokes. Sometimes a yearling will break loose, and have its gallop out, to the great amusement of the spectators, who think they can arrest its course, like that of a butterfly, with the ever-ready hat. Catalogues are in immense requisition, and the price of each yearling (with the purchaser's name, if possible) religiously set down, and the sum total and average carefully calculated. Givers of long prices are regarded with awe and admiration, and names well known to racing fame imparted in solemn whispers.

As the last dropping fire of biddings grows fainter, like straggling shots of retiring skirmishers, the ring-side grows bare of its surroundings, and holiday makers steal away, one by one, towards the green sloping meadow all know so well, with its view of the old palace halls of King John standing out in strong relief from its bowery background. Like bees, the eager multitude throng the rails and swarm about the avenues of approach to catch a glimpse of the Fathers of the Stud, and to attend the levees of kings of the "best blood in England." Most are old friends, though scarcely to be recognised here in their sleek retirement as those who, a few short years ago, led the van of mighty battles, and were a byword upon the tongues of sporting England.

King John is the embodiment of substance, strength, and massive grandeur, and bears but slight resemblance to the gay little "Knight of the Silverhair," whose grave is nigh at hand, and to whose honours his owner has chosen him to succeed as legitimate heir. And we may trust, however great our treasonable doubts, that the patience of

the great Eltham breeder may have its due reward in some more doughty champion than as yet has owned his paternity, and that the enterprise which has allotted to the King the smiles of so many of the most fashionably bred beauties of the stud may result in that crown of success so long deferred.

Saunterer is the personification of all that is neat, airy, and light in a thoroughbred racer, and a marvel of symmetry and quality combined. As "Matt's black" he enjoyed a high share of favouritism—North and South; and no stouter champion ever bore to battle the redoubtable yellow and black of the cannie Scot. Moreover, he moves and bears himself like a gentleman, not, perhaps, without the least dash of temper, but with that elastic, easy action which his youngsters have so richly inherited. Birdcatcher has set his mint mark on the silky black coat, and there is no blemish that tells of the Ascot Hill and his last great struggle with the ungainly Fisherman. Well might Mr. Blenkiron envy his possession by the Teutons, and rest not until he had brought about the return of the "illustrious exile."

Gladiateur is the type of commanding size, grand muscular development, and lasting powers of the highest order. Well may Tom Jennings glance with something approaching to satisfaction in his grave undemonstrative countenance at the mightiest champion which ever brought confusion upon the home blood, and caused France to flout the banner of blue and red so proudly over the colours of *perfidæ Albion*. And better that the Gallic giant should hold his court among these peaceful shades than share the fate of his compeers, and seek humble refuge from the invader's hand. If there be any truth in breeding theories, the excellent elements which enter into Gladiateur's composition must assert themselves ere long, and make his name as renowned as a sire as it was a terror on many a field of fame.

But the enthusiasm of hero-worshippers has been reserved for the blaze face which comes nodding so gaily through the crowd, and as Blair Athol "casts his beaver into the ring," there swells up a murmur of applause from those who heard of and hoped for and backed (as the true Briton will ever do) "I'Anson's dark 'un" because he was "terribly high bred," and because the green and straw had served them well in many a hard-fought race. The chestnut is the representative of power, quality, and shape such as Stockwell has bequeathed to none of his sons so magnificently blended. Cast in so different a mould to his great French rival, well might the battle of the Corporation Field be proclaimed a drawn

one, and the best judges of the land stand aloof from such perilous arbitration.

As children keep their biggest sugar-plum to the last, so have we finished a feast "for sore een" as *récherché* as was ever set before the greatest enthusiast in horseflesh. For a while we are carried away from avenue shadows and deep pastures and glint of sunlight upon a myriad leaves, to follow again the "champions of England" in their stirring encounters and triumphant progress; from whatever height of downland, or woodland lawn, or broad expanse of moorland they have returned conquering homewards.

The eyes of the faithful have been well refreshed by the sight of these Grand Seignors of the Turf, and, like pilgrims from the shrine of Mecca, they turn away from snug homestead and sheeny pastures to the mighty Babylon once again.

We may pause a while to conjecture of the future, and conjure up scenes in which the youthful promise we have seen dispersed to-day shall take a stirring part. Some will depart from this, their "preparatory school," to take the highest honours the Turf Academy can confer—its ribands and cups and prizes of highest distinction—terminating their career in some such retreat as this, cared for like princes, and ministered to in the lusty spring time by obsequious bands of houris. Some will belie their fair promise of excellence, and descend, step by step, into that degradation of drudgery which too surely awaits the "high-mettled racer" in the sere leaf of his days. The brightest gems of the sale may turn out not worth the getting, while the rejected of trainers and commissioners and the illustrious band of *cognoscenti* may blossom forth into a veritable star in racing spheres and the corner-stone of his owner's pride.

Red-letter days such as these recur but seldom in the round of a sportsman's year, and we retrace our steps homeward with the pleasing remembrance of happy summer hours, and hope for many more such treats in store for us. The noisy thoroughfares and trim villas sacred to the repose of toiling citizens bring us back to the phases of ordinary life once more, and in the noise and bustle of the railway, yearlings and sires and dams are swept away for a time into forgetfulness. Yet not the less do we look forward to the time when we shall renew our acquaintance with that playful coterie, duly sobered down to a sense of their situation, as with shining coats and plaited manes, and all the glorious panoply of war, they sweep past in the smartest of canters, or straggle down to the post for their maiden essay over the T. Y. C.

ASTEROID.

F F 2

# ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

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## VI.—SWIFT.

**H**AD Swift written no other verses than those on his own death, he would have deserved honourable mention among our national poets; had he written no other history than the "Tale of a Tub," he must have ranked among our greatest wits; had he produced no other work of imagination than "Gulliver's Travels," he would have been great among the greatest satirists; had he put forth no other tracts than the "Drapier Letters," he would have deserved a votive offering from the nation whose interests he had undertaken to protect; and had he projected no other scheme than the plan of an Academy for the correcting and enlarging, polishing and fixing of his native language, he might have claimed the gratitude and reverence of the whole British people. Even one of these productions would furnish an ample capital to establish and support a good literary reputation; and a single one of them (the "Gulliver") has perhaps commanded a more extended share of popularity than any prose work in the language ("Robinson Crusoe" excepted); and it will continue to be a staple satire so long as court servility, national vanity and conceit, with the mania for scheme-projection, shall continue to form a feature in the human character, and to maintain an influence over human action. Swift's other great satire, the "Tale of a Tub," will retain every particle of its freshness and verdure so long as the three master-dogmas of the Christian religion (those of the Roman, the Lutheran, and the Calvinistic Churches) shall preserve their sway in the Christian world. The subjects of his two great satires being quite as familiar with our every-day habits, feelings, and associations, as they were with society at the period of their production; to all appearance they will continue so after very many generations shall have passed away: and this circumstance has given Swift an advantage over his brother satirists, who, in attacking the epidemic weaknesses, follies, or vices of their contemporaries, which were

the mania of their age, and not of universal humanity, have passed into matter of curious investigation with the literary antiquary, and are not familiar with or cognisable by the million. Who, for example, would be bold enough to name the period when it shall become a question of legendary history, and not, as it now is, a matter of every day notoriety, that the leaders in the different sects of Christianity have interpreted the doctrinal portions of Scripture in conformity with their own articles of faith, warping the texts by the heat of argument ; or, where they happen to be stubbornly plain, denying their authenticity altogether? and this, in the "Tale of a Tub," Swift has, with a caustic satire, represented under the form of the three brothers interpreting their father's will. When will the allegory of Brother Peter's loaf, which comprised the essence of beef, partridge, apple-pie, and custard, require a black-letter annotator to expound its interpretation? The "Tale of a Tub" was written when Swift was but nineteen years old. This circumstance renders the performance of the work the more surprising ; not on account of the invention and learning displayed in it, neither of which was miraculous in a naturally strong mind, and in one educated for the clerical profession : but the staidness with which the history is conducted, and the consistency preserved throughout, have all the air of matured practice in authorship. The style, too, is so easy, and so purely idiomatical, that none of his later works exhibits material improvement upon it in this respect. There is a remarkable determination of purpose in the style of Swift, with perfect transparency ; and these are but the reflexes of the natural man, for these were the prominent features of his character. It will be observed that in his writings we rarely meet with a superfluous word, and never with a superfluous epithet. Now this is one of the besetting sins of modern writing. Swift is the most English, the most thoroughly national in his diction of all our classic writers. On no occasion does he employ an exotic term, if one indigenous to the language be at hand. He is also sparing of connecting particles and introductory phrases and flourishes ; using also the simplest forms of construction ; and, moreover, he is master of the idiomatic peculiarities, and lurking, unapparent resources of the language to a degree of perfection that leaves him almost without a competitor. The cultivation of a plain, unornamented style demands considerably more care and research than that of the florid and redundant style ; and for this obvious reason, that, in the one instance, it is a task of no ordinary severity to restrain, retrench, and condense, remaining all the while clear and perspicuous ; whereas, in the inflated, verbose style, the

very redundancy of words pressed into the service is commonly the result of indolence, indifference, and carelessness. The former, on account of its simplicity in appearance, is thought to be easily imitable, while the latter has the effect of laborious and scientific construction,—than which a greater mistake does not exist. For the one man who by bestowing thought and care shall be able to write with the nervous plainness and perspicuity of Swift, fifty could with little exertion imitate the artificial manner of Dr. Johnson; and hence the number of followers and admirers of the latter. “Fit words in fit places” is the best and indeed the only axiom to form the best style in writing: for in expressing our thoughts there may be several native words, which differ only in shades of meaning, that are all available for carrying out the idea; nevertheless, each word or term must express the thought with varied force and propriety; but out of all these there is only one we really want, and that is *the* one which punctually accords with the idea we design to convey. The usages of society have apportioned to each word employed in common conversation its conventional associations and graduated tints of meaning; and the stubbornness of custom has assigned to each its nicety of distinction. The having all these ready for use, with the judgment to decide upon the one best fitted for the occasion, constitutes the clearest conversational prose style; and that is the finest diction which most nearly approaches a familiar and refined discourse. In the florid and artificial style of writing the same tax of selection, and the same niceness of propriety, are not severely demanded. It is sufficient that, in construction, the members of sentences be involved, that qualifying terms and epithets be multiplied, and the employment of learned words from the classical and dead languages be not spared. One cannot be supposed familiar with the minute varieties and shades of signification in a language that has no longer a “local habitation.” The attainment of this last finish in writing is sufficiently perplexing even in the living dialects; the broadly accepted meaning, therefore, of dead foreign words is sufficient for the cultivator of the artificial and florid style; and they offer this advantage to the writer, that they all impose upon the general reader, because they are out of the every-day familiar path of language; and the more *unfamiliar* and occult the words, the more learned and grand, of course, will be thought the style. The location of words, rather than the novelty of ideas, soonest attracts the reading million. A verbose common-place will gain the day over simple originality—at least where the election goes by “universal suffrage.” Swift’s own designation of the three styles of writing cannot be too

often repeated. "There is one style (he says) that cannot be understood; and there is another that can be understood: but there is a third style, that cannot be *mis*understood, and that is the best;" and it is eminently characteristic of his own, for it may be safely affirmed that throughout the whole of his voluminous writings not a single sentence occurs the meaning of which any intellect above a baboon's need stumble at. The most remarkable style of our own day for simplicity, with clearness and brevity, was, perhaps, that of the late Duke of Wellington. I know of nothing in writing more suited to their subject-matter than those official despatches. They are to be studied for their economy and yet sufficiency of language. They are models for young men who may be employed in business correspondence. A principal clerk in one of our public offices told me that at one period, when they were not much engaged, he was in the habit of receiving official communications from the Duke, and that he used to amuse himself by endeavouring to express the same ideas in fewer words, but that he remembered in no instance to have succeeded. And now to return to our "Tale of a Tub."

One curious feature in the work is the several introductory papers that the author has appended before the reader is ushered into the "real presence;" like passing a suite of rooms in progress to a Prince at his levee. There is first an "Apology," or defence of the character and principles of the tale; wherein, defending the freedom with which he has assailed the superstition and folly of the religious sectaries, he concludes with the question, "Why any clergyman of our Church should be angry to see the follies of fanaticism and superstition exposed, though in the most ridiculous manner; since that is the most probable way to cure them, or at least to hinder them from farther proceeding?" and he frankly adds, that he "will forfeit his life if any one opinion can be fairly deduced from the book, which is contrary to religion or morality." The "Apology" comprises sixteen pages of small type, closely printed, and ably written with temper and judgment. This is followed by a "Postscript," which is succeeded by a noble and worthy "Dedication" to the great Lord Chancellor Somers, one of the most shining lights of his age. The language of this dedication is of itself calculated to exalt Swift in our esteem; for in addressing this nobleman, he has shown how (like all magnanimous spirits) he could sink the mere party-politician in the intellectual cosmopolite. Swift was a Tory, and Somers was the Whig Chancellor; nevertheless, the tribute to the public virtues of the first patron of the "Paradise Lost" is urged



with as much neatness and elegance of wit as manliness of spirit. The last paragraph warrants the character here given to the composition. He says :—

There is one point wherein I think we dedicators would do well to change our measures ; I mean, instead of running on so far upon the praise of our patrons, *liberality*, to spend a word or two in admiring their *patience*. I can put no greater compliment on your lordships than by giving you so ample an occasion to exercise it at present. Though perhaps I shall not be apt to reckon much merit to your lordship on that score, who having been formerly used to tedious harangue—[when he was Attorney-General]—and sometimes to as little purpose, will be readier to pardon this ; especially when it is offered by one who is with all respect your lordship's, &c., &c.,

THE BOOKSELLER.

Swift did not subscribe his own name to the work.

The next introductory paper is an "Address from the Bookseller to the Reader." This is followed by a very ingenious and original "Epistle dedicated to His Royal Highness Prince Posterity;" in which he sarcastically protests against the ruthless annihilation of so many works of genius by His Highness's Governor, old Father Time. He says :—

It were needless to recount the several methods of tyranny and destruction which your governor is pleased to practise upon this occasion. His inveterate malice is such to the writings of our age, that of several thousands produced yearly from this renowned city, before the next revolution of the sun there is not one to be heard of : unhappy infants, many of them barbarously destroyed, before they have so much as learned their mother tongue to beg for pity. Some he stifles in their cradles, others he frights into convulsions, whereof they suddenly die : some he flays alive, others he tears limb from limb. Great numbers are offered to Moloch, and the rest, tainted by his breath, die of a languishing consumption.

This satirical dedication is succeeded by a masterly "Preface;" and an "Introduction," which follows that, bring us to "The Tale."

Under the figure of an Allegory, a father bequeaths to his three sons, Peter, Martin, and Jack (by whom are typified the Roman, Lutheran, and Calvinistic Sectaries) a coat each (signifying the doctrine and faith of Christianity); which, he tells them, will influence their future fortunes, according as they wear them, well or ill. He also leaves them a "Will" (by which is intended the New Testament) that will instruct them in every particular as to the wearing and management of their coats. Under the allegory of these coats, he makes a fine satirical digression, which evidently suggested to Mr. Carlyle the subject of his celebrated work, "Sartor Resartus." Swift originated the idea that every nature is recognised and estimated by its vestment, or clothing; that the universe is but a "large suit of clothes, which invests everything ;

that the earth is invested by the air ; the air is invested by the stars ; and the stars are invested by the primum mobile." He adds :—

To conclude from all, What is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather, a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body there can be no dispute ; but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress : to instance no more, Is not religion a cloak, honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt, self-love a surtout, vanity a shirt?—and so on. These postulata being admitted, it will follow in due course of reasoning that those beings which the world calls improperly suits of clothes are in reality the most refined species of animals ; or, to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk the streets, fill up Parliament, Coffee, and Play-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do, according to certain compositions, receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed up with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse, it is called a Lord Mayor : if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge ; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black satin we entitle a bishop.

And in this manner he goes on with delightful ingenuity and playful sarcasm.

The most eminent portion of the allegory of the three brothers interpreting their father's will, in order that they may change the cut of their coats with the varying fashion—in plain meaning, the trick of warping, to justify and harmonise with certain dogmas, or to suit worldly prejudices—is in the highest order of satire. In the first instance, shoulder-knots have become a fashionable appendage to dress. The brothers consult the Testament, or "Will" of their father, but not a word of authority appears for wearing a shoulder-knot. One of the three, however, more astute than the others, suggests that they may compound the word from several syllables in different parts of the will ; and this plan failing, the same brother gives them hopes :—

For though we may not find them—he says—in so many complete words, or syllables, I dare engage we shall make them out by the third mode, or in so many letters. . . . Upon this all farther difficulty vanished ; shoulder-knots were made clearly out to be *jure paterno* (the paternal command), and our three gentlemen swaggered with as large and flaunting ones as the best.

We next find the fashion changing again, and that no person can appear in society without silver fringe on his coat. Our brothers consult their father's will again ; but

To their great astonishment they find these words : *item* : "I charge and command my said three sons to wear no sort of silver fringe upon or about their said coats, &c.," with a penalty, in case of disobedience, too long to quote. However,

after some pause, the brother so often mentioned for his erudition, who was well skilled in criticisms, had found in a certain author, which, he said, *should be nameless*, that the same word which in the will is called *fringe*, does also signify a broomstick ; and doubtless ought to have the same interpretation in this paragraph. This another of the brothers disliked, because of that epithet silver, which could not, he humbly conceived, be applied to a broomstick : but it was objected to him, that this epithet was understood in a *mythological* and *allegorical* sense. However, he objected again, why their father should forbid them to wear a broomstick on their coats, a caution that seemed unnatural and impertinent ; upon which he was taken up short, as one that spoke irreverently of a mystery, which doubtless was very useful and significant, but ought not to be over-curiously pried into, or nicely reasoned upon. And in short, their father's authority being now considerably sunk—[What cutting sarcasm is that !]—this expedient was allowed to serve as a lawful dispensation for wearing their full proportion of silver fringe.

By the innovation of wearing gold and silver on their coats, Swift evidently intended a fling at the pomps and vanities of ecclesiastical establishments ; a beautiful illustration of His command who desires us to “ take no heed wherewithal we shall be clothed ; ” and exclaims that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like the lily of the field.

When the early Swiss reformers proposed building temples for the worship of God, Zwinglius, pointing to the Alps, said, “ The temples are already built.” From the very brief reference to, and the trifling illustrative extracts that I have taken from this celebrated work of Swift's (and which procured him much ill-will from the narrow-minded and intolerant in his day), I hope I may induce all my readers who are unacquainted with the composition to peruse it—and without delay—for themselves. It has undergone no change in my own estimation, after this, my third perusal, at three several periods of my life.

The weight and force of Swift's argumentative power, with perspicuity of thought and transparency of diction, are seen to great advantage in that admirable series of political essays known under the title of “ The Drapier Letters,” a collection of papers drawn up in so masterly a manner, and directed to their object of attack with such vehemence and effect, that his single energy and exertion withstood the unconstitutional attempt of the whole Ministerial phalanx to debase the Irish coin ; and, finally, he succeeded in frustrating their iniquitous purpose. The event, which forms a prominent feature in Swift's career, was briefly this : In the year 1724 an obscure tradesman, and a bankrupt, of the name of Wood, alleging the great want of copper money in Ireland, obtained a patent for issuing one hundred and eight thousand pounds in that metal, to pass there as current money ; the metal for which, however, was so debased

that six parts out of seven were composed of brass. Swift at this period had almost wholly withdrawn from political writing; but, seeing at a glance the fatal consequences that would ensue to the whole kingdom if the measure were allowed to succeed, and believing it to be a vile job from the beginning to the end, and that the chief procurers of the patent were to be sharers in the profits which would arise from the ruin of a kingdom, he rushed from his retirement to the rescue, and in the first instance drew up a remonstrance to both Houses of Parliament, in which, after a number of masterly arguments, he makes the following nervous appeal:—"Is it, was it, can it, or will it ever be a question, not whether such a kingdom, or William Wood, should be a gainer; but whether such a kingdom should be wholly undone, destroyed, sunk, depopulated, made a scene of misery and desolation, for the sake of William Wood? God of His infinite mercy avert this dreadful judgment; and it is our universal wish that God would put it into your hearts to be His instrument for so good a work." And he concludes with the following determination in case the Parliament should persist in urging on the measure:—"For my own part, who am but one man, of obscure condition, I do solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will suffer the most ignominious and torturing death, rather than submit to receive this accursed coin, or any other that shall be liable to the same objections, until they shall be forced upon me by a *law of my own country*" [the Irish, it will be remembered, had then a Parliament of their own]; "and if that shall ever happen, I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people." Well may it be said: "When shall the Irish have such another rector of Laracor?"

The Ministry, however, persisted in their injustice; and then Swift began his famous attack in the series of letters (there are seven of them) under the signature "M. B. Drapier" (a supposed tradesman), which are dictated in so plain a language that the most barren capacity could understand them. His arguments are so naturally adduced, and his principles are so clear and homely, that perusal and conviction are simultaneous. So perfectly did he sustain the character of the writer he had assumed, that the letters have all the appearance of being the common-sense outpourings of an honest, homespun shop-keeper, who had issued from his obscurity, and had perforce turned author, through indignation at the insolence of power exerted over himself and fellow-citizens. And yet, plain and simple as these compositions appear at first sight, and such as any ordinary writer might imagine he himself could produce, as he would a letter

of ceremony ; yet, inspect them critically, and they will be found to have been constructed with consummate art and skill. Moreover, Swift has displayed a thoroughly comprehensive view of his subject, and shown himself to have been a political economist (especially as regards the monetary question) of no ordinary standard. Had this iniquitous job (for "job" it certainly was—there is no courtlier term for it) been forced upon the Irish people, their trading interest must have been swamped. His attacks, therefore, are terrific, from their force and certainty of aim. They are rifle-cannon shot. His fourth letter brought out a proclamation from the Lord Lieutenant (Carteret) offering £300 reward for the discovery of the author of it. The printer was imprisoned ; a bill was sent to the grand jury. Swift addressed a letter to every member of the pannel—so convincing in its argument, that, to a man, they threw out the bill ; and so furious was the then tide of party, that the time-serving Lord Chief Justice, Whitshed, in his rage, unconstitutionally discharged the whole of the grand jury ; and when the Parliament refused to impeach the judge for his breach of the law of the land, Swift darted upon him like a bull-dog, tore, and worried him out of all his patience by squibs, epigrams, and bitter attacks in all directions, till he made him ridiculous, as well as odious, to the whole country—in short, he succeeded in making the universal trading community of Ireland determine to refuse the coin in payment for their goods. Here is one of his reasons to them for rejecting it :—

Perhaps you may think you will not be so great losers (you *poorer* tradesmen) as the rich, if these halfpence should pass ; because you seldom see any *silver*, and your customers come to your shops and stalls with nothing but *brass*, which you likewise find hard to get. But you may take my word, whenever this money gains footing among you, you will be *utterly undone*. If you carry these halfpence to a shop for tobacco, or brandy, or any other thing you want ; the shop-keeper will advance his goods accordingly, or else he must break, and *leave the key under the door*. Do you think I will sell you a yard of tenpenny stuff for twenty of Mr. Wood's halfpence ? No, not under two hundred at least ; *neither will I be at the trouble of counting, but weigh them in a lump*. I will tell you one thing farther, that if Mr. Wood's project should take, it would ruin even our *beggars* : for when I give a beggar a halfpenny, it will quench his thirst, or go a good way to fill his belly ; but the twelfth part of a halfpenny will do him no more service than if I should give him three pins out of my sleeve.

How pleasantly he preserves the personal manner and habit of the linen-draper ! Here is another short paragraph, and again we notice the homely and quiet humour ; with the natural way in which he sports with the object of his complaint and aversion—the *detested* brass half-pence—still, too, in the draper character :—

I am sensible (he says) that such a work as I have undertaken might have

worthily employed a much better pen ; but when a house is attempted to be robbed, it often happens that the weakest in the family runs first to stop the door. All my assistance were some informations from an eminent person ; whereof I am afraid I have spoiled a few, by endeavouring to make them of a piece with my own productions ; and the rest I was not able to manage. I was in the case of David, who could not move in the armour of Saul, and therefore I rather chose to attack the uncircumcised Philistine (Wood, I mean) with a sling and a stone. And I may say for Wood's honour, as well as my own, that he resembles Goliath in many circumstances very applicable to the present purpose : for Goliath had a helmet of *brass* upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail, and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of *brass*, and he had greaves of *brass* upon his legs, and a target of *brass* between his shoulders:—in short, he was like Mr. Wood, all over brass ; and he defied the armies of the living God. Goliath's conditions of combat were likewise the same with those of Mr. Wood : if he prevail against us, then *shall we be his servants*. But if it happen that I prevail against him, I renounce the other part of the condition ; he shall never be a servant of mine ; for I do not think him fit to be trusted in any honest man's shop.

What service Demosthenes rendered to the Athenians by his renowned orations, the author of these remarkable, yet unostentatious, letters effected for his countrymen by his silent pen. This is the true and the most effective “agitation ;” steam-force arguments, with a righteous cause to back them ; and indeed Swift undertook a greater labour, and produced a greater effect, than any single man, before or since, has been able to accomplish. “Every person, of every rank, party, and denomination, was convinced,” says Lord Orrery ; “the Papist, the fanatic, the Tory, the Whig, all listed themselves volunteers under the banner of M. B. Drapier, and were all equally zealous to serve the common cause. Much heat, and many fiery speeches against the Administration, were the consequences of this union.” All the threats and proclamations of the Government produced not the slightest effect till the coin was totally suppressed and Wood had withdrawn his patent. As a proof of the intrinsic merit of these letters, as compositions, they are so interesting that the reader must indeed be inert who can quit them ; or who, as he reads on, does not so identify himself with the object they are intended to serve as to revive their local political interest after a lapse of more than a hundred and forty years. Swift was a thorough master of “political agitation.” It is curious, and as amusing, to note the various measures in which he harps upon that odious coin, constantly using the word “brass.” When he was not writing essays, addresses, petitions, and letters, he let off squibs and epigrams, and all addressed to the level of the common intellect. The circumstance of Lord Carteret succeeding the unprincipled Duke of

Grafton in the government of Ireland, supplied him with an epigram :—

Cart'ret was welcom'd to the shore,  
 First with the *brazen* cannons' roar ;  
 To meet him next the soldier comes,  
 With *brazen* trumps and *brazen* drums ;  
 Approaching near the town, he hears  
 The *brazen* bells salute his ears ;  
 But when Wood's *brass* began to sound,  
 Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.

It was not at all Swift's vein to cant about the "dignity and morality of virtue," or to pat his brethren on the back and to assure them that, after all, men are not so bad as they are represented ; he left that course to the dealers in hypocrisy and mouth honour ; but he has, by implication, constantly shown his reverence for *true* honour, social worth, and unpalavering integrity ; and "he that runneth may read" this moral throughout his most popular prose satire, meaning the "Gulliver's Travels." We have the meanness, the littleness, the low cunning, the national conceit and chicanery, in the small people of Lilliput. Just so long as blue ribands and red ribands, and silver sticks and gold sticks, and other trumpery are retained and revered as the insignia of services performed, just so long will the leaps and the vaultings and the summersaults of my lord Flimnap and his noble competitors at the Court of Lilliput be appreciated by and amuse the reflecting reader. And as long as men will prostrate their souls in the mire of servility and dishonour, in order that they may bask in the sunshine of favour, so long will the service in the Court of Lilliput rebound from every worthy breast, that the chief merit of every courtier there is made to consist in the neatness with which he licks up the dust while crawling upon his hands and knees to the foot of the throne. All these acts are the characteristics of miniature-minded and low people. On the other hand, to the gigantic Brobdignagians he has dispensed a bland nature and a large benevolence, the baser properties being the result of diminutive intellectual conformation. Swift, therefore, as it appears, designs to portray that true grandeur of character and magnanimity consist in gentleness, sympathy, and an expansive benevolence. His prototype, Rabelais, has anticipated him in this moral of his allegory ; for Gargantua and his father, Grangousier, are the most forbearing and beneficent of giants. How agreeable is the description of Gulliver's nurse, Glumdalclitch ; and how fine and racy the satire put into the mouth of the good-tempered King. How triumphant his reception of the little traveller's account of the wars and disputes in his own country—

religious and political—after a hearty laugh asking him whether he was a Whig or a Tory. What a capital rebuke to the fussiness of party! And how stinging the concluding remark of his Brobdignagian majesty:—

Then turning to his First Minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, he observed how contemptible a thing was human grandeur, which could be mimicked by such contemptible creatures as I; and yet, says he, I dare engage, these creatures have their titles and distinctions of honour; they contrive little nests and burrows, that they call houses and cities; they make a figure in dress and equipage; they love, they fight, they dispute, they cheat, they betray.

The only malicious creature among the whole race is the Dwarf.

Throughout this masterly work, Swift has taken such a view of human nature as might be supposed to emanate from a being of a higher sphere and in a superior state of existence. Who more contemptuously than he has exposed the worthlessness, if not the wickedness, of party feud? two races in a nation tearing each other to pieces in order that the question may be decided whether they shall break their eggs at the big or the little end: as Voltaire, in his biting way, records of the Spaniards in America, "They roasted thirty thousand people at slow fires, in order to *convert* them."

Dr. Johnson, who seems to have had a personal antipathy to Swift, has endeavoured to depreciate his literary reputation by denying—or, at all events, questioning—that, in the one case, he was the author of the "Tale of a Tub;" and, in the other, by asserting that there was no merit in "Gulliver" beyond the mechanical execution of the story; because the first idea of it was taken from the "Gargantua" of Rabelais.

That Swift was answerable for all the merits and demerits in the allegory of the Brothers Peter, Martin, and Jack, its internal evidence of style and manner were alone all but sufficient. Johnson should have said who was the author, if Swift was not. His biographer and friend, Dr. Sheridan, however, speaks of the work as though its authenticity could not for one moment be questioned; besides, an anecdote is somewhere upon record that in his advanced age, and when his faculties were upon the waver, he was heard to mutter to himself, while reading the book, "What a fine genius I had when I wrote this!" Moreover, so little doubt existed with the Ministers of the day, and at Court, of his being the author, that the fact obstructed his promotion to a vacant bishopric. It savours, therefore, of the bitterness of antipathy to take that from a man's literary fame which stood in the way of his worldly success. And as to the



want of originality in the first thought of the "Gulliver"—that of making the agents of disproportioned size, to suit the purpose of his satire—there can be no serious ground taken for detraction on that score; for we must remember that this employment of the gigantic agency did not come from the corner-stone of Rabelais's satire, whereas it constitutes both the groundwork and the entire elevation of that of Swift; he has availed himself of a similar material, but he has made a totally different disposal of it. Is every one who writes an epic poem in twenty-four books, in the heroic stanza, with episode and simile interspersed, a copyist of Homer? And, lastly, and to dispose of the question of the "execution" of the "Gulliver's Travels," which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be so easy and mechanical—after he had wrenched the original invention from the author—it can only be said that we may look in vain for equal ease and propriety of action in the mechanism of the "Rasselas," or in the "Voyage of Life," in the *Idler*; and with no greater hope of success for any originality in the allegory, the design, or the satire of either. It was as unwise as it was invidious in Dr. Johnson (himself so exposed to detraction) to adopt such a course for lessening a great man's fame. The fact is, that the mere machinery of the "Gulliver" (easy of achievement as it was in Dr. Johnson's estimation) is so correct through all its proportions that this alone constitutes no small share of the merit of the work, and (united with the invention) it has become one of those effective levers that have pushed on the social world.

The poetry of Swift has been wholly—at all events, in a great degree—eclipsed by the predominant excellence of his prose inventions and dissertations. The same strong sense, however, the same natural, indigenous diction, and the same caustic humour characterise his poetical effusions as his satires and essays. There is an austere drollery and a most pure vein of irony in some of the poems of Swift that are extremely amusing: and now and then we come upon a golden thread of pathos (unpremeditated and unaffected) which appeals at once to the tribunal of sentiment and good feeling. Swift was the poet of sterling, downright sense, and not of speculative fancy, or of excursive imagination. So little congeniality, indeed, has he with that higher region of poetry, that it must have been interesting to have heard what his mathematical, utilitarian mind would have to say about the "Faërie Queene," or the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He would not have talked the amazing nonsense that Dr. Johnson did; but, with the same hard cynical faculty, he would have bound them to the Procrustes' bed of the French school

of criticism, and by that code he might, perhaps (while he showed that they "*proved* nothing"), have missed the subtleties in that *mens divini* which can "take the imprisoned soul and lap it in elysium." Even in his wit, Swift is serious and saturnine—not sportive and wanton. He did not *laugh* at the follies and vices of mankind—he was never seen to laugh; but he was impatient with them, and they made him angry. I know that there is an opinion prevailing with regard to the satires of Swift—most especially his prose ones—that they have an injurious tendency, inasmuch as they induce a degrading, and even desponding, sense of human nature. For my own part I do not feel this to be the case; and this feeling may arise from self-conceit, but more, I believe, from the sense I entertain of the dignity of the human creation. One exception I must allow, and that is, in the story of the Houynhims and Yahoos; and that bitter satire, I suppose, was penned when the redeeming milk of hope and forbearance with regard to his species had all but dried up in his nature.

Through life Swift entertained a mortal hatred of conceit, meanness, hollow pride, and all *assumption* of grandeur. Throughout the progress of his career, whether he attended the levee of a Viceroy, or of a Prime Minister, or even that of Royalty itself, he displayed the same firm, uncompromising mien; and he identically confirms the estimate he made of his own character in the "Verses on His Own Death." Here is an extract from them:—

He never thought an honour done him,  
Because the Duke was proud to own him;  
Would rather slip aside, and choose  
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;  
Despised the fools in stars and garters,  
So often seen caressing Chartres.\*  
He never courted men in station,  
Nor persons held in admiration;  
Of no man's greatness was afraid,  
Because he sought for no man's aid.  
Though trusted long in great affairs,  
He gave himself no haughty airs;  
Without regarding private ends,  
Spent all his credit with his friends,  
And only chose the wise and good,  
No flatterers—no allies in blood:  
But succour'd virtue in distress,  
And seldom failed of good success;

\* For an account of this man, the reader is referred to the domestic history of the day. The specimen alluded to was a hideous moral monster.

As numbers from their hearts must own,  
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.  
 With princes kept a due decorum,  
 But never stood in awe before 'em.  
 He follow'd David's lesson just :  
 " In princes never put thy trust."  
 And would you make him truly sour,  
 Provoke him with a slave in pow'r.  
 Perhaps I may allow the Dean  
 Had too much satire in his vein ;  
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,  
 Because no age could more deserve it.  
 Yet malice never was his aim ;  
 He lash'd the vice, but spared the name.  
 No individual could resent  
 Where thousands equally were meant.  
 His satire points at no defect  
 But what all mortals may correct ;  
 For he abhorr'd the senseless tribe  
 Who call it humour when they jibe.  
 He spared a hump, or crooked nose,  
 Whose owners set not up for beaux.  
 True, genuine dulness moved his pity,  
 Unless it offer'd to be witty.  
 Those who their ignorance confess'd  
 He ne'er offended with a jest :  
 But laughed to hear an idiot quote  
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.  
 He gave the little wealth he had  
 To build a house for fools and mad ;  
 And showed by one satiric touch,  
 No nation wanted it so much.

And he—poor fellow!—I believe, ended his days in his own asylum.  
 In this same poem (on his death) there is a snapping satire upon the  
 frivolity of high life, and upon the indifference with which his female  
 friends will receive the news of his decease :—

My female friends, whose tender hearts  
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,  
 Receive the news in doleful dumps :—  
 The Dean is dead ! (Pray, what is trumps ?)  
 Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul !  
 (Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)  
 Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.  
 (I wish I knew what king to call.)  
 Madam, your husband will attend  
 The funeral of so good a friend :  
 No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight ;  
 And he's engaged to-morrow night :

My Lady Club will take it ill  
If he should fail her at quadrille.  
He loved the Dean—(I lead a heart)—  
But dearest friends, they say, must part.  
His time was come ; he ran his race ;  
We hope he's in a better place.

His "Rhapsody on Poetry," comprising instructions to a dunce how to write verses with success, is one sustained irony throughout. It has much of the keen sarcasm of Butler ; and, like the satires of that great wit, it is crowded with ludicrous and apt imagery, drawn from incongruous and remote sources. The following is one example, upon the application of the epithet :—

And oft, when epithets you link  
In gaping lines to fill a chink ;  
Like stepping-stones to save a stride  
In streets where kennels are too wide ;  
Or like a heel-piece, to support  
A cripple with one foot too short ;  
Or like a bridge that joins a marish  
To moor-lands of a different parish—  
So have I seen ill-coupled hounds  
Drag different ways in miry grounds.  
So geographers in Afric maps  
With savage pictures fill their gaps,  
And o'er uninhabitable downs  
Place elephants for want of towns.

This is one of the closest imitations of Butler's manner that I could refer to. But the preliminary instructions to the poetaster furnish the most perfect sample of Swift's biting irony ; which poem, and the lines on his own death, may upon the whole be accounted his best verse productions ; and he himself thought so. Here are a dozen lines taken casually :—

Your poem finish'd, next your care  
Is needful to transcribe it fair.  
In modern wit all printed trash is  
Set off with num'rous breaks and dashes.  
To statesmen would you give a wipe,  
You point it in italic type.  
When letters are in vulgar shapes,  
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes :  
But when in capitals express'd,  
The dullest reader smacks the jest :  
Or else perhaps he may invent  
A better than the poet meant ;  
As learned commentators view  
In Homer more than Homer knew.

I have somewhere read that the mock eulogy upon the Court of George I., at the close of this satire, beginning, "Fair Britannia, in thy monarch blest," was taken in good, sober earnest by the royal family, and that Swift assured Dr. King he had received their thanks for it. There is nothing remarkable in this when we remember the language of the birthday odes, from the Tudor down to the third in succession of the Guelph dynasty. A gentleman told me that being introduced at a party to one of the galaxy, the first thing the Poet-Laureate said, was: "Have you read my birthday ode to-day?" "No, I have not, indeed." "I am glad of it, for then I can talk with you."

If Swift wrote much that deserved to survive, and which will survive, to the latest posterity (for he is a British classic), he has also left a prodigious quantity that no mortal would care to look at twice. Few men perhaps, with equal grasp of mind, have written so much trumpery, and few so many ineffective, uninteresting, and nonsensical verses, as he. Fortunate for his executors and editors that he could not retrace his steps after quitting this world; since they would assuredly have felt the weight of his indignation due to their intemperate zeal in pouring out upon the public all the waifs and strays, scraps, odds and ends, tag-rag and bob-tail, scattered among his books and papers. If they had found a receipt for pickling cabbage, I verily believe that it would have been installed among his "works." Nevertheless, it is neither a fruitless nor a worthless employment to contemplate a mind like that of Swift during its carnival of negligence and frivolity. It is pleasant, in the first place, to notice the stern, unbending patriot, the haughty politician, who kept the Prime Minister, Oxford, at arm's length, and sent him to Coventry till he had apologised for an affront that that lord had passed upon him; for at the Queen's levee he no more noticed that principal officer of the Government than if he had been Silver or Gold Stick; and when alluding to the circumstance in his journal to Stella, he adds, in the spirit of an intellectual autocrat: "If we let these Ministers pretend too much, there will be no *governing* them." The man who bearded the Viceroy at his own levee in Dublin Castle, and made the roof ring with his indignant remonstrance at the unconstitutional acts of the English Parliament; who, by his own robust sense, unflinching and uncompromising firmness of purpose, and integrity of principle reconciled a bickering and unstable Ministry, and, for months, forcibly, and by his own unaided genius, kept them at the political helm—the eminent Bolingbroke being one of them—it is pleasant, I say, to see such a sturdy spirit bending to the relaxations of a drawing-room dilettante; writing Lilliputian odes, in lines of three

syllables ; Latin doggrels, puns and charades to Dr. Sheridan, and slipshod verses from Mary the cook to the deaf old housekeeper. What pleasant humour in the poem, whether "Hamilton's bawn shall be converted into a barrack or a malt-house." What a spirited sketch of a militia captain, and how genuine (for that age) the soldiers' oaths, and rough handling of the canonical cloth. What excellent travesty upon rural poetry, in what he styles a "Town Eclogue; or, London in a Shower." What magniloquence, too, in the climax ! valuable, moreover, as a picture of London in the early part of the seventeenth century :—

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,  
And bear their trophies with them as they go :  
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell  
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and smell.  
They, as each torrent drives with rapid force,  
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course,  
And in huge confluence joined at Snow-hill ridge,  
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.  
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts and blood,  
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd in mud,  
Dead cats and turnip tops come tumbling down the flood.

And lastly, how natural and easy the clack of Mary the cookmaid's letter to Dr. Sheridan, with those prodigious Alexandrine lines, harmonising so happily with the female clatter.

Well, if ever I see such another man since my mother bound my head !  
You a gentleman ! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred.  
I am sure such words doesn't become a man of your cloth ;  
I wouldn't give such language to a dog, faith and troth.  
Yes, you called my master a knave : fie, Mr. Sheridan ! 'tis a shame  
For a person who should know better things to come out with such a name :  
Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan ! 'tis both a shame and a sin ;  
And the Dean, my master, is an honest man than you and all your kin :  
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body :—  
My master's a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.  
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,  
Because my master one day in anger called you a goose ;  
Which, and I am sure, I have been his servant four years since October,  
And he never called me worse than "sweetheart"—drunk or sober.  
Not that I know his reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,  
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college.  
You say you will eat grass on his grave—a Christian eat grass !  
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass ;  
But that's as much as to say that my master should die before ye.  
Well, well, that's as God pleases, and I don't believe that's a true story ;  
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master ; what care I ?  
And I don't care who knows it ; 'tis all one to Mary ;

Everybody knows that I love to tell truth and shame the devil.  
 I am but a poor servant ; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.  
 Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here ;  
 I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year.  
 And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking :  
 " Mary," said he, one day, as I was mending my master's stocking,  
 " My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school ;  
 I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool."  
 " Saunders," said I, " I would rather than a quart of ale  
 He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dish-clout to his tail."  
 And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this letter ;  
 For I write but a sad scrawl ; but my sister, Marget, she writes better.  
 Well, but I must run and make the bed before my master comes from prayers ;  
 And, see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up the stairs ;  
 Whereof I could say more to your verses if I could write written hand ;  
 And so I remain in a civil way your servant to command, MARY.

In these, his harmless relaxations, he comes before us in the character of a pleasant-tempered companion, who was too wise to disdain good feeling. In the same category (with a wholesome moral appended to them) may be included his "Polite Conversations," "Advice to Servants ;" and, at the fag-end of an essay, it were a sinister compliment to speak of his famous "Martinus Scriblerus," for I must come to a close.

So little concern did this remarkable man evince for his literary fame that, of all his works, not one was subscribed with his name, except the letter upon the English language, and that he addressed to the Earl of Oxford, the Prime Minister. Not one of his most intimate friends was aware of his being the author of the "Gulliver's Travels." Gay wrote over to him in Ireland, describing the sensation the book was producing in all circles, telling him that even the publisher was ignorant of its author, and adding, "If you are the man, as we suspect, your friends have reason to feel disobliged at your giving them no hint of the matter." Swift had none of the coquetry or pettiness of authorship ; he could afford to wait till the world found him out ; and he was even less regardful of the author's pecuniary emolument ; for in one of his letters he declared that he never got a farthing for anything he had written, except once, and then he was indebted to the vigilance of Pope ; and even this sum he abandoned to his friend. It is plausible to infer that the history of authorship does not furnish a parallel to the extent of this sacrifice. He never asked a favour (for himself) of king or statesman ; still less would he condescend to dandle palms with the critics. Swift was the most stubbornly proud man of his age ; and this bearing he supported in his tone of thought as well as action ; for, in directing his genius, he followed no man as a model. In short, he was not

only the most original, but, take him in all his phases of authorship, he was the most powerful and perhaps the most various writer of the century in which he flourished.

To sum up his character in few words, he was, as Sir Walter Scott says in his *Life* of him, a compound of anomaly and paradox. He was a strenuous believer, and yet was refused a diocese through the instrumentality of the Archbishop of York, who told Queen Anne that she ought to be certain that the man she was going to create a bishop was a Christian. This opposition arose from his irrepressible spirit of satirical levity, both in speaking and writing. The wonder is, that the Archbishop did not pronounce him a subtle Atheist.

In his politics he adhered to the Tory party—he was a sublime Tory. And yet no man has said or done stronger things in behalf of democratic freedom. Had he adhered to his first party and principles, he would have been as sublime a Whig. He entertained a rugged antipathy to his countrymen; and yet he seized the first opportunity to vindicate their rights and liberties, and to rescue them from unjust oppression. And this he did after the most disgraceful outrages on their part offered to his own person. When he first went over to Dublin to occupy his living, the Whig party pursued him there; and such was the coarse political spirit of the age that he was not unfrequently pelted with mud as he walked the streets.

He lay all his life under the stigma of being penurious (this charge arose from his being orderly and *strict* in the employment of his revenue), and yet he was greatly and secretly bountiful.

He was avowedly the most classical writer of his day, and yet he could not take his degree at college.

He was the sole prop and stay of the Tory Administration; he had obtained promotion for numbers in the Church, and yet could not compass for himself the only place he desired.

He was actuated by strong impulses of kindness and affection—upon one occasion hurrying into a closet to weep when he saw the pictures taken down at his friend Sheridan's, who was removing from him; yet this friend he arrested for debt, and broke the hearts of two amiable women, whom there is little doubt he sincerely respected, if not loved; for all those poems to Stella, and that constant journal, proclaim him to have been—for the time, at all events, and for a long time, too—a sincere man; or, indeed, he was an astounding and gratuitous hypocrite, a charge that no one will be hardy enough to file against him. But, in fact, no man was more wilful, and less patient of dictation; and this, it may be, was the dormant seed in his nature, which in latter life, fungus-like, overgrew and smothered his reason. We may feel for him in his secret thoughts—which at times must have



been awful, since he evidently anticipated for years his own mental decay. He told Dr. Young—pointing to the blasted summit of a tree—that that was the way in which he himself should decline. With all his wilfulness and impatience, however, he would frequently, as an author, yield upon the tenderest points—that of deferring to the opinion of others. He struck out forty verses, and added the same number to one of his poems, in compliance with a suggestion of Addison's. Upon another occasion he altered two paragraphs in a pamphlet in opposition to his own judgment; and when, after the publication, his adviser became sensible that the changes were to its detriment, and expressed his regret and surprise that they had been adopted, Swift, with all the indifference of conscious power, answered, "I made them without hesitation, lest, had I stood up for their defence, you might have imputed it to the vanity of an author unwilling to hear of his errors, and by this ready compliance I hoped you would at all times hereafter be the more free in your remarks."

He constantly manifests in his works—more especially in the latter ones—a bitter misanthropy; and yet in his "heart of heart" he was an enduring friend, a firm and devoted patriot, a foot-to-foot partisan, a bountiful patron. The fund he appropriated in small loans to assist needy traders and even the poor basket-women in the streets, which consisted of the first £500 he himself had saved, is a proof that his misanthropy was little more than a skin-deep irritation; and as sympathy begets sympathy, no man, perhaps (not even excepting the famous "Agitator" of our own day—need I say Daniel O'Connell?), possessed so absolute a dominion over the affections of the commonalty. When the Archbishop of Dublin publicly charged Swift with inflaming the people against him—"I inflame them!" retorted the triumphant dictator; "had I but lifted my finger they would have torn you to pieces." Oh! truly, and indeed, we may parody Marc Antony's eulogy of the great Brutus, and say of Swift—"This was the noblest 'Tory' of them all"—

All the "party-mongers," save only he,  
Did what they did in envy of "Whiggery;"  
He only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.

I cannot pursue my parody, and say: "His life was *gentle*" (for it was anything but that); we may add, however:—

The elements  
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world: *This was a man.*

Truly may we exclaim with Hazlitt, "When shall we have another Rector of Laracor?"

## REFLECTIONS IN A STALL.

**I**N a stall! Not a Cathedral one, where many a canon and dean has dreamed of a bishopric before now. We might fairly speculate how this phrase would have sounded in the ears of Garrick or Pritchard. Yet the history of theatrical sittings really reflects the history of the drama. A youth of the present generation would naturally suppose that it was in the essence of things that fashion and quality should always have found their place in those luxurious regions, and would stare to learn that, a hundred years ago, the nobility, on a night when Mr. Garrick acted, was delighted to obtain a not very comfortable seat on a long bench in the boxes. The Haymarket is, indeed, of the exact pattern of the old Drury Lane, as altered and improved by Garrick—a theatre constructed for hearing and seeing. To hear and see well we should be on a level with or raised above the players; and this, too, is necessary to give stage illusion fair play. But to be looking up out of a well, as it were, at faces and figures illuminated by a coarse glare, and to be brought so close as to see the daubed paint, the rude material of the dresses, &c., is surely fatal to theatrical enjoyment. It must be remembered that the old pit never sloped down into that deep trench where the tenants of the stalls are now placed. The heads of the foremost rows were formerly on a level with the stage. But as monster houses like old Drury Lane and Covent Garden were built, the boxes were too far off for good hearing and seeing, and the pit was accordingly invaded. The example was followed in smaller theatres—space under the boxes was “excavated,” in which the evicted piddies were herded, and the best paying and most encouraging supporters of the theatre were alienated. From these funereal caverns they obtain a dim and imperfect notion of what is going on. There was yet another reason for this intrusion. It was discovered that theatres offered prodigious advantages in other directions that could not be called dramatic. There were other purposes for which young creatures of beauty and fashion resorted thither besides seeing “a lot of musty old actors.” In these days of luxury and extravagance rich and costly dresses are not to be crushed up on benches—in inaccessible regions where neither admirer nor *parti* can conveniently make his way. No manager could afford to dispense with such

patronesses. It did not matter what they came for, provided they came. The *parterre* was thrown open to them, and no ballroom could answer better ; for sitting, lounging, walking about, graceful folds of drapery, and exhibition to the best advantage, every opportunity was offered. The luxury, too, of these convenient seats has increased steadily. A simple chair, with which the beginning was made, was in itself a luxury, compared with the padded bench ; but since then it has developed into almost Eastern comfort. Something like a divan or ottoman has at last been reached—the broad seats of the St. James's Theatre, into which you sink languidly, have reached perfection in the superb blue and gold Louis XIV. *fauteuils* of the Opéra Comique. Bestowed on one of these agreeable divans, opera-glass in hand, we shall look out on the entertainment ; nor may the various purveyors suppose we shall be unhandsome enough to let the judgment be affected by the degree of luxuriousness in the respective seats. There is some merit in this declaration, as there have been many impartial judgments coloured by elements as little relative to the purpose in hand.

The feature of the histrionic year will of course always be considered the performance of the French companies. There has been no precedent for this invasion. Poor M. Raphael Félix, who had a monopoly of this exotic entertainment, finds himself elbowed, pushed forward, and obstructed by a crowd of competing entertainers. Half a dozen companies have visited us and shown us their powers, from the light skirmishers of the *Fantaisies Parisiennes* to the magnificent picked brigade of the *Comédie Française*. All the finest works of the French repertory have been offered, with an opportunity for lessons in good acting, both for player and public, that will never again occur. The French comedians have, as a matter of right, the first place. Nothing can exceed the finish, solidity, and variety of their playing—three extraordinary perfections. In our country we only think of the actor, not of actors : we think of Mr. Sothorn and Lord Dundreary, Mr. Toole and his "Spitalfields Weaver ;" but here we have a *corps* : with plays that belong to that *corps*, and are acted by them only, and after the best and only fashion. What a school, and what opportunities for training ! They are servants of the State, certain of salary and pension. Their green room is more like a *salon* in a palace. They conserve the old dignified and classical traditions of Molière's time, and they play every kind of piece, from solid, classical comedy to the gayest, airiest, and most elegant trifle. All their plays are complete, distinct, ready at a day's notice. They seem independent of scenery, beyond a modest indication of the locality ; do

not care for letting down the curtain, and are wholly independent of an orchestra. The result is that, instead of feeling a want of these more or less vulgar accessories, we are impressed with a sense of elegance; we feel, with a sort of awe, that we are in the presence of mind and grace, and interior refinement—something beyond those mean accessories of smeared paint, clumsy carpenter-work, and coarse canvas. We might appeal to any one who has been in that elegant house in the Rue Richelieu, of a crowded night, when it is filled with an audience that seems all of the same class, if something of this effect is not produced. About a hundred years ago we had a theatre as privileged, and Drury Lane, under Garrick's direction, enjoyed the same prestige. Such days might return again if the drama were only officially recognised by the English State.

This is no far-fetched idea. Music and Art are already thus officially patented and paid, and the huge establishment at South Kensington could be easily shown to be supported, in defiance of the new-fangled theories of State political economy. It might be fairly said that a State theatre, where pure acting was recognised and taught, where fine plays were acted, would be literally a branch of education, and would be an antidote to the coarse and indiscriminate performances that are swelling the cost and difficulties of education. The State is subsidising innumerable undertakings: it gives money to buy pictures, statues, furniture, music, buildings, schools, churches; but a grant to a theatre is outside the functions of the State. Yet one day it will be recognised, as it was recognised in the days of old Greek tragedy, that fine playing is one of the cheapest and most effectual means of refining the masses, lessening crime, and turning the thoughts of the "people" from low, coarse ideas, to great and ennobling subjects.

It is admitted that the enterprise of the two best companies—namely, that of the Comédie Française, and of M. Félix at the Lyceum—has been pecuniarily successful. Indeed, the sight presented by the stalls at both houses, filled each night to overflowing by an elegant and fashionable audience, paying the very extravagant prices demanded, is something surprising, and creditable to the refinement and taste of the aristocracy. Beautiful girls, "cream of the cream," of "high flight," sit in those luxurious *fauteuils*, as if in a gilded *salon*, and follow the progress of the light and airy story, smiling and laughing with at least all the air of comprehension. When the French lead off with a hearty burst, there is a safe guide.

This remarkable society, no matter how Governments have changed, has survived all the accustomed Parisian convulsions. Revolutionists

and Communists might indeed sack the public buildings and level columns, but they could not drag down with ropes traditions and great playing. The line of great players has been steadily sustained, and is kept up to this very moment. It will be said that there is no Clairon or Le Kain alive now; but that is, after all, not such a prodigious loss, if a loss at all. "A star," as he or she is called, is nowadays degraded into a very vulgar money-making creature. Clairon, Le Kain, and Garrick did not go round to all the provincial towns, farmed out to a mere speculator, or sending on their own "advance agent," utterly careless as to the play, the scenery, the theatre, and the actors by which they were to be set off, and thinking only of the one grand point, to draw good houses. The good actor of our time *must* be corrupted by this undramatic system. For it should be remembered that going to look at an actor—"to see so and so," as it is called—is a low class of entertainment, and falls within the show or dioramic order. The whole aim and object of the theatre should be to exhibit *a play*, not the postures and expressions of a man or woman, however grand. The play it is that is written, and that is to be illustrated; and it should be the first consideration. On the same false principle we now "go to hear the Rev. Mr. —," and the corrupt fashion has become so established that even the righteous use the phrase and carry out the practice under the delusion that they are thus seriously making their souls. Bishop Butler could have told them from his "Analogy" that this substitution of an illustration for the grand object that is to be illustrated would only steadily weaken and destroy their appreciation of the grand object itself. So, too, with the drama. Substituting admiration of the player for the admiration of the play will end in the destruction of both. On this ground we need not lament the absence of great "stars," who might take the position that stars of a hundred years ago did. And there arises the curious phenomenon that though *they* were stars of far greater brilliancy than have ever been seen since, they did not extinguish the smaller luminaries around them, who, if anything, lost none of their light, or rather shone more effectively. The star of to-day reduces all about him to darkness Cimmerian. Nay, it is the condition of his starship that this darkness *shall* attend him—it makes his success. This phenomenon is to be explained by the reason given above, that the *plays* were formerly considered; that a man like Garrick or Clairon could not be a star under the modern conditions, could not show off his true talent in that solitary, unaided fashion, but required the fine play and fine actors about him to give his full effect.

On these grounds the French Comedy, with Got, Favart, Delaunay, and Coquelin, has no need of a Garrick or Clairon. Who would not prefer to have this fine high level of excellence to the meagre and *soi-disant* entertainment offered by the travelling stars? Who would choose the services of a giant and half a dozen dwarfs rather than the steady assistance of seven low-sized men? In fact, this system of level is the true system. It is the system that has obtained whenever the stage has flourished in any country.

While giving the highest praise to this distinguished company, it cannot be denied that there has been a certain decadence in the choice of their pieces; and the admission of certain ephemeral and weak pieces of the day will certainly react on the players. The rigorous adhesion to classical works, which had so long been their rule, had this advantage, that it guaranteed that there was stuff present to bring out and develop the finest gifts of acting. Some of the pieces introduced into their repertory within the last few years have been of too special a character, too local, and perhaps too French; and a remark of Kemble's, made when he was in Paris, might be recalled with advantage. When he was claiming for Shakespeare that there was nothing in France to approach him, the name of Molière was mentioned. "But," said Kemble, "he is not French; he is of every country." Such a piece as "Paul Forrestier," representing a depraved picture of Parisian manners, and representing nothing permanent, is an instance. To "Mlle. De Belle Isle" an objection might be made, though there is a good classical air over it. But, indeed, there is little room for finding fault; it is only apprehension lest the slightest symptom that would lead to decay might rob us of one of the few excellent things left to us in our generation.

It would take up too much space to go through the list of the various plays with which our Parisian friends have favoured us. The system of criticism that now obtains in newspapers and reviews is a little too much of the "inventory" order. It deals with points and details, and general commendation; rarely finds fault; and, above all, does not refer what it blames or praises to certain fixed principles of dramatic art. In the present instance it may be thought sufficient if we take a single play like "M. Poirier's Son-in-Law," and from it illustrate some of the excellences of these great artists' acting.

Now, first for the play itself—and here occurs the reflection how large and cosmopolitan is the handling of the French writers. The plot is a little farcical; but the principles of humour on which it is founded elevate it. It is easy to see that much of the French theatrical humour is based on that of Molière. There was present

to the author's mind, before he began to write his piece, the contrast between wealth and vulgarity on one side, and rank and poverty on the other. A poor French Duke marries the daughter of a bourgeois, and condescends to live with his father-in-law. Now, we might easily imagine an average "hand," thus furnished with these elements, "working" them in some such fashion as this. He would have all the arrogance of wealth; the father-in-law boasting of riches, of his connection with his august son-in-law, who, in his turn, would be an unimportant character—tame and submissive. But the French writer takes a more natural view, and one founded far more on the probabilities of such a situation. The Duke brings his family pride and a subdued haughtiness; whereas the bourgeois, who has expected to gain so much by securing such an illustrious son-in-law, finds himself awed, and reduced to an inferior and submissive position. Here is a fresh dramatic element, in a species of surprise at the character being so different from what we expected. Even supposing that this was the view according to which the Duke's character was to be handled, the conventional playwright would paint him as a supercilious exquisite, pointedly saying rude things which would make the audience laugh, making "hits" at "the old soap-boiler" and his trade, whatever it was, and furnishing a very smart and "epigrammatic" tone to the dialogue. For such is the safe and ready rule by which a character is to be conveyed to the audience; every sentence must supply something supercilious or haughty; there is to be nothing left to inference, no unconscious revealing of character, which is the true way—in real life, at least—by which a dominant passion or pursuit will show itself. At every moment the theme must be emphasised.

The French writer had the true model ready to his hand in Molière's plays, where every sentence spoken is humorous, not from its containing a smart thing, but from the distinct reference to the broad lines of character. A rustic bourgeois there is not always talking of his money, or showing his love for rank in set phrases pointing at such a subject. He will use indifferent phrases, of perhaps no special colour, but which are yet, as we feel, precisely what a bourgeois *would* use in reference to such matters. In a word, a man who has been under certain conditions will view matters which have no relation to those conditions after a fashion that will harmonise; a fashion which can be divined only by deep knowledge of human character, but which, when divined, is acknowledged at once. We have dwelt thus long on this matter because it illustrates the principle which guides the acting of these great artists, especially that of M. Got.

We say nothing of his consummate and refined tact in dress, removed from the conventional exaggeration of the English stage. There, a character-part must be dressed after the authorised laws. But it is quite evident that the principle of M. Got and his fellows is not to think of how they are to repeat and make effective particular passages, so as to get immediate funny effect out of each, but to devote their thoughts to the general conception of the whole, and trust to habit or instinct for the effect of particular passages. A man who has searched the innermost recesses of the bourgeois character, who has learned how such feel and think upon particular occasions, and who has besides acquired what is akin to technical manipulation in a painter, viz., skilful powers of expressing what he wishes to express, will be full of a sort of instinct or inspiration. It is this general feeling which makes dress, tones, and gestures all characteristic and suitable. As we looked on these scenes, and saw the figures moving to and fro with quiet ease, it seemed that the front of some private dwelling had been taken off, and we were privileged to be present.

The nobleman, as played by Bressant—who seemed a little stiff in the lower limbs—was founded on the true reading of a true nobleman's character in such a situation. Only "a cad" would indemnify himself for his supposed degradation by sneers and contempt; or at least the English playwright would be obliged, by the rigorous laws of stage business, to allow the actor to develop the character allotted to him by such conventional means. But in real life the nobleman who found this position irksome would betray it in a weariness of manner, a good-natured toleration, and a contempt which he wished to suppress, but which escaped him, *malgré lui*, at every turn. In Bressant's playing this was evident, even in his bearing. He was always good-humoured and polite, always indulging in his little joke, sometimes provoked and irritated at the peculiarities of his *beau-père*, and conveyed the idea that he was exerting himself to accept all, and overlook what was uncongenial to his breeding and habits. This sort of patronage in its turn reacted on the bourgeois, M. Poirier, and brought out a new development in the character: an irritation at the implied patronage, a wish to resent, and yet a difficulty in doing so. Thus it is that true acting becomes, as it were, like two mirrors placed opposite one another, reflecting each other's reflections. The contrast between these two characters is delightful—the one patronising, extravagant, allowing all his debts to be paid by the *beau-père*, yet never seeing that there is an obligation: the other good-hearted, and willing to be liberal, yet



galled to the quick at every turn by this genuine coolness and high-bred complacency. These characters are, indeed, the comedy itself, and the climax is reached when the bourgeois, irritated beyond endurance, determines that all *must* end, and demands an explanation with *mon gendre*. This interview was simply delicious—complete as a dramatic spectacle. Even as the nobleman entered, careless, smiling, bored, prepared to submit politely to the necessary infliction, we see by anticipation in the very bearing of the two all that is to follow. A more natural and dramatic passage could not be conceived than what succeeds. When the bourgeois had seated himself and was about beginning, a little bit of by-play on the nobleman's part, meant to express unconscious indifference, is worth noting. He seats himself with a light jest; then, determining to be comfortable under the infliction, draws over a high stool on which to rest his feet. This attitude he does not find easy, and a better arrangement is evidently occupying his mind, when the other begins, solemnly, "Mon gendre, quand vous m'avez faites l'honneur"—He then has to stop abruptly, for the *gendre* is just getting the stool right, and says, with satisfaction, "Voilà! Allez!" There is evidently no impoliteness in this; it seems to both audience and bourgeois sheer carelessness and absorption in quite another matter. Now, to convey the same idea with our writers, there would be a conventional series of motions: walking to the window, whistling, looking at the ceiling, interruptions, hands in pockets, &c.; a sort of delivery of the idea in the rough concrete, as it were, to make it as plain as possible to the limited capacity of the audience. This may seem a trifling point; but it illustrates as well as another the true principle of perfect playing.

A French cook, Vatel, was played by Coquelin with singular humour; and it is worth recording that a simple change of expression, after a sort of facial struggle—and this was literally all—was greeted by the audience with a burst of applause. Would that some of our players had been there to see this instructive phenomenon! It would appear incredible to them. The situation was this. The bourgeois, in a rage, had summoned the *chef*, who had prepared a magnificent *menu*, "pâtage à la Concordat," all at the expense of the host. In a fury the latter strikes out all the dainties, *seriatim*. As the first disappears and some ordinary dish is substituted, the *chef* winces, frowns, recollects himself, and as he thinks with delight of the triumphs of his skill which still remain, begins to smile with complacent enjoyment. It was this series of exquisite facial transitions that extorted the applause,

and the audience read in his face the struggle of these contending emotions.

But what shall be said of that finished little piece of De Musset's, "On ne Badine par avec l'Amour," or its surpassing performance by Favart and Delaunay? It was described in the critiques of the time, and the terrible effect of the last situation, the awful reality, the horror and expectancy that settled on the audience, was a spectacle in itself. Yet here was nothing beyond a simple painted scene; no house on fire; no stabbing, or combat, or escape; nothing but simple acting; which, however, lifted all present to a world high above the tawdry arts of canvas and timber framing. Just as at the Adelphi Theatre the "terrific leap" of the Monk Claude Frolo from the Tower of Notre Dame is duly placarded and pictured, and draws crowds; yet, in Victor Hugo's story, the very conception of that monk and his struggles is far more emotional, and causes a deeper interest, than mere sensational vulgarity.

While saying so much for the French Comedy, it would be unfair to pass over the other foreign actors who have visited us. The chief success of the other theatres has been "Nos Intimes," which has been immensely popular at the Lyceum. The genuine humour of this piece, with the drollness of the actors, amply deserved such recognition. The motive was that of a benevolent country gentleman who is in the habit of giving a general invitation to friends "to come down and stay with him," an invitation which is accepted at a time when he but little expects to see them. The dramatic art in this piece is the surprise from the character of the guests, who, instead of being elaborated into sycophants, or obsequious or humorous retainers, after the "regulation" fashion, are grumbling, dissatisfied people, who bring the master of the house to account, complain angrily of his behaviour, find fault with everything. It being a French play, every one can quite divine the attitude of the *beau jeune homme*, who is sick, and tended by a charming *garde malade* in the shape of his host's wife. The exertions of this gentleman to carry out his dishonourable purpose, the well-known revolting scene in the third act, the clever devices of the friendly doctor to prevent the husband making the discovery, seemed, however, to have quite another air since the war of last year. It is fair proof of how powerfully the stage reflects the manners and life of the day that the whole seemed out of key, and *passé*. The reflection occurred that men of such plays, who, under the disguise of sentiment, *l'amour*, and even honour, are shown as scheming, intriguing to carry out their

dishonourable designs in the house of the man who was sheltering them, represented the men who had made such a contemptible figure in the recent war; and it seemed natural that those who had devoted their lives to such a contemptible passion in boudoirs and drawing-rooms should make an equally contemptible show in the field. It is to be hoped that with this lesson we shall have finished, for a time at least, with this choice of subject as a motive of dramatic interest.

This play suggests another characteristic of French humorous acting, viz., the quaint and comic look the faces of French actors acquire. This is not from "making up;" it comes from within, not from without. The actor, in short, so fills himself with the humour of the character, puts so much expression into his face, that his very features, from the exertion, grow mobile, and obey. Of course our own players can "work" their faces and features, and work them comically; but this is mechanical and muscular—the other is the result of spirit and mind. But on this text we might expatiate endlessly. It seems harsh to insist so much on the comparison, but it must be said—our own players, with the best intentions, and excellent training in some cases, are inferior; and for this reason—they follow wrong principles and a wrong system. They do not pierce deep enough; comic tones, gestures, and grimaces, are all only means to an end; they mistake these for the end. This could be illustrated from a point where there has been some improvement of late—namely, in the personation of gentlemen. But even this is growing conventionalised. From the Prince of Wales's Theatre downwards is growing up a legitimatised notion of a stage gentleman in dress and manners, which one actor copies from another, and if he imitates it tolerably well, he is considered successful. But the true and French fashion of playing a gentleman—as Bressant did his nobleman—is to conceive the character of a gentleman; the dress, bearing, manner, all flow from this. Of course it is difficult for us to follow this process, but it is the recipe of the French artist.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

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## COME DOWN TO MY MEXICAN SEAS.



COME to my sun land ! Come with me  
To the land I love ; where the sun and sea  
Are wed forever : where palm and pine  
Are filled with singers ; where tree and vine  
Are voiced with prophets ; Oh, come, and you  
Shall sing a song with the seas that swirl  
And kiss their hands to the cold white girl,  
To the marble moon in her mantle of blue.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

*Vera Cruz, Mexico.*

# BYGONE CELEBRITIES.

BY R. H. HORNE.

IV.—SAMUEL IRELAND, AND HIS "SHAKESPEARE" MANUSCRIPTS  
—DR. PARR, WHO KNELT DOWN TO THEM—TREATMENT OF  
NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA—SIR HUDSON LOWE—BARON LAS  
CASES, &c., &c.

**H**AME is by no means impartial, and the verdict of posterity becomes, in some instances, either confused or inadequate, and now and then as inconsistent as unjust. We need not go back to the truth about Epicurus—his precepts and his life—and then point out that ever since :—

All those who talk of Epicurus' *sty*,  
Prove that posterities agree to lie.

Every student of history and biography will call to mind many instances of men who are handed down to us with over-rated estimation, while others of equal or greater merit have been recorded with faint praise, if not allowed to lapse into comparative oblivion. How little is the towering grandeur and dignity of George Chapman recognised by writers of our time ! His dramatic writings are scarcely known to modern readers, and his spirit-fraught translation of Homer is never mentioned, while Pope's elegant but monotonous paraphrase is constantly reprinted. Who ever quotes or alludes to the scenes of terrible passion and power in the tragedies of John Webster ? Only the readers of the old English dramatists know anything of the man ; if his Christian name is omitted, the majority of general readers of our day will be very likely to confound him with the veteran manager of the Haymarket. Is Defoe adequately appreciated, except for a single work ?—while every year we have new editions, illustrated and applauded afresh, of the text-ridden "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan, which scarcely anybody ever does or can read through after the period of childhood or early youth, when the imagination was so vividly impressed with the undoubted force and beauty of several of its graphic descriptions. How much and how justly admired are the ballads and poems of young Chatterton—whose sad end is so constantly quoted as that of "the sleepless soul that perished in his pride"—and he is handed down to us as the marvellous boy ;

while the name of young Samuel Ireland, who at the same age committed a similar literary forgery, is never mentioned without opprobrium, and very rarely mentioned at all. The former wrote poems in close imitation of the style of the monk Rowley; the latter wrote a play and several other pieces in close imitation of Shakespeare. These two boys, each of the age of about eighteen, put forth their productions as discoveries of old original manuscripts; and all the so-called "best judges," with a very few exceptions, pronounced them authentic and of the most intrinsic merit. As to the genius of the two boys, young Ireland was certainly not in any degree to be compared with Chatterton; but this is not the question. Each of them pretended to have found some old original manuscripts, and no doubt the idea of "forgery" and wrong-doing in any serious sense had never been intended—probably such a view of the act had never crossed their minds. But having done it, and found the effect surpass all they had anticipated, they were afraid at once to confess the truth, and allowed themselves to be carried on with the force of the circumstances they had, in some sort innocently, created. But one has been forgiven and admired; the other was persecuted or held in odium through life, and has not been forgiven in his grave.

Why this odium has been attached only to young Ireland is quite explicable, as it seems to me. In the case of Chatterton, men of distinction did not peril their judgments nor hotly enter into contests; and the melancholy suicide of the poor young poet, together with his undoubted genius, disarmed all hostility, and has cast a pathetic interest over his memory. But young Ireland was said to have "taken in" some of the first men of the day (*i.e.*, they took themselves in, by pretending to a judgment which they did not possess), and a hot contest ensued—Dr. Parr, the great Greek scholar, heading the enthusiastic party of believers in the authenticity of the newly-discovered manuscripts of Shakespeare, and John Kemble heading the party who pronounced them spurious.

In early youth I chanced to make the acquaintance of Samuel Ireland at a bookseller's shop in the Hampstead Road. He was then somewhat in years, but a strikingly handsome man; and with a mass of iron-grey hair hanging over the collar of a dark blue frogged and braided coat, he had very much the appearance of a sun-browned general officer. He had been residing for many years in Paris. Of his boyhood's error and its injurious consequences, he often used to relate many interesting anecdotes.

Ireland told me that the idea of manufacturing these manuscripts

first occurred to him from a wish to surprise and delight his father, who was a sort of antiquarian idolater of everything connected with Shakespeare. What pleasure it would give his father to possess an original manuscript in the handwriting of Shakespeare!—and, next, he thought, how much greater this would be if the manuscript were a new historical play! A very curious piece of sophistical reasoning, but quite intelligible, especially as he intended eventually to divulge the truth.

So he set to work with great assiduity and secrecy. First, he practised the imitation of the handwriting of Shakespeare, and found this very difficult. He did it best by writing with his left hand, which gave, as he said, a sort of awkward, straggling sprawl, that bore considerable resemblance; eventually, however, he accomplished the imitation with his right hand. The antiquated spelling and phraseology, of course he got from one of the earliest editions, and other books of that age. He wrote with tobacco-water, to give antiquity to his “ink,” then hung the sheets from a nail inside the chimney; and in four-and-twenty hours the manuscript looked three hundred years old. By way of establishing the “fact” he spared no time or pains in searching book-stalls for any ancient and good-for-nothing books of the time of Shakespeare, so that he might tear out any blank page that chanced to have a water mark, or any other stamp or positive indication of the period; and upon this he wrote in his tobacco-water, and placed it in a conspicuous position in his newly-discovered “original” manuscript. Poor young Chatterton was no match for young Ireland as to all these extremely clever details; for which the latter has been scouted all the more. This distinction is natural enough, but not quite just, inasmuch as the former did his best to counterfeit the poems of the monk Rowley.

This newly-found play “by the immortal bard” was entitled “Vortigern and Rowena.” There were fragments of other plays, not necessary to particularise; but each of them might very well have a strong family likeness to Shakespeare, as they were full of ingeniously contrived paraphrases, with here and there a plagiarism of half a line, or a peculiar phrase, thus making Shakespeare appear to repeat himself. As this is just what Shakespeare does *not* do, it was one of the worst features of the case, to my thinking; but it all helped to deceive “the learned.” The play made a great sensation in literary and theatrical circles, and arrangements were made for its production at Covent Garden (if I recollect rightly), the principal part being played by John Kemble. The great actor protested against the whole thing; but in those days there was due discipline,

and no "particular star" was permitted to outshine the management on any night whatever. Meantime, emboldened by success and the delight manifested by his father, young Ireland increased the enchantment of his parent by the further "discovery," among some old rubbish-papers in a mouldy box in a loft, of a "love-letter from Shakespeare to Anne Hathaway," and also of "a profession of faith." Now, *these* are the things, profanely interfering with the most sacred private feelings and thoughts of one of the greatest characters of history, which render the act of young Ireland so much more reprehensible than that of Chatterton, who only committed a *literary* forgery. But there was another circumstance which occurred at the time, that brought down accumulated and personal vengeance upon the head of the boy, and of the man in after-life.

Amidst a select assemblage of *litterati* at the house of Mr. Ireland (the father), the manuscript of Shakespeare's "profession of faith" was examined with profound reverence, and then read aloud by Dr. Parr, nobody for a moment doubting the authenticity. Dr. Parr, who had a strong lisp, then turned to the happy father of the fortunate son, and addressed him in these memorable words:—"Mithter Ireland! the litherary, theological, and poethical worlds are deeply indebted to you. Thir, thith 'Profethion of Faith'—what, what, thir, thall we thay to it? Our Churth thervith ith very fine, and our Litany ABOUNDTHS with beauthies; but *hereth* a man—in thith *thimble* compothithion—hath dithtanthed them all!" There was a pause of reverential delight. Dr. Parr then added:—"Let me kith the handwriting of the immortal Thwan of Avon!" So saying, Dr. Parr went down upon one knee, if not both, and kissed the manuscript, which, said Ireland, "I had only written a few days before, and had not long taken out of the chimney, where it had attained the proper age."

"When I saw this act of recognition," said Ireland, "and by the most learned man of his day, or so considered, and I—a boy of eighteen—it so confounded and alarmed me at what I had done that I went into the window recess, and laid my head down upon the window sill, not knowing where I was. To confess the deed I dared not. What would my father say to me? Besides, he would have been regarded as an accomplice; it would have been his ruin!"

And now the great historical play of "Vortigern and Rowena," by William Shakespeare, was announced for representation at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with the pomp and parade of the playbills about this wonderful new discovery, and with the great John Kemble in the principal part, notwithstanding his protest against the



whole thing. However, all the playgoers in London being much more than usually excited, the house on the first night was crowded from the floor to the very ceiling. But if a leading actor could not, in that day, prevent a piece from being accepted at a theatre, nor refuse to play the principal part, it seemed to be quite forgotten that, on a first night, he could very easily cause it to be damned; and this, apart from all question of its authenticity or its intrinsic merits.

The play opened amid a dead hush of silence. Not a word was to be lost. It progressed well up to the third, if not the fourth, act. And then John Kemble had to deliver the finest passage in the play, which was an apostrophe to Death, as a duly humbling thought with reference to an earthly King—quite in the vein of Shakespeare. After alluding to all the King's pomps and vanities, the lines ran:—

And when this solemn mockery is o'er,  
Thou tak'st him by the foot, and upwards so,  
Till from his heart, &c.

This was the passage which proceeded to describe how Death gradually turned a King into poor cold clay and nothingness; but Kemble made a pause after "this solemn mockery is o'er." The audience, being accustomed to long and imposing pauses from John Kemble, waited with becoming respect for the conclusion of the speech; instead of which Kemble repeated the line, with marked emphasis:—

And when *this* solemn mockery is o'er!

Perhaps this was a preconcerted signal for the opposition party, in case the play should not be damned in the previous acts. Howbeit, a contest and storm instantly commenced, which rose to such a height, and was so prolonged, that the green curtain had to be dropped. The manager (Elliston) rushed about wildly, and almost seized Kemble, to shake him, exclaiming, "How dare you, sir—how dare you damage this magnificent property?"—sharing the meaning of "property" between the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, and the lost profits of the new historical play by Shakespeare. But the tempest was continued outside the walls; and when it was announced for repetition, and large advertising posters were pasted up, there appeared written under them in great chalk letters, "To be followed by the Farce of 'My Grandmother!'"\* The play was never again

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\* On further recollection, I think John Kemble contrived to get this into the play-bills.

produced, and young Ireland fled from his father's house, and published his "Confessions."

The youth of the delinquent, who had shown so effectually what Hazlitt calls "the ignorance of the learned," was never taken into consideration, and after suffering persecution and many privations in his efforts to retrieve a disastrous step and obtain literary engagements, young Ireland left the country and settled himself in France. While on his rambles he chanced to meet with the pretty widow of Admiral B——, who speedily fell in love with him. They were married soon after, went to Paris, and, by mutual consent, enjoyed themselves amidst all its gaieties, and spent every farthing they possessed in a very short time. During various struggles to make a living, Ireland became an excellent French scholar, and eventually displayed this by emulating his first unfortunate success in England. He now published the love-songs of the poet "Châtelat to Mary Queen of Scots," which were assumed to be, and generally believed to be, authentic. One or two of these compositions I have seen, and found them to be full of tender elegance. No wonder the booksellers caught at them. After a time, Ireland got himself presented to Napoleon I., and had some appointment given him in one of the public libraries. With the fall of the most-admired and best-abused genius of his age, Ireland suddenly left Paris—"had to fly," he said—and came to London. Here he quickly engaged in miscellaneous literature, and, in especial, with reference to the eventful life of his great French patron. Among other things, he edited a series of "Napoleon Anecdotes," many of which were announced as original. The little volumes were very successful, and the supply only ceased with the demand. It appeared, now and then, as though there had been a convenient factory of interesting memoirs at the editor's command. The biographical fountain never got dry. On the contrary, it always sparkled, warbled, or gravely murmured with heroism, practical wisdom, searching wit, magnanimity, statesman-like prognostics, and judicious patronage. Why not? The subject offered a fair field for all these rich gleanings. And if occasionally anything dropped in which was not quite true, it was precisely that kind of thing which *might* have been extremely true.

Ireland at this time was living with his wife and daughters at Camden Town. He was naturally of a genial spirit, and a long residence in Paris had given a fine tone of lively French elegance to the whole family. He evidently preferred the society of young people, and at his house were met artists and *artistes* of various kinds, all "on their promotion," and students in literature, poetry, and

science; together with a racy sprinkling of French and Spanish political refugees—all singing agreeably, or playing the guitar. Among these was the Marquis de Maubreuil, the least genial of the visitors; the young Baron Las Cases (son of Count Las Cases, author of the "St. Helena Journal"); Balsir Chatterton, the late harpist to the Queen; several students of the Royal Academy, and among them Sam D——, son of the painter of the "Death of Nelson;" also, the Hon. G—— F——, a near relation of the Earl of A——; Dr. Stone, at that time celebrated for his attack upon the phrenologists; and a nice floral sprinkling of young-lady aspirants in painting and music. The "board" was always merry, hospitable, kindly, and presented that sort of easy art-life so rarely found in England. If the principal dish at supper consisted of roasted apples or baked pears, with side-plates of tomatoes and radishes, there were no apologies. If the salad-bowl had been broken in the morning, there was a capital salad served in a cracked soup-tureen, or something else. But no foolish apologies. The thing furnished a subject of merriment.

Ireland was not eloquent, but he had a good flow of words; sometimes "talked like a book;" and often expressed himself with great energy and a special gesticulation that most people would consider rather extravagant. For instance, having a fine fall of iron-grey hair, he would suddenly enhance his delivery by raising both hands, with his fingers grasping his hair on each side, so that those who saw this for the first time, made sure he was about to tear out two handfuls. He varied his alarming effects by occasionally setting one leg and foot at work upon the floor with a short, nervous, up-and-down action, noiseless in itself, but making everything shake upon the table; and sometimes the whole room shook. One day he beckoned a young man aside who had recently left the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and closing the door of his study, said to him, in an under-tone full of vague meanings—

"You have read 'A Voice from St. Helena'?"

"I have," replied the cadet.

"And the 'Journal of Count Las Cases'?"

"Yes."

"My G—d, sir, did you ever"—(up went both hands, like wild claws, into his hair)—"*did* you ever read such things before in your life?"

"I certainly never did."

"Now, apart from country—sinking the question of English and French, and merely looking at it as the treatment of a great, a

noble, a once all-powerful foe—isn't it enough to make the blood boil—the blood boil, sir!—to read of such atrocities of persecution as the great Napoleon experienced from that gaoler, Sir Hudson Lowe?" His eyes flashed, his cheek and forehead flushed, the clutching fingers were slowly withdrawn from his hair, and the right knee began to work rapidly up and down, till the pens, pen-wiper, paper-knife, and every other light article danced upon the table.

"It certainly was by no means to the honour of England," said the juvenile soldier, after a pause.

"Honour!—an eternal disgrace!—the whole country disgraced by this one man. Wouldn't you like to see him shot?"

"Well, no; I dare say he thought he was doing his duty, and under very trying circumstances; though he did it shockingly at times."

"Wouldn't you like to see him horsewhipped?"

"By one of the Emperor's relations?"

"By anybody, sir!"

"Pardon me, no; only by some one who"—

"Who felt a deep interest in the Emperor. He slowly and tormentingly murdered the Emperor. Wasn't he murdered by inches? Yes, you would like to see one of his dearest and most devoted friends and followers—one of the voluntary companions of his exile—cane, thrash, horsewhip that State gaoler!"

"I don't know that I should like to see it."

"But you would have no objection to hear of such a thing?"

"I certainly should not."

"Would you give"—(here the sole of one foot began to work a powerful vibration upon the floor.) "Would you give some help to such an act?"

"What act?"

"A consummation so devoutly to be wished."

"What consummation, Mr. Ireland?"

"Horse-whipping."

"Help one gentleman to horse-whip another?"

"No, no, not exactly that. I mean help in the sense of saving the avenger—the castigator—from the lash of the Law, if the State gaoler won't fight."

"I don't know. Let me understand."

"You shall—you shall! My G—d!—yes, Mr. Richard!" (Here both hands went up into his hair.) "Yes, you may well wish to understand. But it will be done—done, sir!"

"By whom?—one of the Napoleon family, of course."

"Not of his family." (Here the foot began a strong vibration.)  
 "But one of his companions in exile."

"The old General?"

"No, not him."

"The French *savan*?"

"No, not the *savan*."

"Barry O'Meara, then?" (Here the vibration of the foot became audible.)

"No, Mr. Richard."

"Count Las Cases?"

"You have it. Count Las Cases—but vicariously."

"Horse-whip a man vicariously, Mr. Ireland?"

"The Count is too much in years, and it would not do to risk—to risk"——

"The horse-whip changing hands?"

"Exactly so; but Baron Las Cases, the Count's son, will be the vicar. You've met him here?"

"Yes, once."

"*He* will do it."

Ireland at this period had chambers for literary business in Clement's Inn, and here he, and one or two more, concocted the entire plan, of which the ladies at Camden Town were to be kept in perfect ignorance till all had been accomplished. It would occupy too much space to narrate how they hired three hackney coaches, two of which were to contain foreign friends who were to do nothing and know nothing, but drive off in different directions at a certain signal; how they waylaid the doomed State gaoler; how Baron Las Cases, armed with a light riding whip, waited till a carriage door was opened, and a gentleman alighted on his arrival to dinner; how the desired event took place, and the agile performer rapidly sprang up the stone steps, and threw his card into the passage after the heels of the retiring personage; how the operator hastily entered one of the hackney coaches (the third) close to the railings of a green enclosure of the square—getting out of the door on the other side immediately, and slowly walking away, while that coach and the others drove off in haste; how a choice party of five met at Ireland's chambers in Clement's Inn, some hours after, to a most exciting supper, at which we all talked and laughed, *sotto voce* at the same time, and tried to eat and drink, but were in too wild a state of hilarity, as well as apprehension of the police—besides preparations for the Baron's escape out of England—to listen, enjoy, or understand anything. Altogether it was a boyish affair, and yet

with a touch of the "historical," of which Ireland made the most. His geese were always swans, at least; and upon this occasion they were imperial eagles. The address of Baron Las Cases, on the card he threw into the passage, was at the Hôtel de —, Calais, where he was to await with his seconds the arrival of Sir Hudson. To get him safe on board a certain fishing smack, attired as a fisherman, but looking far more like a handsome young smuggler in a French *vaudeville*, was safely accomplished at about five in the morning, after driving about for two hours very slowly in every direction but the one intended, by the device of Ireland, who acted as strategist throughout the affair, till the flying fisherman stepped into a boat at the foot of Wapping Old Stairs. It is hardly necessary to say that Sir Hudson did not consider himself bound to avail himself of the address on the card thrown into the passage.

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## AMONGST THE DOGS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

**I**T is somewhat surprising that a Dog Show was never held at the Crystal Palace prior to 1870. The building has been used for almost every imaginable purpose during the past few years, and when Ashburnham Hall was "tried and found wanting," and the inhabitants of "merrie Islington" raised an effectual protest against the "baying the moon" which annually took place in that locality, we wonder that the promoters of the Show did not at once take refuge at Sydenham. Such a step never seems to have occurred to them, and so for some time London offered no prizes for dogs, and Birmingham was without a rival. Last year, however, chiefly owing to the exertions of the Earl of Caledon, the Rev. J. Cumming Macdona, Messrs. Murchison and Shirley, and a few other gentlemen, arrangements were made with the Crystal Palace Company, and a very large exhibition took place at Sydenham. It cannot be said that it was altogether a success. The arrangements were decidedly faulty, and the judging caused great dissatisfaction. Pecuniarily, also, it was a failure, and the committee, whose prize list was most liberal, were heavy losers. Nothing daunted, however, but determined to profit by dearly-bought experience, the same gentlemen again offered upwards of £1,000 in prizes, and an entry of about eight hundred was obtained. We suppose that it is thought to be necessary to extend the Show over four days in order to increase the receipts, but it is certainly a most unfortunate thing for the dogs. Some, of course, can be taken home every night; while the owners of others secure lodgings near the Palace, in order to be able to look after their respective pets; but the great majority come from long distances, and must remain on their benches for the whole time, with the exception perhaps of an occasional turn up and down the terrace. This is very trying, and when the incessant excitement to which they are exposed is considered, it is not surprising that it takes most dogs some little time to recover the effects of a Show. The amount of weight they will sometimes lose during the few days is almost beyond belief; while we have seen them so hoarse from incessant barking that they could hardly utter a sound. It was specially unfortunate on the present occasion that the Show should extend over a Sunday,

and of course that arrangement gave rise to much grumbling. In this matter, however, the committee were blameless, as it was totally impossible to obtain the use of a portion of the Palace on four consecutive week-days. Still, it is our conviction that a Show occupying two, or at most three, days would be more satisfactory in every way. The expenses, of course, would be considerably less, and we do not believe that the receipts would be perceptibly diminished. There are, we imagine, very few casual visitors to the Show. Most of those who go there—and we include the ladies—are more or less “fanciers,” and have looked forward to the exhibition and made their arrangements to see it long beforehand. They would, therefore, equally make a point of being present whether it were open two, three, or four days. Possibly the committee may try the experiment next year, which would certainly entitle them to a unanimous vote of thanks from the dogs.

After all the controversy that has taken place as to the respective merits of public and private judging, we determined to make a point of witnessing the former for ourselves. Accordingly we arrived at the Palace shortly after ten o'clock on the morning of the first day, and were a little disappointed to find that the judges had made such good use of their time that the fate of fifteen classes was irrevocably settled. As we walked on the lawn, which slopes from the building to the terrace, the champion fox terrier bitches were just being paraded; the champion dogs had not returned to their benches, and both open classes were waiting about for their turn to come. We have seldom seen a prettier sight. Nearly a hundred terriers, good, bad, and indifferent, were dotted over the small piece of grass, all wonderfully excited by the unusual amount of society, and all looking their best. Meanwhile the judges seemed in a difficulty. Five out of the seven bitches were soon disposed of, and Fussy, the prima donna of last year, and the pretty little Bellona were left to fight it out. It was evident that the contest must be a close one, for if Mr. Murchison's crack has a better head, her feet and legs are not so good as Fussy's. Personally we prefer the latter; but no one seemed dissatisfied when they were bracketed “equal firsts.” It was amusing to watch one of the large open classes walking in a ring round the judges, and to note the different styles of men who “belonged to” each dog. There was, of course, the man engaged by the committee at so much per day, sublimely indifferent as to whether he was leading the best dog in the world or the worst, and of course equally indifferent as to his chance of a prize. Then there was the gentleman who took in his own animal, vainly attempting to appear



unconcerned, yet inwardly so full of excitement that he actually kept it on his right hand instead of his left, so that "the bench" could not catch even a glimpse of it. Next, perhaps, would come the private keeper, the three-shows-a-month man, strolling round with an air which seemed to say "Pay particular attention to my dog, for you know that nothing bad ever comes from *our* kennels," and presenting a marked contrast to the unfortunate keeper who, deeply impressed with the importance of his first Show, was so nervously anxious to exhibit his charge to the greatest advantage, and looked such a picture of misery when it was unaccountably passed over. Little time was given us to note these various characters, for the judges certainly had a wonderful knack of polishing off a large class in very rapid fashion. One or two glances round, four or five dogs motioned into the centre of the ring, and then the much-coveted tickets were speedily awarded, and Mr. Douglas was hurrying the class out and calling in the next lot. There seemed a division of opinion in the open class for dogs between Tyrant and Celt. The latter was, in our opinion, the better of the two, but was in such poor condition that he had to be content with second place. Both dogs were taken up, yet the judges failed to observe that Tyrant's ears had been let down, though, when it was pointed out, they were forced to admit it, and, of course, disqualified him. This was a very grave oversight; and such mistakes tend much to shaken public faith in the awards, for two or three experienced fox-terrier men no sooner saw the dog than they shook their heads, and at once began to examine his ears. In the puppy classes the dogs were decidedly good; but we have seldom seen a more wretched lot of bitches, and the prizes were most properly withheld.

When the six classes of fox terriers (numbering in all a hundred and eleven) had been disposed of, we strolled away into the Show. Everything was in capital order; there was little trace of the confusion incidental to a "first performance," and each of the keepers seemed to have a certain portion of work allotted to him, and to do it well. The fox terriers were chained on open benches, instead of in the cages which they occupied last year. This was by no means an improvement, for as they were only about four feet apart, frequent skirmishes occurred. We did not hear of any very serious results, but old Tartar would have made it extremely unpleasant for his next door neighbours. However, the veteran's Show days are probably over, for though we learn weekly from the *Field* that he is still "all there when the bell rings," whatever that may mean, he did not leave his new quarters at Manchester. The bulldog judging drew a somewhat motley

assemblage on to the terrace, and we noticed several faces that would have been more at home in Billy Shaw's parlour, with "Mr. — in the chair, who will show his unrivalled, &c., &c." The noble animals (whose thick and thin adherents contemptuously style every other kind of dog a "poodle") were by no means well represented. True, they came out in the most wonderful and elaborate collars, but, as a critical observer who stood next to us justly observed, "Arter all, it ain't the collar the judges looks at; it's the dawg." In the open class we saw nothing that took our fancy like Mr. Adcock's grand young dog The Abbott;\* yet, strangely enough, he was entirely passed over, though five of the competitors received notice. Not being much of a judge of bulldogs, we should have attributed this fancy to our own ignorance, but our opinion was so freely endorsed by the *cognoscenti* that we fancy there must have been a mistake. The owner of the first prize winner in the class for dogs or bitches under twenty-four pounds weight was unlucky enough to price her five pounds, and of course she was at once purchased, though it may possibly have been a friendly claim. After this the judging seemed to proceed pretty smoothly, and we deferred a further inspection of the dogs till the following day, when they were all settled down in their respective places.

The bloodhounds came first in the catalogue; but on entering the Show, our attention was immediately taken by the mastiffs, which were arranged in a long row on the left. There were actually twelve champions, and the classes were unusually good; indeed, we noticed so many promising young ones coming forward, that the veterans will have to look to their laurels. Lion, the property of Miss M. Hales, took the first prize, beating such good and well-known dogs as Barry, Wolf, Turk, &c. We fancy that few people will be disposed to disagree with the verdict of the judges, for Lion is certainly one of the grandest looking dogs ever seen. He was too fat for showing, but his coat was in wonderful order, and shone like a piece of satin. He was honoured with a special box to himself, and seemed to hold a never ending levee of fair admirers, for mastiffs are always great favourites with the ladies. Barry, "pure Lyme Hall on both sides," of course occupied a conspicuous place in the catalogue, as we were compelled to read for the twentieth time the old story of Sir Percy Leigh and his mastiff which "saved him on the field of battle." We are growing rather tired of seeing this interesting anecdote repeated, with slight variations, two or three times in the catalogue of every

\* Shortly after his appearance at the Palace, The Abbott received a severe kick from a cow, and died within a few minutes of the occurrence.

important Show, and as it must now be well known to every one, it might surely be discontinued. There were only three champion bitches, and the prize fell to Mr. Lukey's well-known Beauty, which struck us as being rather small; but then a giant like Lion fairly dwarfs any ordinary dog. There were twenty-eight competitors in the open class, and we never remember seeing so many good ones at any other exhibition. It was, therefore, a great thing for a young dog like Punch to carry off the prize; but we must say he richly deserved it, and in six months more, when he is thoroughly furnished, we shall expect to see him very formidable in champion classes. Old Druid, whose colour (an ugly brindle) is much against him, got an extra first; but for all that the fair critics who looked so admiringly at Lion had not a word to say for him. We find no note against the name of Paris, the winner of the second prize; but Turco, a mere puppy of fourteen months, which came in third, is wonderfully promising. The open class for bitches was nothing like so good; but then they are always much smaller than the dogs, and, therefore, not nearly so imposing.

Quitting the mastiffs, we passed on to the fox terriers, and, beginning with the champions, looked carefully over the entire entry. Trimmer is too well known to need description. It is almost unnecessary to say that he was again first, and also took the special prize for the best in all classes. We believe, however, that the judges were by no means unanimous, and that Draco pressed him very hard. He is undoubtedly a beautifully marked dog, and shows a wonderful amount of quality; but we have always considered him a little too much of the toy for the perfection of a fox terrier. On the other hand, two or three of Mr. Murchison's champions—Renard, Brigand (a dog with a superb head), and Turco, for example—are altogether too big; and as something between the two sizes, possessing the quality of Trimmer combined with the muscle and power of Renard, would be quite perfect, we are not likely to see it. Old Rap, the sire of Trimmer, is by no means prepossessing in appearance, and we were much disappointed with Pincers, of whom we had heard a great deal. He certainly has the rich, even black and tan markings, which is quite enough for nine people out of ten; but his head is a trifle short, and he is too wide across the skull for our fancy. Draco is an immense favourite with some of the judges, though our leading fox-terrier breeders have not a single good word for him. He is certainly a pretty little dog; but having said that, we can go no further, as his head is small and pinched-up, and he is very slight and deficient in muscle. Quiz was chained next to him, evidently very unhappy in

the consciousness that, owing to his keeper's stupidity, he had never been taken into the ring, and had not had the chance of playing out the third game with Draco. They have met twice, each scoring one victory, so their third contest would have been specially interesting. Quiz's head and ears are perfect, and he looks a thorough workman; indeed, the only faults that can possibly be found with him are that he stands perhaps a little too high on the leg, and his quarters are small. Tartan did not show up, and Mr. Godfree's Jock is a perfect wretch, and set us wondering where he could possibly have won his first prize.

Among the champion bitches we have already alluded to Fussy and Bellona, the "equal firsts." The latter is certainly a model of elegance; but she has not thickened as much as we should have expected, and is still too much of a toy. Themis, a great favourite with most connoisseurs, was absent, having a young family by Pinçers to attend to; and of the remainder we saw nothing worthy of special remark.

In the open class for dogs was M.P., the prize puppy of last year. He has, however, grown very coarse and vulgar, and attracted no attention. There was also a nice son of Venture, and we were pleased with Tarquin, who, though hitherto very successful at Shows, was entirely passed over. He is by Jock II., a dog that has got some good ones. Indeed, he is sire of Celt, the winner of the first prize in this class, a position that no one could have grudged him had he been in condition, but he was very thin and poor, and really was hardly fit to show. Sting, a representative of Draco, is so heavily ticked that he looks like a Dalmatian, and altogether is such a brute that were Admiral Loring's favourite at the stud, people would think twice before taking a subscription to him, especially as we understand that many of his stock are thus spotted. Foiler is a thorough workman, and we took a passing look at Trimmer II., a terrier with about the best body and the worst head and ears we ever saw. Mr. Murchison might well express a wish to transfer Celt's head on to his shoulders. Trimmer had several representatives, with nothing very remarkable among them; but we noticed one or two promising young Chances. Formosa, the winner of the first prize in the open class for bitches, is a trifle small, but very pretty, and a great credit to Jocko, a dog that only wants a fair chance to earn a great name at the stud. We believe that some of the committee and one or two of the judges wish to give up the plan of offering prizes for puppies. We trust, however, that they will not be discontinued, as though, of course, youngsters under twelve months

old do not show to any great advantage, still it is very interesting to see the representatives of young and untried sires. Trim credited Mr. Murchison's crack with the first prize dog, and we noticed a very neat son of Rival in this class. No prizes were given to the bitches, a decision at which no one could cavil, for they certainly were a wretched lot.

We spent so much time among the fox terriers that we had only a very hurried glance at a few of the remaining classes, while we were compelled to pass over others altogether. Of course Regent and Matchless were first in the champion bloodhound classes—indeed, the latter had no competitor. Perhaps the greatest surprise of the Show was the defeat of the hitherto invincible Torom, alias Torrum, alias Torrunn, in the deerhound class. However, the decision of the judges was generally endorsed, and one could only wonder at his many previous successes at first-rate Shows, as he is decidedly coarse, and too big for all practical purposes. The committee had imported a judge all the way from Dumfries to decide on the respective merits of the Dandie Dinmonts, and then, instead of giving him the sole jurisdiction over this breed, allowed him to be outvoted by his colleagues; and thus Sir Douglas, who it is difficult to believe is a pure Dandie, once more defeated Shamrock, by far the best of the seven entries. In spite of all that has been written in his favour, and the desperate exertions of his friends, the ugly Bédlington is not gaining ground in public estimation; indeed, but for the five entries from Mr. S. Taprell-Holland's kennel (who, we believe, is about to turn his attention to fox terriers in lieu of the "cherry-nosed" ones) there would have been nothing but "a beggarly array of empty benches." The three Pomeranians were very poor, and we did not think much of the toys, though they were certainly exhibited to the best advantage. The large conservatory, filled with a delicious scent of orange blossoms, and with the "sweet little pets" ranged all round it, was quite a ladies' paradise. On the whole, the exhibition was a great success, and a vast improvement on that of last year in every way; while we are very glad to learn from the report of the committee that financially it was satisfactory. We can only hope that next year will show a corresponding improvement, and once more enter an earnest appeal for a two-days' Show.

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# SIR WALTER SCOTT AS A POET.

## A CENTENARY STUDY.



ON the 15th of August, 1771, Sir Walter Scott first looked upon the light of life in the metropolis of that Scotland which he loved with all the passion of a patriot, and sang of with all the enthusiasm of a poet. For more than fifty years his works have been before the eyes of an admiring world, and his genius has continued to stir the hearts of all people in all lands. And now, when the rolling years have brought round upon us the centenary birthday of Scotland's most illustrious genius, it cannot be deemed either out of place or out of time, in these columns to mark our sense of his merits as a poet, and our obligations to the purifying and elevating tendencies of his poetry.

No poetry ever thrills the heart of man with the power which belongs to the poetry of war and of love ; and as long as the tide of valour and chivalry pulses in the veins of manhood, and deeds of heroism command the universal homage of the heart—as long as the world bows before the majesty and magic of woman's beauty, and yields to the mastery of her smiles—so long will the tender and the terrible passions of love and war hold the largest space and call forth the most absorbing interest in the human heart. Here, then, we find one secret, if secret it be, of Scott's unrivalled success as a poet. He sang of love as no other poet ever sang, before him or after him : in a strain so tender, so delicate, so pure, with such freshness, such power, and such sweetness, at a time when the muse of licentiousness was baring her breast to a voluptuous world, and appealing to the fascinations of the flesh to court the favour of a corrupt society. He sang, too, of war in a strain peculiarly his own. He sang of masses of men moving to the shock of battle, of warrior meeting warrior in single combat, with all a warrior's sympathy burning in his heart, and, withal, with a heart, tender as that of womanhood, which instinctively recoiled from the debasing horrors of war. No poet has ever invested the field of battle, or the lists of mortal combat, with a clearer air of reality, or painted them to the eye in colours and images so bright and beautiful and so impressive ; and withal, no poet has ever softened the horrors of the battle-field with images of greater tenderness and purity, than the author of "Marmion." We hold with Jeffrey, the

first critic of his time, that the Battle of Flodden Field, in "Marmion," has never been equalled for the vigour and grandeur of its descriptive passages. But this is only its least and lowest charm. It has negative and positive beauties of a higher order. The poet dwells upon none of the ghastly brutalities, none of the loathsome barbarities, none of the sickening scenes of that terrible Golgotha—not a single detail of what is debasing or degrading to us as men, but every detail that goes to elevate our common human nature, by bringing before our eyes men rising to the highest height of heroism in defending their own honour, the throne of their sovereign, and the land of their birth. Nor is this all. The light of woman's love is placed by the matchless genius of the poet with "lovely Clare" on "the hillock standing lone" which "did all the field command," and made to shine like a light from heaven, to soften with its tender beams the horrors of the carnage. As the whirlwind of the war thunders in our ears, we catch the tones of woman's love, speaking to our hearts in accents far more eloquent than the thunder of battle:—

She only said, as loud in air  
The tumult roared, "Is Wilton there?"—  
They fly, or, maddened by despair,  
Fight but to die—"Is Wilton there?"

When we see the flower of chivalry lying crushed and bleeding at our feet, on the ghastly field; as our hearts are heavy at the saddening spectacle of valour fighting but to die—and image after image rushes red in our sight of "broken brands" and "arms smeared with blood and sand" of the warrior whose "life was reft"—how sweetly comes the image of Clare—the injured Clare—before us to return the ministrations of mercy for her wrongs to the warrior who wrought those wrongs now in the last agonies of death. What battle-piece was ever adorned with so perfect an image of human interest, or what poet has ever paid so true and so graceful a tribute to the tender heart of womanhood as that which we find in Scott's picture of Clare by the dying Marmion?—

O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light, quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou!—  
Scarce were the piteous accents said,  
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid  
To the nigh streamlet ran:  
*Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears,  
The plaintive voice alone she hears,  
Sees but the dying man.*

In Scott's battle-pieces we must note, though briefly, two other characteristic excellences. Firstly, the glowing passion, which kindles in our hearts the very sympathy whose fire the poet himself felt in his subject ; and, secondly, the surpassing beauty and aptness of his metaphorical language. Nature had moulded the spirit of Scott in a martial mould. As a boy and as a man he was remarkable for his heroism. The blood of an heroic race burned in his veins. "The voice of battle on the breeze" was the sweetest of all music to his ear, and the sight of the weapons of war, it is said, kindled a strange splendour in the eyes which looked upon them with a strange delight. Is it a matter of wonder that the poetry of such a man should burn with the fire of battle as no other has burned, Homer's only excepted, or that he brings, as no other poet does, the sight and sound of battle home to our very eyes and ears ? We hear the "warning trumpet blown," we catch "the stifled hum," and then the rush of the closing ranks—closing "in clouds of smoke and dust ; with sword-sway and with lance's thrust." Again, we catch the din of battle :—

And such a yell was there  
Of sudden and portentous birth,  
As if men fought upon the earth,  
And fiends in upper air.

And when "the shroud of battle is cast" aside, and we look in upon it, "the ridge of mingled spears," the flashing of the falchions, the race of the arrow flight, and the fall and rise, and rise and fall of the warriors' crests, "wild and disorderly," are all painted before us with the enthusiastic love of a warrior poet who loves his subject too well to allow any portion of it to escape his readers' attention.

Next let us glance at the metaphors used in these descriptions of the battle-field. Their excellence consists in their exquisite beauty and in their perfect adaptation. No image in nature can so adequately set forth the mingled confusion—the tumultuous rush and roar, the wild and wavering motions of men moving and moved in battle—as a sea tossed by the tempest. Other poets have taken up the image of the war of winds and waters to picture the war of man with man, but no poet has equalled Scott's majesty and thoroughness of treatment in this respect. It was by the *sea shore*, according to Mr. Gilfillan, that Scott composed the "Battle of Flodden Field," riding his horse against the advancing billows of the sea. True to this image of the sea, he sets before our eyes the broken ranks as "the *broken* billows of the war," and "the plumed crests of chieftains brave" are set forth as

Floating like foam upon the wave.



True to this image, he thus paints the rage of battle around Lord Marmion's standard :—

Advanced—forced back—now low, now high,  
The pennon sunk and rose ;  
*As bends the bark's mast in the gale,*  
*When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,*  
It waver'd 'mid the foes.

Then, consistently with this image, at the close of the battle the retreat of Surrey's troops from the charge is thus given :—

And from the charge they drew,  
*As mountain waves from wasted lands*  
*Sweep back to ocean blue.*

In the "Lady of the Lake," when the Battle of Clan Alpine is described, we see the same image of a tempestuous sea used by the poet, on every possible turn, to set forth the manner of the fight. We can only quote one instance of this :—

Like *wave* with crest of *sparkling foam*,  
Right onward did Clan Alpine come.  
Above the *tide*, each broadsword bright  
Was brandishing like beam of light.  
Each targe was dark below ;  
And with *the ocean's mighty swing*,  
*When heaving to the tempest's wing*,  
They hurled them on the foe.

Scott's treatment of love is all his own. He never lifts from the brow of beauty that white veil of modesty which heightens the loveliness it only half reveals. The passion which so many other poets have degraded, is exalted and refined by the chivalry, and honour, and tenderness, and sweetness breathed into it by the muse of Scott, which has created the loftiest and the purest ideals of pure and passionate womanhood ever bodied forth by any poet's imagination. Scott laid all nature under tribute for images of tenderness, and sweetness, and beauty, to set forth the tenderness of woman's heart—its abiding truth, its unfailing sweetness. Beyond all other minstrels he has created an imperishable body for the purest and most ethereal ideals of love, and he has breathed an immortal spirit of purity into the most passionate emotions of the human heart. With him love at its loveliest and its loftiest is a divine thing; it is the universal link that best binds us to each other and all to God; it is the impassable barrier which separates us from the brute creation :—

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
And men below, and saints above ;

*For love is heaven, and heaven is love.*

\* \* \* \* \*  
True love's the gift which God has given  
To *man alone* beneath the heaven.  
It is not fantasy's hot fire,  
Whose wishes soon as granted fly.  
It liveth not in fierce desire ;  
With dead desire it doth not die.  
It is the secret sympathy,  
The silver link, the silken tie,  
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul can bind.

In picturesqueness Homer and Dante alone have surpassed Scott, if they have in truth surpassed him; but no poet has yet equalled Scott in the passionate love of fatherland which breathes through every page of his poetry. With the eye of a painter Scott caught the very images and colours, and lights and shadows of the mountains, moors, and lakes of his "Caledonia, stern and wild," and transferred them to his canvas in tints true to nature, and with the true instinct of an artist gave us backgrounds of the sublime and foregrounds of the beautiful. The natural scenery of no country lives with such fulness of sunny light in the pages of poetry as the scenery of Scotland in the poetry of Scott. In the splendour of the setting sun this enchanter makes us to see Loch Katrine "one burnished sheet of living gold;" in the magic of the moonlight we are made to see "fair Melrose":—

When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory.

But listen, gentle reader, to the closing strains, solemn as the moonlight which unveils this matchless picture, which brings to the light of day a revelation which only an inspired apostle of Nature such as Scott has been delegated to teach to those who would profit by her teachings in the solitude of their souls:—

When distant Tweed is heard to rave,  
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,  
*Then go—but go alone the while—*  
Then view St. David's ruin'd pile ;  
And, home returning, soothly swear  
Was never scene so sad and fair !

The patriotism of Scott inspires all his best poetry. His muse never rises to a loftier height, never soars so long in her flight, as when "fair Scotland" is the burden of her song, and when she dwells with untiring love on the grandeur of her hills, the glory of her warriors, and the grace and loveliness of her women. Nowhere

does the muse of Scott thrill us with a more penetrating pathos than when she sings of the disasters of her native land, and sighs with a heavy heart :—

To tell red Flodden's dismal tale  
 And raise the universal wail.  
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,  
 Shall many an age that wail prolong :  
 Still from the sire the son shall hear  
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,  
 Of Flodden's fatal field,  
 When shivered was fair Scotland's spear  
 And broken was her shield !

The poet's patriotism was not merely shown in his selection of subjects which are nearly all Scottish, but in the constant introduction of real Scottish names of men and real incidents of Scottish history, even into his most romantic fictions. His poetic life seems to have been lived to celebrate his country—to embalm in animated verse the most glorious traditions of a great race, which appeared to him the most heroic and chivalric that ever drew the brand of battle, or listened to the lays of love. The noblest praise of patriotism which has sounded from any poet's lyre comes to us from Scott, and no poet ever practised that patriotism which Scott sang in such animated lays as these :—

Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band ?  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now and what hath been,  
 Seems as to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left,  
 And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.

T. H. L. LEARY, D.C.L. (Oxon.)

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## UP AND DOWN THE ROAD.

**T**HE accidents incidental to coach-travelling may be divided into three classes:—1. Accidents to the coach; 2. Accidents to the horses; 3. Accidents to the harness. The most common accidents to the coach itself were, the breaking of an axle (generally caused by overloading); breaking of a pole, through the shying or the running round (if the reins were held slackly and carelessly, by a stupid coachman, talking the while to a passenger, or cracking jokes with a pretty girl on the seat behind him, but never occurring with proper driving) of half-broke leaders; loss of a wheel, not without a suspicion, I am sorry to say in some cases, and before the introduction of patent boxes, of the lynch-pin having been surreptitiously withdrawn by some rogue in the interests of the rival coach; snapping of the skid-chain in descending a hill, through the chain being too short, and having too great a strain upon it; and, lastly, overturning, an accident which usually crowned any of the accidents already named, but which had also independent causes of its own, in the bad loading of the coach by which it was made top-heavy, careless driving, running down hill without a skid, clipping corners, &c., or badness of the roads, and the existence of soft places beneath the surface, or large stones, ruts, and holes upon it. When a very little boy, I upset a four-horse coach once by losing control over my hoop, which, to my consternation, bowled among the legs of the team. I shall never forget the horror with which I for an instant saw the spirited horses floundering about with that hateful hoop among them, or heard the execrations of the coachman and the shouts of the passengers. Abandoning the wretched plaything to its fate, I took to my heels down a bye-lane, the portentous crash which followed only accelerating my speed. That run nearly cost me my life, but, although fortunately none of the travellers were injured, the subject is still too horrifying for me to recall, and perhaps the less said about the matter even now the better.

Accidents to the horses were: casting a shoe, often involving temporary lameness and sometimes a fall, tripping, stumbling, treading on a loose stone and finally "rolling over," slipping up in frosty weather to the danger of the harness, getting their legs over the whipple-tree, splinter-bar, or traces, the usual results of that "lively playfulness" which matter-of-fact people call kicking.

Accidents to the harness usually occurred—to the traces, which would snap with an uneven strain, and were generally cobbled up with a bit of twine, which lasted out the stage; to the breeching, which would sometimes give way half way down a steep hill, with somewhat awkward consequences; or to the reins, which, rotted by sun and weather, would occasionally break; in which contingency it was usual to say your prayers and take a flying leap from the coach (result, a broken neck, or the leg-bone protruding over the top of the boot), or to “sit fast,” shut your eyes, and stick to the coach (result, much the same).

The general consequence of the breaking of an axle may be estimated by the following paragraph from the papers of the 1st of November, 1830 :—

**COACH ACCIDENT.**—Last week as the Manchester and Leeds mail was coming out of Rochdale on its way to Halifax, the axletree broke, and the concussion threw the coachman, Mark Shaw, from his box. The vehicle proceeded for about a hundred yards, and then came down with a tremendous crash. Among the outside passengers, Mr. Walker, of Leeds, corn miller, and a female from Knutsford, were severely hurt, although we are happy to add no bones were fractured. Shaw, the coachman, was also very seriously bruised. Woodeville, the guard, received several contusions, but he almost immediately proceeded with the bags in a chaise and four to York, the end of his journey, where he arrived without further accident. None of the inside passengers were injured.

An old paper (1790), now before me, relates a similar accident :—

On Thursday last the axletree belonging to the Liverpool stage-coach broke between Wolsley Bridge and Rudgeley, by which accident the coachman's arm was dislocated, but happily none of the six inside passengers received any material injury.

Another accident, arising from the same cause, is recorded in the public journals of the 9th of February, 1833 :—

**COACH ACCIDENT.**—On Tuesday night, about twelve o'clock, as the “Express” London and Leeds coach was proceeding from the former place, on its arrival at Savory Forest, between Newport Pagnell and Northampton, the axletree suddenly snapped, and the coach fell over on one side. There were six outside passengers, beside the coachman and guard, and one inside. The fall was violent, and we are sorry to say that Mr. Thwaites, an elderly gentleman, had his leg so dreadfully crushed as to require amputation below the knee at Horton Inn. C. Read, the guard, had his shoulder put out, but he had it set at the same place, and is now doing well. Another passenger was bruised, though not seriously. All the others escaped with very slight injury. The accident is supposed to have been caused by the great weight in the fore-boot, there being no less than six thousands pounds in silver placed there. Mr. Thwaites remains very ill at Horton Inn.

I select this for quotation out of scores of similar paragraphs for two special reasons : firstly, because it refers to the practice of London

bankers entrusting parcels of immense convertible value to the coachmen, a practice which in earlier days gave encouragement to the desperate class of highwaymen known as "mail robbers;" and, secondly, because the report treats slightly, as "one inside," of a female relative of my own, who carried to the grave, in her forehead, some splinters of the glass windows of the "Express" Leeds coach.

Enough of the dark side of a sunny subject; but, should any one maimed through a "faulty" axle on a railway derive any comfort from reading of similar accidents by road, I could send him sheets of "cuttings" of a like nature.

One glance at the legal aspect of this particular, and, I regret to say, frequent, source of mischief. An amusing old gentleman of the legal profession, with the pretty name of Espinasse, has left us a little anecdote in one of his lively volumes (*Reports of Cases at Nisi Prius*, Vol. IV., p. 250) to the effect that an individual (who, from bearing the name of Israel, we may safely conclude was of the Hebrew persuasion) brought an action against Clark and Clinch, who were the proprietors of the Gosport coach; which, for the sake of correctness, I will add, was brought to trial in 1803. The damages claimed were for injuries sustained by the overturn of the coach on which Mr. Israel was a passenger, through the breaking of the axle. Lord Ellenborough ruled that, although there was no proof of negligence, want of due care, or improper construction of coach, the fact that there were more passengers on the roof than were allowed by law justified the inference that the infraction of the licensing regulations might have caused the accident, and that therefore the verdict must go against the defendants. Another little anecdote, told by another of these entertaining old gentlemen, named Campbell (Vol. II. of his *Reminiscences*, p. 79), whose light reading is to be met with in the libraries of the Inns of Court, tells us of an action brought by a sailor named Christie against one Griggs, the owner of a "Blackwall Stage," for a similar accident; but here, as there was no overloading, "C. J." Mansfield (whom probably my unlegal, but not illegal, readers may have heard of, with a different prefix to his name) directed a verdict for the coach proprietors. A third case we read of wherein the same accident and the same results (action inclusive) occurred; but it was proved that there was a little "gripe" in the paving of the road which might have caused the fracture of the axle. There are some miles of records on the subject which I might quote if I were a lawyer; but I will simply say that coach proprietors came under the unlimited number of Acts which were passed to keep "common carriers" in order, the difference being

simply this, that carriers of goods were bound to deliver such goods uninjured at their destination, but carriers of persons were only required to use all care and diligence for the protection of their live freight, a wide margin of language it must be confessed, but which specially excluded "the act of God," or anything beyond human ken, so long as it could be proved in defence that every proper precaution had been taken as regarded the construction of the coach in the first instance, and the careful and proper *daily* watchfulness and working of it afterwards. Of course this was a very loose definition of the law after all; and I knew an instance wherein the proprietor, for protection from road grit, and for additional security, had a part of his axle encased in wood. One day the axle broke, and a judge ruled that, though no proof of defective metal was brought forward, there might have been a flaw which a proper daily examination would have detected had the extra precaution for safety not been adopted.

I may here remind my afore-addressed non-legal readers that the Law of Deodand was co-existent with stage-coaches, and died about the same time as they did. Under this eccentric law, in case of fatal mischief, a coroner's jury had the power according to their lights of putting a "Deodand," or fine, varying from sixpence to four numerals in pounds, upon the particular axle or wheel which they in their unquestioned wisdom chose to declare had conduced to the accident. Constituted as coroner's juries generally are, they were a more dreadful nightmare to the coach proprietor than the twelve honest and true men who took him in hand afterwards on the "Criminal side" at the Assizes for manslaughter, or the twelve equally honest and equally true men who, on the "civil side," sat to assess damages upon him. "Pleasant dreams and sweet repose," you may be sure, attended the coach proprietor's pillow when he had heard of an accident caused by a perhaps trusted servant on whom a too appreciative passenger had pressed the *one* sixpenny worth of something that upset his equilibrium—and that of his coach!

Of the accidents arising from the drawing of a lynch-pin, a case came before me wherein a young rascal was brought up at Marlborough Street Police Office, charged with playing that trick upon the Brentford coach when it was "about starting from the White Horse cellar, Piccadilly, heavily laden with passengers inside and out." "Mr. Baily," proceeds the report, "drove on the coach as far as Dover Street, when one of the wheels came off, and the others at the same time were nearly off, and the coach overturned;

but fortunately none of the passengers were injured." The father and master of the hopeful youth "gave him a most infamous character, and represented him as a person who delighted in mischief, and the more serious the results, the more he was pleased." A very duck of a boy, truly! The accidents arising from the idle trick of running down the hill without putting the skid upon the wheel were numerous and unpardonable. The "True Blue" coach running between Leeds and Wakefield was upset at the foot of Belle Hill on the 19th of November, 1829, from this cause. The coachman paid for his temerity with his life, and two of the outside passengers were killed also. In May, 1835, the "Hope," Halifax coach, on its way to London was going down hill without the skid, and at an imprudent pace, between Hockliffe and Dunstable, when the horses became unmanageable, and the coach, overloaded with luggage on the roof, "after reeling two or three times in several directions, fell on the off side." The coachman, guard, and all the passengers were more or less injured.

A sad accident happened in March, 1827, to the "North Star," Manchester coach, through the "coachman clipping the corner" at a sharp bend in the road near the toll-gate at Brindle, between Preston and Manchester. Turning the corner too sharply with the horses at full gallop, the coach was thrown over, and terrible mischief ensued. The driver had his thigh-bone, his leg, and arm broken, and one of his eyes knocked out; he died two days after the accident. The leg of a young woman who sat on the roof was dreadfully lacerated; it was amputated almost immediately, but she died soon after the operation. A Mrs. Clayton, of Manchester, had her collar-bone broken, and a servant girl and a child were also much hurt.

A singular accident, also caused by clipping the corner, was the cause of an action tried at Dorset Summer Assizes in 1825, before Mr. Justice Littledale, and reported by Bingham (Vol. III., p. 321) under the head of "*Crofts v. Waterhouse.*" The plaintiff's case was that the coachman, in turning a corner on the right-hand side of the road, had driven so near to the side as to "gather" a bank, by which the coach was overset, whereby the plaintiff incurred damage; that, though this was between two and three o'clock in the morning, there was a full moon and sufficient light to distinguish objects of all kinds; that the road was twenty-four feet wide, and at the turn clear of all obstructions, and that there was nothing to prevent the coachman from keeping to the middle or even the left side of the road. The defence set up was that, between the



time of the disaster and the time when the coachman had last passed the spot where it happened (about twelve hours' interval) the first of two cottages, which stood close to the corner in question, had been pulled down, and the rubbish left by the side of the road; that the coachman, mistaking the second cottage for the first, and wishing to save his horses by going as close to the corner as possible, drove out of the road over the ruins of the demolished cottage. The judge directed the jury that the coachman was at fault, and they gave £150 damages; but the verdict was subsequently set aside on appeal, the judge concurring that the coachman had used all due care, but had been deceived by a sudden alteration in objects near the road by which he had been used to be directed on former journeys.

It has fallen to the lot of comparatively few men to experience the sensation of being drawn at hurricane pace by four runaway horses, with the reins trailing at their heels. I have had that privilege; but I frankly confess that I did not bear myself heroically. On the contrary, I followed the example shamefully set by the coachman, and crept over the roof, and slipped down the back of the coach. The reader will, I dare say, believe me when I say that the event was painfully exciting.

In July, 1823, Fonthill Abbey was made a temporary hospital for the passengers of the Salisbury coach, who were thrown to the ground by the reins breaking and the horses dashing the vehicle against a tree. In 1805 a dreadful accident occurred to the Leeds "Union" from the same cause, about half a mile beyond Ferry-bridge. William Hope, the coachman, and an outside passenger were killed, and many others seriously injured. In this case the jury put a Deodand of £5 on the coach and £10 on the horses. I must dwell no longer on this subject, but pass on to a more agreeable theme.

The Nelsons of the "Bull Inn," Aldgate, were among our leading coaching families of the good old times of the road. They had an interest, in some shape or other, either as proprietors, or as "having shares in," or "going partners with," or "horsing the first stage out," or "protecting," the greater number of coaches that ran out of their yard into Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk; and had some interest in West of England coaches too, notably the Devonport "Independent" and the red Exeter "Defiance" at one time. In some of their coaching speculations they were associated with the pastrycook who kept the little shop that nestled under the eastern corner of their old gateway, and who had an occasional, though rare, opportunity of a closer

examination of some of their joint stock when a too bold or (which was seldom the case on Nelson's coaches) a raw coachman clipped the corner too sharply, and sent his leaders' noses through the shop front, scattering the glass, and buns, and tarts upon the floor. For it required a not unskilful hand to turn four horses into the narrow gateway of the "Bull."

The most enterprising member of this family was the widow, Ann Nelson, the directress of a score of coaches, who not only kept her team of crack coachmen in good order, but her comfortable old inn likewise; and, at a very advanced period of life, personally superintended all its details. No damp sheets at the "Bull" in her lifetime; no drunken brawlers. Nothing a minute over time or an inch out of place, I warrant you. Up to her seventieth year she was the last up at night, and all over the house to see that all was safe; the first up in the morning to see that all was in order. Inside and outside the house, and for fifty miles along the eastern roads, her influence was despotic. Did the coachman of one of her crack coaches or her still more famous "Oppositions," bring his team down her yard five minutes over time, he was reprimanded; ten minutes, and he was fined half a crown; a quarter of an hour, and he stood a good chance of being dismissed the service. The Southend "Opposition" had bad roads to contend with, but powerful machiners were provided, and time must be kept. The mandate had gone forth—the *fiat* that no consideration on earth must set aside. One morning, the marshy roads of Dengie Hundred being more than usually heavy, the coach came into the yard half an hour after its appointed time of arrival. The coachman, as was the wont of four-horse drivers, on pulling up at the coffee-room door, threw his whip across the wheelers' backs. Mrs. Nelson laconically took it up and hung it on one of the hooks, quietly remarking, "That whip is no longer yours, Philpot—half an hour behind." "But the roads are so bad, Marm," remonstrated poor Toby. "Road me no roads!" ejaculated the lady, waxing warm. "I'm sure, Marm," ruefully pleaded Toby, appealing to his passengers, "the gentlemen know I did my best, but I felt bound to spare the cattle." "I find the cattle, and employ you to drive them," responded the lady; "you have nothing to do but to keep time. Draw your wages, and leave the yard."

Under this system it is not surprising that her coachmen were sometimes "pulled up" for driving too fast along the road. On one of these occasions she appeared in court in defence of her man. "I understand, Mrs. Nelson," blandly remarked the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates, "that you give your coachmen instructions to

race the rival coach." "Not exactly," replied the proprietress, "my orders to them are simply that they are to *get the road—and keep it.*"

The venerable old lady died some dozen years ago, active almost to the last, at the age of eighty-five; her son, John Nelson, who had identified himself with the business, although (in possession of an ample fortune) he resided at the West End, died in June, 1868, at the age of seventy-four; and, a few months afterwards, the celebrated old "Bull Inn," which had been in the family a hundred and fifty years, was dismantled, and sold by auction piecemeal, with its rare old stock of wines, and quaint old-fashioned silver plate.

John Nelson was one of those who, at the first proposal of railways, more than thirty years ago, had too much faith in the power of horseflesh, and the great perfection to which the coaching system had attained, to believe that two slips of iron and some boiling water would ever be a match for them, and led the opposition against the Eastern Counties Railway having a terminus in Whitechapel. The opposition was successful; the railway company were driven to an out-of-the-way site in Shoreditch; but the Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk coaches came up empty, and the Essex, Suffolk, and Norfolk passengers submitted, for the sake of saving a few hours' time, to be disgorged in the nasty slums of the remoter district. Nelson and those who acted with him saw their mistake when it was too late; but, somehow or other, the passengers from the Eastern Counties still found their way from Shoreditch to the "Bull" (though in annually decreasing numbers) for several years. And it was really worth their while, for a cleaner, more respectable or truly comfortable hostelry did not exist in London. But Nelson was not the man to let his yard or stables stand empty, and started, fifteen years ago, that well-appointed service of omnibuses called the "Wellington," that ran the London Conveyance Company (which had so long had the Paddington road to itself) fairly off its legs. Another brother, Robert Nelson, was for a long time, thirty years ago, the proprietor of another celebrated coaching inn, "La Belle Sauvage," on Ludgate Hill, and (in partnership with Haxell, Tredgett, and Shuttleworth) of those far-famed coaches (for has not Dickens spread their fame to the Antipodes?) the "Ipswich Blues." But he was not so successful in his speculations, and has been dead nearly a score of years.

Hard by the "Bull" at Aldgate was another famed old coaching inn, yclept the "Blue Boar" (now a large tobacco warehouse), kept for some years by John Thorogood, a retired knight of the whip. The Thorogoods were a "stagey" family, but rather as drivers

than proprietors. The youngsters were brought up to hold the heavy four-horse reins and long-thong whips at an age when other boys were fingering their marbles. One—a nephew, though, I think—realised a handsome fortune on the Stock Exchange, and bought a manor in Hertfordshire, where he died; but another thorough good whip of the old stock inaugurated the recent revival of stage coaches on the Brighton road, and now tools a handsome four-in-hand, at five o'clock, to Norwood; whilst a younger brother nobly maintains the traditions of his family by working the longest winter-and-summer coach (degenerating into an omnibus in the winter season, but none of your ordinary twelve-inside, over-the-stones 'busses) that still travels out of London—from the "Old Bell," in Holborn, to the old-fashioned, train-forgotten town of Wendover, in Bucks, a day's journey, out and in, of seventy miles; begun and ended in the winter time by lamp-light.

The name of Israel Alexander, in connection with fast Brighton coaches of a past era—the "Quicksilvers," of flying and upsetting fame—must not be passed over. His widow died only recently, although *he* went off the road of life many years ago. We will be merciful of his memory, and say not too much about him. *De mortuis, &c.* That he was a good whip is perhaps the greatest compliment we feel justified in paying him. That after falling out with his noble patrons he ran for a short time a first-rate turn-out to Colchester, with the staring inscription, "The Duke of Beaufort's Retaliator," in gold letters just under the dicky, and that the Eastern Counties Railway proved too strong a competitor, and its ugly trains too swift for his fleet and handsome horses, is enough on that score. He is gone, and the memory of him in his old hooded cabriolet is fast fading into the shadows of the past. Barbican is transformed by the extension of the Underground Railway, which has undermined his old commission yard, as previous ages undermined and brought down the old Barbican, leaving only a name to indicate its site. Better men's houses went down in the tunnelling, and Israel Alexander's premises only shared the fate of the messuage of an older neighbour, two centuries before his time—John Milton.

Waterhouse, of the "Swan with Two Necks," in Lad Lane, was also a great man in the coaching world. He contracted for the mails to Bath and Exeter, through Devizes, Taunton, and Collympton; to Barnstaple, through Wolverton; to Birmingham and Kidderminster, through Stoney Stratford; to Bristol, through Marlborough and Chippenham; to Carlisle and Edinburgh; to Exeter, through Salisbury and Dorchester; to Falmouth and Plymouth; to

Holyhead, through Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury ; to Liverpool, through Congleton ; to Manchester, through Derby and Macclesfield ; to Milford Haven ; and to Norwich, by Colchester. Waterhouse also had shares or an interest in seven morning and twenty-one evening coaches.

Scotland, too, had her coaching capitalist—Piper, of Edinburgh, who horsed seven mails and ten ordinary coaches.

I have hitherto spoken only of crack coachmen and moneyed proprietors, but my readers must not be left under the impression that there was no reverse to the medal, so I will touch upon a few of my experiences *per contra*.

Circumstances, business, the chapter of accidents, or my evil genius, twenty years ago, required my residence for six years in a low-lying part of Essex, on the road "into the Roothings," as rotting finger-posts, few and far between, indicated. "What are the Roothings?" I think I hear some modern traveller, accustomed only to the iron road, inquire. Well, the fittest name for the tract of country known by that designation would be "Wild Essex." A rich soil, a capital fox country, an unhealthy climate, a sparse population located in what by courtesy are styled "villages," without a single town, narrow tortuous lanes which serve for roads, constitute the Roothings. There are nine of them, named respectively Abbots, Athrop, Beauchamp (or Beeching), Berners, High, Leadin (or Leading), Margaret, Murrell, and White Roothings, the entire area of which is about twelve thousand acres, with a scattered population of about two thousand souls. My readers may guess that it was a lively country to travel through ; but through it the town of Great Dunmow, of fitch-of-bacon note, had to be reached from London. A coach, drawn by four under-sized, ill-matched, various-tempered, and various-mouthed brutes, which, to the disgrace of the equine tribe, must needs be called horses—because I know of no other species of the animal kingdom with which to class them—started from the "Bull Inn," Aldgate, at three o'clock each afternoon, to carry, at necessarily high fares, the few adventurous spirits who hazarded the journey to Dunmow Magna. The driver of this scrambling team for many years was a strange, half-witted, anything or everything-drinking, good-tempered fellow, who went by the name of Johnny Wood, and the way in which he got over his ground approached the miraculous. I will relate a few of my experiences of the "Old Dunmow."

"Why, John, you're 'fresh' this morning!" (in a tone between deprecation and expostulation, as he pulls up, half across the road, for me to mount).

"Well, and I should like to know who could drive these here darned beasts" (a flick at the leaders, and "Come over, yer brutes") "unless he was half drunk. All right, sir? Sit fast." (The admonition was habitual to him, drunk or sober). "Now, then!" (stamping his feet on the footboard, and accompanying the action with most unearthly noises) "get on with yer, yer varmint. Hie! yap! yap!" The beasts knew his way, and answered to it as well as they could.

Another morning (occasionally) John arrives in the village on foot, or sometimes on the back of one of his horses, his long legs nearly touching the ground, and his four-horse whip trailing the road like a fishing-rod.

"Why, John, where's the coach?"

"In the ditch by Hoggin's Corner. The beasts are on their backs, kicking like mad. I want a man or two to help. Never was such wretches, sure-ly!"

Winter was the most trying time for John. What with his desolation (for he seldom had a "through" passenger in that season in the course of his seventy miles' daily and dreary journey), which required as frequent stimulants as the few stopping-places gave opportunities for—the libations being the more potent in consideration of their paucity; what with the rotten and "sludgy" state of the half-buried and rarely-mended lane-roads, overhung with trees (snow, of course, was a crucial trial, under which coach and coachman often succumbed); what with constantly recurring sharp angles, usually in the middle of a short, steep hill; the pit-falls, tree-stumps, washways through the Roothings, poor John was usually an hour or two after his appointed time at our village inn; and—due in London at eleven (the clock being on the stroke of that hour five-and-twenty miles from the capital)—was expected to turn out again from the "Bull," with his coach washed and reladen, at three. Well, in the worst times John managed to get into town by *two*—never, I believe, after half-past two, except on one occasion; so that, with the excellent appointments of the "Bull" yard, and the assistance of a few supernumeraries, the "Old Dunmow" was (with the exception of that melancholy occasion) always ready for its passengers, and came out into Aldgate, as the clock was striking three. It is my firm belief that no other man than Johnny Wood could have done it for so many years; and I almost incline to his conviction that *even he* could not have done it sober.

Once, and only once, I remember him *before* his time. It was during the memorable Cuffey rebellion of 1848. I was the only

resident of those parts who indulged in a morning paper, a day old before it reached me ; and my *Morning Chronicle* was lent and read and manipulated till it came back to me a rag almost ready for re-manufacture into paper. The excitement its perusal caused in our small community was intense ; "the Constitution of England was on its trial ;" the crisis was at hand, and we expected to hear by the coach of the abdication, if not the decapitation, of Her Majesty. The entire adult male population of the place who could comprehend "the situation"—half a dozen, perhaps, in number—were assembled in "the best inn's best room," in a sort of Provisional Committee of Public Safety, wondering what the news would be, when—a good hour before the time—down came the coach, without a single passenger.

"Why, what's up now, John?"

"Oh, there, I don't know *what's* up ! They say there's a revolution. I saw 'em putting up the shutters in the Butcher-row and all along Aldgate ; so, thinks I, I'll get my coach and horses safe out of the skrimmage, anyhow, and I got old George to help me put 'em to, and slipped out of the yard on the quiet."

"But what has become of your passengers?" (Some of our friends had gone up by him in the morning, on two or three hours' business.)

"How should I know?" he rejoined petulantly. "They're in the revolution, I suppose, by this time !"

What Johnny's idea of a revolution was, it would be difficult to conjecture. From his perturbation of mind I should infer that he had rolled the ideas of an earthquake, an invasion, a panic on the Stock Exchange, and the end of the world all into one horrible consummation, from which he was fain to gallop away into the safer solitudes of the Roothings.

Poor old John ! The last time I heard of him (the coach and its horses having *rotted* off the road) he was a casual waiter at the "Saracen's Head" at Dunmow, and an occasional porter at one of its principal shops.

There were some wild spirits up and down that road in those days, who made sport of poor "old John," for he was called "old" simply on the strength of his hair having become prematurely white, his age at the time being little over thirty ; but he readily condoned it for a glass of brandy-and-water, though it must be a "sixer," for John would condescend to nothing short of it. Among them were a then young and racketty, now quiet and sod-covered, Earl (who had a bit of a shooting-box at Stanford Rivers), and, I think, his friend, the equally

deceased Lord George Beresford. One of the "changing-places" of the "Old Dunmow" was the "Talbot Inn," at Passingford Bridge, in the parish of Stapleford Abbot, kept by a worthy man named Cooper, in whose family it still remains, as of yore, a log-burning, settle-sitting, cosy old gossiping place, where gentle and simple of the little hamlet meet each night to smoke their pipes, drink their beer, talk over the little news that disturbs their nearly stagnant puddle, and disperse at an early hour (for they are quiet folk, and never indulge in riotous excesses), wishing each other "good-night" by their Christian names—as their fathers did as regularly night by night before them—and going to a happy pillow betimes, to arise early with the sun to their patriarchal avocations. Happy guests! Happy host! Till Satan sent temptation down from London in the shape of an artist. Yes, an artist—a sign painter—who was so entertaining in his conversation about the great world which these happy rustics had never seen, that the enchanted landlord forgot to chalk his score among the rest at the back of the bar door. At last mine host awoke from his fascination, and hinted about payment. Artist from the great city showed symptoms of embarrassment, and confessed to the impecuniosity that is frequently attendant on great genius in this inappreciative world. But with happy thought and glib tongue he descanted on the classic nature of the sign, the "Talbot"—rather shook their confidence by reference to a gentleman they had never heard of—one Chaucer—but finally so bewildered them by definitions of the "Tabard," the "Talbot," the coat of heraldry, and the lost species of old English hound, that the landlord accepted his offer to portray, in full discharge of his debt, the extinct animal which he had so long unknowingly adopted as his sign, "in a style that would surprise the county." The artist kept his word, was absolved, and went his way. The signboard, instead of bearing the dingy and weather-worn inscription, "The Talbot Inn. By B. Cooper. Good Accommodation for Man and Horse," was now really a work of art. Everybody said so, and old Cooper felt himself exalted. Every morning when he rose he looked from his latticed window admiringly, in the midst of his shaving (and many a cruel gash it cost him), upon that handsome signboard, as it swung resplendent in the morning sun, and creaked in the morning breeze. But, fatal day! dreadful morn! when he looked out, as was his pride and wont, and found it painted a dull lead colour all over. He rubbed his eyes, thinking it was a dreadful dream; but no, it was lead colour still—lead colour when he was fully dressed—lead colour when he went down stairs, opened the front door, and looked



up at it—lead colour when, still hoping against hope, he got the coach ladder and mounted up to it—unmistakably lead colour all over. “That very day,” he would relate years afterwards, “a man brought a letter for me. There was no writing inside, but only a ten pun note. Then I guessed who'd done it. It was his Lordship, bless yer. He was that larky, he couldn't help it. He warn't a bad sort, he warn't; and I said nothin' about it, for the ten pun note more than paid that painting feller's score.” Once I got the old fellow convivial, and he confessed that the sign painter's debt was some fifteen shillings, so that he was a clear gainer of nine pounds five, less the sum charged by the village painter for rewriting the words, “The Talbot Inn. By B. Cooper;” as, I believe, it may still be seen.

A living friend, whose name I will not mention, though it carries with it respect for miles around, was a source of happy trouble to Johnny Wood. He, too, in his early days was one of the wild spirits previously mentioned. Among the extraordinary assortment of animals which drew the “Old Dunmow,” the proprietors had once picked up a pair of game but very shaky, worn-out hunters, which were put on as leaders. My friend C——, an enthusiastic foxhunter, labouring for the nonce under a foxhunter's occasional weakness, being the occupant of the box seat, recklessly remarked, “Why, John, you've got a pair of jumpers in front of the whippetrees. Put 'em to a five-barred gate, and try whether they have any of the old stuff left in them.” “Here,” responded John, “take the reins yourself, and put 'em anywhere, so long as I get rid of 'em; for they're an awful trouble to me in this season, I can tell you, if they hear the bark of the dogs.” “Ten to one that I put them over a five-barred gate,” madly cried C——, taking the reins. “Ten to one you don't,” cried a passenger. The challenge was so exciting that the passengers (all of them, mind you, belonging to a sporting county, and more or less “primed” for the dreary journey) entered into the betting, regardless of their necks, and away went the four horses and the quivering coach at rocking speed, till an almost right-angle bend of the road presented a five-barred gate fairly before them. “Over!” cried C——, lifting the reins. And over went the leaders, with a clean jump—and over went the coach into the ditch; for the wheelers were slugs, who did not understand the work, and were nearly hung in their collars for their ignorance.

“I didn't think he meant it,” said Johnny Wood, in telling me the tale a few days afterwards, “or I *don't know* if I should have let him have the reins. But he behaved very handsome, as he allers does,

and paid the damage, and stood glasses round at the 'Bull' at Fyfell" (Essex for Fyfield). And on this provincial pronunciation bear with me for a moment, gentle reader. Three years ago, driving from Roxwell and the Willingales, I became, from long absence, doubtful of my road. A youthful aborigine of this wild, happy country sat swinging on a gate. "Boy!" "Hullo!" "Is this the road to Fyfield?" "No, 'tain't. Don't know no such place; never heerd on it in these parts." A closer inspection of a rotten finger-post satisfied me that it bore the inscription "Fyfield, two miles." "Why, yes it is," quoth I, "and it's only two miles off, you calf!" "Oh, Fyfell you mean," replied the unlettered youth, with a sudden gleam of intelligence and some contempt; "why, o' course—up yon."

One more word in memory of Johnny Wood's wit, though I have some misgivings as to its originality; perhaps, like greater men, he traded upon other people's.

"I shall change the name of my coach," he said, in good-humoured reply to some raillery about its slowness (it was called the "Hero").

"Indeed, John! And what do you think of christening it?"

"Why, the 'Reggerlatur' (Regulator); "because" (with an unwarrantable wink) "everything *goes by it!*"

Many of my readers must know the "Lion Inn," at Shrewsbury—some of them may remember the "Wonder" coach and its stolid, taciturn driver, Hodgson, who did his ten miles an hour, including stoppages. It is true that the road—made of a peculiar stone—was as hard as concrete, and for many miles as true as a spirit-level. There were *two* Hodgsons on that road, the second driving the Holyhead mail, both excellent coachmen; but it is he of the "Wonder" coach that I am speaking now, whose pleasant, chatty guard, Ash, I am happy to hear, realised a comfortable independence. "Pleasant and chatty" the coachman could not be called. I will wager that you might ride on the box with him from the "Lion" at Shrewsbury to the "Hen and Chickens" at Birmingham, without getting a word out of him. Yet he was no sulky or sullen fellow. You might hear him humming a cheerful stave to himself, but no attempt at conversation would he respond to. The secret was elicited from him in the longest sustained sentence he was ever known to utter on the box. "What the deuce ails you, Hodgson? You are notorious for never speaking, or even answering a question. Are you dumb, man?" Then the oracle spake—the man who devoted his life to "doing his ten miles an hour, including stoppages," which was the motto of the "Wonder" coach—and the words were these:—"Can't

drive and talk too." It let in a world of light upon that man's stolid performance of a duty which was almost a point of religion with him, and always on his mind—"Ten miles an hour, including stoppages ; or put the paint-brush over the name of the 'Wonder' on the dickey." This man performed one feat of coachmanship which was, to my experience, unique. The entrance to the "Lion" yard at Shrewsbury is very narrow, and the approach to it is by a long hill called, if I remember correctly, the "Lym Cop." Now, ordinary coachmen would have wended gradually, in the ascent of this hill, to the off side, and turned carefully into the narrow gateway. Mr. Hodgson's tactics were different. Springing his horses up the hill, he hugged the near side, and, passing the "Lion" by some yards, he suddenly "slipped" his long thong into his leaders, and dexterously brought them round in a semicircle, on the arc of which he trotted them straight at the narrow entry, and brought them up to within an inch of the side door. It was a clever manœuvre, the like of which I never saw done before ; I could wish that Nimrod had gone that road, and given us his opinion whether it was "artistic," of which I have been subject to sore doubtings ; that it was a skilful piece of coaching there can be no question.

In another place I have spoken of a Southend "Opposition," under the regulation of Mrs. Nelson, of the "Bull" at Aldgate. It is to be hoped that it put coaching matters on that road in better order than they had been at one time ; for, in the course of writing these papers, I met an old inhabitant of Dengie Hundred, and inquired whether I had been rightly informed about the strictness of time which was enforced. "Oh, yes," was his reply ; "*latterly, yes* ; but, sixty years ago, when I lived at Prettlewell, about a mile from Southend, I had occasion to come to London once or twice. The first time, I remember, for cheapness, I came in the 'basket' behind, and, as it was not attached to the springs, I was nearly jolted to pieces. The second time, a year or two later, I was in a hurry, and remember how I was annoyed by the long stoppage at Billericay for dinner. An hour was the time allowed ; but after dinner the passengers took to their pipes and grog. The coachman called out, 'Time's up, gentlemen !' but they paid no regard to it. 'Really, gentlemen, time's up and past,' he remonstrated at length. 'All right, coachee !' cried one ; 'my pipe's not quite out ;' and 'I just want another glass of brandy and water, landlord, please,' said another. After a quarter of an hour's interval the coachman reappeared. 'Now, gentlemen, *if you please !*' 'We've not finished our grog yet,' responded half a dozen voices, and the landlord, *sotto voce*, backed up

their entreaty for time with 'Don't be in such a hurry, Tom, or I won't have dinner ready for the coach. It don't pay—it don't, indeed, at half-a-crown a head—unless you let them stop and spend some money.' 'Come, coachee'—came a general invitation from the coffee-room, 'we're not half ready yet; come and join us in a glass and a pipe.' The coachman at first protested, but afterwards yielded; and, although my business had before appeared pressing," said my informant, "an hour or two, more or less, seemed of little consequence, when we had got so near to London as half way; and, upon my word, we all spent the most jolly afternoon I ever remember, and got to the 'Three Nuns,' in Aldgate, by moonlight."

I must not turn from the hospitable, though somewhat ageish, hundreds (as distinguished from the higher-level Roothings) of Essex, without mention of that fine old four-in-hand master of hounds, Squire Scratton, especially at a time when his son—who has for so many years kept up the good old name, and been a public benefactor, as his sires were of yore—has made up his mind reluctantly to tear up the roots and transplant himself to the more genial climate of the West of England, where he will soon enkindle the warm feelings of the country folk around his stout heart of oak. The old Squire was an inveterate lover of the ribands, and on market days might be seen driving his handsome stage coach with its four thoroughbreds to Rochford, having helped on the road all weary people going a-foot to the market, whom his sympathetic footman in the dickey, without a bit of footman's pride, condescended to assist to mount, and handed their baskets of eggs, and poultry, and vegetables, up after them, as if he were paid for it—as, in fact, he *was* in another shape than "tips" by that fine old English gentleman.

Captain Barclay of Ury, the great pedestrian, started the "Defiance" coach, to run between Edinburgh and Aberdeen, on the 1st of July, 1829. The Captain used generally, and Major Wemyss occasionally, to drive it, but the professional whips employed were George Murray and James Lambert between Edinburgh and Perth, and Arthur Farquhar and David Roup between Perth and Aberdeen. The entire journey was accomplished at a speed of ten miles an hour, barring breakfast, lunch, and the crossing of a ferry. The fares were, £2 10s. inside, and £1 6s. out, and the takings averaged £5 per double mile, which paid pretty well, though the coach was thoroughly horsed, having as many horses as it ran miles. The Captain only once upset his coach, and thus described the occurrence:—"She fell as easy as if she had fallen on a feather bed; and, looking out for a soft place, I lighted comfortably on my feet." He used to say that no man

could be a thoroughly qualified coachman till he had "flooded"—that is, upset—his coach; "for, till he has done so, he cannot know how to get it up again." Captain Barclay was the claimant to the earldom of Monteith and Ayr, and it greatly troubled him whether, if he gained the earldom, he would have to give up the reins. On this point he consulted his friend the Duke of Gordon. "Why," replied his Grace, "there is not much difference between an earl and a marquis, and, as the Marquis of Waterford drives the Brighton 'Defiance,' I see no reason why you may not drive the Edinburgh 'Defiance.' At all events, if there be any objection to your being the coachman, there can be none to your being the guard."

Sir Vincent Cotton is still remembered on the Oswestry and Shrewsbury road, and I have seen old travellers give an imitation of the graceful touch of the hat with which he acknowledged the usual tip to the coachman. The poor young Squire Wyndham, who more recently worked the Cromer coach to Norwich, and Lord Carrington, Mr. C. Hoare, Captain Haythorne, and the other revivalists who have lately gratified our eyes with one of the finest sights in the world—a well-appointed four-horse coach—are not to be treated as "free and easy" coachmen. They have all kept admirable time, and performed their journeys with punctuality and decorum.

Upon my word, the licence which I have been allowed in writing these two papers has so rejuvenated me that, but for appearance sake, and my having passed my meridian and verging on the obese, I feel disposed, when Mr. Hoare and Lord Carrington start from the "White Horse" cellar with their splendidly-turned-out teams, to turn a catherine wheel beside them and shriek out, "Hurrah for the road!" The glorious old road!

ALEXANDER ANDREWS.

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# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

I AM not so much struck with the intrepidity of modern philosophers in launching new theories as I am with their cruel haste in condemning the hypotheses which do not enter into their own creeds. I find no fault with Sir William Thomson for propounding the notion that life was first introduced upon this planet by means of meteoric stones, portions of the tails of comets ; but since his speculative faculty is capable of finding even partial content in a doctrine supported, to say the most of it, by the smallest conceivable amount of evidence, I think it rather unkind of him—unkind, that is, to his brother philosophers—that he so readily decides against the possibility of the evolution of organic from inorganic substance. Look for a moment at the affectionate leniency with which he regards his own suggestion of the beginning of life, and compare it with his empiric dismissal of what, scientifically speaking, seems to be the only alternative theory. This is how he disposes of evolution : “ I am ready to adopt as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life.” Turn now to the generous welcome he gives to the cometary theory : “ The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary ; all I maintain is that it is not unscientific.” Now why does he adopt that “ article of scientific faith ” ? The reason he gives is that evolution is unsupported by evidence. But so also is the cometary theory. Meteoric stones have been found on our planet, but mossy fragments never. I am afraid that, in the matter of evolution, the learned Professor is guilty of what the Comtists would condemn as a metaphysical notion. It is with him an article of faith, but not an article of “ scientific faith,” that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life. The fine glow of sentiment with which he enounces the dogma seems to convict him ; and when he declares it to be true through all space and through all time, he manifestly runs away from the mere deductions of science, for science affords him no warrant whatever for embracing all space and time in his creed. But does not this article of faith touch a little too closely his newly-adopted theory ? Since through all space and time life proceeds only from life, why remove the vexed question of the origin of life to another celestial sphere ? These planets and comets are very much in the same case with ourselves. They appear to have all passed through the same fiery ordeal, during which such organic life as that which he supposes to be wafted here in the crannies of meteoric stones would be not more possible than it was upon

this earth in a state of incandescence. And if we admitted that some of those worlds, whereof the moss-grown ruins are now supposed to be wandering through space in the capacity of ingredients in the tails of comets, had never been incandescent, we should be plunged at once into new scientific problems, infinitely more perplexing than those with which we have been grappling during all these ages. For, if science affords any licence of speculation at all, it gives us warrant, when we encounter a moss-grown fragment of another world so nearly resembling a lump of this earth that the germs of life upon it can develop and flourish here, to assume that the planet whence this messenger came—evidently so similar to our own—has run through a corresponding career and succession of changes in its own sphere. So in whatever light we view it, this cometary theory of the origin of life appears to be nothing but the gratuitous removal of the problem from this planet to another; while if the question is really capable of scientific solution, the materials are close at hand. Is it not admitted that the broad distinctions which we draw between the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms, are in a sense arbitrary, and that there is a point of juncture at which animal and vegetable life cannot be distinctly defined, and another point whereat the vegetable and the mineral run into each other, and cannot be extricated? In the face of such facts as these, is it not somewhat rash—speaking scientifically—to adopt as an article of scientific faith, “true through all space and through all time,” that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life? As an outside observer of the doings of the scientific world through several generations, I put this question to the philosophers.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—“Taking up a recent number of *The Gentleman's Magazine*, I came across a story of Gentleman Jack, a Sunderland worthy, picturesquely told by Joseph Hatton, in his account of ‘A Show in the North.’ You will remember it. Mr. —, let us call him Jones—waited upon a member of Parliament in the city, and while there peeped over the shoulder of a clerk, as he thought, to whom he offered a situation, but who turned out to be Mr. Gladstone. The story was characteristic of the man; but this is not the only odd anecdote told of him. Jones was one day passing over Sunderland Bridge, when he was accosted by a man of business from another town. ‘Sir’ (said the latter), ‘can you tell me where Mr. Jones, marine manufacturer, lives?’ ‘What’s the neym?’ ‘Jones,’ rejoined the interrogator. ‘He must be in a small way?’ was the reply. ‘Oh, dear, no; quite the contrary—on a large scale!’ ‘Out, man, on a large scale and me not know him? thou’s wrang in the neym—there’s nee such body this side o’ the watter.’ The two parted; but neither had gone very far before the one was stopped by hearing the other call after him, ‘Hie! is it Jack Jones thou wants?’ ‘His name is John Jones,’ replied the man of business, unable to comprehend the grin on the face of his inquirer. ‘An’ what’s his trade?’ ‘Marine manufacturer—makes anchors, chain-cables, windlasses, and

such like.' 'Oh !' (exclaimed the other, as a broader light appeared to dawn upon him), 'why, it's me thou wants! Jack Jones—Gentleman Jack, if thou likes,' he added, laughing loudly at the discovery. 'When thou comes this way ageyn ask for plain Jack Jones, not marine manufacturer, but anchor-smith, and thou'll find me out.' Jones had a remarkable faculty for money-making, and it is said that he would 'raffle' sovereigns among his workmen on a Saturday night, twenty-five lots at a shilling a lot; but this, I think, is slander. Certain it is, however, he could sooner recognise his own portrait when depicted in his moleskins and leather apron, as the incident mentioned above clearly shows, even after he became wealthy, than he could in his Sunday broadcloth."

SUPPOSING Sir Philip Francis and "Junius" to represent a couple of individuals, what a curious and perplexing question arises upon Mr. Chabot's comparison of their MS. ! Here are two men with precisely the same tricks of style, the same peculiarities of punctuation, the same habits of dating their letters, of interpolating words in their MS., of correcting their proofs; and doing this, too, not only when writing in a feigned hand, but even when writing naturally and without the remotest thought of mystification. Taking the MS. of the Junian Letters and comparing it under a microscope with the MS. of Sir Philip Francis, Mr. Chabot tells us that there are ten distinct and most suggestive circumstances of identity between the two handwritings:—1. The mode of dating letters. 2. The placing of a full stop after the salutation. 3. The mode of signing initials between two dashes. 4. Writing in paragraphs. 5. Separating paragraphs by dashes placed between them at their commencement. 6. Invariable attention to punctuation. 7. The enlargement of the first letters of words. 8. The insertion of omitted letters in the line of writing, and not above it, and the various modes of correcting miswriting. 9. Mode of abbreviating words, and abbreviating the same words. 10. Misspelling certain specified words. And yet we have it distinctly asserted by men of the highest authority that the MSS. which contain all these characteristic marks were not only written by two distinct men, but by two men who knew no more of each other than, say, the editor of the *Times* and Mr. Disraeli. Is this possible? And supposing it to be possible, how is it to be explained? By peculiarities of temperament, of genius, of intellect, of moral nature in common? And if this identity of handwriting does arise from resemblances of this sort, how far are we to suppose that handwriting is a key to the tone of a man's intellect or moral nature? It is a well-authenticated fact that a peculiar style of handwriting often runs in a family; and Lord Brougham used to maintain that handwriting was as hereditary as temper and feature, citing, in illustration, the close resemblance which his own handwriting bore to that of his grandfather, although his grandfather was in his grave when Brougham was born, and his father's handwriting was perfectly distinct in all its features from that of the grandfather and the



son. Perhaps in the case of a man like Brougham, and in the case of all men of distinctly marked character, it may be easy to spell out their temperament and two or three other points from the lines and curves of their MS. But what about men with two or three styles of writing? Most men who are accustomed to write much have two styles—a style, say, for their private correspondence, and a style for the printer or for themselves. This was the case with Moore and Macaulay. Now and then you may meet men with three or four styles of handwriting. Melancthon had four, all distinct, all strongly marked, yet never intermingling, and not adopted, like the hands of Moore and Macaulay or “Junius,” for the purpose of legibility or mystification, but from pure caprice, for he frequently adopted all four forms in the course of a single letter or article.

THE Early English Text Society have just issued four more of their most valuable works. The first belongs to the extra series. It is Alexander J. Ellis's laborious investigation of the correspondence of writing with speech in England, from the Anglo-Saxon period to the present day. The book is called “On English Pronunciation, with special reference to Shakespeare and Chaucer.” It is preceded by a systematic notation of all spoken sounds by means of the ordinary printing types, and is altogether a very remarkable work. I am not surprised to learn that the volume has been delayed through the indisposition of the author, arising from overwork. There is a fourth and concluding part of the treatise yet to come. The author's notes on Shakespeare's metre and his pronouncing vocabulary of the period are especially noteworthy, as examples of a rare intelligence coupled with patient inquiry. Part V. of Sir David Lyndesay's Works, edited by J. A. H. Murray, completes the Lyndesay set. In the present number is added an admirable sketch of Scottish poetry, by Mr. John Nichol. “Legends of the Holy Rood,” and “The Times Whistle,” are the other latest works of the society, published for the association by Trübner. Though the “Times Whistle” is a satire on society written more than two hundred and fifty years ago, it is full of “modern instances.” We are no worse and certainly no better than our forefathers were. The ancient satirist's description of going to church two hundred and fifty years ago is quite *à propos* in 1871. I transcribe a few lines by way of example :—

Of every new framd fashion,  
This is the place to make moste ostentation,  
To shew the bravery of our gay atire  
Hether to come on purpose.

Here is another note on the manners and customs of the ladies in ancient times :—

Madame Fucata seemeth wondrous faire,  
And yet her face is painted and her haire,  
That seemes so goodly, a false perwig :  
Thus all her beauty is not worth a fig.



THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

OCTOBER, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE  
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST BLARE OF THE TRUMPETS.



HAD a whole spring and summer of such happiness as I fear rarely falls to the lot of mortals. Nature herself seemed bent on contributing to the felicity of my married life. The spring was bright and full of joyous promise. The summer came in with a lapful of roses. There never had been so glorious a spring, never a more delightful summer. Our cottage fairly budded and blossomed. It was clothed in flowers. Swallows came and built

on the chimney stack. Butterflies competed with the colours of the flowers in our garden. The river passed to and fro as the tide changed, carrying picturesque vessels out to sea, or sending lazy barges into the country, where the air was fragrant with the smell of newly-mown hay. Ruth was the central figure of all these blissful pictures. Happiness seemed to attend her footsteps. She was the light of that sombre

Mall on the Thames. There was sunshine in her smile. Everybody acknowledged it. The Vicar said it was well he had no wife, or jealousy might have divided the households of the Vicarage and "The Cottage." Mrs. Himbleton was on every lip, and, I do believe, in every heart. Ruth's was a face that wins confidence and affection at once. She made her way alike with rich and poor. Her success was the natural triumph of goodness and beauty. When these two qualities are combined in a woman she may do what she pleases with the world. Women do not always understand how kindness heightens beauty, how modesty sweetens the voice, what a charm true love gives to grace of figure and amiability of manner.

You have watched a storm gather in the summer, presaged by a bright sky at early morn and a dead calm at noon. I have noted these summer tempests in the Valley. They are heralded by pleasant weather, and when the air is heaviest with rich perfumes the tempest bursts, the thunderbolt falls, and darkness covers the earth. They are almost worthy of Ossian, those lines penned by the bards of the North, who tuned their plaintive harps a thousand years after Cona's songs were sung. The wind is up, they said; the Spirit of the Mountain shrieks. Woods fall from high. The growing river roars. The storm drives the horse from the hill, the goat, the lowing cow. The hunter starts from sleep in his lowly hut. He wakes to see the fire decayed, his wet dogs smoking round him. Sad on the hill the wandering shepherd sits. The trees resound above him. The stream roars down the rock. Ghosts ride in the storm. Their songs are of other worlds. I see Ruth in the figure of Darthula. Her hair sighs on the ocean's wind; her robe streams in dusky wreaths. She is like the fair spirit of heaven looking out of the shadowy mist. She has fled, but not from the love of her lord. Rest, Darthula, by the river; rest in peace, thou beam of light, till the soul of Nathos joins thee in the peaceful land of spirits. How my soul cleaves to these songs of the ancient bard!

It boots not now to tell how happy we were. The storm came after the sunshine. There are times when I cannot look back on the light; when woe has a morbid charm for me. I could sit down with Richard in the play and talk of graves, of worms and epitaphs, make dust my paper and with rainy eyes write sorrow on the bosom of the earth. Like Scroop, too, I play the torturer, by small and small to lengthen out the worst that must be spoken. Oh, who would have thought so fair a day could bring a bitter ending? My poor Ruth—gentle, tender partner of my joys, and ministering angel in my sorrow. If I could have had the smallest glimpse into that dark

cloud that began to gather even while we sat in the sun at Boulogne, I might have stood between thee and the tempest. It were useless trying to recall this rebellious thought. I am but human. In my calmer hours I know and feel that God is good. As sure as Ulysses was restored to the arms of Penelope shall I meet Ruth again, not in mine own halls, but in that land of everlasting flowers which hungering man had dreamed of long before the Lord Himself came down from Heaven to tell us of the many mansions of His Father's kingdom. But, God be thanked, He has preserved me from the wiles of Circe and the enchantments of Calypso's island.

The first shadow of the storm that overwhelmed our cottage on the Thames came out of the promotion of the Vicar to another living. He was succeeded by a morose and worldly man, whose first act was to rid himself of his predecessor's Curate. I call him a worldly man. For that matter, was not my chief, the Vicar himself, worldly? He had lived among his flock on the Thames for many years. It was a favourite pulpit theme of his, this long-existing association of pastor and flock. But when a living worth two hundreds more a year was offered, straightway he left his flock to another's guidance. A "call" to another parish at a less stipend, you may be sure, would not have made him unfaithful to his old friends. Do I blame him? No. But let me make no mistake in regard to this term "worldliness." A stranger came, I say, who knew not Joseph. Neither did he consider the feelings and opinions of the parish. Though every member of the parish memorialised the new Vicar to retain for them the ministrations of the Rev. George Himbleton, he held firmly to his first decision, and thus began the storm that flooded and sacked our homestead.

I found out Mr. Fenton and offered him my pen. I determined to have no more to do with the Church. Her bonds were sufficiently galling without the addition of insult and injury. The new Vicar behaved rudely both to myself and my wife. It was well for him and for me that respect for our calling held my rage in check. Mr. Fenton heartily promised me all the assistance in his power. He came to the Mall, and his society started many entertaining discussions on art and literature. It was during one of these early visits that he told us, with a frank, mirthful glimmer in his eye, how he had fallen in love with Ruth on that Christmas Eve at Old Sidbree House; and before the blush which this confession started in Ruth's cheeks had faded out, he mentioned the day on which he was to be married to Miss Masters. Soon afterwards Masters and his sister came to see us, and the wedding arrangements and what our present should

be occupied the thoughts of Ruth and myself for many an hour. When these latter incidents had created a diversion in my mind in respect of the treatment I had received, and almost restored the elasticity of my spirits, my father came to spend a week with us ; and there was that in his eye which gave me secret cause of alarm. The well-known brightness, the piercing intelligence of his glance had gone out. His step was heavy, his hair white as snow. There was an effort in his assumed gaiety of manner. I knew that Ruth noticed this, though she never mentioned it. When she saw that I betrayed anxiety concerning my father, when the loss of my curacy troubled my thoughts, Ruth filled the house with the sunshine of her presence. She was the rainbow of the storm, the silver lining to the cloud, the cricket on the hearth. Mrs. Pensax wrote to us frequently, and her letters were always cheerful. The Wulstan newspaper gave us continual news of her husband's ostentatious benevolence, and pointed to the fulfilment of his ambitious designs upon the Parliamentary constituency of that dreamy cathedral city.

We traced the news together, Ruth and I, once a week, of an evening, when the country paper came, and talked of the days when first we met. We went to London nearly every Monday and visited the picture exhibitions. The Academy hung an autumn landscape of Ruth's. It was a favourite pastime of ours on these occasions to take a hackney coach to Hyde Park Corner and see the life and fashion of London as it was represented there. Occasionally we went to Drury Lane Theatre, but when we did so we found it absolutely necessary to sleep in town, which interfered too much with our domestic and other arrangements to be indulged in frequently. Once, after the theatre, I took Ruth to a supper house, and then, having advised the precaution of keeping her veil down, I showed her some of the dark, black night side of the great city. We had once or twice previously thought that Desprey was right in saying that it was a mistake not to live in London itself. This was Desprey's opinion, you understand, expressed years before when we were boys. But this night glimpse of Babylon satisfied Ruth that we were well placed by the river, away alike from the glare and glitter of London's prosperous paths as we were outside the pale of its misery and wretchedness, its sin and shame ; outside the lines of the great battle which was going on day and night.

It was a rare contrast, our quiet home on the Thames, to the sound and fury of London ; it was the difference betwixt peace and war, so far as appearances go ; for you may be fighting a bitter, deadly fight even amidst flowers. My troubles, I say, began with

the close of my curacy. The money which my father gave me had been considerably reduced in various ways. It was not a thousand pounds, to begin with ; some unforeseen circumstance had compelled my poor father to reduce it to five hundred. Heaven give peace to his soul, I had never expected even that sum. As I said before, I looked Fenton up, and wrote some essays and articles at his suggestion. Several of these were accepted, but the value set upon them was not great. Without Ruth's knowledge I answered two advertisements of an educational character. One of them was an excellent appointment. I should have obtained it had I taken a degree at college. I almost think I should have overcome that drawback if I had been well up in Greek, a language which will always remain a mystery to me. I have no gift for languages. I have known men who can master any language with comparative ease. Whether they possess some secret system of acquiring knowledge, or whether they are endowed with a special capacity, I know not. I have always regarded "the gift of tongues" as a special endowment of Heaven. I never succeeded in those dry, scholarly studies which are considered an essential feature in a university education. I had a varied fund of knowledge, nevertheless, and by men of the world should have been considered a scholar. I had the Fathers at my fingers' ends, and knew my Virgil by heart. I utterly failed at Greek verse. English classics were not in high favour at Oxford, nor were the philosophy and poetry of Germany. Otherwise I might have left the University with honours.

Just as my great battle was beginning ; just as I had been worsted in a skirmish—for that is what I call my encounter with the new Vicar ; just as my fancy began to detect the first blare of the trumpets, my early school friend Desprey called at "The Cottage" and spent the day with us. It is curious how the memory stores up all the trivial details of some incidents and leaves others utterly bald, without background or finish, like a rough sketch on canvas. For example, I remember that Tom Desprey wore a blue cravat, that he had two rings upon his finger, that his hands looked rough and hard, that he had three heavy seals fastened to his watch chain.

It was on a quiet July morning when he came. Ruth had settled down to work. She was finishing a picture of a favourite bend of the river near Richmond. I was writing an article for Fenton's paper. We were in the room which had been furnished by my father, one of the most delightful drawing-room studios in the world. Protected from the sun by a novel outer blind of similar construction to those which shielded the Deanery windows at Wulstan, when we looked up

we could only see the river and the green fields beyond. It was an Elysium, that old-fashioned room.

"Desprey!" said Ruth, looking at a card which the servant brought to her; "why, it is your old school friend, George."

"Tom Desprey," I said; "that is indeed a pleasure. May he be shown up, Ruth?"

"Take Mr. Desprey's hat and show him into this room, Eliza," said Ruth, laying down her palette and brushes.

In another moment Tom was shaking hands with both of us with the heartiness of an old friend and the earnestness of a good fellow.

"I am indeed proud to be introduced to you, Mrs. Himbleton," Tom said. "I have looked at you and admired you from a distance so long, that this meeting is delightful. I predicted it, though—I predicted it."

"He did, Ruth; and I loved him for it. He was always prophesying, Ruth; and his wildest guess at the future seemed to me in those days the marriage of Miss Ruth Oswald and his school friend."

Ruth smiled her sweet smile at Tom, who insisted upon shaking hands with her a second time.

"George has often spoken of you, Mr. Desprey, and we have both wondered many times what could have become of you," said Ruth.

"I have been everywhere, Mrs. Himbleton, since the day George and I parted, when he was inclined to be angry with me for daring to mention your name, though he liked my prophecy. For the last three years I have been taking my part in the management of my late father's ironworks in the North. Yes, I said my late father's; poor, dear old boy, he died soon after we left Wulstan. He was a kind, noble-hearted man. My mother died, you know, when I was very young. My sister married a German, and is living in Berlin. I have two brothers who are making their fortunes in America. I inherited my father's share in the ironworks, and, thank Heaven, I also inherit his energy and courage. So, you see, I am alone in the world, as you may say."

"I don't remember, Tom, that you ever gave yourself a wife in those prophetic arrangements which you used to make at Wulstan," I said.

"No, no; but you may live to see that come to pass, and very soon. Meanwhile I am going to travel through the States, and afterwards to the Cape of Good Hope, partly on business and partly in

the way of practical education. I shall be away eighteen months, perhaps ; and then, Mrs. Himbleton, if you will do me the honour with your husband to accept an invitation to a wedding breakfast in the North Countrie, there will be no two guests present for whom I shall have a more sincere admiration and regard."

"You are very good, Mr. Desprey. Eighteen months is a long way in the future, but, all being well, I shall be very happy to join my husband in accepting your invitation."

"Thank you, Mrs. Himbleton, thank you. I only hope Mr. and Mrs. Desprey may be as happy as Mr. and Mrs. Himbleton. What a charming house you have ; forgive me for admiring it and talking about it. This room is delightful. You paint, Mrs. Himbleton ? By Jove, yes, you are indeed an artist. Why, that picture is worth twenty guineas. Don't shrug your shoulders, George. I always was what you call worldly. Business men, you see, Mrs. Himbleton, get into the habit of gauging things with a golden standard. It is a bad habit, I know, and a little vulgar. I apologise for myself, but I shall never improve. I am not a money grubber, either. I care very little for money except for the influence and the power it carries with it."

"You will spend the day with us," said Ruth, when Desprey paused to look through the window.

"I sail to-morrow," he said, "from this very river, somewhere at the other end of it."

"Then you will remain here until to-morrow, will you not ?" asked Ruth.

"Thank you, Mrs. Himbleton, that is impossible ; but I will stay until you are tired of me this evening, as late as you please. How late can I get a hackney coach to London ?"

"We can order one for you to come at any hour, if we do so before sunset."

"Then we will say midnight, Tom," I said, "since we are to be parted again for so long a time."

"No, no ; say eleven. Mrs. Himbleton, may we say eleven ?"

"Certainly, Mr. Desprey ; we do not, I fear, live after the motto of 'Early to bed and early to rise.'"

"That is arranged then ; now I am going to ask you another favour."

"Yes," said my wife, looking at my friend with a pretty, expectant expression of face.

"I want the establishment to go on as near as possible just as it would have done if I had not come in. You were painting ; George was writing. I don't want George to write, but I should be glad if his wife would continue at her easel."



"Very well, Mr. Desprey, by all means," said my wife, taking up her brushes, "if you promise to say when you are tired of your own arrangement."

"I will, Mrs. Himbleton," said Desprey.

My wife at once resumed her work.

"I did not know that it was possible for a lady to do such glorious work as this," continued Desprey, looking over Ruth's shoulder. "That bit of foreground is perfect, and the reflections in the water, and the composition; why, Mrs. Himbleton, you are a great artist! But it is hardly necessary for a rough ironfounder to come from the North and tell you that."

"Your natural kindness and friendship influence your criticism, I fear," said Ruth.

"No, on my honour; quite otherwise, I assure you. Indeed I have a sort of prejudice concerning the occupations of women which will hardly let me believe that it is possible for them to excel in art or literature, or to do anything great, though no man has more respect or admiration for them."

"You think woman finds a higher mission, Mr. Desprey, in domestic occupation," said Ruth.

"That is just what I do think," said Desprey.

"And I think so, too, when the opportunity is afforded her," said Ruth, looking straight at her canvas and continuing her work.

"But, mind you," said Desprey, "I think a lady who can paint as you can, ought to go on painting for all that."

"Hear, hear," I said; "my father, Tom, almost quarrelled with me for daring, as he said, to take a priestess of Art to another altar."

"Good," said Desprey. "Ah, I remember your father, George; is he still with us?"

"Yes, God bless him," I said.

"And well?" asked Desprey.

"As well as an old man can hope to be," I said; "he was here a few weeks ago, and we hope to go and spend a short time with him in the autumn."

"What a quaint old home yours was, George; my father used to say you would be sure to grow up a sentimental and romantic fellow in such a house. I remember him once saying you would sink into a poet if your father was not careful. You see, my dear old father was a very practical man, Mrs. Himbleton. It was like a house in some fairy tale, that place of yours at Wulstan, George."

"A dear, dreamy, romantic house," said Ruth; "it is like a story-book house as you say, sir; and it has wonderfully interesting

associations. I have often pictured to my mind Cavaliers wandering about the garden, or hiding from Roundheads in the dark galleries of the outer hall."

"Ah! that is just the thing for George; you are well matched, Mrs. Himbleton. I dare say you sit here in the evening and compare notes about ghosts and fairies and all manner of romantic notions."

"We do, Tom," I said, laughing; "you were always clever in speculating about the habits and customs of your friends."

"Yes, you are right, George, I think I was. And I prophesied well for you, you rascal. I should say there is not a happier man in the world. A cottage on the Thames near London was always your ambition. I used to say, live in London, my boy, in the thick of it; but you have fulfilled your own idea, and quite right."

The time went quickly during Tom Desprey's visit. Before we had half finished our conversation on personal matters, Ruth left the room to dress for dinner. Then Tom examined the room, looked at my books and Ruth's pictures, went into raptures over her work, congratulated me a dozen times upon her beauty and my good fortune, said he had heard with sorrow all about the death of the Dean.

"What a grand old boy he was, eh?" he went on; "I saw a Dean the other day, and I could not help sneering at his thin little legs and his round, stooping figure. Dean Oswald, by Jove, he looked his part; a fine manly figure, in his shovel hat and gaiters, he was indeed an honourable representative of the mysterious power and wealth and influence and charity of the English Church. Between ourselves, George, I think Deans and Chapters are institutions which require serious revision; but I feel a sort of Anglo-Saxon pride in a genuine Dean with his mansion under the trees and his independent state: he is, in my opinion, a far greater man than a Bishop."

"Yet a Bishop does not envy a Dean," I said.

"Nor a Dean a Bishop," said Desprey; "you'll be a Bishop some day."

"No, Tom, that is not my ambition; and if it were, I have no influence."

"Eh? is that so; and the husband of a Dean's daughter?"

"The circumstances attending the poor Dean's death," I said, "and the fact of his being in financial difficulties, mixed up so strangely with Pensax, seem to have cut away the Oswald influence and position."

"That is like the world, George; but it should not be like the Church."

I had not the heart to tell him that I was no longer even a subordinate in the service of the Establishment.

"Be careful not to refer to these matters in my wife's presence, Tom," I said.

"Trust me for that," Desprey replied. "What a mystery that fellow Pensax is! Yet I told you he would marry Miss Oswald. That was my father's idea, though. But I prophesied something else, George. I said I would contest Wulstan whenever he came forward, and, by heaven, I will, if it costs me ten thousand pounds."

"I see indications in the local paper of Pensax's ambition coming to a head. He told me himself that he intended to be member for Wulstan."

"And I told you I would beat him," said Desprey. "Have you read this week's paper?"

"No; we generally devote this very evening to that pleasure."

"You will see that I passed through Wulstan this week, and that I spoke at a meeting held for the purpose of supporting increased local railway facilities, and that I expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when Wulstan would be an important commercial city. I spoke of my early life in Wulstan; of the central position of Wulstan for trading purposes; suggested the possibility of deepening the river, and making the city a port; and at the close headed a subscription for this and other commercial purposes with a cheque for a thousand pounds. By Jove, sir, hundreds of citizens followed me to the station the next day and hurraed until they were hoarse when I left. I have secretly secured the services of the Blue agent—a clever, fussy little fellow who knows everything and everybody. In his hands I have placed another thousand pounds, to be used for me in the interests of the city. He says Pensax's shadow, Trigg, is bound to him through some mysterious piece of villany, and that he can get any information he may require as to Pensax's movements through Trigg. It will, he thinks, be quite two years before the game is ready to be played; and then, George Himbleton, look out for the fulfilment of another prophecy."

"You are a very odd fellow," I said.

"You were going to say something more than odd."

"No; I was not, indeed."

"You think what I have done disingenuous and unworthy; I am sure you do; but you do not know the custom in business of this kind. You look at the world from an entirely different standpoint to that from which I contemplate it. I have been taught to regard the world as a humbug, and to deal with it accordingly."

"That is rather hard upon the world, Mr. Desprey," said Ruth, entering the room as Desprey was finishing his remarks.

"I might be more liberal in my opinions if they were coloured by such charming society as that which has fallen to George's lot," said Desprey, rising, and placing a chair for my wife.

He might say so truly. I never saw my darling look more lovely than she did at that moment.

"I will not have anything said against the world, Mr. Desprey ; it is a very delightful place, and full of pleasure, if we are only content when we are happy," said Ruth.

"Yes, Mrs. Himbleton, that word 'content' is a great matter ; but, you see, we never are content, and if we were the world would stand still. Contentment is an obstructive. One must never be content, but always striving after better things," Desprey replied.

"We can strive after better things and still be content ; do you not think so, George ?"

"Ah, George thinks whatever you think, Mrs. Himbleton ; few can hope to possess so charming a monitor."

"You are quite courtly in your compliments, Mr. Desprey," said Ruth, smiling at me.

"What else can one be under such inspiration ?"

"I suppose you are favouring us, Mr. Desprey," said Ruth, smiling, "with examples of the conversational current coin peculiar to the world you speak of," said Ruth.

"Just a tinge of satire in that remark," said Desprey, "which I should hardly have expected ; but let me assure you, Mrs. Himbleton, that I am sincere. George will tell you that I was one of a hundred boys who were dying in love for you at Wulstan. The wonder to me is that we did not assassinate Mr. George Himbleton."

"That would not have improved the prospects of the remainder," said Ruth, encouraging Desprey's humour.

"Ah, you have much to answer for," said Desprey.

"You will have a serious crime laid to your charge, Mr. Desprey, if you spoil the dinner which Mary has been waiting to announce this five minutes, watching for a break in your sparkling conversation."

I sat regarding my wife and Desprey. I enjoyed the social sparkle of their dialogue. The picture lingers in my memory, Ruth looked so bright and happy. Tom Desprey was a manly fellow, full of nervous energy and physical power, just suited to the career he had chalked out for himself. He is an elderly man now with a grown-up family. When he looked me up in the Valley the other day, his

presence gave me a momentary pang of agony, as I thought of his visit to "The Cottage" at the gathering of that terrible storm which wrecked it. Somehow we both avoided the subject when we sat down to talk, though the time was in both our memories. I remember well how we arranged to see Desprey on board his ship the next day, and how we took a steamer from London Bridge and went down the river. It was a new experience to Ruth, this other phase of the river's history. St. Paul's rising above the roofs of the city; the Tower, with its sad stories; the crowded wharves busy with newly arrived merchandise from all parts of the world; the forests of masts stretching away as if they penetrated the very heart of the town and filled her streets; the varied craft on the river coming and going. Ruth plied me with a hundred questions, and we promised ourselves a series of visits at some future time to the trading and commercial Thames. I think we went twice afterwards. There is a sketch in her portfolio of the unloading of an orange ship at one of the wharves near London Bridge. I only open that portfolio once a year, when our wedding day comes round.

When we had seen Desprey's vessel weigh anchor, and waved a last adieu to our friend, we went back to London, and dined at the hotel which we used on our visits to Drury Lane. It was a large house in the Strand, where ladies were admitted into the coffee-room. Ruth preferred this arrangement to a private sitting-room. I think it reminded her a little of our *table d'hôte* experiences at Boulogne. At night we went to the theatre and saw "The Tempest." Ruth sat with her hand in mine during the play, and we two felt all the love and passion of Prospero's daughter and the Prince. What an example of creative power is this marvellous play of the great master! He peoples a desolate island with creatures of heaven and earth, with aërial forms and human realities, each subject perfect of its kind; he makes that solitary rock in the sea a world of marvellous life, upon which beats the glorious sunshine of his own genius, bringing forth not alone the hidden creatures of fancy's strangest worlds, but peopling the island with men and women of most noble shape and perfect creation, and filling the isle with such sounds and sweet airs that one almost prays not to awaken from the dream. What exquisite subtlety and painful truth there are in Prospero's reflection upon the similarity between his spirit-actors melted into thin air and the dissolution of the great globe itself! Where in all those dead and gone authors of Greece and Rome, which occupied so many of our days and nights at Oxford, is there a passage comparable with that sententious summing-up of the thoughts

inspired by the disappearance of the fairy masque with which Ariel had entertained the lovers :—

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of ; and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### “AND OUR LITTLE LIFE IS ROUNDED WITH A SLEEP.”

I SOMETIMES wish I had left my story untold. Many a better man has been buried with his history. I make but a poor business of the narrative. I say narrative for want of a better word, seeing that I have only set down the reflections which Memory scatters upon my pages. Sometimes Memory ignores details in her pictures. Now and then she is profuse in trifles. I sit at my desk in the fire-light, and the days that are gone pass before me. It is still autumn in the Valley, and my memories to-night are of autumn days. Our summer by the Thames is over. We told Desprey that we intended to spend a short time in the autumn at Wulstan. Ruth reminded him, when he looked eighteen months ahead, that he counted somewhat confidently on the future. We were open to similar criticism when we talked of the autumn. That instinctive recognition of trouble which warned me that the battle was beginning, soon brought the blare of the trumpets within hearing. It was an unequal combat. Heaven had decreed what should come to pass. Philosophy says happiness is evenly and equally divided upon earth. I deny this before God and man. It is the future which strikes the balance. Happiness equal! why, this life below to half the world would be a mockery of existence, a degradation, a cruel wrong, were it not accepted as the introduction to another world.

He is a wise man who regards the whole system of present life as subordinate and preparatory to another. An ingenious author of a book of “Maxims” condenses the thought thus into a few almost flippant sentences, which, nevertheless, interpret my own feelings, and that with admirable brevity, “Man has sufficient enjoyment to make life desirable, but not enough to render it happy. His circumstances are adapted to the ends of probation, not to those of reward. His hope is intermingled with fear, his joy with sorrow, his best efforts with imperfection. The paucity of his days, unless attended with special openings, or rapidly improved, affords opportunity for few distinguished achievements ;

while the longest and most prosperous career is also vanity and a shadow." But this lower life is more pregnant with happiness for some men than it is for others. Health and wealth attend many a man from his first start in life to its close, while sickness and poverty are the twin gaolers which attend others from birth to death. No, my brethren, there is not an equality of happiness below, but the account is balanced in that glorious world where life is real, where happiness is perfected, where the noblest hopes and ambitions which agitate the great and good, the gentle and humble, the true-hearted and patient, the faithful followers of the Master, are perfected and made complete.

We did spend some time during that long past autumn in the city of our early love; and the picture which comes up for note in the firelight, as I sit at my desk telling over the shadows of the past shows me Ruth and myself on our knees in that old parish church where my father and mother were married, where I read my first sermon; shows me Ruth and myself on our knees faintly re-echoing the responses of the clerk, and praying God to teach us to number our days that we might apply our hearts unto wisdom. I see the solemn procession move into the church-yard where my mother had lain alone for many years with a blank by her side, left for him who had ever been her faithful partner and mourner. I hear the well-known words of the parson declare, on that calm autumn morning, that in the midst of life we are in death. I see my wife leaning upon my arm and looking into the vault where my father and mother now lie side by side. I see the flowers that fell in upon the coffin which contained the remains of one of Nature's noblemen. I smell the mould now, after these many years, and hear the wailing of the bell. I have re-enacted that scene many times since then, when doing priestly duty in the Valley. I learn to look on death calmly, and my heart and soul respond in blessed sympathy to the grandeur and pathos of that last service of our Church. I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours.

My father had fallen calmly in the battle. He passed away in his sleep with those he loved about him. Canon Molineau consoled his last hours with comforting words from the Book of Books. Ruth behaved with a firmness and wisdom and self-possession far in advance of her years. More than once she had noticed that my father seemed desirous of entering upon a statement of his affairs to me, but I always put him off. I refused to believe that he

was dying, and saw no difference between "Death and his brother Sleep" at the last. But at night, when the house was silent, I realised all the terrible truth. My poor, pale-faced darling nestled by my side in the dear old studio when the autumn wind was sighing through the naked branches of the weird fruit trees in the garden. Oh, that last of Memory's pictures of the dear old studio! The wooden logs crackled upon the hearth, and threw flickering shadows upon the armours, the vases, and the pictures. There was a half-finished picture on the easel which stood, ghost-like, in the centre of the room. She nestled by my side, my poor, trembling wife, thinking of her own father and mother lying in the Cathedral shadow. We said but few words, for we knew that the same thoughts were passing through our minds. As plainly as if we had spoken we knew that our hearts were bleeding in the same place. The anguish of the time seemed to bring us still nearer to each other; for now we were both orphans.

The chief of the citadel fallen, the house was cruelly sacked. My poor father had indeed left something unsaid. During those hardest days of financial difficulty at the Deanery, the tender-hearted painter had rendered himself liable for sundry large sums to help the Dean in his need. Pensax was in possession of the bonds, and Old Sidbree House and its contents were sold by auction under the authority of the Dean's executors. I concealed this from Ruth, and was careful to guard every portal through which the knowledge could reach her. The misery of that incident, which Memory now traces upon my tablets, was therefore only half shared by her. It would, I feel sure, have broken her heart had she known all the circumstances attending that dispersion of the Sidbree gods.

I commissioned my old friend the bookseller in High Street to purchase for me a few mementos of my dear old home. He told me afterwards how it had grieved him to look upon the depravity of human nature as it was exemplified at the sack of my father's house. He said the principal buyers at the sale were the Triggs. They never left the place except to relieve each other at meal times. Mrs. Trigg, bursting with impatience, and oozing at every pore, gloated over the ornamental furniture. She had retired from the position of housekeeper to Pensax, and was at that time furnishing a new house; so that the sacking of Old Sidbree House was a rare opportunity for Pensax's ally. Trigg had risen to the dignity of Pensax's steward, with the right to exist outside Pensax's castle; and Mrs. Trigg was the philanthropist's adviser-in-chief. My bookselling friend of High Street told me that this sweltering syren with warts pried into every



corner and cupboard of the house, professing at the same time a personal knowledge of every corner, although she had never entered the Sidbree precincts during my father's lifetime. She talked aloud of "poor Himbleton," and spoke of my wife familiarly as Ruth. Her miserable husband, with his everlasting parrot cry of "Mr. Pensax is a kind man," held his head up with an air of authority, and shuffled in and out of the crowd, and spoke of his "friend, George Himbleton," as if he and I had been on familiar terms; and he overhauled my father's treasures, the halberds, bills and partisans, the swords and spears, and other relics, with a familiarity that was nothing less than sacrilege. The men and women who had stood at their doors and gossiped of Mrs. Pensax in the days of the Dean's great trouble, swarmed over Sidbree House like vultures on a battle-field. No spot in all the place was sacred to the dead or to history. They overran the dear old rooms, and made coarse jokes on their bargains. Peter Trigg had the audacity to read aloud, for the benefit of the company, the verse which my father had written upon the first sketch of the picture which held a place in my most cherished memories, and the finished design of which was in my studio on the Thames:—

Up then came that lady fair,  
 With torches burning bright;  
 She thought to give Sir Gyles a drink,  
 But found her own wed knight.

"The brute," said my friend of High Street, "gave the lines altogether wrong emphasis, said *hup* for *up*, and miscalled the words; and worse than that, he bid a pound for the picture. 'Five pounds, sir,' I said at once. (I could not help shaking the fellow's hand and thanking him.) 'Five pounds,' I said, with the remark that some people valued art no higher than their reputations. Trigg, who has the soul of a skunk, did not understand the rebuke, but it was applauded by some of the bystanders. Ten pound, sir, was bid by a dealer from London. I said twenty, and the picture is yours, sir, at five pound less than your commission." This man and Canon Molineau seemed to be the only friends I had in Wulstan. It is likely I may have done the city an injustice. We are all of us apt to associate the wrong-doing of one or two individuals in a town with all the inhabitants of the city. Wulstan, in its heart, despised Pensax and hated his grovelling allies the Triggs, but Pensax's money overawed it. The man's wonderful distributions of gold among the charities of the city, and his vast promises of future

benefactions, forced Wulstan to hold him in some regard. Pensax had good impulses, and in good hands might have been a useful and a happy man.

Poor Old House of Sidbree ! In losing thee, I seemed to part with two fathers. To be shut out from thy arms was a bitter blow. To see the more familiar and cherished parts of thee scattered to the winds was a tearing up of my dearest ties and associations. Canon Molineau had been very kind to us. He insisted upon our staying at his house, even after we had both expressed a wish to go home. We should mope, he said, at home and make each other miserable. It was mistaken kindness. He had better have left us to our own resources. One afternoon after we had been confined to his house and garden for several weeks, I ventured forth into the city to see my poor father's solicitor concerning his affairs, which were strangely mixed up with those of the Dean and Pensax. Going down the High Street I passed two shops where furniture bought at Sidbree House was exposed for sale. In another window was hung one of Ruth's paintings. How the sight maddened me ! Returning, I met two porters carrying the sofa on which I had lain after my illness. It seemed to me as if all Wulstan had been engaged in sacking my home. My brain reeled at the thought. I felt as if a demon were taking possession of me. I longed to wreak some terrible vengeance upon the place. Happily the Cathedral was close at hand. The sound of the organ and the fresh heavenly voices of the choristers came out into the autumn air, like a message of peace from the other world. I entered the well-known church and found myself presently with my face buried in the cushions of Canon Molineau's pew. It was a blessed relief from the streets of Wulstan. But O the sense of desolation that came over me, not for my own sake, when the new Dean left the Oswald stall to read one of the lessons ! My mind went back to the days when Ruth and Mary Oswald used to come up through the nave and take their seats in the well remembered stall, to the days when the grand white-haired Dean, their father, brought up the Cathedral procession from the vestry in the cloisters ; to the days when I watched from the College window for the appearance of that dream of beauty on the Deanery lawn ; to the day when she, my beloved, first spoke to me, when she took a glass of water from my own hand ; to the days when she stood before her easel in my father's studio ; and then when my soul began to lament over the ruins of Sidbree House, it seemed as if some angel rebuked me with the thought that Ruth was mine, demanding from me if that were not compensation enough for all

my woes. I bowed me down before the reproof, and thanked God for all His mercies.

I have learnt to love that cruel city in these after years, learnt to love it for her sake and mine ; for the tombs that are there, for the tender memories that go back to days before the tombs. Yet sometimes I think I like it best when I see it here in the firelight, here in the Valley of Poppies, where I dream the old time over again. The Squire's cob has a rare knowledge of my favourite nooks and corners at Wulstan, though I do not ride him into the city more than twice in a year. The tottering verger, bent with years, his keys jingling as he walks, knows whose horse it is that is tied to the worn iron ring at the gateway near the cloisters. He taps his wrinkled forehead to bring back some glimmering thoughts of the clear skies of youth and the flowers that grew in the Deanery garden before the sacrilegious hand of the restorer was laid upon the noble front of the ancient house that added a deeper tint to the sunsets. He sees no lithe and supple maiden walking by the Perpetual Curate's side ; he hears no soft musical whisper ; yet I walk with my beloved in the dim cloisters, and wander with her out through the meadows where the thistledown fancies itself a butterfly, and the first leaves of autumn flutter like birds in the path. For hath not the master-poet said, "We are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep?"

## CHAPTER XIX.

### IN THE BATTLE.

THE battle of London ! Listen to the roar of the warfare. The thunder of the streets goes on day and night. You hear the sound of battle always. Midnight brings no cessation of the strife ; morning no relief from the din. The contending armies pour on through the stony streets from New Year's Day until the bells toll for the dying year in December.

It is a deadly fight. The trumpet never sounds the signal to "cease firing." There is no truce to bury the dead. The wounded are soon gathered out of sight. The dead are hurried to their graves, and not a soldier salutes the fallen as the sombre ambulance passes on its way.

London has no room for sentiment. Friendship is little more than a word. There are occasional sacrifices to the God of Love at London Bridge. It is a world of woe and bitterness, of garish fashion, of

wealth and poverty. The cry of the children is drowned in the cursing of the parents. The battle of those who only fight for bread is something fearful to behold. It is a scramble at which the fiends may laugh. The struggle between the armies which do battle for gold, for place, for position, for fame, is more humiliating still. The conflict is more deadly because the game is less open. There are masked batteries, petroleum shells, and explosive bullets in the conflicts of those who strive for gold and fame.

Behold George Himbleton in the thick of the conflict! When winter tore the creepers down from the cottage balcony; when the Thames rolled by the Mall in an angry flood; when great blocks of ice crashed against each other as they rumbled down the river; when the elms were gaunt and bare; when the wind shrieked past the water-gate and shook it as if the angry ghost of some lord of the olden days had come to claim his lost estate; when winter was supreme on the battle-field; then the painter's son put on the soldier's gear and went forth into the fight.

Never had knight fairer lady for chivalric vows. Ruth encouraged my boldest aspirations. She did not know all the incidents of the emergency. She did not know how near the enemy was. She did not see the earthworks that he had raised to overcome our little garrison. She did not hear the distant trumpet-calls. She marked not the small cloud in the horizon. The more earnest, therefore, was I to meet mine enemy away from home and win my laurels outside the cottage lines. I put her glove in my hat, and with her image in my heart, sallied forth to win for her a golden peace.

Judge by the following dialogue between myself and a fellow-soldier how necessary it had become for one of these men to raise his sword on high, and fight with a noble desperation.

"This is the truth, Fenton," I said; "my father died insolvent, not because he had not laboured and saved money, but owing to his kind heart and nobility of nature."

"He was a good fellow," said Fenton, wiping his pen upon his sleeve, and leaning back in the editorial chair, to make me feel that I was not trespassing upon his time.

"When the poor Dean was in trouble, my father became security for him—gave bonds to a large amount. To save his estate from absolute insolvency, I have undertaken to pay three hundred pounds which is deficient."

"Deficient? How do you mean deficient?" asks Fenton.

"I administered to the estate; and, a month ago, when it was balanced up and put into shape, it was found that after all my poor

father's debts were paid—there being a few tradesmen's bills in addition to the bonds I have mentioned—to pay everything and everybody three hundred pounds would be required. I agreed to pay this."

"Chivalrous," Fenton remarks, "and all right if you have plenty of money."

"Plenty of money! Good Heavens, I have only fifty pounds in the world."

"Only fifty pounds! why, what have you been doing? And how have you agreed to pay this money?"

"In two months, I think it was, from the time of the settlement."

"You never gave a bill for it?" exclaims Fenton.

"I think I did," I said, a little confused by Fenton's excited manner.

"Think! my friend. By Heaven, sir, if you had seen as much of bills as I have you would not think."

"No; I do not think," I said, "but your manner alarms me. I did give a bill."

"And who guards the thread of the Damoclean sword? Who holds the bill?"

"I do not know."

"My dear Himbleton, you have no business in London; you ought to be endowed by the Church in some place far more primitive than Wulstan."

I felt as if I were taken prisoner without the hope of ransom in the first skirmish. I determined, however, not to give up my sword in this tame fashion.

"Fenton, I do not like this superior-wisdom manner of yours. Be plain and frank with me. A truce to these ejaculations."

"By all means. I was once as unsophisticated as you are. I did penance for my folly in Whitecross Street Prison; but then I had no furniture and pictures. I was a bachelor. You, sir, had no right to run the risk you have run."

"What, then, do you think the risk is?"

"That you may be turned out of house and home. By the Lord, sir, I am in earnest! I cannot help you. It is hand to mouth with me. I do not know any fellow better off than I am, either, among my familiar associates. What can I do for you?"

"Get me the money I am entitled to for those articles I wrote last week, and give me work enough for six writers during the next fortnight."

"I will do my best for you, rest assured."

"I want an introduction to a publisher who would be likely to look at such a book as this," showing him a manuscript work on "The Priestly Office."

"Yes, I can serve you there; but let me advise you to write something popular, either in the way of politics or social essays."

"I will try anything, do anything."

"Good! Where are you going now?"

"To the publisher's."

"Promise me never to accept another bill. Clergymen cannot be expected to understand the dangers of these things. Why not try and get a living? The Church ought to have a good opening for you."

"I had partly promised myself not to enter the pulpit again; but I am ready to take anything that will secure me an income. I have written to several friends to ask their aid in that direction. Canon Molineau gives me hope that in the new year the Dean and Chapter may consider me in respect of a living which will be in their gift in February."

"Your energy is deserving of all praise, my dear Mr. Himbleton."

"I shall leave no stone unturned, rely upon that; and I do not doubt the result."

"Bravo! That is the way to conquer. Sound drums and trumpets! God and Saint George, Richmond and Victory!"

Fenton flourishes his pen and clasps my hand.

"Amen," I say.

I went straight from Fenton's office to the publisher. The wind which shrieked at the water-gate in the Mall followed me along Fleet Street and the Strand. There seemed to be particles of ice in it. The people fought it with umbrellas and overcoats. They bent their heads before it, or encountered it sideways. I faced it, head erect and teeth clenched. Now and then the winter blast came fiercely upon me up from the river and whirled sharp arrows of ice at me. I only frowned at it and planted my feet more firmly on the pavements that were beginning to sparkle with a frosty-looking snow. I thought of the great blocks of ice in the Thames, and of the warm hearth at "The Cottage" where Ruth would presently be sitting waiting for her soldier's return. The publisher was out. Would I call again? Certainly. I called again. He was engaged. Would I call in an hour? I looked in at a picture dealer's, meanwhile, and asked his permission to show him some of my sketches. Not hers. No; my pride was too great for that. The dealer said he would look at them. I found the publisher at last. He agreed to look at my

manuscript "out of respect for Mr. Fenton." The slight brought the colour into my cheeks. It was sharper than the wind and the ice. I left the manuscript. I slipped an essay into an editor's box in Paternoster Row. I answered an advertisement which I found in the *Times*, describing a desirable secretaryship to a nobleman. I had some hot brandy-and-water at a tavern which was frequented in the old days by Dr. Johnson, and this fact served me for a reverie and gave me encouragement, too, as I walked home. I regarded this as my first really earnest and special day in London. It was the day upon which I considered that I had taken my place in the battle. I had been many times in town as a skirmisher, but on this day, urged by a decreasing purse and by increasing responsibilities, I unsheathed my sword and went to the front. "That was the year when I came to London with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket," said Johnson, humorously fixing the chronology of a particular event. Garrick, overhearing him, exclaimed, "Eh? With twopence-halfpenny in your pocket?" "Why, yes," said Johnson; "when I came with twopence-halfpenny in my pocket, and thou, Davy, with three halfpence in thine." I contrasted my position with theirs. The difference was great; my house on the Thames was regal state, compared with their lodgings. I walked on manfully with this thought in my mind. The lamplighters were running to and fro, dotting the winter evening with stars that flickered in the frost. Piccadilly was full of life and bustle. I strode on like a giant. I did not admit for a moment the necessity for so much economy, but it afforded me a sort of new pleasure to save the fare of a hackney coach. On past the Park I went, and the stars came out in myriads bright and hopeful, and I thought of the starlight nights which used to smile on Wulstan; but I dismissed the picture with a wave of my hand. I would not harbour melancholy reflections. The Park and Kensington were soon left behind; for I felt that now Ruth would begin to expect me with anxiety. I saw the white cloth on the table, and the lamp casting a softened light upon the dear face that was looking into the fire. By and by I heard the Thames rushing down to the sea with its icy burden. Then the lamplight ceased, and I passed through the darkness into a brighter and a better light—the light of her bright eyes.

Few soldiers who had fought that day in the battle of London went into such quarters as those which belonged to the recruit from Wulstan. A glorious fire, a table-cloth whiter than the snow (which was just beginning to fall in feathery patches as I came in), a pheasant cooked, after Savarin's manner, with a couple of snipe as stuffing, a

glass of rare sherry, a foaming tankard of ale, and the prettiest wife in all the world.

"I began to think you late, dear," said Ruth; "how rosy and well you look."

"It is cold, and I walked fast," I said, kissing her parted lips.

"You did not walk all the way, George?"

"Yes, I did, dear; I thought it would do me good, and it was an opportunity for planning out some work."

"You must be very tired; but you will soon recover; I am quite sure you will enjoy your supper; and it is delightful to see you looking so well. How have you succeeded in your business arrangements—in the battle as you call it, George?"

"Well, my darling, as well, I think, as an earnest soldier could have expected; and with your glove in my helmet, Ruth, what may I not dare to hope for? Now tell me what you have been doing all day," I said, as she sat down upon a low seat at my side and laid her head upon my knee.

"I have made a little rough winter sketch of the Thames; hemmed a new neckerchief for you; made some mince pies; and prepared, myself, according to the receipt you gave me, the pheasant for supper."

She looked up into my face for an approving recognition of her industry, and she had it, you may be sure. There never was such a supper. I told her so a thousand times. She laughed at my enthusiasm, and said I was a gourmand. This led to our talking of the fat priest whom we met at Boulogne. Then we discussed a letter which I had received the week previously from Mrs. Pensax, asking me to arrange to bring Ruth to visit her in the spring, and promising to come over herself at Christmas if the weather was not severe. This letter reminded Ruth that two notes had arrived during my absence. I opened them. One was an application for rent, the other a tailor's bill. How the miserable realities of the world began at this season to crowd in upon our romance of love in a nest on the Thames! I put the letters aside as matters of no moment.

"Is there a good fire in the studio, Ruth?" I asked, when supper was over.

"Yes," she said; "and I have told Mary to take the spirits there and light the candles."

"You are the most thoughtful wife in the world, and the best," I said; "and I am going to indulge myself, with your permission, in a college habit."



"A cigar," said Ruth; "why, I do not think I have ever seen you smoke."

"I never cared much about it, Ruth, but I feel that I could enjoy a cigar to-night while you play," I said, my inner consciousness rebuking *me* for a carpet knight.

"I remember you smoked a cheroot at Boulogne, and it did not agree with you," said Ruth.

"It was the coffee, dear; I did not like the coffee, I think. I am going to enjoy this cigar immensely."

And I did. It was an old, mild, dry cigar, and it helped me to think over the events of the day and sketch out my plans for the future, while Ruth soothed my anxieties into a dreamy security by some sympathetic compositions that gave me hope and courage. Presently she sang an old favourite ballad, which carried me back to that summer time at the Deanery. I watched the blue smoke of my cigar disappear in the firelight. There was a fragrant perfume in the well-seasoned leaf. I seemed to taste in it the flavour of those days by the Wulstan river. But that time, sweet as it was, had not the full-flavoured delight of these hours of possession when she was the light of my fireside, my other self, my wife, the idol of my home.

Though I tell my flock that God is a jealous God, and liketh not their loving kith or kin over much, I preach to them thus more out of regard for their earthly comfort than with respect to their future in the other world. A narrow interpreter of God's dispensations would argue that my love for Ruth amounted to a sin against the Almighty; and would see in my devotion to her a reason for her removal. I count the Divine Majesty so high and just, and merciful, that I leave no room for a single unworthy thought concerning Him. But Oh! sometimes I feel a sharp and bitter pang when I think of the details of that last chapter of her noble womanly life when she clasped my hand for the last time in this lower world.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE NAVIES OF THE WORLD.

**I**N these days of violent revolutions and startling changes, the creation or destruction of an empire, the establishment of a republic, or the conquest and humiliation of a great military nation, can be effected in such a short space of time that we run the risk of falling into one of two errors, of both of which we have in this country experienced some of the earlier symptoms during the course of the last few months. The brief period of twelve months has sufficed for the consolidation of the German Empire, and not only the overthrow of the Imperial Government of France, but the destruction of that enormous military power and prestige which for years had been able to keep the whole of Europe in an attitude of respectful vigilance, to such an extent that the boast attributed to the Emperor Napoleon III., "When France is satisfied, Europe is at peace," had well-nigh passed into a proverb. The rapidity and completeness of the German campaign in France not unnaturally produced a plentiful crop of alarmists in this country, and there was good reason at one time to fear, from the tone of the daily press and from the vacation speeches of panic-stricken members of Parliament, that we were about to be drawn into that kind of reckless and improvident mania for "bloated armaments" which such panics usually engender.

The other danger which we incurred, and of which we have perhaps more reason to be afraid, now that the alarmists have had their day, is the reaction consequent upon this fear of being found unprepared. Men who are easily frightened are too often easily satisfied. A few reassuring speeches from Ministers, and a leader or two in the *Times*, are all that would be required to convince those who were just now crying out about our defenceless position, that there is really nothing whatever to be done to perfect our resources.

Most people have an almost instinctive horror of statistics. Comparatively few have either the leisure, the inclination, or the opportunity of examining for themselves the facts relating to our national forces, which would dispel the notion, on the one hand, that we are hopelessly incompetent to repel an invasion, and utterly destitute of the means of self-defence; or, on the other hand, that we are splendidly furnished and equipped, and that nothing remains for us

but to sit down and calmly await the threatened storm. It is because of the ignorance which prevails among the great mass of the non-professional public that such imaginary sketches as "The Battle of Dorking" are calculated to defeat the object for which they are probably written, and to operate mischievously upon public opinion. If a man knows little or nothing of the present condition of our Army and Navy, he may be led without much difficulty to accept as probabilities all the wildest suggestions of disaster which a morbid fancy can picture before him, and the almost certain result will be a panic; or he may treat the whole thing as a clever joke, and be as careless and indifferent to improvements and reforms as ever.

It is with a view to clear up the doubts which beset the mind of the public as to the real position which this country occupies in the scale of nations that we propose to draw, as briefly as possible, a comparison between the naval forces of Great Britain and those of the principal maritime Powers against which we might, at some future time, have to contend. It was shown, some months ago, in the pages of this magazine, that the supremacy of the seas was still wielded under the British flag, and the result of the more minute inquiries, which we are about to lay before our readers, will, we are confident, fully corroborate that statement; at the same time there are defects in the administration of the Navy, as well as deficiencies in our naval resources, to which we shall not hesitate to direct the most earnest attention.

It is necessary before entering upon the question of the actual condition of our Navy, as compared with that of other Powers, to point out a few considerations which must modify to a great extent the sense of security that a bare statement of the number of our ships and the weight of our guns might otherwise produce.

It must be borne in mind, in the first place, that our principal line of defence, in the event of an attempted invasion, must always be the Channel Squadron. This, of course, must be maintained in the highest state of efficiency, and although in many parts of the coast these islands are utterly inaccessible, there yet remains a very extensive coast line to be defended by cruising ships. When we add to this the number and importance of our large commercial ports, almost all of them entirely unprotected by fortifications and landworks, it is evident that a Channel Squadron is required vastly larger in proportion to the extent of our boundary line than that of any country which can depend partly upon its Army for protection in the first instance, and partly upon communication by land for its supplies. This dependence upon the successful maintenance of our commercial

relations with neutral Powers in time of war, as well as the defence of our Indian and colonial possessions, renders it essential, of course, that we should have always at command a large fleet of a very different kind from the Channel Squadron, consisting of sea-going ships capable of the most rapid movements, and adapted for naval operations in the open sea.

For these two services, which comprise the chief, although not the only part of the work which our Navy would have to perform in time of war, the last two reconstructions of the fleet have gone far towards placing us in a state of efficiency. The first, which provided us with the old wooden steam line-of-battle ships and frigates, has been somewhat underrated since the introduction of armour-plated vessels, and the enormous increase in the size and weight of the guns which the ironclads carry; but there is no reason to doubt that these ships would be of inestimable value as convoys for merchantmen, and in harassing an enemy's commerce.

The only arm, however, upon which we can at all rely for home defence is our ironclad Navy; and it is to this that we must first turn our attention.

For twelve years all our science and mechanical skill has been devoted to two objects—first, the construction of armoured ships capable of resisting the heaviest ordnance; and, secondly, the casting of guns of such calibre and power as to be able to pierce the thickest plates. The result has been one which it is impossible to contemplate except with the liveliest satisfaction, although it is hard to say which of the two objects is most nearly attained. On the one hand, we have the 35-ton 700-pounder guns which seem capable of anything which powder and shot can effect; and, on the other, we have such vessels as the *Glatton*, the *Devastation*, and the *Monarch*, the sides of which are impervious to anything but these 35-ton guns, if even they would yield to them.

The armoured Navy of Great Britain consists of fifty-eight vessels, comprising almost every variety of ironclad ships, and illustrating in a most instructive manner the history of naval architecture during the last twelve years. From the *Warrior*, which was our first essay, with her belt of armour amidships, and her bow and stern unprotected, to the *Devastation*, which seems to be a floating citadel of iron, we have specimens of almost every design which the ingenuity of inventors could supply. Immediately following the completion of the *Warrior* come the converted frigates of the *Royal Oak* and *Ocean* class, which includes the *Caledonia*, the *Prince Consort*, and the *Royal Alfred*.

After these there appears to be a great advance, not only in the resisting power of the armour, but also in its distribution upon the ship's side. The disadvantage to which the *Warrior* and *Black Prince* were subjected, in having their bow and stern undefended by armour-plates, had to be remedied; for it was obvious that in action an enemy would avoid a point-blank broadside fire against a vessel which was only, or chiefly, open to an effective attack either at stem or stern, and which, from the position of her guns (of this we shall presently speak more fully), was unable to fire fore and aft. The next change, therefore, which we have to remark was the complete protection of the bow and stern by armour-plates. To effect this it was at that time thought necessary to increase the size of the ships in order to increase their floating power. Accordingly the *Achilles* and *Bellerophon* were constructed, each of them 380 feet in length and 58 feet in breadth of beam. They were quickly followed by the still huger monsters of the *Minotaur* and *Agincourt* type, and in these a new principle was developed. By enormously adding to the strength of the stern, and furnishing these vessels with projecting bows, the idea was developed of using the ship itself as a projectile, impelled by the enormous force which engines nominally of 1,350 horse-power, but in reality working up to about 7,000 horse-power, were capable of imparting.

Perhaps, however, the greatest of all revolutions which ever took place in the construction of the war navy of any country, was the successful introduction of the turret system into our fleet. We say advisedly that it was a successful experiment, in spite of the lamentable disaster which last year befel the most celebrated, though, as the event unhappily proved, not the most efficient of our ships of this class. The *Captain* was a turret ship with a low freeboard, but the sad story of her foundering is calculated to discredit neither the turret system nor the low-freeboard system. All it shows is that the *Captain* herself was incapable of weathering such a gale as was blowing on the fatal 7th of September, 1870, in the Bay of Biscay, with the amount of sail which she was carrying at the time; strained to its utmost, it can only lead us to the conclusion that a high freeboard is safer for sea-going turret ships, and that a heavy press of canvas is out of place in ships with a low freeboard. There is nothing, then, in this catastrophe which need cause apprehension as to the stability of such vessels as the high freeboard *Monarch*, or the unmasted *Devastation* and *Thunderer*; and there can be little doubt that ships of the *Glatton* type will be handled with the utmost caution after the lesson which the *Captain's* fate has taught us, and that they will be

found of inestimable value should occasion demand their services in the defence of our home ports and coast line. Eighteen of our fifty-eight ironclads are turret ships of one type or another, and they are justly regarded by the highest naval authorities as the most formidable ships in the Navy. It is scarcely possible to conceive a ship-of-war with more gigantic powers of offence and defence than the sister ships *Devastation* and *Thunderer*. Clad in a complete suit of plate armour, varying in thickness from ten to fourteen inches, they seem to be utterly impenetrable; and the enormous weight which this armour gives them, so far from rendering them unwieldy or unmanageable, adds immensely to their attacking power by increasing the force of the blow from their ram-shaped bows. Entirely destitute of masts, they are able to achieve a perfectly unobstructed fore and aft fire from any one of their four 700-pounder guns.

The importance of the increased thickness in the armour-plates of the present day can be best appreciated by bearing in mind that their resisting power has been ascertained to increase in direct proportion, not to their thickness, but to the *squares* of their thickness. Thus, a plate of ten inches possesses not double but four times the impenetrability of one of five inches.

The sketch we have given of the progress which our Navy has made during the last dozen years might be considerably extended, did our space permit us to notice all the improvements and additions which have taken place, not only in the ironclads, but in the unarmoured iron and wooden ships, the increased power of the engines, and the consequently high rate of speed attainable now as compared with the vessels of ten and twenty years ago. But although we cannot inquire minutely into these points in the limits of this paper, it would be impossible to omit mentioning one class of gunboats which it is likely would prove one of the most efficient means of defence in the event of any attack upon our shores.

Our readers will remember the barbette gun-carriage of Captain Moncrieff, the salient feature of which is the complete protection of the gunners from the enemy's sharpshooters; and the adaptation of this invaluable invention to naval artillery cannot fail to be recognised as one of the most important augmentations of our defensive power. In the gunboats of the *Staunch* class this adaptation is achieved. These little vessels, of 245 tons displacement, propelled by engines of 28 nominal horse-power, are constructed to carry one 18-ton gun, mounted upon a Moncrieff carriage. In the *Navy List* for July last there were no fewer than ten of these formidable little monsters, and as our great commercial harbours must in a great measure be

dependent upon them for protection, there can be little doubt that the number will shortly be increased.

Now the great maritime nations of the world are, besides ourselves, France, Russia, the United States, and we must now add Germany, not so much perhaps because of the size and efficiency of the Navy which she possesses at present, as because of the elasticity of her resources, and the vigour with which she is prosecuting her attempts to obtain a fleet of the highest order.

The reconstruction of the French fleet commenced about the same time as that of our own, with the introduction of ironclad ships-of-war, and during the whole period of the Second Empire was conducted with a skill and determination which bade fair to render her our equal, or at any rate our most formidable rival. The result is that at the end of 1869, six months before the late war broke out, she possessed a Navy not inferior in numbers to our own, although of less power either for attack or defence. The guns with which the French ships are armed are of a much smaller calibre than our own, and the armour-plates with which they are protected rarely exceed five inches in thickness. The total number of ships in the French Navy at the end of 1869 was 501, including steam vessels and sailing ships of all classes. Of these, fifty-three were ironclads, carrying their armament in broadside batteries, and nine were ironclad turret ships. The largest armoured vessel in the French Navy is the *Rochambeau*, which was purchased of the United States Government at the conclusion of the civil war for £400,000. This monster floating battery has a burthen of 5,090 tons, and is propelled by engines of 1,000 nominal horse-power. She is constructed to serve as a powerful ram, and carries her armament of fourteen guns in a cupola of the *Monitor* type. The only other class of ironclads in the French Navy which calls for especial notice is that of the *batteries flottantes démontables*. These extraordinary little vessels, eleven in number, each carrying two guns, are in fact portable gunboats. They can be taken to pieces, and transported overland when required for distant service, or in time of peace can be stowed away in the warehouses of the arsenals.

The *personnel* of the French Navy, as far as mere numbers are concerned, is very greatly superior to that of Great Britain. In the Navy, as in the Army, the great difficulty of obtaining a sufficient supply of men is met in France by conscription, while in this country the voluntary system of enlistment prevails in both services. The lists of men and youths who were enrolled in the Imperial Navy of France in 1869 amounted in all to about 170,000, but of these only 74,400 were actively employed. These figures do not include the

marine and colonial troops, which amounted in the same year to another 26,600 men, but they embrace the engineers, dockyard labourers, and civilians employed in the service of the fleet. To compare them, then, with our own Navy, we must eliminate the 14,000 marines provided for in our estimates, and add the 6,759 dockyard officers and artisans not shown under Vote 1, the *personnel* vote. This gives a total for our Navy of 53,805 as compared with the 74,400 of the French Navy. There are two points, however, in regard to this branch of our subject which must not be overlooked—the first, that the number of men actually entered and borne for service in the Royal Navy almost invariably falls somewhat short of the number for which provision is made by Parliament, owing to the difficulty experienced in obtaining an adequate supply of recruits; while by the conscription system the Imperial Navy of France was always able to summon to active service as many seamen or artisans as might be required; the second, that some addition to the *personnel* of our dockyards must be made, to include the hired artificers who are not upon the permanent establishment. Admitting these two considerations, we should have to add about 950 to the above mentioned 53,800.

The Navy next in importance as to numbers is that of the United States, but it is less formidable for offensive purposes than that of Russia. With an immense coast line to defend, with huge rivers and lakes, the American Government has done wisely to devote its attention mainly to the construction of a defensive fleet, and in this it has succeeded in a remarkable degree—as far, at least, as we are capable of judging without the actual experiment of war. Her forty-six ironclads are for the most part vessels of light draught, admirably adapted, as the recent civil war proved, for operations in shallow water, such as the defence of harbours and rivers; the majority being ships of the *Monitor* type. The largest of the American ironclads are the *Roanoke*, the *Colossus*, the *Nebraska*, and the *Oregon*; but the largest of them, the *Roanoke*, does not exceed 2,660 tons; almost all the other armoured vessels are of about 400 or 500 tons burthen. The total number of guns borne by the United States Navy is only 1,366, and these, though in many cases of enormous calibre, 15, 18, and even 20 inches, have been proved by experiment to possess less penetrating power than our own 9 and 12-inch guns. The American 20-inch gun throws a shot of 1,080 lb., while the largest ordnance we can boast of is only a 700-pounder; but the American guns are nearly all smooth bores, throwing spherical shot, and as such are of far less value, from their low initial velocity, than our smaller rifled guns and conical shot. In addition to their ironclad Navy, the United



States possess 129 steam and sailing ships-of-war, many of them well adapted, by their great speed, for service against an enemy's commerce, although it is doubtful whether any of them exceed the speed obtainable by our unarmoured frigates of the *Inconstant* class.

We now come to the consideration of the Imperial Navy of Russia, our old antagonist in the Baltic and Black Seas, and the firm ally of the Emperor of Germany. Since the peace of 1856 Russia has not been idle. Not only has she shown untiring energy in repairing the injuries she received in the Black Sea by the destruction of her most important strongholds, Odessa and Sebastopol, not only has she reorganised and improved her Army, but in her Navy she has given proofs of her appreciation of the advances which the last few years have seen in the science of naval architecture; and by keeping pace with modern progress, and by developing, almost more than any other nation, her enormous resources, she has succeeded in obtaining a Navy fully adequate to the defence of her own possessions, and sufficient to render her a valuable ally or a formidable enemy.

At the beginning of 1869 the Russian fleet consisted of 319 ships of all classes and ratings, twenty-four of which were ironclads and twenty-nine sailing vessels, the remaining 266 being unarmoured steamships.

There is one striking feature in the Russian Navy, a feature which strongly illustrates the determination which the Imperial Government evinces to rely entirely upon the elasticity of its own resources, and to take the benefit of every natural advantage which the country affords, in order to be as independent as possible of other nations. Almost the whole of the Russian ironclad fleet is of home construction. The most powerful, the two frigates the *Sebastopol* and the *Pojarski*, were not only built in Russian dockyards, but are constructed of iron entirely of Russian manufacture. The former of these, which is the oldest ironclad in the Russian Navy, was launched at Cronstadt in 1864. She is about the same size as the English ship *Warrior* and the French *La Gloire*. The *Pojarski* was built at St. Petersburg from the designs of British engineers. The total number of guns in the Russian Navy is 2,270, and these, like the ships, are in a great measure of Russian manufacture. Some, however, are supplied by the celebrated German firm of Krupp. The *personnel* of the Imperial Navy of Russia consists of 3,791 officers and 60,230 seamen and marines, who are raised, as in France, by conscription.

The events of the last six or seven years—first, the acquisition by the North German Confederation of the harbour and dockyard at Kiel, in the Baltic; then the establishment, after the Austro-Prussian

war, of the hegemony of Prussia; next the construction of an extensive naval yard at Wilhelmshaven; and finally the conquest of France and the consolidation of the German Empire—have borne fruit no less in the increase of the naval force of Germany than in her supremacy upon the Continent. The enormous sum of money which the indemnity she is to receive from France places at her disposal will, it cannot be doubted, be applied, to a very large extent, to the augmentation of a fleet which already far exceeds the actual requirements of North Germany for the defence of her own coasts, and will go far to render her a first-class naval Power.

The first, and by far the most powerful, ironclad which Germany possessed was built in 1868 by the Thames Iron Ship Building Company at Blackwall, from the designs of the late Chief Constructor of the British Navy, and was purchased by the German Government for £487,500. The ill-judged parsimony of the British Government, to whom this magnificent frigate, the *König Wilhelm*, was first offered, thus lost us, not for the first or only time, a tangible advantage, the value of which Germany was not slow to appreciate.

In the German Navy there are four other ironclads afloat: the *Friedrich Karl*, built at a private yard near Toulon, a counterpart of the French ships *Normandie* and *Couronne*; the *Kron Prinz*, built at Poplar by Messrs. Samuda; and the turret ships *Arminius* and *Prinz Adalbert*, the former of English construction and the latter French. Besides these, there are upon the stocks the ironclad *Hansa*, at Dantzig, at Wilhelmshaven the *Grosser Kurfürst*, and at Kiel the armour-plated turret ship *König Friedrich der Grosse*. We have already said, however, that it is not so much by the number and importance of the ships which Germany possesses at the present time that we are to estimate her position among the great naval Powers of Europe, as by the determined efforts she is making to add to her fleet, and her steady, but constant, advance towards the attainment of this object.

The following table shows at a glance the progress which she made in this direction in the two years immediately preceding the outbreak of the French war. The numbers of vessels of all classes afloat and on the stocks were as follows:—

|                      | 1868. | 1870. |
|----------------------|-------|-------|
| Ironclads .....      | 4     | 8     |
| Corvettes .....      | 8     | 10    |
| Advice Boats .....   | 2     | 5     |
| Transports .....     | 1     | 1     |
| Gunboats .....       | 22    | 22    |
| Training Ships ..... | 6     | 7     |
| Total .....          | 43    | 53    |

It will be seen from the above table that the progress of the German Navy in two years was rapid enough to justify us in anticipating the entire accomplishment of the programme which was sketched out by Prussia, before the Danish war, for completion by the year 1878.

The entire fleet contemplated in this programme is as follows :—

|    |                 |
|----|-----------------|
| 16 | Ironclads.      |
| 20 | Corvettes.      |
| 8  | Advice Boats.   |
| 3  | Transports.     |
| 22 | Gunboats.       |
| 7  | Training Ships. |

The training ships and gunboats are already completed, and one half of the ironclads and corvettes, five of the eight advice boats, and one of the transport ships are either built or building at one or other of the Imperial dockyards.

The experiments which have recently been conducted at Shoeburyness, with a view to ascertain the comparative power of the Krupp cannon, with which the German ships are entirely armed, and the Armstrong and other monster guns of our own fleet, have proved highly satisfactory to us ; not only are our guns of superior penetrating power to those of similar calibre from the Krupp manufactory, as these trials have proved, but there are none of the latter equal in size or weight of projectile to the largest in use in our Navy.

The system of conscription, which is found to work with such eminent success in Russia and France, and to which Germany owes her enormous Army, is put in force to provide the *personnel* of the German fleet. The whole sea-faring population of North Germany, numbering some 80,000 men, are exempt from the law which requires military service from every citizen, but they are enrolled for service in the Navy. In 1870 the total number of officers, seamen, and marine-troops actively employed amounted to 6,290, but there were in reserve the remainder of the 80,000 men, 48,000 of whom were serving in German merchant vessels, and about 6,000 were in foreign employment.

We do not propose to enter fully into the details of the war navies of the smaller European Powers, but the subjoined table may be found useful for purposes of comparison. The column in which the annual cost is stated represents approximately the charges incurred yearly by each nation for its naval force, but it is to be observed that in the French expenditure accounts the cost of "marine and colonies" is shown in one sum, both being administered by the

same Minister, and in the case of Norway the expense of the postal service is included in the same item as the Navy.

A COMPARATIVE TABLE SHOWING THE RELATIVE NAVAL FORCES OF THE EUROPEAN POWERS AND THE UNITED STATES.

|               | Number of Ships. |                        |                           |             | Guns.        | Men.             | Annual Cost in £ sterling. |
|---------------|------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|-------------|--------------|------------------|----------------------------|
|               | Armoured.        | Unarmoured Steamships. | Unarmoured Sailing Ships. | Total.      |              |                  |                            |
| Great Britain | 58               | 329                    | 189                       | 576         | 5,623        | 61,000 <i>a</i>  | 9,750,000                  |
| France ..     | 62               | 326                    | 113                       | 501         | 3,045        | 101,000 <i>b</i> | 6,933,800                  |
| United States | 46               | 97                     | 32                        | 175         | 1,366        | .. <i>c</i>      | 3,956,500                  |
| Russia ..     | 24               | 266                    | 29                        | 319         | 2,270        | 64,021           | 2,448,700                  |
| Germany ..    | 8                | 38                     | 7                         | 53          | 480 <i>d</i> | 6,290            | 1,200,000                  |
| Austria ..    | 9                | 36                     | 10                        | 55 <i>e</i> | 512          | 5,174            | 746,100                    |
| Netherlands   | 15               | 55                     | 30                        | 100         | 631          | .. <i>f</i>      | 752,000                    |
| Italy ..      | 22               | 68                     | 9                         | 99          | 1,032        | 19,046           | 1,405,100                  |
| Turkey ..     | 13               | 97                     | 53                        | 163         | 2,283        | 34,000           | 919,000                    |
| Spain ..      | 7                | 120                    | 13                        | 140         | 1,063        | 14,255           | 858,500                    |
| Sweden ..     | 6                | 21                     | 174                       | 201         | 1,064        | 6,453            | 234,600                    |
| Norway ..     | 3                | 15                     | 2                         | 20          | 168          | 2,248            | 260,600 <i>g</i>           |
| Denmark ..    | 6                | 25                     | ..                        | 31          | 312          | 1,017            | 188,600                    |

It will be observed that we have omitted two nations, Greece and Portugal, which possess a navy, from the above table. The reason is, that both these navies are insignificant, and the information we possess upon the subject is very meagre.

“The Statesman’s Year Book for 1871” gives the following respecting the Greek Navy:—“The Navy consisted, at the commencement of 1868, of a frigate of 50 guns, two corvettes of 26 and 22 guns; one paddle steamer of 110 horse-power with 6 guns; five screw steamers of 36 horse-power each, with altogether 10 guns; and twenty-three smaller vessels and gunboats. The Navy is manned by conscription from the inhabitants of the sea-coast, but volunteering is greatly encouraged by the Government.” The expenditure of the Minister of Marine is about £40,000 sterling.

The Portuguese Navy comprises twenty-two small steam vessels

*a.*—The number of officers, seamen, and marines voted for the year 1869-70, the actual number serving being about 950 fewer. These figures do not include dockyard workmen, civilians, &c.

*b.*—Includes marine and colonial troops, dockyard artisans, &c.

*c.*—Number of seamen not known; 679 officers of all grades.

*d.*—Does not include the armaments of the ships still on the stocks.

*e.*—Does not include twelve unarmoured vessels which are either laid up in ordinary, or employed on harbour service.

*f.*—Number of seamen not known; naval officers, 711; marine troops, 2,171, including officers.

*g.*—Includes expense of navy and post.

carrying 154 guns ; twenty-five sailing ships ; thirty-seven officers, and 3,493 seamen and marines. Neither Greece nor Portugal possesses a single ironclad.

There are two navies of which we have not spoken, either of which would at present prove most probably superior to that of Germany, but neither gives such promise of rapid and still increasing development. We cannot, however, omit to notice the Austrian Navy, including as it does the only ironclad frigates which have ever been in action, and not only been in action, but have come out of it victorious. In the war with Italy, it will be remembered, there was a naval engagement off Lissa, in the Adriatic, in which three of the most powerful ironclads which Italy possessed—the *Affondatore*, a cupola ship of 5,700 tons, the *Ré d'Italia* and the *Palestro*, broadside frigates—were lost. The total Navy of Austria consists of sixty-seven vessels of all classes, carrying 512 guns. Of these ships, two are described as ironclad line-of-battle ships, nine as ironclad frigates, thirty-six unarmoured steamers, and ten sailing ships, besides twelve steamers and sailing ships which are either laid up in ordinary or kept for harbour and training service.

The Austrian Navy is manned by conscription in time of peace with 4,299 seamen and 875 marines, including officers ; the war footing numbering 8,743 sailors and 1,410 marine troops.

Of the Royal Navy of the Netherlands it is only necessary to say that, although the number of ironclads and other vessels is considerable, the ships are not of any great size, the fifteen ironclads comprising six steamers of 400 horse-power, seven of 140 horse-power, and one of 120 and one of 40 horse-power. The whole Navy carries only 631 guns. It is manned by voluntary recruits, although conscription may be resorted to in case of emergency. The number of naval officers amounts to 711, and the marine troops, including officers, to 2,171. We have no return of the number of blue-jackets.

We have succeeded, we submit, in showing that the Navy of Great Britain is not that shadowy phantom which the alarmists, who are always crying out "Wolf, wolf," would have us suppose it to be. We are constantly being threatened by panic-stricken and tremulous writers with all the horrors of a successful invasion ; our fleet, as the first line of defence, is either ignored or spoken of as if it only existed upon paper, and would assuredly be found wanting in the first emergency ; but we think we have been able to prove, and we trust to convince our readers, that we have not only a real, active, powerful fleet, but the largest and the most powerful fleet in the world—a fleet in numbers equal to the combined navies of **Russia,**

the United States, and Germany; and in armament, as regards number of guns, as well as penetrating power, if not weight of metal, considerably superior.


There is a defect, however, in our defences, which prevents us from enjoying the entire immunity from danger which such a fleet as this should afford us; and it is this: *We have but one arsenal, and that one is insufficiently protected.* The only factory which Government possesses for the manufacture of guns, gun carriages, and all appurtenances for the proper equipment of either our naval or field artillery is at Woolwich, and Woolwich is practically defenceless, except as far as the intricacies of the navigation of the Thames might secure it from attack. Surely this ought not to be. Our fleet is, no doubt, ample for the defence of the coast, including the Thames and Woolwich; but if anything should suddenly decoy away the squadron or guard ships which might be placed at the Nore, there would be nothing to prevent two or three light-draught, heavily armed gunboats from steaming up to Woolwich and entirely destroying the arsenal and Government factories. The danger to which Woolwich is thus exposed is not the only objection to our having but this one arsenal. Large, efficient, and capable as Woolwich undoubtedly is, it remains a fact that, with all her resources, she has at times been unable to respond rapidly enough to the demands made upon her; and it is beyond all question, in these days of rapid movements, and short but decisive campaigns, that if a war broke out Woolwich would have very little time to look about her. A day's delay might be fatal to an army, and even lose a campaign; and to be kept waiting for ammunition, as some of our ships were last year before setting out on the autumn cruise, would be to render our strongest arm worse than useless. What we want, to remedy this evil, are two or three large Government factories and arsenals in the centre of the country—the nearer they are to the great iron districts, the better on the score of economy.

There is one other point in which our naval force is defective, and to which we have already alluded incidentally: the necessity for a much larger number of gunboats of the *Staunch* class; for it is upon these that the greatest reliance must be placed for the defence of our commercial ports. The Admiralty appears to be recognising the value of these little vessels, and we may hope in a short time to be furnished with a fleet of them sufficient for all the requirements of Liverpool, Bristol, Hull, and, above all, London; but, when an economical fit attacks the British public, it is impossible to be too constant in reiterating the measures which the safety of the country demands.

# THE BOOK OF OATIATI.\*

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## PREFACE.

HE ruins of London Bridge completed Oatiati's brilliant series of discoveries. He was the most famous of modern historians. Long after King Manheter's private College of Antiquaries had classed Macaulay and the prophecy which that English writer had revived, as mythological, Oatiati adhered to his belief in the prediction that a famous New Zealand chief should stand upon the arches of London Bridge and survey the ruins of the classic capital of ancient England. It in no wise daunted him when the exact terms of the prophecy were quoted. He only replied that the fall of England had been more remote than the prophet judged it would be ; or that the rise of the New Zealander had not commenced at so early a period. If the arches no longer existed, he would some day discover their foundations. Continuing always in this belief, Fortune rewarded the philosopher's perseverance. The foundations of this ancient viaduct were accidentally exposed during the erection of an aerial column-station for the Eastern Balloon Railway. Oatiati thereupon brought out the Twenty-fifth Edition of his great classical Encyclopædia of the antiquities, manners and customs, and illustrious men and women of the Victorian age, together with an account of all the proper names mentioned in the ancient authors of the United Kingdoms of the English. The following extracts contain a few of the most important and interesting passages of this remarkable work :—

### I.—WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

This was one of the most prominent men whose genius marks the closing days of the classic Empire of England. He is credited by some historians with the questionable honour of founding the English Republic.

The son of a Liverpool prince of trade, Gladstone was first educated at the School of Eton, where he gave early promise of future fame as a politician and author. He edited a work known as the

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\* The New Zealander's Lemprière.

*Eton Miscellany*, in which capacity he was arrogant and egotistical, but learned and courageous. After a course of study in the Temple of Oxford under strict priestly guidance, he travelled in foreign lands, where he acquired a taste for a curious manufacture known as "china." His power of discovering the real quality of this antique ware, together with his general gravity of manner, induced the people of Newark to choose him as their chief in the Senate of London.

In those long past days, the Parliament was divided into two Parties, who are said to have fought great battles at St. Stephen's. Some affirm that these encounters were deadly in their character, the combatants being armed with weapons sharpened by a peculiar powder known as Attic salt. Other historians affirm that the English language being full of strange metaphors, similes, and allegories, inspired by an Eastern book which the people held in great reverence, the battles of St. Stephen's were only encounters of tongues. They were indeed similar in principle, though differing in character, to the conflicts which took place in a market mentioned by Zealandi as dedicated to the Saxon goddess Billingsgate.

William Ewart Gladstone was a captain in the battles of St. Stephen's under the leadership of the First Consul or Chief Senator, Robert Peel, and he was afterwards the chief hope of the Tory party.

Now the Tories desired to pass a law compelling the owners of land to divide their property among the slaves and common people of the Empire. One Lord of the Soil and Prince of Mineral Fuel had voluntarily given away many thousands of gold pieces among his serfs. Other rich men had done likewise. The Tories wished to make a general division of the land compulsory. They desired nothing but the happiness of the people. Their appreciation of talent was great. They cared nothing for ancestral pedigrees. Genius was in their eyes a passport to the highest distinction. As an example of their broad views in this respect, they chose a poor Jew to be their chief [see Disraeli], and historians mention this incident as highly honourable to their judgment and tenets. Israel in England rejoiced in this election of one of their race, and Disraeli, it will be seen, justified himself in the eyes of all people.

Gladstone hated Disraeli. The son of the Liverpool prince belonged to the order called aristocrat. Moreover, he felt that the genius and ambition of Disraeli were akin to his own. "Stars like you and I" were his famous parting words when he boxed with Disraeli in the Ring of Sayers, "Stars like you and I cannot exist in the same atmosphere." Henceforth Gladstone left the atmosphere of Disraeli



for the less occupied space of what was called Liberalism. He swore by Oxford and Brum [see Birmingham] that his hand and heart should henceforth be against the alien Senator. Now the Liberals were known variously as Whigs [see Hair Dressing], Radicals, and Republicans. Their opinions were in direct opposition to the Tories, who were meek, unambitious, and liberal at home, but terrible in their warfare with foreign nations. Zealandi, the historian of "Paul's Church," describes the Radicals as men who preferred office before all things, though he credits them with having passed some excellent laws. They retained power for many years by promising the people cheap bread. They always made this promise when they were defeated by the Tories, on the condition that the people would help them to drive from their offices the division which included the brilliant Jew, Disraeli. When the Liberals were reinstated in power they forgot their vows; but they were thus enabled always to retain for the hours of misfortune many useful promises of cheap bread, tea [see Herbs], sugar, tobacco, and other articles, which they made out the people should have when the Tories were driven out of St. Stephen's.

The Radicals were a warlike race; but they fought their principal battles at home. They held tournaments in the Park of Hyde, where they engaged in encounters, of the physical character of which there is no doubt. The lists of dead and wounded are referred to in a book discovered among the ruins of Paul's. Civic champions entered these bloody lists, armed with a deadly weapon called a stave. The Radical warriors were giants. To show their contempt for the civic champions they assembled at the park unarmed. When the trumpets sounded for the fighting to begin the Radicals tore up the iron railings of the locality for spears. They also made clubs of the trees. With these extemporaneous weapons they did marvellous execution. The women of the latter days of the Victorian era appear to have taken part in the most degrading events of the day. They presided at a public "custom" called "Dahomey,"\* the chief "sport" of which was the slaughter of pigeons, once dedicated to Love; they also had kettledrums, and wore on their heads the scalps or hair of the dead. It is therefore hardly necessary to say that the ladies presided at the tournaments of Hyde. The chief women of the Empire sat in Gladstone's box, a sort of luxurious temple erected in the Amphitheatre. This custom of Hyde was celebrated in poetry and prose in a book which entered into a fresh edition with new writings every

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\* No philologist has yet been enabled to interpret this extraordinary word.

day. The rapid production of its compositions earned for it the complimentary nickname of *Telegraph*.

The directors of this daily panegyric of the Radical champions of Hyde usually resided at Mr. Gladstone's villa, a magnificent palace on the willow-clad banks of the Grand Canal of Regent. The ladies of their family were entertained at the Queen's Court, which was held in a remote part of the Empire, somewhere in the vicinity of the Druidic groves of Lorne. The Queen, who had retired for some years to educate her son for the regal office, accepted Gladstone's wishes as commands. The directors of this publication wrote neither poetry nor prose. They were supplied with both at a golden disc per length. Prose and poetry were written to order by men whose great learning and wit did not extend to a monetary realisation of their power. In short, they were under the thumbs of men called capitalists, whose sole influence rested in the possession of that very metal which in these days is one of our commonest minerals. O great Monarch of the Sun, how wonderful are thy works!

Gladstone was a poet. He wrote one of the most famous works of his age. No other book was prized so highly. It was printed in many types. It was bound in purple and gold. Bridegrooms presented it to the choice of their eyes. Mothers read it in the twilight to their daughters. It was called "Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy." One of the most singular illustrations of the ravages of time is the fact that not even a scrap of the binding of this book has been discovered in the vaults of what is supposed to have been the national library. Several complete works were found in these catacombs. Leaves out of some hundreds of others were discovered at the ancient Temple of Oxford, among a *débris* of leather and metal. Our gracious King, servant of the Monarch of the Sun, has offered the Order of the Diamond Tomahawk to any antiquary who can discover even the title-page of this remarkable work of the poet-statesman.

Zealandi says Gladstone wrote a book in 1841 O.D., showing that the ecclesiastical government ought to be merged into the civic power. As ministers thereof he named two champions of Hyde to direct an institution called Convocation, and also to dispose of the ecclesiastical lands. This must have been in the days when Gladstone was a chief in the Tory power. Later in life there is no doubt he enforced priestly establishments upon a portion of the United Empire known as Ireland, though he slew in single combat the Secretary of a Protestant League who had declared him to be a Roman Catholic.

Temples in honour of William Ewart Gladstone, called "The People's Altars," were built at Whitby and Greenwich. At Whitby

the famous Senator is said to have offered up his own son as a sacrifice to the Tournamenters. Sacrifices of a more harmless but none the less noteworthy kind were offered at the altars of Greenwich by a community of gourmands, who spent their lives in cooking and eating a peculiar white fish caught in the River Thames, which once flowed past Greenwich on its way to London Bridge. These peculiar fish were said to possess remarkable virtues. They were eaten to solemn music, during the performance of which the virgin-priestesses of the temples handed to the devotees goblets of an effervescing liquor akin to that which we know as Bright-eyes-and-sunshine.

A column of brass was erected to the memory of Gladstone. It was called "The People's Column." The site upon which it stood is supposed to have been near the Park of Hyde. It was taken down and melted into candlesticks by traitors of Gladstone's own party. They called themselves Extreme Lefters. They were led by one Ginx, whose infant son had been murdered by a beadle, which event is said to have led to his election as chief of the Extreme Lefters. These bigots claimed to have dedicated their lives to the useful as against the ornamental. Electricity was only known as a toy and a messenger in those days. The people had for illumination instruments called gaseliers and candlesticks. The latter were used by the common people. It was calculated that "The People's Column" contained 200,000 candlesticks. The Extreme Lefters therefore destroyed it. They converted it into 198,000 candlesticks. This may be said, however, to have helped to keep alive the fame of Gladstone as the philosophical and legislative light of the nineteenth century of England—two thousand years before the glorious reign of our ever-to-be-revered King Manheter, servant of the Monarch of the Sun, and centre of the Circle of Light.

## II.—SWINBURNE.

A celebrated London poet, born in a village on the Thames, and educated in the profane land of the Franks. A lively genius, coupled with a weak physique, he became the delight of the austere maidens of St. John's Wood. They dedicated a temple in his honour, and a monument was also erected to him, strange to say, during his lifetime, in the public market of Hay, a rural tribute to his power of describing Nature in her most secluded haunts. He is said to have devoted his pen chiefly to the rivalship of a poet spoken of by Zealandi as Ovid, but no trace has been discovered of "The Art of Love," which this foreign author is said to have written for circulation among the

frequenters of a street named after a sacred pool, and called Holywell. Zealandi says Swinburne's fate was similar to that of Ovid, being banished through the influence of Sala, a monk of Barnes, who denounced the poet at Court, and procured his banishment to Cremorne.

Swinburne's first poem was called "The Queen's Mamma." It was designed, like "Atalanta in Calydon," and "Songs before Sunrise," for perusal by young ladies, and was largely introduced into the schools. Swinburne had many rivals, but in the particular arena which he selected for his muse he held supreme sway.

### III.—JOAN OF ARC.

This lady was said to be the most lovely woman of the days of Gladstone the Consul. The daughter of a Doctor of Divinity, she was born at Falmouth. She was known by various titles. When she married she took the name of Rousby, but afterwards elected to be known as Joan of Arc. One Taylor was the first to discover her beauty. He composed an ode to her in the *Times*, which was a chronicle of Society and Light Literature. He afterwards built a palace for her, to which multitudes of persons crowded for the purpose of looking upon her. A charge for admission was made, in the manner of what a philosopher of the period called the "The Show Bizziness." Joan of Arc was dressed in many costumes. Upon every change of dress the multitude clapped their hands. Some shed tears because she was married, and many attempted to assassinate her husband. Joan of Arc was, however, devoted to her lord, setting an example of virtue in this respect which, had it been followed, might have saved England from perdition. Two pictures of a peculiar enamel of this beautiful Englishwoman have come down to us. They are preserved in the King's Museum. Joan's is undoubtedly a lovely face. Zealandi says the English burnt her in a district of London called Long Acre. She was condemned by the Queen for dressing herself in mail and attempting to seize by force of arms the chief place in public favour. Taylor publicly declared his abhorrence of this act; but Rousby, the husband, is said to have stood by and calmly witnessed her immolation. Quantamki, the annotator of Zealandi, regards this as erroneous. He appeals to the authority of a somewhat unknown but reliable historian of the Franks in support of his bold assertion that Joan of Arc spent many years of happiness, with her husband, at a country villa in the valley of the Thames.

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## SONNET.

**S**ITTING in this easeful paradise  
Of summer sunshine and of myriad flowers,  
Hear the glad birds ; with drowsy, half-closed eyes,  
See the shades measure out the fleeting hours ;  
Watch the gold-banded bee, on restless wing  
Haunting the purple pea and mignonette,  
About their luscious sweetness fly and cling  
As if his feet were caught in fairy net ;  
And know the insect, image of my thought,  
Which now, from scented air and rural scene,  
Is gathering sweets, since all with them is fraught,  
To live on when frost lies where warmth has been.  
Sweets, summer-gathered, serve for winter food,  
And hours like these feed after-solitude.

# ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

## VII.—BURLESQUE WRITERS.

**I**T is scarcely requisite to say that the term "burlesque" is derived from the Italian, *burlesca*, or the verb *burlare*, which means simply to "joke," to "banter," and even to "play." The term is applied to expressions in language, displays of gesture, or impressions of countenance—the intention being to excite laughter. Legitimate burlesque in composition consists in investing subjects or events of "great pith and moment" in the costume and dialect of vulgar life; or, *vice versâ*, of elevating a daily occurrence, by a strained hyperbole of language, into a situation of classic dignity. Caricature in art is burlesque; comic pantomime is burlesque; but farce is not always burlesque, although all dramatic burlesque ranges under the head of farce. Farce (as it appears to me) relies mainly for its success upon exaggerating the fortuitous combinations of events in the intercourses of life, bordering on the improbable—even to a licence of the impossible, the language still retaining the broad features of conventional humour. Burlesque, I think, consists in describing events or persons in language ungenial with the subject, and without reference to their intrinsic character. Burlesque is the farce of portraiture and description; and farce is the burlesque of events and occurrences, civil, social, or domestic.

The "burletta" in dramatic composition (which means nothing more than "a little jest") is confined simply to scenes of gay and sprightly humour—its characteristics, like its title, are diminutive; neither does it range strictly within the prescribed circle of our modern acceptance of the term "burlesque;" moreover, it is always associated with music—it is, in short, a little comic opera, or musical farce.

Furthermore, the burlesque style is applicable to oratory and common conversation. Sheridan employed it upon occasion with singular felicity in his place in Parliament, when it was his cue to throw contempt upon the acts of his political opponents. One

instance occurred in his mock-heroic flourish (as ludicrous as it was unfair) in ridicule of the Associated Volunteers, when the country was threatened with invasion by the first Bonaparte. With infinite humour he described their military evolutions, ending in a climax of nine tailors, commanded by their foreman, encamped in a garret!

Humorous anecdotes, especially when associated with broad mimicry; repartees, with the same accompaniment, exposing the blunder or weakness of an adversary, are burlesque. In literary composition, however, the burlesque is most commonly couched in verse, in which class the Italian language is the most abounding; but almost every language has its burlesque poems, the prevailing character being constantly allied to satire, but of a good-natured cast: for although (as in farce composition) no burlesque is devoid of satire, every satire is not a burlesque—as may be instanced in the eminent satirical writings in Roman, Italian, French, and English literature. I conceive that the “Gargantua” of Rabelais is the most perfect combination of extravagant burlesque and pungent satire with unvarying good temper that is upon record.

In the sister art of painting, or drawing, burlesque is displayed with eminent success. I believe that the matter-of-fact, mercantile, shop-keeping English (as we have been designated) have never been surpassed—perhaps not even equalled—by the most mercurial of their European brethren, for the abundance, as well as the wit and humour, of their caricatures. To refer to one instance of a thousand that might be quoted from the illustrious *Mr. Punch* alone, I might name the welcome ridicule with which he received the insane attempt to revive the antique in art, with its tortuosities of limb and scorn of rule and order in perspective, and by his signal burlesque of a romantic invasion with which we were threatened by the French—drawing a ludicrous parody upon the famous old Bayeux tapestry—which is a pictorial record of the Norman conquest. Our political satirists in art, however, ought never to be mentioned without including the excessively clever illustrator of the “Slap at Slop,” and of those caustic rebukes to a selfish injustice which had nearly thrown the whole country into a social and moral revolution. Many of the caricatures of that particular event in our history were perfect specimens of burlesque, being ludicrous parodies upon the grandiose in art. But the most orthodox caricaturists—sheer, *bonâ-fide* caricaturists—that our country has produced; men whose genius for exaggeration was displayed both in design and character; were, I think, the celebrated Bunbury, Gilray, and Rowlandson. The force of broad, unmitigated delirium of burlesque, as seen in

some of their subjects, can scarcely be surpassed. Such an accumulation of catastrophe was surely never brought together in one compass as in Gilray's caricature of "A company alarmed upon a lady rising to ring the bell." The rush of anticipation on the part of all the gentlemen present, with the accruing misfortunes to their persons and dresses, are prodigious! It is the Ultima Thule of "confusion worse confounded"—the macrocosm of disorder and calamity.

Hogarth was pre-eminent in burlesque humour; only surpassed, perhaps, by his keenness in satire. His series of electioneering subjects; his "March to Finchley," which used to hang in the dining-hall of the Foundling Hospital; his "Morning," "Noon," and "Night;" his "Enraged Musician;" his "Midnight Conversation," where the parson (who is chairman) has floored the whole company; and with serene triumph is ladling out the punch. But his purest example of the burlesque is to be seen in that curious and clever print wherein he has combined circumstances and groupings for the purpose of producing the effect of false perspective in art: the bird on the distant mountain being brought as near to the eye as the man in the foreground, who is lighting his pipe from a candle on the hill; and the angler on one side of the river is dropping his line into the porter-pot of the gentleman who is regaling himself on the other side. These, with a host of other subjects that might be quoted, have constituted their author the greatest pictorial wit and moralist that has yet existed.

One of our writers upon the characteristic distinctions of burlesque has included in the category, "Sketches of low life, and merry-making, exhibited by many of the Dutch and Flemish painters; and also in the representations of deformed and uncouth figures, such as are found among ancient and modern sculpture." To this opinion it may be objected that the Dutch pictures of scenes in low life are *faithful representations* of human nature—not *exaggerations of realities*; and, therefore, they do not range under the head of burlesque painting; while the representations of deformity and uncouthness in ancient sculpture (such as may be seen in the ornamental portions of Gothic architecture) should be designated as examples of the *grotesque* rather than the *burlesque* in art.

The Arabesque, also, is a variety of the grotesque, inasmuch as it exhibits an uncouth and fantastic departure from the reality of nature—not, however, associated with a sense of humour, and therefore is not burlesque.

In the sister art of music the burlesque feature can be employed



only to a limited extent. Music is incapable of expressing satire. Its phraseology can suggest emotions of tenderness, of hilarity, of gravity, and even of awe ; and it is greatly convertible in heroic and martial sentiments : but beyond these broad and distinctive classes of passions, music must rely for true utterance upon the illustrative glossary of language. Without this key to the composer's meaning, he cannot express even the mock-heroic ; for music is incapable of irony. An irony in musical phraseology, when divested of the accompanying dialect, becomes an earnest truism in expression. Music requires the same literary explanation which in the infancy of pictorial art was wont to accompany the representations of animated and still life—as, “This is a horse ;” “This is a house :” it was requisite to name the subjects represented—that they be not mistaken.

A greatly descriptive tone-poet, like Beethoven, may convey in musical language, divested of the accompaniment of words, his ideas of a subject, a scene, or a story, as may be instanced in those sublime compositions of his, the “*Sinfonia Eroica*,” and the “*Pastoral Symphony* ;” but even in these his design must be previously promulgated, or his auditors will not be able accurately to appreciate his intention. The musician's language is necessarily mystical and equivocal ; for the same combinations of tones which he might intend to express an emotion of filial tenderness, the hearer might interpret into the demonstration of a lover's appeal to his mistress : and this, or indeed any other musical phraseology, when employed to convey an idea of burlesque, must be “married to immortal verse,” to give it a “local habitation”—a veritable identity. Music will suggest, as well as illustrate, the most divine thoughts ; and he is indeed of a rude and unenviable nature who can recognise no touch of its sweet quality ; but in universality of appeal to the senses of imagination and judgment, it must, I think, be pronounced an ineffective art, when compared with those of poetry and painting.

The earliest composition in burlesque, I take to be Homer's celebrated “*Battle of the Frogs and the Mice*.” The spirit of grave, broad humour has in this remarkable mock-heroic poem been carried at once to an undeniable climax of perfection. The elevation of the minute and contemptible into the grand and terrible, by the means of sonorous and swelling language, as well as of the legitimate epic machinery, is so accurate, and indeed it is so complete an anticipation of the modern style in burlesque humour, that one almost hesitates to credit the tradition as to the antiquity of the poem. I know not, however, why the genius of the old Greek should

not have anticipated perfection in one class of writing, as our Shakespeare (centuries after) has done in another. The most orthodox and legitimate translation of this very humorous War Epic (pronouncing hesitatingly) I take to be that of the illustrious translator of all the Homeric series—George Chapman; and, to the unclassic, and every-day reader, the most agreeable version will be William Cowper's. His blank verse harmonises with the mock dignity of the original: and, with a happy fidelity, he has preserved the Greek compound words, which add merit to his translation, while with their sonorous inflation the bombastous character of the burlesque is enhanced.

Shakespeare has also given us one perfect specimen of dramatic burlesque in his "Midsummer-Night's Dream." "The most lamentable comedy and the most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe," as represented in the Royal presence of Theseus and Hippolyta, in honour of their nuptials, by those poor and rude but loyal "Athenian mechanicals," is an amusing exhibition of the bathos in theatrical production. The comical shifts they are compelled to resort to in their personations—one performer (with his face plastered) representing the wall through which the distressed lovers are to sigh forth their impassioned strains, his fingers being the chink in the envious obstruction to the union of the love-lorn pair; Professor Bottom recommending the arrangement, "Some man or other must present Wall, and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisbe whisper." Another gentleman (Mr. Peter Quince) recommends, in case the moon should not shine on the night of performance, that one of the company "must come in with a bush of thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure or to present the person of Moonshine." Master Snug, the joiner, who is to personate the lion, has his misgivings as to the propriety of such an introduction before the ladies; and little Starveling, the tailor, ventures to insinuate, "Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion? I fear it, I promise you;" while that great actor, Bottom, confirms the objection: "Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves; to bring in—heaven shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it." And as an amendment, it is proposed that a "prologue must tell he is not a lion. Nay," adds Bottom, "you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck, and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect:—'Ladies—or fair

ladies—I would wish you, or I would request you, or I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble ; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing. I am a man as other men are.’ And there, indeed, let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug, the joiner.” The representation of the play before the Duke is sufficiently humorous, with its inflated and nonsensical dialogue ; but the main amusement is centred in the preparation and rehearsal of the piece. The character of Bottom, dictating, meddling, interfering, and wishing to play each part as it is named, is a rich specimen of cock-a-whoop conceit. At every step that we take in the company of our Shakespeare how constantly does the gentle sympathy of his nature reveal itself ! When Duke Theseus is apprised of the poor mechanics’ petition to present their play in his honour, and the attendant ventures to dissuade him from granting their request, on the score of its being unworthy of his ear, Theseus, in the *real* aristocratic spirit of gentility, answers :—

I will hear that play ;  
For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Among all his other virtues, Shakespeare was essentially the gentleman—the gentleman in manners, and the gentleman in heart.

The next burlesque to be referred to will be the celebrated “Rehearsal,” written by the yet more celebrated George Villiers, the Duke of Buckingham in Charles the Second’s reign—the man whose character Dryden sketched with such masterly force in his poem of “Absalom and Achitophel”—the force of the satire quite commensurate with the appreciation of the nature and genius of the original.

The “Rehearsal” exhibits points of novelty in design, and more than ordinary talent in execution. The idea was an excellent one : to introduce upon the stage a popular author superintending the rehearsal of his own tragedy, and that tragedy to consist mainly of passages parodied from the popular pieces then in vogue. There is some very hard, but certainly quite as fair, hitting at Dryden’s bombast—Buckingham satirising its author under the character of Bayes, the composer of the tragedy rehearsed. The false situations and contrivances, false imagery, and false taste of every description in the plays that Buckingham satirised are so glaring as almost to neutralise the merit of his burlesque. They carry in them their own condemnation ; they are their own satire. For instance, as an example of falseness in “contrivance,” in the real play of “The

"Amorous Prince" all the chief commands and directions of the principal characters are delivered in whispers. Mr. Bayes, therefore (in the "Rehearsal"), premonishes his friends who attend the preparation of his piece that, "as he will do nothing that has ever been done before, instead of beginning with a scene that discovers something of the plot, *I begin my play,*" he says, "with a *whisper.*" And then we have the following original scene between the Gentleman Usher and the Physician to the two Kings of Brentford:—

*Phy.* Some rumours great are stirring; and if Lorenzo should prove false—  
which none but the gods can tell—you then perhaps would find that—

[*Whispers.*]

*Gent. Ush.* Alone do you say?

*Phy.* No; attended with the noble— [ *Whispers.* ]

*Gent. Ush.* Who? he in grey?

*Phy.* Yes, and at the head of— [ *Whispers.* ]

*Gent. Ush.* Then, sir, most certain 'twill in time appear these are the reasons that have moved him to it:—First, he—[ *Whispers* ]—secondly, they—[ *Whispers* ]—thirdly, and lastly, both he and they— [ *Whispers.* ]

*Bayes (to his friends).* Now they both whisper. [ *Exeunt whispering.* ]

This is one slight specimen (and it is enough) of the satire and burlesque upon plot and "contrivance."

As an example of false metaphor, the Physician says to the Gentleman Usher:—"The place you fill has more than amply exacted the talents of a wary pilot; and those threatening storms, which, like impregnate clouds, hover o'er our heads, will (when they are once grasped but by the eye of reason) melt into fruitful showers of blessings on the people." Bayes says to his friends: "Pray mark that allegory:—Is not that good?"

*Johnson.* Yes, that grasping of a storm with the eye is admirable.

Had this satire been curtailed to half its proportion, it would have been more effective, as well as satisfactory. Five acts of very flat dialogue between the author and his friends, interspersed with the scenes of the mock tragedy, render the reading of this famous production a labour of praiseworthy patience. The last three acts, I confess, that I did accomplish for my present purpose, purely as a duty. It is satisfactory, however, to bear in mind that the trumpery which Buckingham so effectually smothered with derision was in full feather and favour, at the Court and at the beer-shop, when Shakespeare was known only through the monstrous and obscene alterations of Dryden.

It will readily be seen that the "Rehearsal" was the prototype of Sheridan's "Critic." The originality of the plan, therefore, being

ceded to Buckingham, it must be confessed that one act of Sheridan's play contains more wit and humour than could be collected from the entire composition of its predecessor. Bayes, and his two friends, Johnson and Smith, are specimens of inert and flabby commonplace; whereas, Sheridan's Puff is full of vivacity and amusement. Dangle, again, is a capital reflection of a gossiping theatrical eaves-dropper; Sneer is a bottle of vitriolic-acid; and Sir Fretful Plagiary (who, it is said, was intended for Cumberland) is a perfect portrait of a thin-skinned, irritable author. Nothing can be more dramatic in effect than his nervous anxiety to hear what his literary enemies say of him, with his spasmodic laughter as each lampoon is repeated; and Sheridan has humorously graduated the scale of his mirth-anguish. First, we have three "Ha, ha, ha!" then, as the doses strengthen, two; and the "last most fatal go" (as Mr. Squeers would say) is accompanied by one gasp—"Ha!!!" The writing in this scene is exquisitely polished satire. Here is the climax of it:—

*Sir Fret.* Well—and, pray now—not that it signifies—what *might* the gentleman say of me?

*Sneer.* Why, he roundly asserts that you have not the slightest invention or original genius whatever, though you are the greatest traducer of all other authors living.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha, ha!—very good!

*Sneer.* That, as to comedy, you have not one idea of your own, he believes, even in your commonplace-book—where stray jokes and pilfered witticisms are kept with as much method as the ledger of the Lost and Stolen Office.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha, ha!—very pleasant!

*Sneer.* Nay, that you are so unlucky as not to have the skill even to *steal* with taste; but that you glean from the refuse of obscure volumes, where more judicious plagiarists have been before you; so that the body of your work is a composition of dregs and sediments—like a bad tavern's worst wine.

*Sir Fret.* Ha, ha!

*Sneer.* In your more serious efforts, he says, your bombast would be less intolerable, if the thoughts were ever suited to the expression; but the homeliness of the sentiment stares through the fantastic encumbrance of its fine language, like a clown in one of the new uniforms.

*Sir Fret.* Ha—ha!

*Sneer.* That your occasional tropes and flowers suit the general coarseness of your style as tambour-sprigs would a ground of linsey-wolsey; while your imitations of Shakespeare resemble the mimicry of Falstaff's page, and are about as near the standard of the original.

*Sir Fret.* H—a—!

*Sneer.* In short, that even the finest passages you steal are of no service to you; for the poverty of your own language prevents their assimilating; so that they lie on the surface, like lumps of marl on a barren moor, encumbering what it is not in their power to fertilise.

*Sir Fret.* [After great agitation.] Now, another person would be vexed at this.

*Sneer.* Oh! but I wouldn't have told you, only to divert you.

*Sir Fret.* I know it—I am diverted—Ha, ha, ha! "Not the least invention!"  
Ha, ha, h—very good—very good.

*Sneer.* Yes—no genius!—Ha, ha, ha!

*Dangle.* A severe rogue! Ha—ha—ha!—but you are quite right, Sir Fretful,  
never to read such nonsense.

*Sir Fret.* To be sure! for if there is anything to one's praise, it is a foolish  
vanity to be gratified at it; and if it is abuse—why, one is always sure to hear of  
it from one d—d good-natured friend or another.

The whole of the first act, which is the introduction to the burlesque, is written with equally sustained vivacity and caustic wit; and Puff's *catalogue raisonnée* of the several branches of Puffery would not be overshadowed by Touchstone's famous list of Definitions of the Quarrel.

In this same play of "The Critic," the rehearsing of "The Spanish Armada" need only be referred to—the main points of its mock heroism having become so familiar as to be almost proverbial. The author Puff's unassailable conceit; Dangle's imbecile acquiescence with all the absurdities perpetrated; and Sneer's running comment of sarcasm, couched in the form of provokingly simple questions, are all delightfully contrasted characters. Then we have the historical portrait of Sir Christopher Hatton, who is "known by his turning out his toes"—illustrious through Europe for his skill in dancing. The warlike Leicester, with his followers, and their prayer to Mars: "In a stage emergency, nothing like a prayer," says Mr. Puff: and so, they all "pray together," and afterwards raise a difficulty how they are to make their exit, Mr. Puff suggesting whether they "could not go off kneeling," the effect would be so novel.

The florid love-strains of the heroine, Tilburina, who goes mad in white satin, and her attendant accompanying her distraction in white muslin.

The desperation of the hero, Don Whiskerandos, who is out-rivalled by the enamoured Beefeater, and gallantly dies in the cause of his white Love.

Oh, cursed parry! that last thrust in tierce  
Was fatal!—Captain, thou hast fenced well!—  
And Whiskerandos quits this bustling scene  
For all Eter-[Dies]

*Beef.* Nity he would have added, but stern death  
Cut short his being and the noun at once.

Then we have THE famous burlesque point in the tragedy—Lord Burleigh's sublime shake of the head—Jove's Nod in full conclave

not more portentous and significant. This is, perhaps, the most original piece of serio-comic humour that ever was thought of. With the true dramatic tact also, Sheridan has concentrated the wit of the incident. No one better than he both knew and practised the Great Teacher's axiom, that "Brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the outward limbs and flourishes." So, the whole scene is thus briefly and delightfully dismissed.

[Enter LORD BURLEIGH. Goes slowly to a chair and sits.]

*Sneer.* Mr. Puff.

*Puff.* Hush!—vastly well, sir! vastly well! a most interesting gravity!

*Dangle.* What, isn't he to speak at all?

*Puff.* Egad, I thought you'd ask me that: yes, it's a very likely thing that a Minister in his situation, with the whole affairs of the nation on his head, should have time to talk; but hush, or you'll put him out.

*Sneer.* Put him out! how the plague can that be, if he's not going to say anything?

*Puff.* There's a reason! Why, his part is to *think*; and how the plague do you imagine he can think, if you keep talking?

*Dangle.* That's very true, upon my word.

[BURLEIGH comes forward, shakes his head, and exit.]

*Sneer.* He is very perfect indeed. Now, pray, what did he mean by that?

*Puff.* You don't take it?

*Sneer.* No, I don't, upon my soul.

*Puff.* Why, by that shake of the head he gave you to understand that even though they had more justice in their cause, and wisdom in their measures; yet if there was not a greater spirit shown on the part of the people, the country would at last fall a sacrifice to the hostile ambition of the Spanish monarchy.

*Sneer.* The devil! Did he mean all that by shaking his head?

*Puff.* Every word of it—if he shook his head as I taught him.

There is one feature in Sheridan's dramatic character that must ever command our respect: and that is, his total freedom from all unworthy aims at popularity. Writing, as he did, in the thick of the Anti-Jacobin, and "Bible-Crown-and-Constitution," and "Last-guinea-and-life-and-fortune" cry, we have no clap-traps from his pen—no cheap applauses—no pæans upon our glorious triune constitution, our wooden walls, and our brave tars. Moreover, in his dialogue we have no mean equivocations and innuendos. He had as much wit and knowledge of character, more dramatic tact, and as much buoyant humour as his predecessors of the Congreve school; but he has not one iota of the ribaldry of that age; neither does he descend to the paltry compromise with licentiousness—"letting I dare not wait upon I would"—that attaches to some of his contemporaries. Sheridan has no mental reservations; and that is an honourable blossom to

add to the wreath of his fame in this our age of cant, equivocation, and insincerity.

Fielding was, I believe, the first to dramatise in heroic burlesque the favourites among our nursery legends. His "History of Tom Thumb the Great" is an amusing extravaganza, of which the altered version, as it has been represented on the stage, is a ruthless curtailment. The original copy is not only more ample in dialogue and harangue, but it is enriched with ludicrous parodies upon speeches and scenes of illustrious celebrity: some of the passages having been transplanted from their original stations, where they had flourished in unconscious bombast; while in their new positions they have all the air of indigenous growth: for there are lines in Dryden's and Nat Lee's tragedies that are perfect examples of the boundary between the sublime and the ridiculous; so slight, indeed, that, like the military heroes in the Showman's box, it may be said, "Which ever you please, my little dears." Dryden's forte was sterling, strong sense, an imperial command of language, and an overpowering scorn and satire: but, being deficient in the finest quality of fancy (so important a requisite to complete the poetical faculty), his imagery was not always in keeping either with his characters or the occasion of employing it. Poor Nat Lee was a decided genius, without the ballast of judgment to steady its course. His physiognomy was an index to his intellectual character—wild, wayward, and imaginative, with an expression of melancholy insanity intensely pathetic. The original edition of the "Tom Thumb" is, moreover, accompanied by notes and various readings, in solemn satire of those pompous commentators who dilate upon what is palpable and pass over the obscure in signification.

"The Beggars' Opera," though a humorous picture of low life, can scarcely range within the term of "burlesque." Its second title, given to it by its author, Gay ("A Newgate Pastoral"), is burlesque; but the whole piece is a refined satire, and the language is appropriate to the sphere and class of persons who occupy the scenes. Macheath is no caricature of the highwaymen of that age; and the Peachums and Lockets were strict portraits of the time. Burlesque (as already said) consists in an undue elevation of the low, and a vulgarising of the exalted, in real life.

"The Rovers of Weimar," by George Canning, which is to be found in the collected poetry of the "Anti-Jacobin Review," where it first appeared, is a richly coloured travesty of the Kotzebue school of dramatic literature. The extravagant and extemporaneous protestations of Love and everlasting Friendship, the slipshod morality



of the school, the ludicrous dislocation and confounding of all chronology, such as the *Morning Advertiser* containing a report of the Barons meeting King John at Runnymede, the bold anachronisms and rampant incongruities huddled all together in wild disorder, stamp this as a very high-class burlesque.

The first introduction of the heroine, Miss Matilda Pottingen, is conducted in the true spirit of the mock sentimental. She is informed by the landlady of her inn that she cannot have dinner till the Brunswick post-waggon comes in.

*Matilda.* Well, then, I must have patience. [*Exit LANDLADY.*] Oh, Casimere! how often have the thoughts of thee served to amuse these moments of expectation! What a difference, alas! Dinner—it is taken away as soon as it is over, and we regret it not!—it returns again with the return of appetite. The beef of to-morrow will succeed to the mutton of to-day, as the mutton of to-day succeeded to the veal of yesterday. But when once the heart has been occupied by a beloved object, in vain would we attempt to supply the chasm by another. How easily are our desires transferred from dish to dish! Love only, dear, delusive, delightful Love! restrains our wandering appetites, and confines them to a particular gratification. [*Post-horn blows. Re-enter LANDLADY.*] Madam, the post-waggon is just come in with only a single gentlewoman.

*Mat.* Then show her up—and let us have dinner instantly. [*LANDLADY going.*] And remember—[*After a moment's recollection, and with great earnestness*]—remember the toasted cheese! [*Enter MRS. CECILIA MUCKINFELDT.*]

*Mat.* Madam, you seem to have had an unpleasant journey, if I may judge from the dust on your riding-habit.

*Cecilia.* The way was dusty, madam, but the weather was delightful. It recalled to me those blissful moments when the rays of desire first vibrated through my soul.

*Mat.* [*Aside.*] Thank heaven! I have at last found a heart which is in unison with my own. [*To CECILIA.*] Yes, I understand you—the first pulsation of sentiment—the silver tones upon the yet unsounded harp.

*Cecil.* The dawn of life—[*Putting her hand upon her heart*]—when this blossom first expanded its petals to the penetrating dart of Love.

*Mat.* Yes, the time—the golden time, when the first beams of the morning meet and embrace one another! the blooming blue upon the yet unplucked plum.

*Cecil.* Your countenance grows animated, my dear madam.

*Mat.* And yours, too, is glowing with illumination.

*Cecil.* I had long been looking out for a congenial spirit! My heart was withered—but the beams of yours have rekindled it.

*Mat.* A sudden thought strikes me—let us swear an eternal friendship.

*Cecil.* Let us agree to live together!

*Mat.* Willingly! [*With rapidity and earnestness.*]

*Cecil.* Let us embrace. [*They embrace.*]

The most perfect point, however, of the mock-heroic in the piece is the dungeon scene, with the soliloquy of the hero (Roger), who, in excellent burlesque of the once fashionable taste in dramatic

composition, is made to bewail the bitterness of his fate in an "aria agitata;" and this he introduces in the following unique and ingenious manner.

Soft! What air was that? It seemed a sound of more than human warblings. Again! Only the wind—it is well, however; it reminds me of that melancholy air which has so often solaced the hours of my captivity. Let me see whether the damps of this dungeon have not yet injured my guitar. [*He takes his guitar, tunes it, and begins the air, with a full accompaniment from the orchestra.*]

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
This dungeon I am rotting in,  
I think of those companions true  
Who studied with me at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen,  
-niversity of Gottingen.

[Weeps, and pulls out a blue handkerchief, with which he wipes his eyes; gazing tenderly at it, he proceeds.]

Sweet kerchief! check'd with heavenly blue,  
Which once my love sat knotting in!  
Alas! Matilda then was true!  
At least I thought so at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen,  
-niversity of Gottingen.

[At the repetition of this line Rogero clanks his chains in cadence.]

Barbs, barbs, alas! how swift ye flew,  
Her neat post-waggon trotting in!  
Ye bore Matilda from my view;  
Forlorn I languish'd at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen,  
-niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form, this pallid hue!  
This blood my veins is clotting in:  
My years are many—they were few  
When first I enter'd at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen,  
-niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen.  
Thou wast the daughter of my tu-  
-tor, law-professor at the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen,  
-niversity of Gottingen.

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu!  
That kings and priests are plotting in:  
Here doom'd to starve on water-gru-  
-el, never shall I see the U-  
-niversity of Gottingen,  
-niversity of Gottingen.

[During the last stanza he dashes his head repeatedly against the walls of his prison, and finally so hard as to produce a visible contusion. He then throws himself on the floor in an agony. The curtain drops—the music still continuing to play, till it has wholly fallen.]

In the amplitude and lengthened detail of stage direction in this burlesque Canning has also satirised the school of Kotzebue, and that which succeeded in the writings of Victor Hugo, and other French dramatists; and where the directions are so minute and verbose that they border upon the "burlesque" of the melodramatic. One main feature, too, of the burlesque cannot fail to have been noticed in the above composition; and that is, that it is poetry *only* in the division of the syllables, which are so arranged as to produce the rhymes; in other respects, they are sheer prose; for instance—"Thou wast the daughter of my tutor, law professor at the University of Gottingen."

There is one subject, however, which Canning—in concert with many of his party at that period—considered to be an exceedingly good joke; and which, in the present day, would be but coolly appreciated: I mean, that of ridiculing the anguish of a man who has been dungeon-bound for years in the cause of what *he* considers rational liberty—and therefore justice. The imprisonment of Trenck at Magdeburg, with half a hundredweight of chains upon his body; and of Silvio Pellico in the Piombi at Venice, where he was almost suffocated with the heat, are scarcely subjects for horse-laughter, even though the sufferers have offended against a constituted legitimacy. Canning was a brilliant and first-water wit; but he had no real appreciation of true sentiment, and much less of true feeling.

Carey's "Chrononhotonthologos" is humorous in design; and it starts off with a fine inflation; but its career is unequal, and the finale is a prostration. It must have been like a cordial to the feelings of the author to have witnessed the effect of his first two lines upon the audience. It is like the opening of a Greek tragedy.

[Enter COUNSELLOR and GENERAL.]

*Counsellor.* Aldiborontiphoscophornio! Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Sir Aldiborontiphoscophornio informs Mr. Counsellor Rigdum Funidos that he left His Majesty Chrononhotonthologos rather *sleepy* after the fatigue of the war. During their colloquy, however, His Majesty is seen to approach:—

But lo! the King his footsteps this way bending,  
His cogitative faculties immers'd

In cogibundity of cogitation :  
Let silence close our folding doors of speech,  
Till apt attention tell our heart the purport  
Of this profound profundity of thought.

The King of the Antipodes is conquered, and brought prisoner of war to the court of Chrononhotonthologos ; whose Consort (of course) takes pity on and falls in love with the captive monarch ; and he, being an Antipodæan, naturally stands upon his head, and embraces her Majesty with his feet. This same "Chrononhotonthologos," after all, is but a trifle ; and yet it displays more imagination than other productions of the same class ; such, for instance, as the burlesque of "The Tailors ; or a Tragedy for Warm Weather," with its civil war of the two factions, the "Flints and the Dungs : " or the "Midas," which can only have retained its popularity by means of its pretty music ; and this, by the way, confirms the remark hitherto made as to the general inaptitude of music to assimilate with broad burlesque ideas. The air, "Pray, Goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue" (which is sung by Apollo), is of so earnest and graceful a character that no mortal entertains a humorous association with it ; and, without the alteration of a note, it might be transferred to verses of elegance and sentiment. The dialogue and general construction of the piece are coarse, vulgar, and (I cannot but think) are stupid.

The "Bombastes Furioso" may take the same rank in merit ; the dying speech in it at the close being a word-for-word imitation of that of Don Whiskerandos in the "Critic." I wish it were etiquette, upon the present occasion, to isolate and give it notoriety.

Among the travesties of celebrated classical works, those of Homer, and Virgil's great epic, the "Æneid," have heretofore dwelt in some reputation. I have not seen a copy of the latter since early youth ; and the impression then derived was that of excessive coarseness of language, and but limited humour—with less wit. A bulky travesty is no less than a bulky bore ; tedious as an eternal punster, and monotonous as a jest-book. Many years ago was published an "Encyclopædia of Wit ;" a squat, corpulent volume of mayhap a thousand pages. After the corrector of the press had read that book (and this he would do as he would read an Interestable, or a Time-table) after the printer, it is difficult to conceive a second reader performing the same task—unless, indeed, he were in solitary confinement ; and if he were not in gaol, he ought to be, for the deliberate murder of his precious time. There is no great arcey more heinous than that of reading a jest-book. If "the

man who would make a pun would pick a pocket," what is the amount of that man's delinquency who would read through a whole jest-book ?

Of all the travesties that I am acquainted with, I know of no one containing more genuine humour, and wit too, than Poole's burlesque of "Hamlet." Some of the points in the dialogue are parodied with ludicrous closeness and mock gravity. Such, for instance, as in the first scene, when the King says :—

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you ? You told us of some suit—  
what is't, Laertes ?

*Laer.* My dread lord, your leave and favour to return to France.

Poole's version of the passage runs thus :—

*King.* How now, Laertes, what's the news with you ? You told us of some  
suit.

*Laer.* My Lord, that's true ;

I have a mighty wish to learn to dance,  
And crave your royal leave to go to France.

*King.* Your suit is granted.

*Laer.* Sir, I'm much your debtor.

*King.* Then, brush ! the sooner you are off the better.

And in the same scene, in the original, the celebrated expostulation of Hamlet with his mother, upon his bewailment of his father's death—" 'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother, nor customary suits of solemn black "—and so forth, concluding—

But I have that within which passeth show ;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

Poole winds up the argument of *his* hero with the following elegant and concise vernacular idiom :—

Talk not to me of "seems"—when husbands die,  
'Twere well if some folks seem'd the same as I.  
But I have that within you can't take from me—  
As for black clothes—that's all my eye and Tommy.

The "Notes," also, upon the several passages in his travesty are framed in admirable imitation of the prevailing characteristic which distinguishes each of the commentators. We have the black-letter learning of Stevens, the ruthless and pernicious alteration of Warburton, the ponderous verbosity of Dr. Johnson—all parodied with amusing felicity. For instance, upon the line just quoted, Warburton, in his slashing, *ex-cathedra* way, decides that the passage should read thus :—"Note : 'My eye and Tommy.' This is rather an obscure phrase. I suspect the author wrote, 'My own to me,' and that the passage originally stood thus :—"But I have that *without* you can't

take from me, as my black clothes are all my own to me.' The whole passage, which before was unintelligible, is by this slight alteration rendered perfectly clear, and may be thus explained:— You may disapprove of my outward appearance, but you cannot compel me to alter it; for you have no control over that which I wear *without*, as my black clothes are all my own to me—*i. e.*, my own personal property—not borrowed from the royal wardrobe, but made expressly for me, and at my own expense."

Johnson, with his burly sagacity, hits the nail on the head. He says, "Here is an elaborate display of ingenuity without accuracy. He that will wantonly sacrifice the sense of his author to supererogatory refinement may gain the admiration of the unlearned and excite the wonder of the ignorant, but of obtaining the praise of the illuminated and the approbation of the erudite let him despair. 'My eye and Tommy'—*i. e.*, 'fudge'—is the true reading, and the passage as it stands is correct."

Stevens, the antiquarian, crowns the annotation:—"In the 'Righte Tragical Hystorie of Master Thomas Thumbe,' black letter, no date, I find, 'Tis all my eye and Betty Martin,' used in the same sense. If the substitution of 'Tommy' for 'Betty Martin' be allowed, Dr. Johnson's explanation is just."

In the list of dramatic travesties, the last I shall allude to—and that on account of its merit—is Mr. Dowling's burlesque of the tragedy of "Othello." In it, the incorporation of the nigger dialect with the original language of the "noble Moor" is on many occasions extravagantly ludicrous, and the author has converted most of the known points of circumstance and phraseology in the tragedy to his purpose with no ordinary skill and appreciation of what constitutes genuine burlesque in writing. Like most compositions of this character, however, its strength lies in the adjunct of theatrical representation, and in this respect it was greatly assisted at the little theatre in the Strand (when Hammond had it); for I should suppose that more intense laughter—laughter subsiding into gravity from sheer helplessness and exhaustion—never rang within the walls of a house of entertainment.

Of a totally different order of burlesque, but of the highest class, nevertheless, in its style of writing, must be mentioned that remarkable collection of papers entitled, "The Rejected Addresses," written by the brothers James and Horace Smith. At the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theatre, in 1812, a prize was offered for the best address to be spoken at the opening, and this little collection purports to be those which had not been successful candidates for the prize. They

are imitations of the character and style of the most popular writers of that day. But that there may be some few readers unacquainted both with the matter and origin of these excessively clever imitations, it were an impertinence even to enter upon this explanation. Nevertheless, in making this simple allusion to them, I would observe that, like all mimicry which has a dash of genius infused in its composition, the mere reflection of the broad and surface-features of the object represented form the least meritorious part of their accomplishment. In his extraordinary personal representations of individuals the eminent Matthews superadded the talent of presenting to the "mind's eye" the same individual's peculiar habit of thought, as well as of action and manner. His was both mental and physical mimicry. If he were to make a speech upon the same subject for four public characters, the order of *mind* in each would be as accurately reflected as their several and individual peculiarities would be daguerreotyped.

And so with the "Rejected Addresses;" not only was the more palpable feature of each writer's phraseology represented (a comparatively easy task—so easy as to be commonly achieved, and to pass for cleverness), but the order of intellect and distinctive tone of thought in each were developed with uncommon felicity. The first and the most ludicrous of the imitations—expanding into an extravagance of caricature—is of a William Thomas Fitzgerald, celebrated for his public addresses and their rabid loyalty—rushing (of course) into common execration of the "Corsican Monster," as the *Times* of that day usually distinguished the First Napoleon. A slight specimen will be enough:—

Base Bonapartè, filled with deadly ire,  
Sets, one by one, our play-houses on fire.  
Some years ago he pounced with deadly glee on  
The Opera-house, then burnt down the Pantheon.

Who burnt (confound his soul!) the houses twain  
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?  
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork  
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York!),  
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,  
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?  
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?  
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?

Why, *he*, who, forging for this isle a yoke,  
Reminds me of a line I lately spoke,  
"The tree of freedom is the British oak."  
Bless every man possess'd of aught to give;

Long may Long Tylney Wellesley Long Pole live ;  
God bless the Army, bless their coats of scarlet ;  
God bless the Navy, bless the Princess Charlotte ;  
God bless the Guards, though worsted Gallia scoff ;  
God bless their pig-tails, though they're now cut off.  
And, oh ! in Downing-street should Old Nick revel,  
England's prime minister, then bless the Devil !

Those who have any recollection of the character and style of the celebrated William Cobbett—that Radical yeoman of the writers of his day—will at once delightedly recognise and guarantee the fidelity of the following passages to his quarter-staff way of laying about him. His “Address” thus starts :—“To the gew-gaw fetters of rhyme (invented by the monks to enslave the people) I have a rooted objection :”—he will therefore address them in “plain, home-spun, yeoman’s prose :” and thus he proceeds :—

Most thinking people ! When persons address an audience from the stage, it is usual, either in words or gesture, to say, “Ladies and gentlemen, your servant.” If I were base enough, mean enough, paltry enough, and *brute beast* enough to follow that fashion, I should tell two lies in a breath. In the first place, you are not ladies and gentlemen, but I hope something better ; that is to say, honest men and women ; and, in the next place, if you were ever so much ladies, and ever so much gentlemen, I am not, nor ever will be, your “humble servant.” You see me here, most thinking people [his usual title in his paper, the *Register*] by mere chance. I have not been within the doors of a play-house before for these ten years ; nor, till that abominable system of taking money at the doors is discontinued, will I ever sanction a theatre with my presence. The stage-door is the only gate of freedom in the whole edifice. . . . Look about you. Are you not all comfortable ? Nay, never shrink, man ; speak out if you are dissatisfied, and tell me before I leave town. You are now (thanks to Mr. Whitbread) got into a large comfortable house. Not into a gimcrack palace ; not into a Solomon’s temple ; not into a frost-work of Brobdignag filigree ; but into a plain, honest, homely, industrious, wholesome, brown-brick play house. . . . Now, most thinking people, cast your eyes over my head to what the builder (I beg his pardon, the architect) calls the “proscenium.” No motto, no slang, no Popish Latin, to keep the people in the dark. No *veluti in speculum*. Nothing in the ‘*dead languages*’—properly so called, for they ought to die, ay, and be damned to boot. . . . Look at the brickwork, English audience ! look at the brickwork ! All plain and smooth, like a Quakers’ meeting. None of your Egyptian pyramids, to entomb subscribers’ capital. No over-grown colonnades of stone, like an alderman’s gouty legs in white stockings, fit only to use as rammers for paving Tottenham Court Road. . . . *Apropos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters’ throats,—*apropos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of—Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in “Macbeth,” with more gold and silver plastered on their doublets than would have kept an honest family in butcher’s meat and flannel from year’s end to year’s end. I am informed (now, mind, I do not vouch for the fact), but I am informed that all such extravagant idleness is to be done away with here. *Lady Macbeth* is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob cap* (as the Court parasites



call it;—it will be well for them if, one of these days, *they* don't wear a mob cap—I mean a *white* cap, with a mob to look at them); and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of black calamanco breeches. Not *Salamanca*; no, nor Talavera neither, my most noble Marquis [Wellesley], but plain, honest, black calamanco stuff breeches. This is right; this is as it should be. . . . Most thinking people, I have heard you much abused. There is not a compound in the language but is strung, fifty in a rope, like onions, by the *Morning Post*, and hurled in your teeth. You are called the mob; and when they have made you out to be the mob, you are called the *scum* of the people, and the *dregs* of the people. I should like to know how you can be both. Take a basin of broth; not *cheap soup*, Mr. Wilberforce, not "soup for the poor," at a penny a quart, as your mixture of horses' legs, brick dust, and old shoes was denominated, but plain, wholesome, patriotic beef or mutton broth; take this, examine it, and you will find—mind, I don't vouch for the fact, but I am told you will find—the dregs at the bottom, and the scum at the top. I will endeavour to explain this to you:—England is a large earthenware pipkin; John Bull is the beef thrown into it; taxes are the hot water he boils in; rotten boroughs are the fuel that blazes under this same pipkin; Parliament is the ladle that stirs the hodge-podge, and sometimes—but, hold! I don't wish to pay Mr. Newman a second visit. [He had been imprisoned two years in Newgate, for a libel.] I leave you better off than you have been this many a day: You have a good house over your head; you have beat the French in Spain; the harvest has turned out well; the comet keeps its distance; and red slippers are hawked about in Constantinople for next to nothing; and for all this, again and again I tell you, you are indebted to Mr. Whitbread!!!"

One more, the last specimen (and assuredly, the finest of the imitations), shall be from Walter Scott's "Address;" it is the division of it entitled "The Burning." Those who have a recollection of the vigorous ballad-poem of "Marmion," and the death of its hero, cannot fail to admire the following parody of that brilliant conclusion:—

To those who on the hills around  
Beheld the flames from Drury's mound  
As from a lofty altar rise,  
It seemed that nations did conspire  
To offer to the god of fire  
Some vast stupendous sacrifice!  
The summon'd firemen woke at call,  
And hied them to their stations all;  
Starting from short and broken snooze,  
Each sought his pond'rous hob-nail'd shoes,  
But first his worsted hosen plied,  
Plush breeches next, in crimson dyed,  
His nether bulk embraced;  
Then jacket thick, of red or blue,  
Whose mossy shoulder gave to view  
The badge of each respective crew,  
In tin or copper traced.

The engines thunder'd through the street,  
Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,  
And torches glared, and clattering feet  
    Along the pavement paced.  
And one, the leader of the band,  
From Charing Cross along the Strand,  
Like stag by beagles hunted hard,  
Ran till he stopp'd at Vin'gar yard.  
The burning badge his shoulder bore,  
The belt and oil-skin hat he wore,  
The cane he had his men to bang,  
Show'd foreman of the British gang—  
His name was Higginbottom. Now  
'Tis meet that I should tell you how  
    The others came in view :  
The Hand-in-hand the race begun,  
Then came the Phoenix and the Sun,  
Th' Exchange, where old insurers run,  
    The Eagle, where the new ;  
With these came Rumford, Bumford, Cole,  
Robins from Hockley-in-the-Hole,  
Lawson and Dawson, cheek by jowl,  
    Crump from St. Giles's Pound :  
Whitford and Mitford joined the train,  
Hoggins and Muggins from Chick Lane,  
And Clutterbuck, who got a sprain  
    Before the plug was found.  
Hobson and Jobson did not sleep,  
But ah ! no trophy could they reap,  
For both were in the Donjon Keep  
    Of Bridewell's gloomy mound !  
E'en Higginbottom now was posed,  
For sadder scene was ne'er disclosed ;  
Without, within, in hideous show  
Devouring flames resistless glow,  
And blazing rafters downward go,  
And never halloo "Heads below !"  
    Nor notice give at all.  
The firemen, terrified, are slow  
To bid the pumping torrent flow,  
    For fear the roof should fall.  
Back, Robins, back ! Crump, stand aloof !  
Whitford, keep near the walls !  
Huggins regard your own behoof,  
For, lo ! the blazing rocking roof  
Down, down in thunder falls !  
An awful pause succeeds the stroke,  
And o'er the ruins volumed smoke,  
Rolling around its pitchy shroud,  
Concealed them from th' astonished crowd.

At length, the mist awhile was cleared,  
 When lo! amid the wreck appeared  
 Gradual a moving head appeared,  
 And Eagle firemen knew  
 'Twas Joseph Muggins, name revered,  
 The foreman of their crew.  
 Loud shouted all in signs of woe,  
 "A Muggins! to the rescue, ho!"  
 And poured the hissing tide:  
 Meanwhile the Muggins fought amain,  
 And strove and struggled all in vain,  
 For, rallying but to fall again,  
 He totter'd, sunk, and died!  
 Did none attempt, before he fell,  
 To succour one they loved so well?  
 Yes, Higginbottom did aspire  
 (His fireman's soul was *all* on fire)  
 His brother chief to save;  
 But ah! his reckless, generous ire  
 Served but to share his grave!  
 'Mid blazing beams and scalding streams,  
 Through fire and smoke he dauntless broke,  
 Where Muggins broke before;  
 But sulph'ry stench and boiling drench  
 Destroying sight, o'erwhelmed him quite,  
 He sunk to rise no more.  
 Still o'er his head, while fate he braved,  
 His whizzing water-pipe he waved:  
 "Whitford and Mitford, ply your pumps,  
 You, Clutterbuck, come stir your stumps,  
 Why are you in such doleful dumps?  
 A fireman, and afraid of bumps!  
 What are they fear'd on? fools! 'od rot 'em!"  
 Were the last words of Higginbottom.

There is another work of similar complexion with the one just recorded; which, I suspect, is but little known: it is entitled "Warreniana," and was written by a Mr. Frederick Deacon, author of a series of papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, called the "Picture Gallery." Mr. Deacon was an elegant scholar, an apt critic, a refined wit, and (by a friendly record) a most amiable and honourable man. He died almost literally at the writing-desk, at the early age of forty-seven.

The history of the "Warreniana," as I have been informed, is, that it was the result of a wager; the author having undertaken to produce a series of imitations of known writers, each composition to contain a puff of the renowned "Warren's Blacking." Among the men of fame parodied, are Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Leigh

Hunt, and Coleridge. One of the imitations, "The Old Cumberland Pedlar," is a pleasant caricature of Wordsworth's early style of composition, in which the commonest of commonplaces in life are huddled together with lofty reflections upon humanity and the loveliest moralisings upon the wild-flowers of creation.

Those who are intimate with Coleridge's magnificent fragment of a witch-story, the "Christabel," will hold the original in no diminished reverence after reading Deacon's burlesque upon it. These are the opening eight or ten lines of Coleridge's poem :—

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,  
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock :  
    Tu-whit !—tu-whoo !  
And hark, again ! the crowing cock,  
    How drowsily it crew.  
Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,  
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch ;  
From her kennel beneath the rock  
She maketh answer to the clock ;  
Four for the quarters and twelve for the hour ;  
Ever and aye, by shine and show'r.

Such writing as this could hardly escape a burlesque-searcher ; and Deacon has thus turned the subject to his profit :—

Ten minutes to ten by St. Dunstan's clock,  
And the owl hath awakened the crowing cock :  
    " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo !"  
If he crow at this rate in so thrilling a note,  
Jesu Maria ! he'll catch a sore throat.  
Warren, the manufact'rer rich,  
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch ;  
To St. Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,  
She barketh her chorus of " bow-wow-wow :"  
" Bow " for the quarters, and " wow " for the hour ;  
Naught cares she for the shine or the show'r.

The last burlesque to be chronicled will be the "Beppo" of Lord Byron, a poem remarkable for nothing more than the freedom and conversational style of its language and versification. These have so natural and unpremeditated an air that the rhymes appear to have fallen into their places spontaneously ; except, of course, where words have been selected for their fantasticalness and oddity, in order to display the poet's power in triumphing over rhythmical difficulties ; so that one feels that any other location of the phrases would disturb and injure the current of the diction. It was in writing this smaller composition that the author felt he had struck upon the master-vein of his genius, which he afterwards followed out—"yielding him

such rich tribute"—in the "Don Juan:" for, even allowing for the power in some of his descriptions in the serious poems, the intensity of Byron's genius lay in wit, with humour, satire, sarcasm, scorn, and scornful ridicule. Upon all these points the condensation of his language is singularly fine. In his grave descriptions of character and of scenery Byron will sometimes be verbose—in his satire, never.

In one of his letters, when speaking of the "Beppo" that he had just finished, he says that the style and manner of the poem were suggested to him by reading that very clever and undeservedly neglected composition of the Right Hon. Hookham Frere; which he called a "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended National Work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, harness and collar-makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." The very title of the book, with the names of its authors, was enough to ensure its quietus-birth with the public; and the consequence was that while scholars and people of select reading appreciated and cherished the wit in the poem, it was "caviare to the general;" and long since the eternal tides of novelty—worthy and worthless—pouring upon the high-shore of the world, have whelmed and smothered in their froth the merry Brothers Whistlecraft's account of the feud between "the Monks and the Giants." If, reader, in your search among the literary shingle on the beach, you stumble on this gem, put it in your pocket, and take it home. Your reward will exceed your pains.

In an essay upon our "Burlesque Writers," it were an injustice, when concluding, not to have "one more last word," and include in the list the author of the "Ingoldsby Papers," the late cheerful and Rev. William Barham. The series of humorous poems written under the above title appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*, and they "walked the town awhile, numbering good intellects" among their readers. Mr. Barham's talent was rather distinguished by the humour of noting mental and personal peculiarity, by quaint associations, conventional incongruities, and social blunders and mistakes, than by a manifestation of real Wit. But his temper being equable and pleasant, and the sole aim of his writing being to throw a sunshine upon the lead-coloured atmosphere of English "worky-day life," his praiseworthy and not overtopping ambition was responded to, and in his life-time he had his reward; for his company was sought and coveted.

To those who carp at and scrutinise the standard value of every

production of the intellect, and who inquire with a geometrical "Cui bono?" into the *utility* of this burlesque order of writing ; who axiomise upon our duties to human nature—that every effort of the mind should be brought to bear upon our intellectual and social progression towards solid accomplishment and physical comfort ; who repudiate flourish and ornament, and frown at these quaint saturnalia of the intellect ; to those who insist upon mere "utility" as the "greatest happiness principle" in this life, one would recommend the consistency of having solid, bare walls for their dwellings—certainly with no fluted columns and floral capitals ; still less with friezes and panels of Arabesque garniture.

Nature herself is the wisest of utilitarians ; for she uniformly associates the beautiful, the graceful, and the ornamental with the useful. We might have had trees and flowers fulfilling all their appointed duties, yet looking like hop-poles, and leather seed-bags. The mountains might have supplied us with marble and granite, and have been formed in ever-equable cubes ; and the clouds have "poured down their fatness" upon the parched and hungry earth without varying their forms and hues in one ceaseless change of elegant and harmonious combination. Nature, too, has her freaks, her fantasies, her anomalies, her grotesques, her burlesques ; she, as it were, relaxes from her routine of duty, and has set us the example of varying the solidly *useful* with the *fantastic*.

He, therefore, who of these delights can spare  
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

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## THE ILLUSION OF BIGNESS.

**I**F there are some proverbs which may be regarded as the concentration of wisdom, there are others which must surely be regarded as the concentration of folly. Such is the popular saying that "one cannot have too much of a good thing." The cases in which this saying is true are rare indeed, while the cases in which it is untrue meet one on every side. And most especially is it untrue in the characteristic features of modern English life. Englishmen and Englishwomen of to-day are suffering chronically from a disease which may be described as bigness on the brain. We have the complaint, it is true, in a form which is mild in comparison with the aggravated shape which it assumes on the other side of the Atlantic. But it is quite sufficiently serious with ourselves; and a more foolish, and silly, and suicidal mania never possessed the minds of those whom, even with the fear of Mr. Freeman before my eyes, I must, for convenience sake, call the Anglo-Saxon people.

Of the more serious moral defects which enter into the fashionable love for mere bigness I am saying nothing, though it is impossible not to recognise the essentially irreligious element which often enters into it. Of its vulgarity, too, there can be no doubt; but then vulgarity is akin to irreligiousness, being radically opposed to the Christian idea of the perfect character. The vulgarity, however, of the passion for bigness is beyond my present scope. I am concerned only with its extreme foolishness. It is really one of the most ignorant and silly of infirmities, constantly defeating its own end; and one may apply to it, in all its strictness, Talleyrand's famous saying on another quality: "C'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute."

Its most conspicuous example is to be seen in the universal belief in the advantage of huge, colossal fortunes, as means to happiness. Perhaps I had better say as means to enjoyment, rather than as means to happiness. For by a certain surprising effort of legerdemain people are incessantly interchanging the two words "happiness" and "enjoyment" as if they were precisely equivalent to one another. But, whether they imagine that bigness of income is a means to real happiness, or content themselves with the conviction that it is only a means towards enjoyment and increase of pleasure, they are equally in the wrong. In all seriousness, what does a man really gain when

his annual receipts go beyond a certain point? Let us take the advantages of being very rich, one by one, and see what they all come to.

First of all, it is unquestionably a gain to one's enjoyment to live in a house where the rooms are sufficiently large and airy for health. One cannot alter the laws of heat and cold and ventilation. Small rooms are close and unpleasant. They are very hot in summer, and full of all manner of draughts and inconveniences in winter. One may get accustomed to the disagreeableness of certain odours, so far as one's nose is consciously concerned; but the brain and the stomach refuse to get habituated to vitiated air. The longer they are poisoned, the more pernicious the poison becomes. It is a real gain, therefore, to be rich enough to live in a house sufficiently large to ensure the free circulation of fresh air of a tolerably equable temperature.

Above all, the ordinary bedrooms of people of small incomes are not nearly as large as health requires. It is certain that in these days of tight-fitting windows and closed doors, we are most of us undoing in the night time all the care for our own health that we take in the day. The air of every small bedroom is positively poisoned by the time that a single person has slept in it for a few hours. And all the while the whole system has been existing in a condition most favourable to the growth of disease. The nervous power is less actively energetic during sleep than when we are awake, and the breathing of foul air is proportionately injurious. Rich men, then, who can afford to allow themselves a due allowance of cubic feet of air for consumption during the night are very much to be congratulated.

Some day, indeed, we may hope that fresh air will be within the reach of sleepers whose incomes are very modest. In the use of gas I foresee a great future for the ventilation of bedrooms. The grand difficulty that exists at present is how to create a current for carrying off the foul air ejected from the lungs. This air is warmed by the body, and tends to rise to the upper portion of the room. An open fireplace carries off but a small portion of it, while, at the same time, the down draught from a chimney is often so strong that no stream of poisoned air can possibly escape by any such mode of exit. There is nothing for it but to place a small apparatus of minute gas burners in immediate proximity to the middle of the ceiling, communicating by pipes with the open air. The heated and poisoned air of the room will thus be drawn steadily towards the still hotter gas, and will pass out of the room as fast as it is exhaled from a sleeper's lungs.



Wherever this method of ventilation has been tried in large assemblies, the effect is wonderful. And there is no reason in the world why it should not be introduced in every newly-built house. The cost of the gas consumed would be very trifling, and even in the hottest time of summer all the heat it generated would pass away into the open air, without affecting the temperature of the room.

As to number and splendour of rooms, I am utterly sceptical as to their adding an atom to a rich man's enjoyment. All facts are against it. The pleasures of mere possession pall rapidly upon the taste. When you have got to the limit which pure convenience requires, all the rest is mere surplusage. Banqueting-rooms, saloons, ball-rooms, concert-rooms, and all the rest of them—nobody is the happier for being their owner. If I make any exception, it will be in the case of a concert-room; supposing, that is, that a man who is devoted to organ-playing has no free access to a good organ in a good room not his own. Now an organ, to be satisfactory, must be large. Up to a certain point, organs improve, in completeness of quality and variety, the larger they are. This, of course, is supposing that the balance of all the parts is satisfactory, and that every stop enters, in its place, into the production of the full harmony of the whole. No organ, indeed, can be considered as attaining the highest rank in the characteristic perfection of the instrument whose lowest pedal pipe is less than thirty-two feet in length. Unrivalled among musical instruments in the power of producing these marvellous tones, the organ is comparatively defective which has not the thirty-two feet pedal pipe. But having this gigantic basis for all its range, everything else must be in proportion. These tremendous notes must be so balanced by a multiplicity of other sounds that the whole may blend into a faultless richness and grandeur.

An organ, then, whose largest pipe is thirty-two feet long requires a room of very large proportions. Its tones require an amplitude of space for their mighty reverberations, or else listener and player are alike bewildered and stunned. Here, therefore, is a luxury, which the rich man who loves organ-playing can ensure to himself, which is beyond the reach of ordinary lovers of music.

What must I say, too, as to the enjoyments ensured by the possession of large galleries of pictures and sculpture of the highest order? Is a man the happier for owning, say, a hundred thousand pounds' worth of masterpieces? I am not speaking of the average uncultured rich man, but of the few to whom the frequent contemplation of a great picture or statue is a source of the keenest *delight*. Is this delight, then, increased by the ownership of a vast

number of great works? I doubt it. On the whole, I entirely disbelieve it. I suspect that the total amount of pleasure to be extracted from the possession of some five or six works of the highest order is quite as large as that to be extracted from the possession of fifty or sixty. It would be just the same if a man had fifty or sixty children. To suppose that a man could enjoy the affection and society of fifty or sixty sons and daughters with the same keenness with which he can enjoy the affection and society of five or six, is absurd. The feelings would be frittered away in endless exhaustion, and all sweetness so diluted as to pall upon the taste. The possession of a small number of masterpieces of art is, I think, a real source of daily enjoyment; but I disbelieve in the delights of the ownership of huge collections.

It is quite another thing when these huge collections are not one's own, but are national property, and can be only occasionally visited. Enjoyment is quickened by frequent absences, and the cultivated mind returns again and again to refresh itself with beauties which are practically accessible, but which are not perpetually before the eye. It is the same with magnificent buildings. A man who owned York Minster, or Cologne Cathedral, or the ruins of the Parthenon, would not enjoy their splendour half so much as those do who can only see them at distant intervals, perhaps once or twice in their whole lives. The fact is not to be got over that there is a limit to the power of enjoyment when extended beyond comparatively narrow boundaries. Theoretically, as I have implied, it might be held that the capacity for loving one's children is boundless. If a man can love each one of half a dozen children as profoundly as the man who has only three, why, it may be argued, should it not be equally possible to extend one's affections to thirty, or even fifty or sixty, supposing one were a Mahometan, or a Jew, with the old Levitical matrimonial freedom revived?

I can only reply that such is the fact in every possible case in which our capacities for extending our regards can be tested. Nobody who observes facts can believe that the possessor of countless gardens, hot-houses, and conservatories, extracts from their wilderness of beauties a single spark of pleasant emotion beyond what is within the reach of the owner of gardens one-tenth their size and splendour. The more modest possessions do, in reality, fill and occupy the mind and its interests. When we get beyond certain limits, all interest in details becomes flat and dull, and as soon as our interest in the details of any pleasant subject begins to slacken, the full sum of our enjoyment is lessened also. It is, in reality, in these details that we find the source of our keenest enjoyment. It is in

the study of the endless details of life and character that we enjoy the companionship of friends and children ; and when those friends or children become so numerous that the loving study of these details becomes impossible, then it is that they cease to quicken the pulses of our hearts and come to be regarded with comparative indifference.

Or to take the lowest of the varied elements of human enjoyment—the pleasures of eating and drinking. A good dinner is a pleasant thing. When a man says he does not care what he has to eat, so that it is wholesome and there is plenty of it, as a rule he is playing the hypocrite. Sometimes, no doubt, he is gifted with such a redundant animalism that he eats like a dog or a horse. But I am not speaking of eating, but of dining. And if a man tells me that it is all the same to him what he has for dinner, I do not believe him. Some people care more as to what they have for dinner than others do ; but I never met the man or the woman who was totally indifferent to the pleasures of eating and drinking.

Assuming, then, that the power of commanding a daily good dinner is a source of legitimate, though not highly elevated, pleasure, yet how monstrous a misconception is involved in the big banquets which are the privilege of the very wealthy ! Artistically speaking, can anything be more suicidally barbarous than an English City feast ? Here, as in other matters, we are confronted with the fact that the human powers are limited. By no possible means can a man eat or drink beyond a certain point in the way of quantity. The force of municipal deglutition is, indeed, amazing. I have heard of a citizen devouring one plate of turtle, with two more plates close at hand, awaiting his attack the moment the first was disposed of. And what he will do with his turtle, that also he will do with his venison, and a host of other luxuries afterwards. But such things are disgusting, and a degradation of those enjoyments of the palate in which a wise and good man may really find pleasure.

There is nothing, I say, that is unworthy of a wise and good man in liking to dine judiciously. But is a big dinner really a judicious dinner ? Is it not rather the reverse ? Must not a wise and good man always stop eating and drinking when he has eaten of a few dishes and drunk a few glasses of wine ? Of what possible use, then, is it to set before himself a dozen or a score of dishes, or as many varieties of wine as would make a respectable figure in a wine merchant's circular ? Dishes, to be eaten with the utmost practicable gusto, must be taken in a certain order, and so, too, with wines. Is it not, then, purely barbarous to place before oneself an *omnium gatherum* of all the "delicacies of the season," as the most expensive

dishes are generally called? Is not bigness, from this point of view, an illusion? Can a man, with due self-respect, eat of a dozen dishes? Then why set a dozen before him?

But bigness of dinner parties is in itself fatal to the enjoyment of a dinner of the highest quality. For by a dinner of the highest quality I mean not only the corporeal food which one eats, but the talk of one's fellow-diners. And I maintain that eight, or in some cases ten, is the largest number compatible with the enjoyment of a really good dinner. Of course I am not speaking of ceremonial banquets, or of the dinner parties which the force of circumstances may compel one either to give or to attend. I am speaking of such dinners as a man will give and attend whose object is to extract the utmost practicable pleasure from that great social institution, a dinner.

Now I hold that a dinner is defective unless all the assembled guests can easily share in the general conversation. It is a fatal flaw in the arrangements if one is compelled to talk only to one's neighbour, on either side; and this is necessary when a dozen people are gathered together at a long table. I assume that everybody present is capable either of enlivening the general talk, or at least of evidently enjoying it. If any one present is not thus capable, the dinner, so far, is faulty. A dull or disagreeable guest is like an ill cooked dish upon the table; it interferes with the pleasure of the festivity.

But the human voice and the human ear are of small capacity, while the human form requires a certain space in which to sit and eat at its convenience. When, therefore, more than eight persons, men and women, are placed at a dinner table, those farthest removed from one another cannot possibly converse at their ease, and conversation is dissolved into a series of dialogues, or *tête-à-têtes* in public. I fix the lawful number at eight, when the gathering is of both sexes, because women's dress fills up more space than that of men; and besides, women's voices are less loud than those of men, and they cannot take their fair share in the flow of talk if the guests are as far apart as may be permissible when men only are enjoying themselves. In the case of men, their physical powers of voice allow ten to dine together, provided it is at a round table, and no abominations in the shape of table decorations present obstacles to free conversation and observation.

But it is in the popular craving after big establishments that the self-destructiveness of the love of mere quantity is perhaps most especially conspicuous. In all honesty, what possible gain is it to a

man to be served by a crowd of servants, to live in an enormous house, and to have scores of horses and carriages at his command? I readily admit that it is a real convenience to possess a small number of thoroughly good servants, both male and female; and there is an advantage in the possession of a certain number of horses and carriages; not that I think anything of the kind is essential to happiness. But viewing the question on the theory that luxuries are a source of increased pleasure, what, in the name of common sense, is the advantage of keeping more servants than one can employ, or more horses and carriages than are needed for the use of oneself and one's family? The moment a man's establishment passes a moderate limit, he is simply engaging one set of servants to wait upon another set. The "gentleman's gentleman" is a very fine gentleman indeed, and must be waited on by flunkeys of an inferior status in the household. I remember the case of a millionaire who kept a carriage and pair of horses for the use of his "upper" servants. Was this man one whit the happier for being the master of such a magnificent host of hangers on? Was not rather his money utterly wasted and thrown away?

If a rich man says that he keeps a stable full of horses for the use of his friends, that is another view of the question. Of course, if this is his deliberate method of practising the duty of Christian charity, he is welcome to it. But, as a matter of fact, is this in reality the reason why huge establishments are set up? Are not these mighty stables and coach-houses, with their troops of horses and varieties of carriages, and all their retinue of grooms, helpers, and coachmen, the result of a passion for display, and of a belief that the more horses and carriages a man has, the larger is the amount of daily enjoyment within his reach? For myself, I hold that a gigantic establishment, whether within or without doors, is a gigantic nuisance.

I must add one more illustration of the folly of the passion, which is eminently characteristic of to-day; I mean the belief in big concerts and big concert-rooms. Here, as in so many other cases, people insist upon overlooking physical facts. Sound, in the first place, will only travel at a slow pace; and in the second place, in order that musical sounds shall acquire their full beauty when reaching the ear, they must reach it not only by direct movement, but by reflected transmission. Hence it is an absolute necessity that both the direct sounds and the sounds reflected from the walls of the concert-room should strike upon the ear as nearly as possible at the same moment. I say "as nearly as possible," for there must in


practice always be some very slight interval between the contact of the two. But it is the fact that even at the distance of about sixty feet there is a distinctly appreciable interval between the emission of a sound and its return from an opposite wall to the ear. Consequently, the distinctness of every note that is uttered is blurred and rendered less pure and perfect, and the more rapid the music the more mischievous the result.

Hence, too, a phenomenon which puzzles those who are ignorant of the laws of acoustics. People are surprised that they can often hear a musical performance better at the extremity of a concert-room than when they are placed much nearer the performers. The truth is that in their case the sounds reflected from the wall close behind them strike their ears all but simultaneously with those which proceed direct from the singers or players in the distant orchestra. And thus mingling in a practically perfect union, the effect is far more satisfactory than when there is a distinct interval between the arrival of the direct and the reflected sounds.


But in those monstrous halls which are now the fashion music is like a landscape in a fog. Everything is confused, dull, and indistinct. Either you get hardly any reflected sounds at all, and so the music might almost as well be performed in the open air; or the reverberations are incessantly crossing and obscuring the direct vibrations of the air, and all clearness and delicacy are destroyed. The laws of space are not to be annihilated to please speculators or the vulgar who believe in them. It may be true enough that to make expensive concerts pay, they must be given in halls sufficiently large to contain thousands of listeners. But the paying of the speculation is only ensured at the cost of the performance; and all the genius of Joachim himself will not make sound travel faster than nature has willed it, or prevent the diffusion and diminution of atmospheric vibrations when the reflecting surfaces of the walls within which he is playing are a hundred feet from the spot where he stands.

It is to be feared, however, that in this matter all argument is vain. *Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur.* Vulgarity and the love of show and riches are too much for common sense. In a twofold meaning of the word, musical performances are now suffering from too much "brass." And it is left to those who insist upon the observance of natural laws to look on, and alternately smile and sigh.

J. M. CAPES.



## THE IVIED COTTAGE.

HE dwells in an ivied cottage,  
Half hidden by chestnut trees,  
Whose leaves betimes when they waver  
Have a sound like moaning seas.

And oft in the quiet evening  
I've walked by that cottage door ;  
And seen, through the open window,  
The sunshine picture the floor.

And there, in that lonely cottage,  
Lives a maiden with blue eyes,  
That seem to her artless beauty  
What stars are unto the skies.  
She walks with a grace that's nameless,  
And ne'er a moment seems lone ;  
The chastened charm in her features  
Pure as a lily half-blown !

She sits by the open window,  
And plies her needle and thread ;  
When winds are swinging the roses,  
And the sun is setting red.  
When the winds have swung the roses  
They ripple her dainty curls,  
That fall in a glossy cluster  
On shoulders whiter than pearls.

Near to that cottage I've lingered,  
In the long, long summer eves ;  
And sighed to talk to the maiden,  
As low as the fluttering leaves—  
To tell her I love her beauty ;  
But all my wishes are vain ;  
My heart, my heart is the maiden's,  
Yet her's I never may gain.

S. H. BRADBURY.

## PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.

I.—MR. J. L. TOOLE.

**I**N the jeremiads which it is almost fashionable to utter over the decay of the British Stage, the players are whelmed in the general condemnation. This seems unfair; for the seat of the corruption will be found in another direction. The public and the playwright are to blame. The coarse, rude material worked up into farces is the very huckaback of literature — mere after-dinner buffoonery and too familiar nonsense. No actor of parts and ability could make anything of such stuff, while the most indifferent histrionic journeyman might win shrivelled laurels by setting out to all advantage what fell so admirably within his abilities. The carpenter who finds fault with his tools proverbially exposes himself to suspicion; but often the best of carpenters, required to produce fine joinery with the worst of tools thrust into his hands, will make but a poor job of it. To carry out the illustration further, if the customer prefers vamped-up, rough-hewn, ill-joined articles to fine cabinet work, how should carpenters or their tools be blamed? That public which has contracted an almost Roman taste for "bread and the games," which relishes spiced dishes, Formosas, mimic railroads and conflagrations, trapezes and high ropes, Alhambra short skirts, with music-hall smoking and feasting; whose girls are fast and loud, whose novels, dress, dancing, driving, talk, and general pastimes correspond; this public will only pay its money to see acting of a kindred sort. Therefore, what can the actors do, or how are they to be blamed? Stars in the histrionic welkin are indeed only rarely seen; indeed, are not to be expected; but at any period an average growth of talent in all professions is to be counted on. With this condition, provided the playwrights do their part regardless of the vulgar tastes of a demoralised audience, the Stage will flourish. It will be said that this "education" of an audience—this offering of meats to lips which turn away with nausea—is too costly a process; but it should be attempted with tact and discretion. Raw Shakespeare and Ben Jonson or Congreve should not be thrust on ill-prepared stomachs. Nor would such solitary protest, unfruitful though it might be for a time, be without profit. The dramatic bread



cast upon the waters will return before many days ; for managers should remember that reform in this direction means reform of ruinous and unproductive expenditure. The spectacle of Jules Favre and the two or three other Republicans braving the Imperial Chamber of Deputies seemed a hopeless exhibition ; but within half a dozen "seasons" the day came round when he and his opinions not only invited but could enforce respect. The public is unquestionably *depraved* in many senses, but it is not irreclaimable. It is led with surprising facility. Only set some bell-wether in front, with the bell of fashion or advertisement jingling, and it will follow. It has after all a sound taste at bottom ; it only wants self-restraint. But the key to the present corruption is money, which the public has in its pocket. The actors act anything that will bring money, the managers work their theatres on the same principle, and the playwrights furnish material that will suit the aims of both.

The actors of our time are a vast band. The members of the profession—"all told," as they say, at sea—including the officers, mates, "hands," cooks, stewards, agents, &c.—would make up a strong force. A simple division of their ranks *à la* Carlyle might be into actors and no-actors, the first being only a meagre percentage—a fairer one would be into those who make money and those who do not. And it is to be remembered that as it is not enough to have a profound knowledge of law to be a successful lawyer, or of medicine to be a successful doctor, or of trade or business to be a successful *homme des affaires*, so in acting, great success can be attained by a sort of happy tact, industry, and a knowledge of the world. Actors who are industrious, clever, and sagacious enough to know what will please, and who besides have the art of cultivating a certain personal sympathy in their audience, are sure of extraordinary success ; and the most successful in this department has certainly been Mr. J. L. Toole.

It is an illustration of British character that the virtues of such unwearied and steady industry, such never-flagging perseverance, such a respectable level of duty, and continued respect for those who support him, should have formed a strong and growing claim on the appreciation and support of his hearers. Every year his hold grows firmer and his gains increase. Other conscientious and excellent actors—Mr. Wigan or Mr. Webster—might take the same round, year after year, laboriously trudging the same beat, and find it only a more and more bootless errand. In his annual tours through the provinces Mr. Toole nets literally thousands, and a four months' circuit brings him in from a thousand to fifteen hundred pounds a

month. Managers are delighted to welcome him, though he always exacts that unwelcome tribute in the case of a drawing actor, which suits well in the instance of a poor hand—viz. : “sharing the house.” Dead walls break out into a sort of St. Antony’s fire of posters and proclamations that “Toole is Coming!” in all grotesque posturings of type—or “Toole!” simply causes a pleasing flutter of anticipation in the provincial district. It is to be noted also that, like professors of the ever-entertaining “Punch and Judy,” he brings nearly always the same entertainment : and for years literally, when we have read the eruptive “Toole is Coming !” we know well that the first night’s bill of fare will include “The Pretty Horsebreaker,” “The Steeplechase,” or “Ici on Parle Français.” These three dishes are almost unvarying, and it seems a proof of Mr. Toole’s art not to change them. It has been remarked that in purveying either novels or plays for the public, that Epicure likes best its old elements, the meat which it knows—the old beef and mutton in all varieties of dressing. New characters and situations fatigue and strain its feeble brain ; what it is familiar with gives no trouble and is ever welcome. Thus the same melodramatic situations are dished up again and again, and are received as novelties. Now Mr. Toole knows well this feeble peculiarity of his supporters. If he should bring a new farce, he knows that for a period it would be “strange” to them, that the average slow-moving intellect would take time to master its humour ; whereas the old pieces of rollicking fun stir pleasant memories. “‘Steeplechase,’ funniest thing you ever saw ; go and see it, by all means !” thus those who *have* seen go again, because they expect as much entertainment, and at the same time act the part of introducers for their friends. The sagacious Toole knows this well ; he can besides exhibit his gifts with less trouble to himself. Neither does he come too often or outlast his welcome. He makes himself “dear”—he is heralded artfully—he rouses, as we have said, a personal interest in himself ; he is a Mason, and a working Mason—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is on gracious terms with him, shakes hands with him cordially, &c., &c.—he has a large acquaintance, is a “good fellow” and an amusing companion. The scenes on his benefit nights—notably at Liverpool, where the orchestra is turned out to make room, and the audience is accommodated on the stage—are reported in every paper. His benefit is often spread over two nights, and he makes comic speeches of farewell. It is, indeed, scarcely worth his while to come to London, though he does so for a few months about Christmas, and really loses money by his condescension. During this season he supports the whole fortunes of the Gaiety Theatre on his indefatigable

back, and carries the burlesque through with, at least, a spirit that never flags. Here he can scarcely receive more than a couple of hundred or so a month, which is poor compared with his opulent "sharings of the house" in the provinces. At such times his grotesque figure is seen on all the hoardings in flaring polychrome, and "Mr. Toole Every Evening!" gives joy to the cockney soul. Thus, it will be seen, there are certain elements of success in this department—namely, the making of money by dint of good "advance agency," and proper humouring of the public. Nor must we leave out that Chaucerian maxim so perfectly necessary to success—to seem ever busier than he is; not that we would insinuate that he pretends to more than he has, but he has always the air of overwork, of being obliged to post away when the play is over to keep engagements in other towns. Nothing succeeds like success: when it is once known that Toole's engagement always draws, that you cannot get a place, this alone is certain to bring fresh crowds.

But we have forgotten one minor element of his success—which, indeed, is inconsiderable compared with those grander agencies, posters, sharing theatres, &c.—namely, the merits of his acting. The implied opinion on this subject would seem to be that he is at the top of his profession; that he is a fellow of infinite humour, "who will make you roar by the hour;" and, in fact, his merits—founded, of course, on his popularity—are recognised without dispute. Now there are two fashions of amusing on the Stage—one the true and sole dramatic fashion, the other a spurious and wholly undramatic mode. The one is independent of stage, scenery, dress, grimace—it is the dramatic instinct which conveys the idea of a character from the player identifying himself so completely with it that the former is stamped, almost without exertion on his part, on every tone and gesture. The other—and without offence be it spoken—is founded on the pleasure and surprise mingled together which a child receives from a grotesque mask. And there is a department of "acting" founded on this feeling which consists of "funny" gestures, queer notes, sudden twists, droll expressions—all amusing in their way, but quite detached from the character. Players of a higher order, like Mr. Toole, who is strong in this *repertoire*, do indeed make these devices of their acting depend on the character, but after this fashion—they fit, not these devices to the character, but, what is a very different thing, the character to the devices. In other words, the character must show off Mr. Toole's private stock of eccentricities and drolleries. Laughter—unthinking laughter, *quocumque modo*—is his aim, and

this he obtains. It is like a droll fellow who in the midst of a serious conversation pulls so droll a face that you burst out into roars. There is nothing appropriate, but you laugh. It is a short step from these illustrations, which do not illustrate, to that odious weakness "gagging;" and here admirers and enemies of Mr. Toole will both be agreed he frequently runs riot. From habit it has become facile; from facility a vice. It comes to him easier than repeating the words set down. "Gagging" leads to sameness, though apparently it brings variety, and in too many of his burlesques Mr. Toole's gagging leaves the impression of monotony. In the last Gaiety burlesque, "Aladdin," he excelled himself, rioted in twangs and grimaces, and hunted "Still I am not 'appy!" to death. Any one who saw that piece on the first night, when the author was allowed to evolve his fairy story somewhat slowly yet gracefully enough, and about a fortnight later, when it had been ruthlessly cut or hacked down, while Mr. Toole's gagging was supposed to smooth away the rude chopping, would see the truth of this. It was very successful *as gagging*; but when Mr. Toole comes to bring this talent into two or three more burlesques he will find himself at the end of his rope. Though somewhat spoiled by success, Mr. Toole is not without ambition to rank high as an actor. Let him, then, now try to do something for lasting fame.

That "Still I am not 'appy!" is a fair specimen of Mr. Toole's stock-in-trade for producing droll effects—viz., repetition of a catchword. So in his "Horsebreaker," where he says "I won't, by jingo! no, by the *living* jingo." In "The Steeplechase" there is another catchword, which I cannot recall at the moment. In his Paul Pry, "I hope I don't intrude," is repeated oftener than is necessary with the same view. Such catchwords are the most elementary and conventional forms for inviting mirth; and it is surprising that comedians do not mark how, as the phrase is repeated, the laugh grows fainter, until it refuses to answer the challenge altogether. Mr. Toole's humorous arts are all in the wrong place; outside instead of within. This makes them superficial and limited; and there are actually many smart young fellows who can "imitate Toole" to the life, and many actors who readily form their style on his.

There are certain pieces where Mr. Toole, not being called upon to be in restless and obtrusive motion, is certainly excellent. One of them is Mr. Hollingshed's farce, "The Birthplace of Podgers," where the fun turns upon a bluff countryman, who is installed in "Podger the Poet's" dwelling-place, embarrassed and

disgusted at being waited on by venerated pilgrims. This is a most humorous contrast, and the countryman being blunt and solemn, and taking everything *au grand sérieux*, there is no opportunity for "gagging." So in "Retained for the Defence," where Mr. Toole sees the situation, and lends himself to it. Simmons in "The Spitalfields Weaver" is amusing. And in pieces of the "To Paris and Back" kind, where he plays the persecuted cockney, there is a certain grotesqueness and flavour of reality simply because he is representing what is within his compass. Mr. Toole, without offence be it said, is cockney to the marrow—to "the end of his nails;" all his arts of acting are based upon the arts that will amuse the cockney. Ridiculous assortment of colours in dress—outrageous trousers—coats torn down the back—upsets into waterbutts—these cause the true guffaws within sound of Bow Bells. His Paul Pry is not free or racy enough; it wants that gushing, irrepressible curiosity which *must* have distinguished Liston's reading. It is, however, more humorous than Mr. Brough's reading. The play abounds in situations which might be called gymnastic humour: the hero falling into a room as the door opened—leaping through a window—having his clothes torn, &c.; and this sort of pantomime is congenial to Mr. Toole's humour. But for the rest it is too *artificial*—too studied, and wants the delightful spontaneousness and irregularity which such a character required. There is always to be detected in Mr. Toole's eye a certain wariness, even at the most comic moments—a suggestion as of *business*—a conscientious working out of the fun as per his established rule.

But there is a department in which we may fairly suppose that Mr. Toole believes his gifts really exist, and where, if he had fair play and proper appreciation, he would be at the top of the profession. This is found in parts where the pathetic and grotesque are mingled. It is, in short, the old story of the farce actor believing to the last that his forte lay in tragedy. A few incomparable actors, such as Frederick Lemaitre, have solved this difficult problem, and held such a mastery over both gamuts of passion that they might safely pass from one to the other. But with inferior artists such experiments are highly dangerous, and their pathetic department, instead of affecting, becomes only a portion of their comic acting. It might be said that this abrupt transition from the serious to the comic is abnormal and exceptional, and is scarcely to be explained intelligibly—nay, that even these forced exhibitions of motley emotions are rather undramatic and unnatural. Thus the character in the "Porter's Knot,"

where the late Mr. Robson was always supposed to produce such an effect, and when he passed from the deepest affliction to sudden bursts of laughter, was scarcely a fair representation of the original French conception. Such alternations would be a proof of the actor's versatility, and, as everything ministers to *that* nowadays, this might be the correct English view. But the simple fact that the player, after bathing us in tears, would of a sudden burst into some comic speech and convulse us all with laughter, was described as a sort of *tour de force*, a feat of extraordinary power. That comic change is an instrument which can only be touched very seldom and very delicately, and the meaning of the change would seem to be a sort of reckless and desperate levity, which it is evident would only fit particular characters. Our actor rarely ventures on this, but prefers a plain, tender-hearted rustic being whose peculiarities in his pathetic moments produce laughter. This will be understood better by considering a few of his favourite characters in this line. There is that old, white-haired, drivelling, doting toymaker in Mr. Dickens's exquisite and fairy-like Christmas tale, and of which, though some critics will differ with me, I contend Mr. Toole gives not only a mistaken reading, but a monotonous and tedious exhibition of aged imbecility. Neither he nor Mr. Dickens intended this. Then we have the benevolent Cheap Jack in "Uncle Dick's Darling"—a play infinitely better acted in the provinces than in London—a pleasing piece that really grows upon one, and where Mr. Toole is sometimes carried away into being genuinely humorous and natural. But when he defies the genteel folks and the proud aristocrats of the drawing-room, and is ejected with the consent of his "darling," he takes that favourite attitude, a twist backwards of his head and shoulders, with a stiffening of his arms; his voice assumes a sort of sustained and tremulous sing-song, grotesque in its character, and seems to issue from a little aperture at the side of his mouth—the same he fashions when about to utter "Still I am not 'appy!" At the last portion of the piece, when he hears his lost child at the door, and says "*Don't*—don't let her in!"—a peculiar huskiness comes on. No; excellent, conscientious, untiring, unsparing actor as Mr. Toole is, he has not yet shown us that pathos has any place in his nature. His humour has been overlaid with those cheaper artifices and devices which extort laughter from the cockney at music-halls, and which have been developed to the highest pitch during later years. These are in the "I'll have yer 'at" key; indeed, we could not have a better illustration than a song in

which Mr. Toole has made an extraordinary success, "For, Oh it was a horrible tale!" where—

The baby lying in its cradle  
Cut its throat with its own ladle;

or the "Ratcatcher's Daughter" of the late Mr. Robson, where the hero—

Cut his throat with a pane of glass, and stabbed his donkey arter.

These specimens show the descriptions of humour which have obtained what the French call "a pyramidal success." They give the keynote to the sort of "fun" that convulses the lieges of the leading towns, and has so fatally affected the true spirit of humour.

All Mr. Toole's exertions tend this way; not because the actor has no genius for higher work, but simply on account of its commercial success. Witness that lamentable exhibition of tumbling, the Dramatic College Fête, where he and the late Mr. Bedford joined their powers, and exhibited shows of the "Walk up!" pattern, the entertainment in which lay in the mimicry of the arts by which showmen and actors at fairs try to attract the public. Mr. Toole is fond of imitating an imitation: that is to say, of giving an amusing copy of the old melodramatic or transpontine exaggerations; and, indeed, a great deal of his burlesque acting will be found on analysis to resolve itself into this — a sort of inflated grotesque declamation. This, as we have seen, is a false principle of humour.

Still these are not to be set to the account of Mr. Toole himself, but to that of his admirers. He has in truth many of the qualities which go to make up a good actor; conscientiousness, incessant labour, study, variety, expression. Under a healthy condition of the stage, and with an audience of a sound taste, he would have exhibited a completely different range of qualities. In truth, he only illustrates the commercial tone of our age. What is in demand at the market he brings to the market. The customers like his industry and attention. He is making money; the thing pays. It is said he makes excellent use of his honest gains, and that he is known in the profession as generous and charitable.



# ON BOARD THE "EULALIE."

## A YACHTING SONG.



GREY-FLECKED sky of blue—a morn  
By faint fresh breezes fanned—  
Long waves of heaving purple, torn  
To white round rock-ribbed land—

Fair omens for a cruise ; we race  
Through wind and wave and sea  
All yachts to-day that vaunt their pace.  
Luck to the *Eulalie!*

First gun ! blue-clad, red-capped, in haste  
Each man his post, his rope !  
Now some the halyards seize, the waist  
Is full—quick all ! we'll hope  
The *Eulalie* will soonest swing  
And from her moorings run.  
Hark ! through her shrouds the shrill puffs sing.  
Give way ! the second gun !

Ten trim yachts from their stations stream,  
The hands haul—magic sight !  
What erst were sixteen tall masts gleam  
Ten swans of virgin white !  
Now, gath'ring way,—refulgent stars  
Shot o'er the midnight wain,—  
The plunging beauties strain their spars,  
And stretch forth to the main.

Watch how they dip their bowsprits deep,  
Rise, spurn the flashing spray,  
Catch the swift breeze, heel over, sweep  
Lee rails down, on their way :  
The *Eulalie* soon settles, free  
And fast we cleave the waves  
That rush past hissing at our glee ;  
Well the good ship behaves !

The *Sapphire* shoots out, heads us ; crowd,  
My men, your spars with sail,  
Run out our biggest topsail, bowed  
Athwart the huge ring-tail !



Out with the water-sail ! still mocks  
 The foe our prowess, vies  
 In speed, while all the squadron rocks  
 Like wind-swept butterflies.

And now we glance forth as a dream ;  
 The *Sprite*, the *Sphinx*, are past,  
 The breeze falls gently ; on we stream,  
 And near our quarry fast !  
 We've ta'en her wind ! a ringing cheer  
 Bursts from our gallant band ;  
 First round the buoy we homewards steer  
 And closer hug the land.

Alas ! o'erhead looms grief ; a puff—  
 A crack—our chance is gone !  
 The *Sapphire* heads us, but we luff,  
 Our skipper shouts " Keep on !"  
 The Cup recedes and seems to grace  
 Some castle in far Spain ;  
 But no—a lull—the foremost place  
 Once more we joyful gain !

On, on we hold ! The boat is neared  
 Where vict'ry's crown we win ;  
 Freshens the wind : again, 'tis feared  
 The *Sapphire* steals within.  
 She draws ahead with swifter run,  
 But, mark, with what wild glee  
 Our good craft starts—the Cup is won.  
 Hurrah ! my *Eulalie* !

Here ends our voyage and my song,  
 The Cup with claret brim !  
 Drink a deep draught, but not too long,  
 For heads, like yachts, can swim.  
 Bid work farewell, and kiss your wife,  
 Then, Vikings, praise with me  
 A yacht's free life, its friendly strife,  
 And pledge the *Eulalie* !

M. G. WATKINS.

## NORTHERN RACING NOTES.

**T**HAT somewhat considerable section of the racing community who swear by the doctrine of chances, and affect altogether to despise the teachings of "public form," must nevertheless admit that the running in the Middle Park Plate has hitherto proved the key to the great three-year-old races, while the third place has almost invariably been the lucky one. In the first year of the great Blenkiron prize, Achievement occupied that position to The Rake and Knight of the Garter, subsequently repeating the St. Leger triumph of her famous brother, Lord Lyon. And although a broken blood-vessel on the eve of the race settled The Rake's Derby chance, and condemned him henceforward to retirement from the Turf, Knight of the Garter well sustained his reputation, and, after a somewhat chequered career, succeeded in enrolling himself among the heaviest weighted of Chester Cup winners. In the second year of its institution it is true that Green Sleeve, Rosicrucian, and Lady Coventry did not fulfil their high two-year-old promise, but this is to be accounted for by their having gone amiss early in the ensuing spring. The two fillies, as is common with the weaker sex, never recovered their true form, but Rosicrucian has developed into one of the handsomest and best horses of modern times. Nor should it be forgotten that the heavily penalised Formosa was quite up with the leaders in that year, and our readers do not require to be reminded of her subsequent achievements. In the succeeding year, Pero Gomez, the winner, subsequently won for Sir Joseph Hawley his maiden St. Leger, Scottish Queen turned out a somewhat fortunate One Thousand heroine, while Pretender, the second "lucky third," was only prevented from adding the St. Leger to his Guineas and Derby victories by the ailment which has since condemned him to plating form. Kingcraft, who, again, occupied third place on the next anniversary, turned out good enough to win for Lord Falmouth his first blue riband; and although the winner, Frivolity, did not hold her own as a three-year-old, the magnificent Sunshine, who only suffered a head defeat, ran sufficiently forward for the Oaks, when dead amiss, to prove what a certainty the majority of great three-year-old events would have been for her had she not encountered the usual Russley misfortune. Last year Hannah, with a load of weight, only succumbed

to the maiden Albert Victor and that very consistent performer *Steppe*, and again do we see the "lucky third" attaining honours only second to those of *Formosa*, while her conqueror, though "not himself at all" on either occasion, held the proud though unfortunate position of second for both *Derby* and *St. Leger*. Let cavillers read and ponder these things.

We rather think that ubiquitous individual, the "man in the street," important as is the position he everywhere holds, is nowhere in greater force than at *Doncaster*. On the present occasion he appeared to be in fastidious mood, for while none of the favourites pleased, there was no whisper of any coming outsider. *Hannah's* preparation, he would have it, had been interfered with, and her ancient thoroughpin was again adduced in justification. *Albert Victor* had been "at his prayers" again since *York*, where many thought him far too backward for the *St. Leger*, while the thinking few, not being *Maltonians* who had seen *Général* in the spring, shook their heads ominously when they were told of the wonders old *John* had worked with the *Hamilton* bay. *Digby Grand* was the sheet anchor of certain fanatic *Fordhamites*, who imagined that the "Demon" could instil something of the devil into his currish mount. A few held faintly to *Rose of Athol*; and others went down in the ship which carried the hopes of *Dalnacardoch, Noblesse, Field Marshal, and Co.* As to the *Tupgill* contingent, though many who still swore by *Tom of Middleham* and his ancient snuffbox believed in the famous "trial" and its results, there were plenty of unbelievers, and more than one canny *Yorkshireman* like the *Ingoldsby sexton* there was, who—

Spoke no sort of word that indicates a doubt,  
But put his thumb up to his nose, and spread his fingers out.

There was no sort of confidence in *Bothwell*, while *Ringwood* had not passed through the *York* ordeal, and *Lord Hawke* had too often failed them when "trusted most." Moreover, it was rumoured that the *Johnstone* stable intended to follow its old *Glasgow* tradition of starting the whole fleet, which did not indicate any great degree of confidence. And so among backers there was perplexity.

A cold grey morning ushered in the first day's proceedings, and as the breeze of dawn swept mournfully through the bowers of the long avenue, crowds of enthusiastic *Tykes* turned their steps moorwards. *Tom Jennings* was the earliest of birds, and as his string walked in a circle in the centre of the course, their owner strode cheerily towards them, and the labours of the morning began. *Barford* looked ripe and ready, but *Vulcan* and *The Skater*, we thought, would rejoice when the tricolour was furled for the year.

Albert Victor and Tympanum, in their ghostly habiliments, looked more like spectre horses of the happy pastures, as they swept up "Sunlight Hill" and round by the Butts. When the chestnut pulled up, his condition evoked those varying opinions of trainers which so confuse the minds of querists. One said he liked a horse to sweat freely after exercise, while another would have it that the perfection of condition was indicated by his not turning a hair. So we departed as wise as we came, though there could be none found to deny that Olliver's nag blew considerably after a gallop which could have been none of the fastest. The majority voted Hannah dried up and wasted in muscle, but there was all the old fire which told of a heart in the right place, and the "Churchwarden" jockey looked confident enough as the mare pulled hard at him at the finish. Général did not permit himself to be "interviewed," and while his admirers were fondly gazing up the avenue for the appearance of Jem Perren and "Scott's lot," the big bay was taking his last gallop on Langton Wold, over the intricacies of whose tan gallop the touts averred he went like a lion. The Tuggill string wound in long procession round their ring by the pond, a favourite saddling place for the champions of the blue and silver, whose formidable phalanx was destined to leave Doncaster without scoring a single win. Fisherman was the handsomest, Bothwell the fittest, and Ringwood the most racing-like of Tom Dawson's lot; but Lord Hawke looked a trifle thievish, and Good Hope as irritable as ever. Their trainer directed movements from his pony, but the gallop was not of that kind which pleases Yorkshiremen, and they had no real champion to swear by as in days gone by. Digby Grand, like the Campbells, "ever fair and false," made no new friends. Somehow or other, "Matt's black" has endowed his offspring with those uneven tempers which also characterise the St. Albans and Caterer stock. Bloss came out with a string but small in comparison to that which formerly carried the Blankney clothing, and Rose of Athol, though a fine racing mare, was evidently not regarded as the Achievement of the Great Yorkshire Stakes and St. Leger.

There was a singular lack of that two-year-old element usually so conspicuous at Doncaster. The York *fiasco* had rather dimmed the brightness of Cremorne's hitherto unsullied career, and Malton, Middleham, and Richmond were unrepresented. Mr. Savile's colt is a thorough gentleman, and it is quite time for some winter Derby favourite to hold his own right through the piece and canter away from his field at Epsom in Thormanby style. The yellow and black plaid clothing of Russley, true to the Scottish traditions of its Laird,

though it covered no Sunshine or King of the Forest, yet showed its bold front as of old, and of the four who sported silk, Robert Peck led three winners back to scale. Competitor, with his long back and high "quality" quarters, led the resolute little Highland Fling, the "terribly high bred" Lioness filly, and the Thormanby—Clotilde combination in some smart work; but Lady of Lyons, perchance in mourning for her illustrious brother, galloped by herself one of the best morning spins. Joe Dawson had a lot at exercise rightly marked "dangerous:" Hopbine, quite the handsomest lady of Dundee's get, the sturdy Xanthus, and St. Vincent, a long-bottled preserve to be no longer hermetically sealed. Meleurge looked like a fortunate claim, as, indeed, he has turned out, and the blue clothing of Mentmore and Bedford Lodge may well be the cynosure of touting eyes for months to come. Mr. Houldsworth's jacket would remind one of the late Mr. Saxon's, but the clothing is far more gorgeous in its fairy-like colours of green and gold. It was proposed, we hear, to settle for ever the great Blacklock controversy by shutting up a well-known sporting doctor with Géant des Batailles for an hour in his box, which, it strikes us, would hardly have been found so comfortable as the lion's den. Sir Joseph's pair did not attract so much attention as in former years, when the Kingsclere quiver was full of two-year-olds: in these latter days the reforming Baronet has not thought fit to expose his hand as formerly, unless Bethnal Green came to show the poverty of the land. Matt Dawson's lot were quite at a discount, but Sterling was an absentee, and Lord Falmouth can afford to wait and hope. The jolly visage of Dover proclaimed that business was meant with The Dwarf, but the mighty "Jack," who must indeed be as good as his master to clip the wings of Sterling and Favonius, took matters somewhat easily.

The racing on Tuesday indicated plainly enough that fields were likely to be small and sport indifferent during the meeting. Vulcan and Chopette commenced a new rubber in the Fitzwilliam, and the young one scored first game easily. Jarvis, however, could not repeat his triumph on Rebecca in the Doncaster Plate, wherein Competitor exposed the rottenness of the Liverpool Cup field, and somewhat redeemed his two-year-old promise. Mr. Savile might have given his order for six dozen of champagne beforehand, for all the trouble his opponents gave Cremorne "from the Red House in," and Maidment had only to shake up the Parmesan bay to stall off Morris and the cherry. Yet there were found some to asseverate that the winner was "all out" at the finish; and there will always be some to take exception to the performances of favourites, whether

they win by heads or distances. The Filly Stakes was quite a sporting affair, though in point of appearance the Lioness filly certainly outshone Wildfire, who carried the once well-known Sweetsauce jacket. Lady of Lyons declined her Great Yorkshire engagement, but Triton was backed as if he were indeed among the minnows, and Hednesford stood the long backed Indian Ocean once again. Géant des Batailles was quite left out in the cold, but nevertheless would not be denied over his favourite vantage ground, and gained a place once more. Gertrude sweated ominously after her preliminary, and is not half the mare she showed herself last year; but directly The Dwarf was seen to cast his beaver into the ring, it was a guinea to a gooseberry on the son of Cavendish, who was judiciously waited with, and not hurried as at Warwick. Hunt appears to be thoroughly in luck, and we trust that he may carry some portion of it over the seas to his new home on Teutonic ground. Kleptomania did not atone for her Newcastle mishap in the Clumber Plate, wherein Drummond declined to finish his course kindly, and Highland Fling, with her flying mane, and white blaze and feet, kept up the Scottish Chief's charter for gameness, and sent Russley home rejoicing.

Notwithstanding the expected smallness of the St. Leger field and the absence of any especial public favourite, the "day of days" in Yorkshire racing annals drew together its vast crowds as of yore, and when the course had been cleared for St. Vincent's victory in the Corporation Stakes, the black masses might be discerned extending from well-nigh the Red House Bend to far beyond the winning post. The St. Leger is already a twice-told tale, nor did any incident worthy of notice occur to affect the preliminaries of the race. Towards the time when its decision drew nigh, Hannah was once more undoubted mistress of the situation, and, though she sweated after her canter, it was evident that before the start she had again cooled down to her usual state of composure, while no one was found bold enough to doubt her gameness and staying abilities. Like Wells in former days, so did French manœuvre for the last place in the parade for Albert Victor, whose unflinching courage in the issue of the combat was so well and sorely tried. Bothwell, on whom "Johnny" bore the stable's first colours, looked blooming enough, but Ringwood, even in Chaloner's hands, seemed fretful and nervous, and quite belied his promise of emulating Lord Clifden's success. Général was turned out as only Whitewall can deliver its charges to the jockey's care, and though John Scott was reported to have said that he wished for another fortnight with the Frenchman, there was no reason for his backers to complain, though they cannot be said to have entrusted their money to

the handsomest horse in the world. In fact, Général is by no means a taking horse, and though Tom Jennings swore by him, there were other good judges who decried him as a "written-up horse," and, spite of the ducal thousand, were content to "slate" him or leave him alone. Digby Grand was "looking every way for Sunday." It will be a happy day for owner, trainer, and jockey, when the black ceases to trouble the starter, and his craven heart is at rest. Morris did not seem proud of his tasting order for Bordeaux, and we fancy even Mr. Gilbey would have made but little out of him. Rose of Athol, like many others of the fair sex, was the last to appear. After the procession had been got through, M'George had his horses well in hand at the first time of asking, and down went the "flag of fate."

Five blue jackets flew over the hill together, but the Beckhampton tactics were altered, and Fordham did not attempt, as in the Derby, to come right through with his shifty Saunterer. Albert Victor, too, did not seem to require hurrying, and staying was supposed to be Général's forte. The pace seemed fairish throughout, but not quite first-rate, and at the Red House the tailing had hardly commenced. It was hereabouts Digby Grand for a moment looked formidable as he came round his horses, but the spurt was soon over, and then the cerise and grey died away inch by inch. Next the rails Maidment had Hannah well in hand, and just at the right moment set her going, stalling off the resolute challenge of Albert Victor and the last expiring struggles of Ringwood. No victory could have been better received, and no more enthusiastic crowd could have gathered round the Whitewall brougham than that which followed the mare home to scale, and redoubled its applause as Hayhoe handed her over to the Baron to lead in triumph to weigh in. Again and again was the shouting taken up, nor would those of her supporters in the enclosure be satisfied until they had paid the compliment of a round of cheers to the lady of the house whose name the Leger victress bears. So the old adage that "Everything comes round in time to him who can wait," has been triumphantly verified, and in all likelihood the Baron will enjoy for many years to come the enviable distinction of having won the three ribands of the year with animals of his own breeding. Doubtless the triumph would have been more complete could King Tom have claimed the sireship of Favonius, but the real "King of the Vale" has amply redeemed his character from the imputation of begetting non-stayers only, and has only to crown the edifice of his success by begetting a colt worthy of such distinguished relationship.

Chopette could hardly be held in the Bradgate Park Stakes, and Gladness was one of those good things in the Rufford Abbey Stakes

which the Bloss division are so prodigal in producing. It was quite a relief to see some excitement imported into a Queen's Plate, though the pursuit of Love is at all times an arduous one.

The Tugill luck during the week was heartbreaking, though many who saw Fisherman beaten by Barefoot on Thursday had fancied the chestnut might prefer three-quarters to a mile. The Two-year-old Sweepstakes, which generally falls to an outsider, and has on the last three anniversaries seen the blue and silver braid to the fore, included no champion of that stable in its field, and Cremorne showed that whether at five or six furlongs he was master still. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, and Onslow's defeat of him at York, we rather doubt if we have seen anything in the two-year-old line, as yet, within seven pounds of the Rufford horse; and as Parmesan and Maidment seem to be in luck, we hope to congratulate Mr. Savile on his first Derby as well as "his first champagne" before another year is over our heads. St. Vincent's presence spoiled the Portland Plate, and Anton, in the Eglington Stakes, made as short work of Highland Fling as he did last year of her half-sister, Queen of the Gipsies.

Friday saw a Fyfield certainty landed at last, when Jubilee cantered in an easy winner of the Prince of Wales's Plate, a prize instituted in lieu of the deposed Nursery. Mr. Craufurd richly deserves a turn, and we trust something better still is yet in store for him. In the time-honoured Park Hill, Hopbine, fairest of Dundee's daughters, and a light of the Middle Park harem, settled her opponents right easily. Sir Joseph's dark 'un, upon whose Leger chance some had waxed suddenly sweet, found no favour in Judge Clark's eyes. Another glimpse of the magenta and black in the Westmorland Stakes, and time and the hour brought us for decision the Cup, which was to settle once for all the pretensions of the Richmond filly. Some still held the Goodwood running a fluke, of which opinion York could not disabuse them; but, nobly as Barford strove, and wonderfully as he has improved under Tom Jennings's tuition, the mare would not be denied, and pink and black, with seven pounds extra, flashed bravely past the winning chair. John Scott seldom misses a race at Doncaster, and Field Marshal began the autumn manoeuvres well by reversing his Goodwood form with Dalnacardoch and distancing Ringwood, temporarily settled by his struggles in the Leger.

The yearling sales were the feature of the week, and the honours may be fairly said to have been divided between Lord Lyon, The Duke, and Lambton. Messrs. Graham sold a fine, well-grown lot from



their *repertorium* of Birdcatcher blood at Yardley, where The Duke has made his mark most unmistakably. His yearlings from Cherwell and Hippodamia established at once a reputation which his energetic owners will see amply carried out. The Oxforas were racing-like as usual, and his list will never want subscribers so long as Sterling and Kennington are held in remembrance. The British Lion went to the nod of Colonel Pearson for his sire's sake, so we shall see the "chevrons" once again. Colonel Astley had a fair sale with his young Nottinghams and Broomielaws, and the Haricot colt was quite the particular star of the Blankney lot, among which we saw the "last fruit off an old tree" in the shape of old Queen Mary's Rapid Rhone filly. Mr. Long would not be stalled off the Costa—Bonny Blink filly, and we shall be much mistaken if her name does not become one of dread on the Curragh. Colonel Pearson came across from Mr. Pain's ring in time to secure another "Lyon" colt from Sadie, and Mr. Watson, with his crack Adventurer filly and promising young Liddingtons, at once took rank with the crack breeders of the day. Mr. Newton's team was scarcely so grand as usual, though somewhat redeemed by Cœur de Lion and Lady Lyon. Mr. Merry took Woodcote more, we presume, for Moss Rose's sake than any great regard for shape, make, or blood. Lord Scarborough scarcely rings the changes enough among his brood mares, and *toujours Rataplan* will hardly secure success. However, Strathconan may work a change next year. Yorkshire Rose was a neat Adventurer, and the colt by Lord Lyon out of Phantom Sail went to keep company with Headingley, Yorkshire Relish, and Co. Thursday, however, was the day *par excellence*, as it usually is at Doncaster when Messrs. Sadler, Cookson, Johnstone, and Sir Tatton Sykes send their young hopefuls into the Corporation Field, and the giants of the Glasgow Stud stride round the limits of the ring. Sir Roger was a long, low, powerful horse, and the great financier bidding in the Hamilton interest secured him, while Mr. Gee, out of respect for the home blood, took Ringdove. Marquis of Ely was a regular flatcatcher, but Allan McDonogh would not be denied, and, we hear, resold him at a considerable advance. All Heart and No Peel will (*mutato nomine*, we trust) wear the yellow sheets of Russley. Bras-de-Fer went to Tom Dawson's bid, and when Windermere fell to Matt Dawson's nod for a thousand, the heart of Snarry rejoiced, and he departed in peace home to Sledmere. Lord Marmion led the van of the Neasham Hall beauties, and will sport the Houldsworth green and gold; and the Lambton Worm was secured by that early bird Tom Dawson. Beadroll was the premier yearling of the week, and Mr. Craufurd

bid for him like another Lord of the Hills, and may he turn out a more remunerative purchase. Sir David, another Lord Lyon, went to The Druid's schoolmaster; and Prescott, a nice, shapely Knowsley colt, joined Lord Marmion at Napier's. The Durham High Sheriff secured an average of five hundred for ten lots, while Sir Tatton's four represented eight hundred each. After these the Sheffield Laners showed less favourably, though there were plenty of sound, well-shaped youngsters among them, and Spae Wife, Flag of Truce, and Mammon were quite the pick of the basket. Nor did the Glasgow yearlings show the grand size and substance of last year, and Mr. Craufurd got the best of the bunch at exceedingly moderate prices. The fourth day's sale was comparatively uninteresting, though no doubt some bargains were secured; but, taking them altogether, no finer set of yearlings ever gladdened the eyes of lovers of horseflesh than those which paraded before Messrs. Tattersall in this present year of grace. And as a proof of the remunerative prices the stock of an untried stallion may command, we may mention that the average of the thirteen Lord Lyons sold during the meeting was something over 350 guineas.

With many of such we hope to renew the acquaintance another year, when Yorkshire again celebrates her annual festival; in the meantime we leave the "town of butterscotch and mellow pears" to sleep in its dull monotony again, like another Rip van Winkle, till the Leger week sounds the keynote of preparation, and houses are swept and garnished, and prices raised in honour of the coming guest, and "Hannah's year" has become a thing of the past.

ASTEROID.

# LEAVES FROM THE AUTO- BIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TERRIER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FORTUNE OF BIRTH.

**I** WAS born in the stable of Cosmo Bygrave, Esq., of Bygrave Hall. I believe there were six or eight of us of the same litter: at any rate there were more of us than were wanted; so that all but two were immediately put into the stable bucket. What determined that I should be one of the two selected to survive I do not know. I do not think it was any regard to the accident of primogeniture. I am rather inclined to think it was some characteristic in me regarded as a merit in the eyes of the groom who had the disposal of us. Those who may take any pleasure in these personal reminiscences are indebted to his prompt discernment.

It is a very summary process, that of the stable bucket; but it has often occurred to me since that some such arrangement introduced into the families of great people would materially diminish the amount of chagrin, heartburning, and melancholy that is in the human world. For there is no such source of care and anxiety to parents, no such pitiable class to themselves, as the superfluous members of a rich man's family, the younger sons of a gentleman of handsome, but not exorbitant, landed estate. The Bygrave estate was not without its drawbacks of this nature, as may be understood from what fell under my own observation.

Cosmo Bygrave, as the eldest son of his father, was born to face the difficulty of making three thousand a year support him in the condition of a country gentleman. He succeeded to it at the age of twenty-seven. It was by no means clear. His mother had her jointure, and two sisters very moderate annuities, charged upon it. But the ladies still had their home at the Hall. The jointure charge was in reality hardly a charge, for as yet it was freely disbursed in establishment expenses, such as maintenance of the carriage and most of the household servants. Of three younger brothers, the first had been forwarded in the Army by use of a little money and much interest in high quarters; the second had been sent to India, where he was doing well. So that in one form or another the public

exchequer was doing its duty in relieving the Bygrave rent-roll from undue pressure. Only Frank, the youngest brother, remained unable on his own resources as yet to assume in the social world the proper position of a Bygrave. He had passed through college, and it was intended that he should make his way at the Bar : but as yet he had made very little way. As will be easily understood, Mr. Cosmo was not quite in the position to marry with prudence, unless the lady should bring with her, or have early prospect of bringing, the wherewith to supply the sinews of establishment which would be withdrawn from the Hall with the dowager lady. The Bygraves always had married prudently. There is a great deal in family habit and tradition in such matters. Mr. Cosmo had held the estate for five years ; but still he was a bachelor. If he would have seen it, he might have made a very eligible match with either of the three daughters of his neighbour, General Arlsey. The General had no son, no land to speak of, to interfere with the even partition of a handsome fortune among his daughters. He was old, indisposed to much society, and supposed to live much within his means. He had been long left a widower ; therefore his daughters had not the advantage of having a Mamma to give on proper occasions encouragements or discouragements. It may be that Cosmo Bygrave simply had not time to give to the idea of falling in love. For commonly, I think, it requires some idle time. That seems its natural soil. Where that is in abundance, love springs up unbidden, like wallflowers on a ruin. As it was, Cosmo's whole time and mind were absorbed by the propagation, preservation, and death of pheasants and foxes, and all means tending thereto. If he could but have commanded the needful time, he had admirable personal opportunity for falling in love with Fanny Arlsey. She was a great favourite with the ladies of Bygrave Hall. She would sometimes come and stay with them for a week or ten days at a time, especially before or after a county ball or archery meeting. There were people, I believe, ill-natured enough to observe that if Miss Fanny should take it into her head to desire to leave her father, and reside permanently at Bygrave Hall, the General would have only his own imprudence to blame for it. Perhaps he had faced the contingency, and felt that he could endure it ; though he did not pass for a very even-tempered man.

It was on the occasion of one of these visits that affairs came to a crisis. As far as I could judge, from my position in the family, a very pleasant time of it the young people had spent, for Mr. Frank Bygrave was at home ; and a very pleasant, lively fellow he was. He had not the care of several litters of foxes upon his mind, and

therefore gave abundance of time to the young ladies. I had known such merry times before that ended in nothing but good-byes. But now it was not so. Some accident must have happened which I was not present to witness, nor any other dog who could tell me : but something had induced Mr. Frank and Miss Fanny to come to an understanding that they were so much interested each in the other that nothing would serve but they must be married. It seemed as if trouble began with Mr. Frank at the very anticipation of such an event. "I tell you what, Cosmo, I'd as soon give myself up at the next police-station for an unsuspected murder, as ride over to Oakfield this morning, as I have promised Fanny I will." This was said by Frank, soon after he joined his brother on the parapet of a rustic bridge, where he was smoking a cigar after morning "stables."

"What's your plan of campaign?" says Cosmo.

"Just this :—After what slipped out last evening, she says she cannot stay here another day, unless the General knows and allows it. So far this is true and right, that we cannot stay here together, for we might tide it over and make no fuss by my going off to chambers at once. But that would be only shirking, and carrying an intolerable load of uncertainty with me. It's better to know the worst at once. If the General won't have it, I can then go off to town, and leave Fanny to finish her visit to my mother; nothing said, no scene made, no food for gossips."

"You can't do better. But how do you propose to put it before the old gentleman in a taking way?"

"Thus :—Fanny is to write a letter to her father to give him the first idea of the thing, and her own feelings upon it, and the ice being broken, as I see my way, I am to make the best fight I can. Looked at impartially, it really isn't such a bad affair. I *must* do something, or get something, in due time. I would not mind waiting a bit, nor would she. Of course she must eventually have a pretty little fortune to help us. Meantime the General might allow us the little we should really want. In short, if he would only hear reason, I have no doubt I could put the thing before him in a proper light. But I don't expect he will. It is much more likely that he will propose to kick me out of his house for an impudent vagabond."

"I can better your plan," says Cosmo; "let me go instead of you. It's a maxim of your own, a man that pleads his own cause has a fool for his client. I shall have no passion, no nervousness. I'll make a good fight for you, and perhaps may draw the General out by promising to do my part in befriending you. At any rate, with me there will be no danger of any kicking out."

Frank was so exhilarated by this offer that he jumped up. If he could, I believe he would have turned a somersault; as it was, he only flung up his hat. It was settled. Frank was to get the letter written. Mr. Cosmo would be over at Oakfield half an hour before luncheon. He would meet Frank, on his return journey, at Brigham, where, in the event of the worst, he would be ready to take the train for London.

Cosmo Bygrave arrived at Oakfield as he had proposed, but, rather to his discomfiture, fell in with the ladies on his way up to the hall door. He had therefore some difficulty in getting hold of General Arlsey, and quietly letting him know that he wished for a quarter of an hour with him in his private room. While the General was arranging this, he had time to cast over in his mind all the possible contingencies which might make Mr. Bygrave desire such an interview. One such he had not omitted, as in his own view not only very possible but very probable. Fanny was at the Hall. She had written two or three days before for a further leave of absence. Mr. Bygrave's mission *might* be connected with her. If so, it was for Mr. Bygrave to open. For himself, he had only to listen; which, probably, he would do with considerable complacency. When it came, Cosmo's opening seemed at once to confirm his suspicion in that quarter.

"General, I have a delicate and difficult task to perform. Perhaps simply on my manner of acquitting myself may depend the continuance of that happy familiarity which has so long subsisted between our families. I am afraid of saying too much or too little; but I will not at least prejudice my case by anticipating difficulties on your part. We may get soonest and best into the middle of the matter if you will be good enough to read this note for you, with which I am entrusted by your daughter Fanny, and I need not say how much interest I take in your favourable reception of it."

"Certainly, Mr. Bygrave; anything that comes from you with such a preface is, I may say, at once likely to be favourably received. However, let us see what the young lady has to say."

With this disposition General Arlsey read:—

"DEAR, DEAR PAPA,—One dear, kind word from you will make me completely happy. Oh! so happy. Though I have lain awake all night, thinking how and what I can write to you to make sure of your letting me accept the proposal that has been made to me, all that I thought of has gone out of my head, and I do not know what to say—hardly what I am writing; but Mr. Bygrave will tell you all

that I cannot write. Only I must say, dearest Papa, that when you were so kind as to allow me to stay a week longer here, I did not mean to deceive or conceal anything from you. I did not allow myself to think *why* I was so happy in being here. I assure you I did not know till yesterday evening that *he loved me*. I didn't think I *could* have written these words, but I have. Do let me think of it; and if you hesitate, tell dear Harriet and Emily, and let them persuade you to send quick happiness to your loving, anxious daughter,

“FANNY.”

The General occupied some considerable time in reading the note; indeed, an unnecessarily long time, as though he felt it suitable to the occasion to be very precise, and gave no appearance of haste. At the same time, there was a stolen play on his features which seemed to indicate that he was quizzing poor Fanny's expressions. No doubt he was, meanwhile, calculating the part he was himself to play. That being arranged, he quietly laid the note down. Still he said nothing, evidently waiting for Mr. Bygrave to open, which he did.

“I presume, sir, that Miss Fanny has let the murder out; so that I need not begin the story at the very beginning. Where, then, shall I take it up? for I do not know what *is* and what is *not* written. Will it be enough to assure you how earnestly we hope that the alliance of our families may not be displeasing to you?”

“As to letting out murder, or anything else, I cannot say much for Fanny's powers of narrative; but I suppose she writes as well as might be expected from any young lady who has just had her head turned by an offer, and has not yet had time to recover her common sense. However, the story *is* so far told that it requires no conjuror to explain it all. As for my approval and sanction, I'll be very frank with you, as an old soldier should be. I hate all mystification, even if you could suppose any hesitation on my part. She has my consent heartily. Give me your hand, Mr. Bygrave.”

Cosmo gave his hand, and, answering to the warmth of the General's shake, added, “Upon my word, General, this is very handsome and kind in you; far beyond the best I had ventured to hope. I had a great deal of good eloquence in store, and thought I should have to use it.”

“Then you didn't know me. Pooh! pooh! I'm an old soldier; I should have been ashamed of myself to be quite surprised in such a matter, when I knew I was in front of such an enemy. I should be much to blame, indeed, if I let young blood remain together for a

fortnight, with nothing to do but make the agreeable to each other, if I was not prepared to take the consequences. So far, foreseeing it as at least a possibility, I give my hand, and may say at once that I contemplate the match with sincere satisfaction."

"Indeed, General! I appreciate your warm feeling to our family; but I know that even the best of fathers will be ambitious for their daughters, especially such a daughter as Fanny, who would grace a coronet. You know pretty well, I suppose, our family resources: respectable, but not large. My other brothers are tolerably well provided for in their professions; but I always thought that my father did some injustice to Frank, from being too sanguine as to the force of his abilities and character. His is a profession in which the grass has commonly a long time to grow before haytime. Meantime it is my intention to do as much for him as will enable him to live respectably with reasonable economy, till something may be got for him. Now, with your interest conjoined to mine, this may be found he earlier."

"I honour your right feeling to your brother, Mr. Bygrave; and not to be left behind you in that, in prospect of such an alliance I shall be prepared to give such an advancement with Fanny at once as shall be at least equivalent to your liberality to Mr. Frank. If I had any ambition for my daughter, I can safely say it would always have been satisfied by a match with the son of my old friend Colonel Bygrave. I am only anxious to secure to her a reasonable prospect of happiness. I know that this is not to be commanded simply by titles or large fortune. Indeed, I profess I never cared for money in my daughters' matches. My girls will eventually have something fair of their own. They are good girls. I have always had full confidence in them, and would give them the freest choice for their life settlements; and I must say that Fanny has quite justified my confidence. Now come into luncheon."

"Why, thank you, General; but if you will allow me to give Fanny a hint of what is coming from you, I think I would rather be off at once. My brother all this time is in a frightful fever. I shall meet him at Brigham, where, to say the truth, I left him ready to go off and commit suicide in London, in case, as he feared, you should refuse your consent."

"Your brother! Eh! Mr. Bygrave? What brother?"

"My brother Frank, to be sure."

"I did not know he was in the country: what has he to say to it?"

"What? General. Everything, I should think. What have we been talking about?"



"An offer, I supposed, which you had done me the honour to make to my daughter Fanny; and from what she writes I should think she must be under the same impression."

"Impossible, General. I found my brother Frank on the point of setting out to see you, and, seeing he was very down-hearted at the prospect of such an interview, I offered myself as mediator between you. Fanny wrote her note for me, to give me an introduction to the business. I cannot think that she can have written a word which is inconsistent with such a position on my part; and, as it has been the only idea in my mind, I cannot have uttered a word which could have borne another reference."

While Mr. Bygrave was speaking, the General was again reading Fanny's note. Still under the influence of his own prepossessions and wishes, the whole thing seemed to him perfectly incomprehensible. He had a strong conviction that he was an injured man—deeply injured; that he had been trifled with, played upon. He deeply regretted that Mr. Bygrave should have been induced to play a part in such a foolish business. He had had a high opinion of Mr. Frank Bygrave; hoped he would succeed in his profession; and, indeed, he must allow that even in the present case he seemed to display some common sense by expecting that he, the General, would exercise reasonable prudence in behalf of his daughters.

The upshot was that poor Fanny was recalled, and sent to visit a maiden aunt, who was taking the Harrogate waters: while Mr. Frank went back to his murky chambers a still murkier man. That trouble to himself, to Fanny, and to the General, poor Frank would have saved, if, like those superfluous brothers of mine, he had been put into the stable bucket very early in life.

What was the end of this affair Arlsey, I regret that up to this time I have never been able to learn, for this misadventure took place only a week or two before my removal from Bygrave Hall, after which I lost sight of the family, and none of the chances of my later life have brought me into communication with any dog who knew them.

## CHAPTER II.

### DULLERBY.

Wipe off, dear friends, the falling tear;  
I am not dead, but buried here.

SOMEWHERE in an old churchyard I found this epitaph. It exactly describes one period of my life—if it might be called life; the eighteen months which I spent at Dullerby. Mr. Cosmo Bygrave had given

me as an eligible companion to his friend Tom Moody, then and for a year or two before Curate of Dullerby. This was an ancient country town, consisting of one irregular street, unless you should consider as two the difference of locality known to the natives as "up street" and "down street." Grass would have grown in this street, but that, as the soil was a hungry sharp gravel, every blade died in the first week of a summer sun. There was no railroad within ten miles. The last and crumbling monument of any motion to or from the place consisted of a yellow and black contrivance upon four wheels, formerly called a "po-chay." This was to be found in the yard of a house to the front of which was still affixed a board bearing the words "Inn and Posting House." Nobody could say when this machine was last used. The oldest dog in the place had heard his grandmother say that she had brought up a litter of puppies in it, and nobody knew of them till they were two months old. In my time it was only used, conveniently enough, by sitting hens. Dullerby is said to have been once the seat of a lively trade. The staple manufactures were warming-pans and ladies' fronts; gentlemen's cotton nightcaps are also said to have had some footing in the place. The life of the town seems to have fallen with those fashions. Warming-pans, no doubt, are to be seen in the British Museum; but perhaps that institution does not possess a "lady's front" such as I saw worn by the elderly females of Dullerby. To avoid offending the eye by the exhibition of grey hair, I observed that these ladies covered the whole head with a close-fitting cap of brown or black silk, which was again almost concealed by a structure of muslin, with many frills and large bows of riband; under the frills and upon the forehead was affixed the "front;" this was made of hair, either real or imitation, and, being divided in the middle, was carried to either side in some ten or fifteen curls, two inches long, and of the dimensions of a drawing pencil. These were on either side held firmly back by small tortoiseshell combs. This mode of dressing the forehead was thought to give an exceedingly youthful appearance to faces furrowed with small wrinkles and having the complexion of a tambourine which has seen service. The favourite colour of the front was a tint between tow and chestnut.

Dogs or men who have spent their time in any inhabited place can have no idea of the deadliness of Dullerby. Those who have serious thoughts of committing suicide ought to go and take a house there. It would give them some idea of what the state of death is. If they liked it they might then go in for the coroner's inquest; and no reasonable person would find fault with them. The people of the

place were, as they are elsewhere, divided into two parties ; but it was not, as elsewhere, into High Church and Low Church, Big-endians and Little-endians : here the difference lay between those who were in the churchyard and those who were *not*. There might have been in times past characteristics distinguishing the Living from the Dead, as there once were between Whigs and Tories ; but the present generation seemed to have outgrown or lost those features, so far as a bystander could judge of them, and to have preserved only the party names and traditional animosities. For, little as I could see to choose between the two, the Livings did not willingly have anything to do with the Deads, and I never heard that any of the Deads visited the Livings ; in truth, I believe they were not on speaking terms. Of course my master made it a point to know everybody, and, like the resident apothecary, was sometimes called in professionally to mediate between the two parties. Mr. Leach used sometimes to crow as if he really had effected a conversion from the Deads, but I am sure his mediation much more frequently ended in a secession from the Livings. On the whole, the Deads were so much the gaining party, that the Livings, like one of those benefit societies held in so much aversion by Mr. Tidd Pratt, could only as a party be sustained by new members from without. It is true that the Livings who joined the Deads were subject to be cut by their old friends ; but *we* made no difference ; it was quite the same thing to us whether we read the name of an acquaintance on his tombstone or on his street door. Apropos of tombstones, a thing happened at Dullerby when we were there, which anywhere else would have created a sensation. One fine moonlight night some one with a great deal of leisure and a pot of white paint had passed up the silent street. Wherever he found the name of a sleeping inmate painted upon his house door, or engraved on a brass plate, he had made some little memorial addition. So when my master and I went out for our dip early on the following morning, we found ourselves apparently in a cemetery. Among other inscriptions on our way we read :—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

COTES and BAGGS,  
*Tailors.*  
FUNERALS FURNISHED.

L E A C H,  
*Surgeon & Accoucheur.*

Not dead, but sleeping.

*Mrs. Paine.*

Death eased me of my Pain.

HERE ARE DEPOSITED  
THE MORTAL REMAINS OF

*Miss Cribbage.*

Here rests

**Mr. JOB CAUDLE.**

Having survived his Partner six months,  
After 49 years of wedded life.  
"Afflictions sore long time I bore."

**BUNKS,**  
*Coal Merchant.*

A tender Wife, a Father dear,  
And three small Children sleepeth here.

*Mrs. Sarcenet,*  
*Dressmaker.*

R. I. P.

**A. POLE,**  
*Shoemaker.*

An upright man and  
faithful to the last.

*Mr. Sands.*

Run out.

HERE LIE

**SLIPPERY & SLY,**  
*Solicitors.*

M. S.

*Miss Higgs.*

**KNOCK AND RING.**

Born Aug. 1, 1712.  
Died Feb. 30, 1845.

*Captain BRANDISH.*

Departed in peace,  
April 1, 1832.

This waggery, which, as I said, would have made some to-do elsewhere, in Dullerby fell dead.

Society, properly so called of course, there was none. Occasionally, indeed, my master would take tea with Mrs. Paine, to meet the Rector, the professionals, and ladies of the place. On such occasions Miss Cribbage would look to my master for escort home, "In case," as she observed very properly, "she should meet any one;" though in truth that was very unlikely. I usually went with my master to make morning calls. The conversation I thus fell in for was often like listening to an old almanack of impaired memory. In this way I have heard that Mungo Park died defending Seringapatam against Lord Clive; that Belzoni was a favourite attendant of Queen Charlotte; that the "Rejected Addresses" were written by a Mr. Baggs, afterwards Lord Eldon; that this Mr. Baggs was certainly first cousin to their respectable fellow-townsmen, the tailor; though the Eldon family did not keep up any connection with the Baggses. It should, however, be mentioned, to the credit of the Lord Chancellor, that he had once sent a lottery-ticket to the father of the present Baggs, to give him a chance of mending his fortune. Nothing came of it.

My master's Rector, the Rev. Silas Graves, deserves special mention. Happily for me, there was no Mrs. Graves, so that I had as free entrance as my master into the Rector's cosy sitting room; *library*, he called it. There were, however, not many books in it, and they were very much of one class—namely, that branch of theology which is most useful for those who have to deliver sermons. The

authors of these volumes did not bear very distinguished names ; so much so that I was inclined sometimes to suspect that the Rector's shelves were a burial-place for all the volumes of " Parochial Sermons " which had fallen still-born from the press in the previous thirty years.

Since among the many names I have borne when attached to different owners I have never had a Christian name (like Bob, Billy, or Charlie), I never went to church. I cannot, therefore, speak of Mr. Graves's qualities in the pulpit. I have no doubt he was admirably adapted to his place and parishioners. No doubt to his efficiency it was owing that he could boast, as he did with emphasis, that " the spirit of Dissent was dead," like everything else, in Dullerby. Whatever the Rector may have been " in the wood," when my master and I sat with him in the library he gave me quite the idea of a man who had really been alive once, and within his recollection. On one of these occasions he gave my master an account of how he came into possession of the living, so called, of Dullerby. While he was boy and young man, his maiden aunt, Miss Araminta Graves, was one of the ornaments of Dullerby society. This kind-hearted lady used to invite him and expect him to spend with her some part of his winter holidays ; and in this way gave him frequent opportunities of becoming accomplished in the mysteries of dead commerce, and the art of pleasing elderly ladies. About the time when Mr. Silas began to shave regularly, he unfortunately found many obstacles to accepting the kind lady's hospitalities. Some of his judicious relatives suggested to him that it was indiscreet in him not to energetically overcome these obstacles, lest the old lady, though not more touchy and suspicious than others of her age, sex, and condition, should begin to think that he did not consider Dullerby agreeable. But the event showed the dear old lady's mind was free from any such mis-giving ; for just about that time the next presentation to the rectory was to be had a great bargain, as she was assured by her good friend old Sly (the firm was then Sly and Slippery). Miss Graves did not let it slip. She had put Silas into her will for £5,000 Consols. She now at once gave him the advantage of it so far that she invested £2,500 in the purchase of the presentation for him. He was already in Deacon's orders. To indemnify herself for the loss of income she sunk the other £2,500 in an annuity on her own life. By the advice of Mr. Sly she kept the whole transaction quite quiet ; thinking—good creature !—to surprise her dear nephew with the tidings that he was named Rector of Dullerby ; for the vacancy might occur any day. In fact, however, it did not occur for fifteen years, some ten years after the old lady's soul followed her works. Mr. Graves, as I have heard, living for many

years in expectation of the falling-in of his legacy in valuable form, had somewhat involved himself before he became absolute Rector. This perhaps is the reason why he had never married; and why, though having a very good nominal income, he still lived very quietly, as the manner of the place was.

This incident of clerical life, succession to preferment, naturally introduces the event which restored us, my master and me, to the world of the living. One morning, when he came into his sitting-room, he found upon the breakfast table, beside his newspaper, two letters. The letter that lay uppermost was addressed by a lady's hand. This one he simply removed, and, taking up the other, thought aloud, "Oh! my father. What has he got to say?" My master had no secrets from me. I will give the letters exactly as he read them, with interjectional comments. This was Colonel Moody's:—

"MY DEAR TOM,—Your uncle writes to me that he has at last brought the Secretary to bay; and that he has secured for you the Chancellor's living of Oldminster. The *Clergy List*, I see, makes it over £400, with 3,000 odd population. Sir Henry learns from a friend who knows the place well that it is vacant by the death of an able and energetic man, who took a very good professional position in the neighbourhood. He has left behind him an influential class of parishioners, well disposed to support a successor who knows his work and will do it. This, I conceive, is just what you would wish; unless you are demoralised by the atmosphere of that hole in which you have buried yourself these three years; Heaven knows why."

"Heaven does know why: and I know why; though you do not, sir."

"If you accept, as I suppose you will, you have nothing to do but to write so to Sir Henry. Of course I foresee that this provision will have an early sequence in your marriage. I have never concealed from you that Miss Maybury is not exactly the person whom I could wish you had chosen for a wife. But this is the last time I shall ever betray such a thought or feeling, for, even if you were to see with my eyes, after your long engagement there can be no question of breaking off. I earnestly hope you may realise that happiness in married life which doubtless you picture to yourself. I hear by the last mail that Frank has passed with credit, and hopes to get the interpretership. I know no other news to send you, unless it be that Lizzie's last treasure 'has cut two teeth.'—I am, my dear boy, your affectionate father,

"CLEMENT MOODY."

“Umph! It's come at last. Well; what must be must. ‘Picture to yourself.’ I only wish I was no artist in that way.” With this observation, my master opened the newspaper, and began his breakfast. This finished, he opened the lady's letter and read:—

“MY OWN LOVE,—When will the time come that I can tell you everything without sitting down to write? I am always wanting to say something to you, a thousand times a day, but when I sit down to write I feel as if I had got nothing to say, but my dear, dear Love. It is quite horrible to think it, but really I have a sort of dread of Monday when I am to write to *you*, for I feel as if your dear grave eye was looking through me when you are reading one of Lotty's *silly letters*, only I *sometimes* think you do not really read them all. I am so afraid of having one of your terrible lecture letters, that make me feel so unworthy of you, and Mamma does not comfort me, for she says I ought to attend to what you advise me, instead of crying over it. *Yes, I do really cry.* But then I say nobody is good enough to be your wife, and perhaps I may be as good as another. I know that I shall never be a parragon.”

“Why does the little fool use words that she cannot spell?”

“Mamma wants me to take to the housekeeping; but I say the time will come for that plague when I have happiness to compensate for it. I hate to have to be scolding servants and thinking about dinner to-morrow; besides I can't feel settled enough; and then I always get the books wrong, and cruel Mamma makes me make up the difference out of my own pocket-money—to teach me carefulness, she says. It's a very nasty way of teaching. I know I shall have to do these sort of things when we are *so* happy, love, but then I shall have your wonderful head to help me in everything.

“The Miss Grays called on Saturday about one of their worries; I think it was a clothing club, or something of that sort, and they wanted me to do something, and said in a very nasty way I should, as I was to be a clergyman's wife; but I cut Miss Sarah very short.”

“You thought yourself very clever, no doubt, and she thought you a fool; that's the difference between you. ‘Needles and pins; needles and pins.’”

With this observation he put the letter in his pocket, and we went off to the rectory.

I have said my master had no secrets from me; from himself,

therefore, I gathered the history of his engagement with Miss Charlotte Maybury. Nevertheless, I have taken some pains to test and compare his facts by hearing Miss Maybury's story from her dog Tiney. I suppose that as long as the world lasts there will in such matters be Moodyites and Mayburyites. Tiney championed his mistress. I will own, while I endeavour to tell the truth only, that *my sympathies* led me to be a decided Moodyite.

George Maybury was Mr. Moody's most intimate college friend. They were both hard-working men, for the most part worked together, and together they came out in a good position in the class-list. Both were intended for Orders. But they had a year and a half yet before them. In the summer that followed the taking of their degree they went abroad together. Never were young men happier. But sorrow came at Munich. George Maybury broke a blood-vessel upon the lungs. It was some weeks before he could be moved. Never was nurse so careful, tender, and unwearied as Tom Moody. At last he brought his friend to Broadfield, and to the care of his widowed mother and his sisters, but especially of his eldest sister Charlotte, then a pretty but delicate girl of eighteen. Of course the gratitude of the family towards Tom knew no bounds. He could not but be pleased with it and interested in them. After a short stay with his own family, Tom returned to Broadfield, quickened by a confidential communication from his friend George that he had much more serious fears about himself than his medical man would admit there was ground for, or than his mother seemed to have any idea of. They were only too well grounded. In two months' time it was acknowledged that George Maybury was sinking in rapid decline. Mr. Moody, unwilling to be a charge on Mrs. Maybury's hospitality, took a lodging for himself in the town. He could read as well or better there than elsewhere, and be of use and comfort to his friend. He intimately shared in all the intense feeling of the household. What wonder that Mr. Moody was worshipped by mother, son, and daughters. In the following May, he saw the turf laid upon his friend's grave. He was now to part from the mourners. Till now he did not know what a difficulty that would be. Is it to be wondered at that Charlotte Maybury's feeling of regard for her brother's friend should insensibly have grown to a feeling towards him of her own, ardently as secretly cherished for its own sweet sake? Nor was she to be blamed that even unconsciously she showed her heart to him. First he doubted; then he feared; then he was interested; and when the parting was imminent he profoundly pitied. He pitied all. He felt how much comfort he could give to all by one word to



one, and before parting he spoke that word. Thus was his engagement made to Charlotte Maybury. It was not welcomed the less in the mourning house at Broadfield that it might be an engagement only for many years. More than four of those years had now passed by. Time had long since done its natural work in binding the turfs which had been laid upon George Maybury's grave, and in healing those heart-wounds which were bleeding so sadly when that grave was opened. Charlotte Maybury, centred in self, had really forgotten her brother. He was only remembered by her to furnish occasionally, for Mr. Moody's benefit, a shallow, sentimental allusion to "poor George." Pretty still, with at least the prettiness of youth, she was indolent and frivolous. Every effort, or at least every motive, for self-improvement, and for rendering herself useful and agreeable, seemed to have been arrested by her engagement. Habitually vain, she was especially vain of *that*. Conscious of the immeasurable superiority of Mr. Moody in mind and moral worth, she was intensely proud of her *conquest*, as she reckoned it. Utterly unable to appreciate his character and motives to action, she credited her fascinations over him to her beauty and gaiety of disposition. Wise men have their toys. Grave men love a contrast. True it is that she sometimes had flashes of conviction how little she was calculated to bring to him happiness as a companion through life. But she never dreamed of such a sacrifice as the seriously giving him an offer of emancipation. Such misdoubtings were at once expressed and answered as in the letter we have heard read. They were written, too, with half a hope of their being overwhelmed by fervent contradictions and protestations of fondness. With Mr. Moody time also, absence, but above all Charlotte Maybury's letters, had dissipated the poetic colouring of those life-clouds which gathered about George Maybury's death-bed. As the naked truth of Charlotte's character grew upon him he became uneasy. He feared he had done foolishly. But why despond? He had won the girl easily, too easily, unconsciously. Now he would *make* the woman. There was ample time. He was quite satisfied with the reality and force of her affection towards him. With all the thought and gentleness with which he had nursed George Maybury, he set about to guide and stimulate the weak girl who clung to him. But the soil would not bear the culture. As time went on he found to his chagrin that his pains were thrown away. His most affectionate appeals were "lecture-letters," received as we have heard. What could he do? Break off the engagement? As Colonel Moody had said, it was not to be thought of. If happiness on *neither* side was to be looked for in the marriage, that step

might have been taken. But as far as he could see and believe, it was *only his own* which was to fail. Perhaps he had only to hint such a feeling to Mrs. Maybury to be severely released. But he knew what the Mayburys would think of him, and what would be said by the outside world. All the obligations of the Mayburys to him would be forgotten, and he would be denounced as a heartless deceiver, who had destroyed the happiness of the family. He had artfully engaged the affections of a simple girl, and played with her through the best years of her life, while for his sake she had rejected many opportunities of happy settlement in life. If he was young when he engaged himself, he was old enough to have counted the cost to her and to himself of indulging his vanity.

Tom acknowledged this ; so without a word or hint to any one he was ready to pay the cost he had incurred. But in truth he was in no hurry for pay-day. There were moments when he thought of all sorts of mad schemes to extricate himself—mission-work among the Zulus or Patagonians, or sudden and mysterious disappearances, never to be heard of more. They were never really entertained. Practically he was content to lie in the obscurity of Dullerby, and make no serious effort to get out of it. But now Fate or Fortune had taken the disposal of him out of his own hands. Preferment had dropped upon him. He must announce it to Broadfield ; and hear it echoed with the exuberance of congratulation. My poor master ! The illusion of domestic happiness had, like everything else, died out at Dullerby, and he was about to bury it in the sepulchre of matrimony. This was his thought when he uttered that terrible line—

*Lasciate ogni speranza voi che'ntrate.*

### CHAPTER III.

#### VICISSITUDES.

WHILE I was fondly speculating how far the coming change in my master's condition would affect my happiness also, Fortune disposed of me in a very unforeseen way. It happened that Mr. Moody took me with him into a town of much more life and extent than Dullerby. I unfortunately became too much "interested" in some of the novelities of the scene, and particularly in an accidental dog-fight. What induced me to take a side in it I do not now recollect. I only remember that I was very vociferously cheering the dog I wished to encourage, when I was rudely kicked aside, and the owner of one of the fighting dogs, after nearly suffocating him, carried him off by the

neck. I turned to follow my master, but he was nowhere to be seen. I tried to retrace my steps, but was at fault at once. I would have vowed I knew the smell of my master's boot-sole among a thousand. I am sure I should have detected it had only some half-dozen other men passed that way; but here was such a conflict of smells that I was utterly bewildered. I looked up in the faces of the passers. I had not thought there were so many people in the world whom I had never seen before. I began to run. I ran faster. I expected every moment to hear the cry of "Mad dog!" raised behind me. In my terror I even fancied that some thoughtless boy did say it. I cannot express the horror that fell upon me. I have no recollection of what happened to me afterwards till I found myself shut up in a stable. How long I was there I cannot say, but long enough to recover a sense of my position, and to feel very miserable. Surely, thought I, my master cannot be expecting when he is married to feel as unhappy as I do now. I trust not. I was at last roused from a most melancholy train of thought by the cautious opening of the door. A man entered, and looked at me; he was a rough-looking fellow, but he spoke kindly—I thought he seemed to pity me. He fetched a dish of water, and set it before me. Blessings on him! I was fevered, parched. I drank greedily. He seemed gratified. For my part, I thought I had never tasted such delicious water. I was very grateful. My friend, for I felt he was my friend, added to his kind intentions by offering me a dried piece of liver. I had no great appetite for it, yet I ate some, and again returned to the water. My benefactor put out his hand to caress me. I permitted it. He took me up, put me in his pocket, and left the stable. By the time that he continued in the motion of walking, I judge that he must have gone more than a mile before I felt him stop after descending steps. He took me out, put a string round my neck, tied me up, and left me. As soon as my eyes became accustomed to the dimness of the place, I found I was in a dingy cellar. There were other dogs in company. From them I soon learnt the true state of my case. I, with them, was in the hands of the dog-stealers. Probably I should have shuddered to find myself in such a position, but I was at the same moment reassured by the sentiments I found prevailing among my companions. Our detention in this murky place would be short. We should soon find new homes. We were in the hands of those who knew our true value. They would not part with us without very due consideration. Those who bought dogs at high prices necessarily had good establishments, and cared much for their dogs. It was the *given-away* dog who had most to fear for his future. Some

of our number had had large experience of the dog-stealers' transactions; one had been sold three times over in six months. It was the fellows' way with a valuable dog that if, in their opinion, a new proprietor did not take sufficient care of the animal, they would steal him again, and take the earliest opportunity of finding him quarters where he would be more appreciated. There was a class of dogs (they flattered me by saying I was of it) very often bought by young gentlemen to be given to young ladies to whom they were engaged. There was no harm in being given away in *that* form. There was nothing then to fear but over-feeding and indigestion. One often got into most interesting situations. At any rate, one enlarged one's knowledge of the world, canine and human. A dog's life, they said, was too short to admit of making many acquaintances which would ripen into pleasurable attachments—far too short to admit of being thrown away on useless melancholy if (as was my case) such an attachment, once formed, was crossed by fate. This was not spoken by any one dog, but is a summary of the general contributions. Some of the observations did not quite approve themselves to my feelings, for I was much attached to Mr. Moody. Perhaps my feelings towards him were now unnaturally stimulated by something of pity. Yet I recollected how entirely I had outgrown the despondency which possessed me on first leaving Bygrave Hall. In short, if the cynical sentiments were not quite true to nature, they were very pretty philosophy. "Was there not a likelihood that I might be restored to my master?" That was not probable; for a prudent dog-stealer would rather take three guineas for me without loss of character, than five for my restoration to Mr. Moody, with the risk behind of underhand proceedings and a police-court exposure.

At this distance of time I must confess that my sojourn with the dog-stealers was not altogether disagreeable. It is true that among gentlemen I had heard these establishments much abused; but I now perceive that their opinions of such men and places are coloured by their own losses and annoyances in connection with them. Their views are narrow, selfish, human. They do not, because they cannot, look at them in a dog's point of view. Our food was not very good nor very abundant, but probably on that very account our spirits were lighter and our minds more interested and quickened in obtaining information. Keepers of boarding schools know that secret, and make use of it in the interests of their pupils. With us the store of information was abundant. Every dog had his history. For mutual benefit many of us related our own. I will diversify my own tale, as the reader now has it, by introducing

at least two little historiettes, which I then heard. I will give them as nearly as I can in the words of the speakers.

#### TUFTIE'S HISTORY.

If I had to begin life again with a choice of introduction, I hardly know whether I should better myself by altering that which fate gave me. But there was a period when I thought otherwise. I had scarcely begun to be self-conscious, before I accused the world of injury. It went hard with me that I was not soured into a mere clever dog, an adventurer, a philosopher, nothing better than one of those men whose sole business in life seems to be the work of relieving their fellow-Christians of the tedium of Sunday, either as fashionable preachers or writers of smart articles in a Saturday paper. If I were to ask our new friend here how Cosmo Bygrave got through a day in which public opinion did not allow him to hunt or shoot, I know he would say, "By the help of that piquant publication which was the burden of the post-bag on Sunday morning." It kept him up to the proper views and tone of the day. It saved him from the bore of reading the *Times*, to say nothing of anything like a book; and yet no doubt, like others of his class, he was pretty well omniscient—he had the proper opinion on every man and thing. And yet this could only be effected by hard work somewhere. It is a grand result of the proper distribution of labour when a man who has nothing to do but receive and spend an income, a man who could not earn a shilling a day at anything, can for a single sixpence a week be provided with universal information. What cared he for the men who worked hard all the week to provide his Sunday diet? They were no more to him than the people who killed his mutton or attended to his horse. Nor to me. I beg pardon for the digression. I had had just enough taste of adversity to give me a true relish for Fortune when she did me justice. The sense of wrong and unmerited dishonour rather acted as a spur upon me. I determined to put forth all my energies, to profit by all occasions for winning and being worthy of that high place in the social scale of which I felt that only misfortune had robbed me. I say "robbed" in its literal sense. I was villanously robbed of my birthright, my pedigree, and the means of tracing it; born amongst the nobodies; disinherited of those distinctions, that value, those conveniences, which would have been my portion had I been littered where I ought to have been. I know that many young men indulge the same fancies about themselves. There is not a draper's assistant who does not feel that it is quite a mistake that he was not

born to be an idle gentleman, with so much a year—so many hundreds, or so many thousands, he has not determined which. But my claims are not the mere creation of my own vanity. My misfortune was a robbery; yes, a felony. In a word, I am sure that shortly before my birth my dear mother was stolen. Thus it happened that I was dropped into the world beneath a scissors-grinder's barrow. I will frankly own that my ideas of my mother are rather derived from imagination than from memory. Alas! I was early separated from her, too soon for me to learn those circumstances which would have been most interesting to me, my distinctive name and family; which I need not tell you must be Scottish. But true blood is not with us, as it is with men, a mere whimsical conventionality that requires a perpetual chain of testimony to make its title good. Let the washerwoman's son be slipped early into a marquis's cradle, and in due time he will make as good a duke as the best, while my young marquis at ten years old is bird-keeping for sixpence a day; who is to know that his mother was a duchess? If a baronet's heir is missing, and a man steps up and says, "I was the boy who ran away five-and-twenty years ago," what has he about him to distinguish him from the son of an attorney? It is not so with dogs. But besides the form and features of a dog of high family, I early felt in myself all the characteristics of high caste dogs. Were they contemptuous towards their betters? So was I. Were they affable, haughty, quarrelsome, whimsical by turns to equals and inferiors? So was I. Were they sensitive of their honour? So was I; remarkably so. When they happened to be kicked in mind or in body, and could not help themselves, were they sulky over it? So was I. Were they fond of field sports? So was I; especially of rat-catching. My blood was not hidden. A sporting farmer was the first to detect it. I am ashamed to mention the sum he gave for me. He chuckled over his bargain. He boasted of his acquisition. The dog-stealers heard of it, and removed me to the University. For the modest sum of six guineas, I became the companion of a young gentleman who was studying the "Racing Calendar" at Brasenose. College, however, is not a very pleasant place for dogs. There are a class of men, clothed with a little brief authority, and familiarly (I thought rather too familiarly) called "fellows," who appeared to make it their special business to make our lives uneasy. I was put into many humiliating positions to avoid the observation of these gentry in going in and out of the college gates; for these people, while, with scrupulous attention to my master's morals, they required him to live within the walls, with no regard at all to mine, insisted

that I should live in lodgings. Until I had learnt the art of passing my master under the college gateway, or in *quad*, as though I did not know him from any other man, I believe he suffered more than one fine for entertaining me. I was long at a loss to understand the motive for this persecution on the part of the fellows. Ultimately I found out that it arose from a pretended zeal for purity of Latin idiom. While they credit us dogs with a knowledge of the language, they are pleased to say that we do not adhere to that standard of strict Ciceronian in which their common-room conversation is carried on.\* Young men, they say, who have dogs about them will be but too likely to catch solecisms; indeed, they assert they have already detected some in their public examination papers. This is the reason why the Seniors at Oxford and Cambridge have positively made solemn laws against the keeping of dogs.

I presume some of these "fellows" must have kept dogs only some two or three years before. What had become of them? True, I saw that some of my master's friends, after a certain period, hung over their backs a something edged with white cat's-skin, and appeared in great spirits at being entitled to do so. But it was *cat's skin*, not dog's. Some cat had died for the occasion. The fact looked ugly, combined with the disappearance of all the former dogs. What would my master have done with me when he arrived at the cat's-skin period? I did not stay to see. An accident threw the course of my ideas and life into another channel. During one of my master's vacations he took me to a city in a southern county where are cavalry barracks. There I fell in with a regiment of Hussars. Among the officers was Captain the Marquis of Strathspey. He was the very image of me. Two peas could not be more alike. I could not doubt our near relationship. I was convinced at once that the Army was the proper profession for our family. "Cedant armis togæ," somebody

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\* Can any dog who was at Oxford about my time recall more of an elegant version of John Gilpin which was about that time put out by one of our number? At the time I trusted to my memory, which, alas! has proved so treacherous that I can now only recall one complete stanza—to wit:—

"So three doors off the chaise was stayed,  
Where they did all get in,  
Six precious souls, and all agog  
To dash through thick and thin."

Thus rendered:—

"Distantem tribus foribus  
Intrant omnes harum,  
Sex ruituræ animæ  
Per crassum et per rarum."

says, I think M. Tullius Cicero. I gave up all thoughts of returning to the University. I would lose no time in entering that very regiment. As every one knows, the accomplishment of such a design requires no small interest and tact. My mind's eye at once fixed upon the quarters where I was sure of the best interest—namely, the dog-stealers: and as to tact, leave me alone. My first step was to become "lost" to my undergraduate owner. I took care to keep out of the way till the hue and cry after me was something cooled. I then began to hang about the barracks, with a special eye to become acquainted with the particular dog-fanciers who had dealings with the officers. It was not long before I attracted the attention of Cornet the Hon. Arthur Wellesley Fynch.

"Tyke," says he to a dealer, who happened to be in the yard, "Tyke, whose dog is that? He's worth all your lot together."

"I can't at this moment say," says Tyke; "but if your honour has a fancy for him I'll try and find out whether he's to be had."

"Do," says Fynch.

No sooner said than done. Mr. Tyke took an early opportunity of asking me to dine with him; which I did. He extended his hospitality to two days' lodging as well as board. On the third day he took me with him to the barracks, and calling upon Mr. Fynch, informed him that, after an infinity of trouble, he *had* found out that I was the property of a gentleman's groom; that the man had brought me up from a puppy, was much attached to me, and knew my value; however, after a great deal of persuasion and drink, the groom had parted with me for seven pounds. Mr. Tyke was content to take a suvrin for his commission, unless his honour would make it guineas in consideration of the drink to which Mr. Tyke had stood treat, and most likely would be called upon to stand again. The thing was done. With Mr. Fynch's introduction, I became a member of the mess. Having attained my object, you will naturally suppose I was entirely happy in my new position. I hope I shall not earn the character of a dissatisfied dog if I say that it was not so. True, I was distinguished, my native rank and merits fully allowed; I was caressed, I was all but a universal favourite; but, as Lucretius says:—

. . . Medio de fonte leporum  
Surgit amari aliquid.

"There is no rose without a thorn." My thorn touched me in the tenderest part. I say I was *all but* a universal favourite; that exception was the Marquis of Strathspey. For my part, I wished to be on the best terms with him. But the more I cultivated him, the more he



seemed to hate me. The family likeness could not but be observed. Perhaps I was rather the better looking of the two. He may have felt that. I do not know whether anybody had made the observation to him. For the rest of the world the fact of likeness was fixed by a clever sketch, for which I was called upon to sit to one of ours. Strathspey was represented with his back to the observer, his face directed to a looking-glass. In the glass my head and fore-paws were distinctly shown. Under the sketch, as it was handed about, was written the wise man's acute apothegm, "Know thyself!"

In a short time, not only in the messroom, among the servants, and the men, but in society generally, the names, "Strathspey," "Tuftie," and "The Marquis," were so indiscriminately used in allusion to both of us, that it was often difficult to know which of us was intended. I do not know whether he ever mistook the person really intended. I did. Whether in my absence he ever answered to the appellative, "Tuftie," of course I cannot say. In his presence I know that when he has been appealed to as "Marquis," or "Strathspey," I obviously answered as though I was called. I remember a simple but very natural incident which seemed to give him considerable annoyance. It happened that one day he had called for a broiled bone. Nearly at the same time the messman had orders to provide me with a biscuit. There was some mistake somewhere. The biscuit came up devilled and the bone raw, an arrangement that suited neither of us. Other mistakes of this kind were constantly occurring. I frequently heard them told confidentially as good things that happened last night. One of these occurs to my memory at this moment. The O'Mormon, of ours, was asking the Countess of Dash to dance. "No," says she, "O'Mormon, you must wait a wee; I'm going to waltz with Tuftie." She did not know that the Marquis was at her elbow to claim the engagement.

It was an accident of this kind which at last brought matters to an issue between Strathspey and myself. There was a very sweet, pretty, clever girl, with whom all of them were flirting. One evening she happened to say to my master, "Mr. Fynch, I insist upon it that you must bring the Marquis to sit to me. It's of no use having him by himself; you only can keep him in good order; yet with his natural, animated expression"— Lord Strathspey overheard this by accident, and was rather gratified; he, in fact, was on the point of coming forward to promise that he would be *very good*, when the appeal to Mr. Fynch ended, "I do assure you *Mamma* has no objection to dogs in the drawing-room." This wrought Strathspey's jealousy to a positive frenzy. It was reported to me that he had even said in his anger

he "would give a fiver to any one who would hang or poison that — dog of Fynch's." I could not believe that he had really uttered such a murderous wish ; but with the fate of Thomas à Becket in memory, I confess I did not know what effect such a reported bidding for my death might have upon some Fitzurse or De Tracy of the nineteenth century. I felt that either he must leave the regiment or I must. Could the question which should go have been balloted in the mess, I think it would have gone against Strathspey. I considered, however, that he had some rights by reason of his prior appointment. I am, therefore, here, waiting for an exchange.

*( To be continued. )*

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# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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IS there any law upon the Statute Book authorising a man to treat his wife as a villein, and, of course, as a villein, to give a colour of legality to her sale? The question itself will, I know, make the hair of Miss Becker and Mr. Stuart Mill stand on end; and it is not, I admit, a very gallant one to ask. But I ask it strictly and purely in the interest of historical accuracy. As a matter of fact the custom exists, and exists to-day as it existed in the days of the Plantagenets. The only difference is that the custom is now confined to the lower classes, and that in the days of the Plantagenets it was confined to Knights of the Holy Sepulchre. A Somerset gentleman, Mr. Bond, of Pendomer (a pleasant little village on the London and South Western Railway, possessing one of the oldest churches in the west), recently turned up a deed executed in the time of the Edwards, under which Sir John Clamoys transferred his wife to a friend, who had taken a fancy to her, for the price of an old song. The circumstances of the case were somewhat complicated, and the complications led to a lawsuit; but, so far as I can ascertain, the decision of the courts upon the validity of the sale is not now to be traced. Lord Painhill was the gentleman who purchased Lady Clamoys from Sir John in order to protect her against a charge of unfaithfulness; and in the deed of purchase the lady was entered exactly as stock might have been. Sir John de Dinnmer married Lord Painhill's sister, and afterwards challenged the right of his nephew, Lord Painhill's eldest son, to the estates, on the ground, I presume, that the deed of sale was null and that Lord Painhill's son was the son of a concubine. Is it possible to trace out the decision of the courts upon this suit? Mr. Bond ought to publish the deed. It will form an interesting contribution to our historical literature. But taking the plain fact simply as it stands, it proves that the custom which is still in existence of selling a wife like a horse is not an invention of our own. It is at least as old as chain mail, probably very much older, and will well bear investigation.

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“YOU begin!” What an amount of moral cowardice this expression of ours covers! Here this summer we have all been muttering anything but benedictions upon the weather, and through the weather upon the black coats and chimney-pot hats and all the *et ceteras* of our English costume, wondering why we cannot wear a cool and pleasant dress like that of our Scottish kinsmen in the Highlands, or perhaps like that of the cricketers at Lord's, or something light and refreshing in the form of a

cross between a kilt and the loose flannel costume of Lord's, and praying in our hearts that some one of note would take the fashions out of the hands of the tailors and put us all at our ease through July and August. It might be done. It ought to be done. It must be done one of these days if the temperature is to go on rising year by year as it does, and we are not half of us to be killed off by asphyxia or apoplexy. Yet we have no man with sufficient moral courage to put on the kilt or a pair of white flannel trousers, a loose jacket, and a light cap, and walk down Regent Street, along Bond Street, and into Hyde Park in the thick of the season; and all we can do apparently is to keep on suggesting to each other what ought to be done, and throw out hints to each other to begin. What we want is a Beau Brummel or a Count d'Orsay.

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ARE we never to fly? It seems not; for all the attempts that have yet been made have turned out egregious failures; and yet there is an association in existence at this moment, with one of the most cultivated men in Europe at its head, the Duke of Argyll, which believes as firmly in our power of flying as it believes in its own existence. All that we need to accomplish the feat is some apparatus that shall put us on a level in point of muscular power with the eagle, and with all our science and engineering skill it ought not to be impossible to accomplish that. Capt. Burnaby, of the Horse Guards, calculates the muscular power of a bird to be two hundred times greater than that of a man in proportion to its size; and if we can hit upon some light and powerful fan to play the part, with us, of the bird's wing, the task will be accomplished. At present, I am sorry to say, all our experiments tend to prove nothing but our own helplessness, and with that the helplessness of science from the aeronautical point of view.

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MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is very angry with Mr. Charles Reade for sketching himself in his study with his folios of notes and newspaper scraps and his MSS. upon his desk, and letting the world into the secrets of his *atelier*. Perhaps there is a touch of egotism in Mr. Reade's description; but what the author of "Hard Cash" has done in this case, Sir Walter Scott did under a very thin disguise in "Red Gauntlet," Byron in "Childe Harold" and all the rest of his poems, Shelley in "Alastor," Disraeli in "Vivian Grey" and "Coningsby," and—but is there any need to go on? Dozens of names will suggest themselves to every one at once, from the days of Sir Walter Scott down to that mysterious "man of fashion" who makes the age of the most taking, the pleasantest and handsomest character in his novel grow with his own. I do not wish to defend the practice in itself, even with all the precedents that may be quoted in its support. Perhaps it is not consistent with "the modesty of genius." But may I ask one question upon this hypothesis? If an author is not to be allowed to paint his own portrait in his novels, is he to be permitted to sketch his friends in pen and ink? Perhaps this is not a point upon which I could expect quite an impartial answer from the Oxford professor

in "Lothair." But our novelists may plead two or three high precedents even to justify portrait painting of this sort. All Scott's characters were studies from life. Thackeray's characters were not all developed from the depths of his inner consciousness; and Dickens frankly acknowledged that most of his heroes and heroines were picked out of his own circle of acquaintances and in the streets. Perhaps the most striking and graphic portraits that are to be found in our literature of Byron and Leigh Hunt, of Theodore Hook and of De Quincey, are those which are to be found imbedded, like the fly in amber, in the literature of fiction. I can easily understand that it is not pleasant to take up the most popular novel of the year and to find your own portrait etched by the hand of a master as that of "a social parasite;" but that is no excuse for running amuck at a whole generation of novelists, and condemning custom consecrated by genius, and custom, I may add, without which all our fictional heroes must be brought down to the level of Falstaff's men in buckram.

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THE Wesleyan Methodists are, I find, congratulating themselves upon the sagacity of their founder, John Wesley, in anticipating a century ago the uses to which electricity might be turned in the way of telegraphy. He shared these anticipations, I believe, with scores of men in his day, as any one may see who will look back to the early volumes of *The Gentleman*. But I am surprised that in talking of anticipations of this sort no one has given Lord Brougham a word of credit for his anticipation of the art of photography. It was only by an accident that this art did not come in with the century, and that Lord Brougham did not get the credit which is now generally allotted to Daguerre; for in the course of one of those experiments upon light and colours which Harry Brougham used to amuse himself with in his boyhood, he noticed, as he tells us in his "Autobiography," "the effect of a small hole in the window-shutter of a darkened room when a view is formed on white paper of external objects;" and in a paper upon these observations which the young savan sent to the Royal Society in 1795, he suggested that if this view were formed, not on paper, but on ivory rubbed with nitrate of silver, the picture would become permanent! Here is the art of photography in the form of a happy thought! But Brougham's contribution to the Royal Society was thrown aside by its secretary, and photography put off for fifty years longer. To-day a discovery of this sort would be published at once through the *Times*, and the next day scores of people would be trying their hands at it. A hint of this sort now is turned to practical use in twenty-four hours. But Brougham lived in the pre-scientific era; he had no means to make his voice heard beyond the walls of the Royal Society, and photography fell to the lot of the nineteenth century by a fluke.

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APROPOS of the flatteries which the Registrar-General has lately been offering to our Caledonian cousins upon their social virtues, and two or three other trifles of that sort, I heard a very piquant anecdote a few days

ago from an elder of the Kirk. A minister happening to find himself a long way from home at nightfall called at a Galloway shanty and asked for a bed. The peasant offered him a seat by his hearth, a dish of oatmeal, and a glass of whisky-and-water, but hesitated about the bed. "Ye ken, we have but twa beds in the house, my ain and the bairn's." The minister, of course, offered to put up with the bairn as a bedfellow. It would make nae difference to him : he slept very soundly. And so it was arranged—with the proviso, however, that the minister must go off to bed early, and not rise the next morning till he was called. He obeyed both injunctions, and at breakfast the next morning met a buxom sonsie lassie, a Highland Hebe, with a pair of sparkling eyes and an expression of archness in them which might have stirred the blood even of the President of the Assembly. "I hope ye slept weel," said the peasant. "The bairn did not disturb ye?" "No ; beautifully," answered the minister. "Yes, the quietest bedfellow I have ever had," put in the lassie, with a slight but sufficiently suggestive twinkle in her eye. "Ye sleep very sound, minister." This was the bairn.

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I HEARD a distinguished American visitor of ours assert a few days ago that we had not a single man in our Parliamentary ranks who would pass muster across the Atlantic as an orator of the highest class. "They do not orate. They talk, and they talk like men standing upon the hearth-rug, with their hands under their coat-tails. You discuss politics as we discuss science ; and a man accustomed to the stormy debates of our House of Representatives could sleep through one of your debates as quietly as he could sleep through a sermon in St. Paul's or a lecture at the Royal Institution." And this, I believe, represents the impression of most Americans visiting us for the first time. To them the House of Commons is as quiet as a New York vestry in committee. But their standard of eloquence differs from ours. Their highest ideal of an orator is a man like Webster, a "steam engine in breeches ;" and this is the ideal that American orators set before them. Most of our Parliamentary speakers take their tone from the Courts of Quarter Sessions ; and a steam engine in the House of Commons would be as startling a portent as a Bradlaugh or an Odger in the Cabinet. A plain practical man of business, "with an idea or two in his head," and an aptitude for explaining his ideas with precision and intelligence, is the type of man that is most valued in the House of Commons. You may run off the professed orators of the House of Commons on your fingers ; and as far back as I can carry my recollection, you always could do this. The Pitts and Foxes and Sheridans of the Parliamentary heavens have always dwelt apart like stars. They do so still. Yet after all it is an open question whether the shrewd sense and the plain mother wit of men like Mr. Henley, the patriarchal member for Oxfordshire, do not oftener influence votes than the speeches of a Gladstone, a Bright, and a Disraeli. These men, of course, take the lead in our full-dress debates. But the real work of the

House of Commons is done in committee ; and in committee eloquence is as much out of place as poetry. Thus our great Parliamentary orators rule ; but the plain business men with an idea or two in their heads govern. Or to vary the metaphor, the greatest of English orators is little more than the figure-head of the State. The captain is generally a hard-headed Chairman of Quarter Sessions, and we all know how the crew is made up.

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YET I have a suspicion whether oratory has ever been more cultivated as an art in the House of Commons than it is at present. Perhaps we have had times when the orators of Parliament were brought more conspicuously to the front. The period of the French War was one of these. The period of the Reform Bill was another. At both these periods the orators of the English Parliament were the most accomplished and powerful masters of eloquence to be found in Europe. But, with two or three conspicuous exceptions, the companions and rivals of Pitt and of Grey were not rhetoricians, as we understand this term in contradistinction to orators. They were men with a genius for statecraft and Parliamentary business. Pitt never thought of preparing any part of his speeches beyond perhaps a short sentence or two which he wished to pass round to his followers as a rallying word. Fox never prepared anything. He *thought out* many of his great speeches, no doubt, before he walked down to the House of Commons. But he did nothing more. He never touched a pen, and hardly knew how to use it when he did. Burke and Sheridan were the only men of this period who prepared their speeches beforehand. And it is a striking fact that most of our Parliamentary orators who have systematically prepared their speeches have been Irishmen. This was the case with Canning, and even with O'Connell. It was the case, too, with Shiel and Grattan. It was a long time before Shiel could trust himself to interpolate a single impromptu sentence into the MS. of his speeches. Brougham practised what he preached—a strict adherence to the classic rule of preparing every word of a speech when it is possible, and all the best parts under any circumstances. His peroration to the Queen's Speech was copied out eighteen times after reading and repeating the best parts of Demosthenes for three weeks. Disraeli is said to be the only man of the front rank in the House now who speaks best without preparation. But even the leader of the Opposition, apt, brilliant, and sparkling as he is, prepares more than most people suppose. All those characteristic phrases of his are of course thoughtout and conned over in the quiet little study at Grosvenor Gate, where most of "Lothair" was written. But Disraeli does not stop there. He writes out long passages of all his great speeches, his perorations always, and most carefully. What I believe he plumes himself upon particularly as a matter of oratorical skill is the art with which he weaves these prepared pieces of eloquence into the thread of his speech, never appearing to speak *upon* the debate, but always upon the points arising out of the course of the debate. Anticipating the line of thought likely to be taken by his opponents, he

prepares himself for their criticisms, and when the criticisms themselves come, he is ready for them pat. All his philippics against Peel were, I believe, written out and committed to memory. Gladstone has a vast command of words, and it is generally thought prepares very little except when out of office ; but in most of his set speeches you can easily trace many passages which are sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. Bright writes all his speeches. Cobden never wrote a speech in his life. All Lowe's speeches upon Reform were written ; and except when speaking from MS. like this Lowe never speaks well. Bruce, like most barristers, trusts to his recollection and the spur of the moment ; and the consequence is that he can hardly put three sentences together in logical order. Mr. Gathorne Hardy never prepares a word. Mr. Goschen prepares every word. Sir John Coleridge is fond of his pen ; but Sir Robert Collier never touches it. Lord Derby, Lord Carnarvon, and Lord Salisbury prepare a good deal ; and Lord Derby is not ashamed to take a roll of MS. out of his pocket and read his speech. But Lord Granville, like the late Earl of Derby, trusts to his instincts ; although of course there is no comparison between the style of the two statesmen, Lord Derby talking in a dashing, off-hand style, and Lord Granville in a slipshod and hesitating manner, which, but for his good humour and now and then his racy anecdotes, would put you out of all conceit with Parliamentary oratory.

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OVER a lobster salad table-talk often turns upon that wonderful provision of nature whereby toothsome crustaceans of the lobster order have any limbs which they may lose by accident restored to them by natural process. If anybody doubts this fact—and I have heard doubters—let him take the *parole d'honneur* of a studious Frenchman who lately reported to an assemblage of fellow-savans how he had been watching young crabs grow to old crabs, and seen those bereft of antennæ and claws gradually throw out and develop to perfection new members to replace those lost. It appears that the reproduction depends upon, or is related to, successive moultings of the creature ; and these moultings occur eight times in the first year of its existence, five or six in the second, two or three in the third year, and more slowly afterwards. A lost antenna grows again between one moult and another, but the claws, great and small, and the fans of the tail, occupy about three moults in their regeneration. In babyhood and youth the crab will recover a limb in about ten weeks, but an adult male requires a year and a half, and a female perhaps three years, because she moults so slowly that she has only one new dress while the opposite sex has two. Exemplary crustaceans !

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MECHANISMS will often teach morals. An example showing the surpassing power of a multitude of infinitesimal actions is offered by the wonderful sand-drill that has lately been perfected in America. We know that there are many substances which the arts require to be cut and



shaped, but which are so hard as to turn the edge of the truest steel that can be made. And yet a grain of sand rubbed upon them leaves a scratch. And if one grain cuts one scratch a thousand grains will cut a thousand scratches ; and if the thousand all fall successively on one spot, each one reinforcing the last, a deep incision will ultimately be formed. Suppose, again, that a sand grain be forcibly dashed against the hard surface, it will, like a tiny pickaxe, make a microscopic indent. Multiply it by a million, and the million pickaxes will delve and chisel the spot they fall on till they make a pit-hole that will pierce the substance to any required extent. This is Mr. Tilghman's sand-drill, with which in a few minutes he can put a hole through a plate of corundum, the hardest of minerals, that no steel can touch. A squirt throwing sand with high velocity, imparted by steam or compressed air, is the boring tool which nothing can resist and nothing blunt. It is a happy invention, and, as I have before said, points a moral ; but that need not be touched on from its very obviousness.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE  
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER XX.

IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.



LOOKING over my  
Shakespeare this morn-  
ing to point with addi-  
tional force a Biblical  
moral for Sunday's ser-  
mon, I light upon that  
admirable thirty-third  
sonnet in which the poet

has framed the crude reflection in my seventeenth chapter—Who  
could have thought so fair a day could bring a bitter ending?  
“Full many a glorious morning have I seen flatter the mountain tops

with sovereign eye, kissing with golden face the meadows green, gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy; anon permit the basest clouds to ride with ugly rack on his celestial face, and from the forlorn world his visage hide, stealing unseen to west with this disgrace: Even so my sun one early morn did shine, with all-triumphant splendour on my brow; but out, alack! he was but one hour mine, the regent cloud hath mask'd him from me now." Exquisite imagery, most soul-stirring, pathetic picture, how divinely it mirrors my own poor conceit! There is a saying in the valley that a cloudy morning oft-times brings a pleasant day. It is not less true that the rosy sun shines forth at early dawn, and leaves the clouds to mock us with the noon. So it is in life. We are never certain of the sunshine, though we may always reckon upon the cloud and storm. When most we think it is morning with us, and the weather of our lives is settled into summer, the night comes on and the chill winter of our days.

The mystic figures on Time's shadowy dial once more pointed to the return of the Christian festival. I had begun to **think of the New Year**, and of the sunny hopes which both my heart and my judgment encouraged. Setting aside the **sad memories of the time**, that coming Christmas Eve I thought should have its **joyous hours**. The fortunate soldier should bask in the winter-sunlight of a **happy home**. I counted upon a visit from Ruth's sister, and I had planned a social gathering about our **mahogany tree**. Fenton would be with us. Masters had also promised to come. The **Rev. Canon Molineau** had given my wife reason to hope that he would be in town at Christmas with his sister. We had discovered an acquaintance of the late Dean's within a quarter of a mile of "**The Cottage**." On this particular day in December when my hopes ran so high, Ruth had gone to spend the day with these newly-discovered neighbours. I had arranged to be in town, late, having latterly had a room specially set apart for my use at **Fenton's office**, where I could write those lighter articles which my friend required for his paper on the current topics of the day. My wife was therefore not expected to be at home until I returned. I went joyfully to London that morning, congratulating myself on my increasing prosperity. The **battle has been severe now and then**, I thought, but I am with the victors. The **enemy has been forced to retreat**. How the fiends mocked me! The just God was offended at my presumption. I had forgotten Him perchance in the hour of my triumph. "**In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment, good Lord deliver**

us!" Yet I only desired to give the comforts of life to her I loved, to cherish and protect her, as I had sworn to do at His altar. Gold was dross to me, but for its contributions to her happiness. My ambition was only the honest ambition of every man who loves his wife and rejoices in the light of his own fireside.

My heart beat loudly with exultation when on this never-to-be-forgotten day I had the honour of a call at Fenton's from the editor of a famous quarterly publication, who not only handed to me himself the proof of an article which I had sent for his approval, but asked me to become a member of his permanent staff. My success was too much for my thoughts that day. I could not settle down to work at Fenton's office. As the afternoon wore away, I felt that I must go home. I could write there more steadily. The noise of the London streets seemed to stir my thoughts into an unwonted excitement. I must have quiet. I hastened away from the din of the conflict, from the sounds of victory and defeat. I found "The Cottage" sleeping in the last beams of the winter sun, the very emblem of peace and security.

"No fire in the studio," I said, in reply to the servant; "then I will write in the dining-room."

"Yes, sir; mistress did not expect you until late, but she said I was to send and let her know when you came."

"I will tell you when to take the message. I have returned to do some writing which will occupy me several hours. When I have finished, you shall send for your mistress."

"Yes, sir; two gentlemen—at least two persons, called, sir, an hour ago to see you very particularly."

"Yes; I cannot be disturbed at present," I said, with the first thought of an essay simmering in my mind.

"One of them said he would call again, sir."

"Yes, Hannah; I will not see any one for two or three hours at the earliest."

"I told them you would not be at home until late, sir."

"Quite right," I said, arranging my papers and preparing to put down that opening thought which was to be the text of my essay.

"One is waiting now, sir."

"Very well, very well," I said; "by and by, I will ring the bell."

I was impatient to begin my work. I soon got at it. My mind fairly glowed with the thoughts that crowded into my brain. I never wrote with so much facility. My pen coursed over the paper with a

merry chatter. I felt a thrill of pleasure in my work. I was inspired. My soul was in my pen. The essay grew of its own accord. When it was finished I rose from my seat and paced the room with a jubilant tread. Hearing me stirring, the servant came into the room.

"Beg pardon, sir," she said; "the person as the other man left to wait until you came is still here, sir. He says he does not wish to disturb you; but it is getting on for seven o'clock, sir, and I thought it best to remind you, sir."

"Quite right, Hannah, quite right; where is he?"

"In the breakfast-room."

This was a room we never used. It was a dull, ghostly looking place. I never told Ruth how I had been given to understand that a murder had once been done in it. I did not believe the story; yet I never liked the breakfast-room.

"Why, the man will be perished with cold," I said.

"He preferred staying there, sir, and asked me to light a fire."

"Very well; I will go to him."

A few half-burnt faggots were struggling in the grate with a wet mountain of coals.

"Come this way," I said; "don't stay in that cold room."

"I am not cold, sir, thank you," said the man, in a subdued and apologetic tone of voice.

"Come this way," I said, preceding him, and holding a hand-lamp to show him into the dining-room.

"I am sorry to disturb you, sir," he said.

Compared with the damp ghostly den we had just quitted, the dining-room looked touchingly bright and comfortable. The fire was leaping up the grate. A cricket was singing on the hearth. The concentrated light of a table-lamp directed by a shade fell upon my books and papers. There was a small china teapot and a quaint cup and saucer, saved from the wreck of Old Sidbree House, upon a tray. As I came out of the dark, old-fashioned hall I could not help feeling what a rebuke all this must be to my poor visitor's poverty, if he were a beggar, as I suspected. I felt assured he was some broken-down tradesman from Wulstan, and I was glad that I had half-a-guinea in my pocket.

"Now, my good man," I said, "what is it you want with me that is so very urgent?"

The man eyed me askance, glanced towards the door, and said, still in the same meek and subdued voice, "I come from Slocum and Levy, sir, near Holborn Bars."

"Yes," I said; "don't be afraid, man; who are Slocum and Levy, near Holborn Bars, pray?"

The man seemed amazed that I did not know this celebrated firm.

"Very sorry, sir," he continued, fumbling in the breast pocket of a faded black coat; "unpleasant business, but no doubt it will soon be satisfactorily settled."

I had heard of strange conspiracies in London, and desperate deeds, but never thought until that moment of my own safety. There was all suddenly a strange expression in the man's face. I recoiled for a moment, with a vague idea of defence, but recovered my self-possession almost as quickly when the man presented me with a legal-looking document. A new sensation of fear and alarm took possession of me as I read this strange paper; and yet I was at a loss to understand the peculiar and stern character of the document in which my name was menacingly mixed up with certain high dignitaries of the State.

"What is this?" I asked, presently; and I felt the question tremble on my lips.

"That," said the man, as if he would rather not explain; "that, sir, is a warrant of execution."

"A warrant of execution!" I exclaimed. "Good heavens! what do you mean?"

"From Slocum and Levy, sheriff's officers," said the man, retreating for a moment into the shadow of the lamp, as I had done a moment before.

"Sheriff's officers! What do you mean?" I asked, threateningly.

"Very sorry, sir, I cannot help it," said the man. "I would not be here if I was not compelled, I assure you."

"What, then, and who are you?" I demanded.

"I am the Man in Possession," he said.

A dim, sickly light began to break in upon me. I tried to read the document again. It trembled in my hand.

"Sit down," I said to the man.

"I would rather go into the other room," he said, deferentially.

"Sit down," I said, again.

I felt as if my heart was standing still; but I fought against the sensation, and staggered to a seat. I saw in the legal instrument now for the first time the words, "Executors of John Marston Oswald, deceased, *versus* George Himbleton."

"It is only at this moment that I really begin to understand your visit," I said, presently.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"There is some serious mistake," I said.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"I only saw my lawyer yesterday, and he said the matter was progressing satisfactorily."

"Yes, sir," said the man ; "very sorry, sir."

"The whole of the furniture here is settled upon my wife ; not for the purpose of defrauding any persons of their just demands, but as a protection against injustice and imposition."

These were the words of my lawyer, which I remembered at this trying moment with very particular precision.

"No doubt, sir," said the man.

"Process was issued against me at the suit of the executors, who are no other than Pensax and Trigg for all practical purposes. My solicitor accepted service on my behalf, and has entered a defence," I continued, still quoting my lawyer.

"That is strange, sir ; the officer who brought me said judgment had been given this day ; and he thought, sir, you would go up to your lawyer, or to Slocum and Levy, and put it right."

"Then he thought there was some mistake, did he?" I asked, eagerly.

"Well, not exactly that, sir ; but things is often settled when he puts a man in, sir," said the stranger, sitting on the very edge of a chair, and looking, with his half-closed eyes, a thousand mute excuses for his presence there.

"I will send immediately for my lawyer, though, I fear, he will have left his office by this time. You shall take a coach and bring him," I said, with some return of my original energy, and taking up my pen to write.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but I must not leave the place until it's settled."

"What ! you will stay here all night, then, if it is not settled as you say ?"

"Very sorry, sir ; yes, sir," said the man.

"My God !" I said, the agony of the situation only now coming upon me in all its force. "Why, my wife will return in an hour."

"Yes, sir ; sorry your good lady was out, sir ; she might have sent for you," said the man.

"Thank heaven, she was out ; that is merciful, at all events," I said. "Now what will settle this business ?"

"Two hundred and ninety pounds, sir, I think," said the man.

"Now, look here, my man," I said, "it is well, perhaps, for you—for both of us—that you have conducted your share in this infamous

business with a consciousness of the shame that should attach to your office."

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"I think it is not unlikely that I should have thrown you into the Thames by this time, but for your humility and the thought that you are but a miserable tool in the hands of others," I continued.

"Yes, sir," said the man.

"I am going now to find my lawyer," I said.

"Yes, sir; may I ask you to call at Slocum and Levy's, sir? The gentleman as brought me said so."

"Yes; perhaps you are right. I have a favour to ask."

"Yes, sir. Oh! certainly, sir; anything as I can do," said the man.

"You wait patiently until I come back. Keep your own counsel, and do not breathe a word of your business."

"Certainly, sir," said the man.

"Give this note to Mrs. Himbleton," I continued, writing; but when I found that I could only write in a style that was utterly different to my usual hand, every word being full of crooked lines, I said, "No; on second thoughts, tell Mrs. Himbleton that you are waiting for my return on some important business; that I have been called to London unexpectedly, and that I shall be back soon. Tell her she will see by my work here," pointing to the essay I had commenced, "that I have some important work in hand."

"Yes, sir," said the man.

I hurried out into the night without another word. The Thames was washing the muddy bank with a southing sound. A frosty sleet filled the cold bleak air. The elms made a hissing noise overhead. A flickering oil lamp at a neighbouring house splotted a dim uncertain halo against the blackness of the night. A roar of laughter came through the parlour window of the local inn as I hurried by the riverside to make a short cut for the highway. A lighter on the river had a lantern at her bow, and I saw the water creeping by in the glimmer of the candle. I hurried on, guided by the lights from cottages and boating houses; hurried on with an awful sense of desolation and woe. Once I stopped, half resolved to return and drag that humble stranger out upon the Mall. Conscious of my own integrity, assured that some dreadful mistake had been made, the outrage represented by that "Man in Possession" was almost too much to bear. But the law must be obeyed, I thought. There is redress for those who are wronged. A watchman crossed my path and said "Good night" in a cheery voice. I answered him never a



word. I felt that he turned and followed my shadowy form for a moment in the sleet, with a suspicion of my integrity. I felt like a thief stealing out into the night by devious and uncertain paths. I did not feel the cold. I was burning with excitement. What an awful termination of a triumphant day! Camping on the field of victory, to be driven forth by an enemy unheralded by beat of drum or trumpet sound; driven out ignominiously, to go in search of a ransom for my wife and goods. Never let men or armies say, "We have gained the day," lest a new opponent come in the silence of the night and sweep away the conqueror. With what different feelings I encountered the sleet and snow and frost as I passed through the Strand on that day when I raised my arm in the battle, a free man! I defied wind and weather alike with man and Fate. Now I cowered before the sleet. I hurried onwards, it is true, swift of foot and with a great purpose in hand; but my pride had received a deadening shock. I felt abased in my own esteem. A foul reptile had crawled over my imagination. I crouched out of the way of the traffic. I bent my head before the sleet and snow. When I had walked a mile I hired a coach and rode to Holborn. I crouched into a corner of the carriage, and prayed for mercy and guidance. By the time I had arrived in Holborn I was calm and resigned, placing my trust in Heaven. But, oh! the night was cold and unsympathetic; the people in the street thrust me aside and seemed to laugh and jeer at my misery. The shops were still open. A ruddy light came out into the street from their windows. The snow only made every house look more comfortable and inviting; and then the thought that my much-loved home, on this day of my supposed victory, was not my own, but in the grip of a merciless foe.

My lawyer was out. His office was just being closed.

"We should have been gone two hours ago by rights," said the clerk, "only we've had some heavy work in."

"Have you done anything in the matter of Oswald's Executors *versus* Himbleton?" I asked as calmly as I could.

"Yes; I think the governor was with the other side yesterday."

"Where is he now? At home?"

"Well, no; the governor's a bachelor, and his home's chiefly at the club."

"Where is his club?" I asked.

"First turning into Lombard Street, second round by the bank yonder—you'll see a lamp over the door; it's called 'The Woolsack.' By Jove, ain't it cold; excuse me, sir, won't you? I promised to get home by nine o'clock; got a bit of a party at my place, and the

children won't go to bed until I come ; thank you, sir ; very kind of you ; good night, sir."

I was alone in the street once more. The City was growing quiet and dark. I hastened to "The Woolsack." My lawyer was playing a game at whist. He asked me as a favour to let him play his hand out. He was a genial, middle-aged man, with a round face and a merry eye. I sat quietly, and pretended to take an interest in the game. It seemed to me as if the end would never come. The players laughed and made their little bets of half-crowns on certain cards, black or red ; and one of them regretted that he could not ask me "to cut in," the stupid rules of "The Woolsack" not permitting non-members to join the card tables. I tried to thank him with an indifferent air, though my heart was breaking. At last my friend gave his chair to another player, and came to my corner to hear what I had to say.

"Dear me, that is too bad of Kitts and Wiggles, too bad ; I could not have believed it. They promised me faithfully that nothing further should be done in the matter. 'Pon my soul, this is too bad."

"What is to be done ?" I asked. "Will you give an order for this man to be sent away at once."

"Can you pay him ?" asked the lawyer, twirling his eye-glass thoughtfully, and looking inquiringly at the ceiling.

"No," I said.

"How much is it—several hundred pounds ?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Ha ! could you pay a hundred ?"

"No ; I could pay fifty."

"They are not in legal possession, but nothing can be done to-night ; give me a call at ten to-morrow."

"Must this person, then, remain ?" I asked.

"Until to-morrow, at all events. I am glad you came to see me. Good night, Mr. Himbleton ; we will try and put it all right to-morrow."

The lawyer bowed me out of the club, and the porter closed the door after me ; it was, as he said, "such a bitter night." The wind howled through the dimly-lighted streets. The rain and snow hissed upon the pavement. I was wet through. I walked I hardly knew whither, and once I wept aloud in the agony of my heart. By and by I found myself in a little back street leading out of Holborn. I felt ashamed to ask any one where I should find the offices of Slocum and Levy. I examined many mysterious brass-plates on many mysterious doors in this dingy little street off Holborn. Every

profession seemed to be represented in the locality. I had to stand upon door-steps and almost rub my face upon the doors to decipher the signs. Here and there lights from windows on both sides of the street assisted me. I found pawnbrokers, engravers, solicitors, commission agents, monthly nurses; but no sheriff's officers. At last I boldly resolved to seek information from a woman who was going into a broker's with a bundle under her arm.

"Slocum and Levy," she said, with a sigh; "sh'd think I did; the last house round the corner, with a shelf over the door to keep the rain off the precious steps in front."

I thanked her and passed on. A small brass-plate in the centre of a newly-painted green door informed me that I had reached the office to which "the Man in Possession" directed me. I knocked. The door was opened by a woman. I was shown into a room that reminded me of Trigg's office at Pensax's house in Wulstan. An old wiry man, with thin wiry hair and a pair of red ferret-like eyes, turned upon me as I entered.

"What's your business?" he asked, in a harsh, grating voice.

"My name is Himbleton," I said. "You have made an unexpected and illegal visit to my house."

"Yes, no doubt," said the man, commencing to write; and then, turning to a boy at his elbow, he said, "Who's in at Smith's?"

"Dobbin's man," said the boy.

"Who at Harvey's?" continued the sheriff's man.

"The Cadger," said the boy.

"Who at Himbleton's?"

"Beck's man," said the boy.

Neither clerk nor boy took any further notice of me, though I asked twice what course I should take with a view to the removal of "the Man in Possession."

At last the wiry clerk turned his sharp, unsympathetic face to me again, and said, "Can't do nothing to-night; better see Kitts and Wiggles to-morrow; but you'll not make much out o' them without the money. They are nippers."

The boy looked up at his chief, in evident surprise at his generosity in giving me so much advice. I asked several other questions, but received no answer.

"You should ha' come earlier," said the woman who let me in.

She had been standing at the office door all this time to show me out.

"I want to lock up now, sir, please. Neither Mr. Slocum nor Mr. Levy is in, and Anty, the clerk, never talks."

"Thank you," I said to the woman, who spoke in a low voice which sounded sympathetic after that to which I had just been listening.

"Anty's bin very civil to you, sir, considerin' late hours and the cold; he never does talk, sir; thankee', sir; didn't expect nothin', sir; good night, sir; 'ope things 'll be all right, sir; don't give way, sir; the hups and downs in this life is hawful to behold; good night, sir."

It was long past midnight when I reached home.

"Dear George, how pale and wet you are!" said my wife, surprised and troubled at my appearance.

"Has Beck's man gone?" I said, aloud, as if I feared he had.

"The person whom you left here?" asked my wife.

"Yes; Beck's man, from Kitts and Wiggles's," I said, passing my wife, and going into the room.

"I am here, sir," said the man, in his low and humble voice.

"That is right; I shall want you to stay all night, my man. Hannah," I continued, calling the housemaid, "give Beck's man some supper, and let him go to bed; make him comfortable; I am obliged to detain him until to-morrow."

The man was evidently surprised for a moment at my manner; but he entered into the spirit of my bold strategy, and said he had no objection to stay.

When he had disappeared in the kitchen I embraced my wife, and at her request went upstairs to divest myself of my wet clothes, before I took some hot coffee and a poached egg which she was sure "would do me good."

"Great bother, this new kind of press work," I said; "but we must not mind it, love. Sorry I have kept you up so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself, eh? my dear. Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Yes; pretty well, George," said Ruth, watching me with a look of curiosity.

"I am glad of that—what a rough night it is, to be sure. I had some very important work to do, and could not get through it away from home. My paper is going into the *Quarterly*. That is very lucky; is it not? Yes; well, and how did you find our neighbours, Ruth?"

I rattled on, ate my eggs, drank my coffee, rubbed my hands, stirred the fire, and did everything I could to carry Ruth's thoughts away from "the Man in Possession." I was successful in this; for Ruth was too much surprised at my manner to think of any one else but her husband.

All that long weary night I lay awake. It was some comfort to know that Ruth slept soundly and in peace. I heard the wind and the rain beating against the house all through the slow hours. At daylight I fell into a fitful doze, only to awaken in fear and trembling with the voice of the stranger in my ear, saying "I am the Man in Possession."

## CHAPTER XXI.

## BECK'S MAN.

I WAS in the City at ten o'clock next morning. My lawyer had no doubt the man would be removed during the day. "No doubt!" I exclaimed. Well, then, it should be so. When the law had once moved in a particular direction it was necessary to meet it by certain formal proceedings. He would see Kitts and Wiggles at once. They had promised that the question should be argued before the Court without the violent proceeding of execution. I asked him if Kitts and Wiggles were acting on their own responsibility in the matter. He had no doubt about it. It occurred to me that Pensax or Trigg was behind them; but I would not question my own lawyer's judgment.

Ruth had not risen before I left in the morning, and I had directed the servant to light a fire in the breakfast-room, where nobody ever breakfasted, and see that Beck's man had everything he required. I thought of him, as I wandered about London that day, with a morbid sort of fear. He seemed altogether beyond my power. It was as if I was possessed of a devil. The shadow of him was upon me, and I was ashamed. I did not like to tell Fenton what had happened. When the man was gone, I would have the room painted and white-washed and forget him altogether. Fenton was in ecstasies with the essay I had written; and I had done it while the enemy was in my camp—aye, in my very tent. I had been jubilant and hilarious while he was there.

I went home early. I got there by back roads and unfrequented paths. I walked all the way from London. My mind was a chaos. My thoughts took no particular shape. I had suffered a defeat which stunned me. If I had seen any relief in dragging Beck's man out of "The Cottage" and hurling him into the Thames, I could have done it. I was quite equal to any act of desperation; but Beck's man was simply an instrument in the hands of others. Kitts and Wiggles, Pensax and Trigg, the Law itself, were behind him. Beck's man represented the very Throne, just as Pensax did when they made him High Sheriff of Wulstanshire.

"Don't deceive me, George," said my wife. "There is something wrong."

"What is it, Ruth?" I asked, "What do you think is wrong?"

"This man, who is he?"

"Beck's man," I said, looking at her vaguely.

"Yes; why does he stay? He rings the bell as if he had authority here."

"Has he dared to assume"—— I exclaimed, going towards the breakfast-room.

"No, no, George, he has done nothing objectionable; stay with me," said Ruth, taking me by the arm and looking tenderly up into my face.

"But there is something wrong; pray tell me what it is; you are hiding from me some dreadful trouble."

"Don't ask me, now, darling," I said. "Wait until the evening, when Beck's man has gone, and then I will tell you all about it."

"As you please, George; but do not think so lightly of my love, of my judgment, or of my fortitude, as not to give me my full share in your life."

"No, no, my dear Ruth; but ask me this evening."

"The servants are talking about this man. I hear them whispering in all corners of the house; I dare not interpret my own suspicions."

"Rest assured, Ruth, of this, that there is no disgrace attaching to us in this business; that, whatever it is, we are not to blame. I am not to blame; but, my dear Ruth, if you love me, say no more at present; Beck's man will be gone soon, and then we can laugh at the incident, which I confess does trouble me a little."

"If I love you!" said Ruth, sitting down at my feet and laying her head upon my knee; "*if* I love you!"

I stroked her dark hair with my hand, and said she was all the world to me, and that I would not give her a moment's pain for all the gold of Peru.

There was a little bouquet of winter roses upon my writing table; my slippers were inside the fender; Ruth's easel was by the window that was nearest to the fire; a screen full of her sketches was drawn round the hearth, admitting inside the picturesque barrier the keyboard of the piano. I remember no picture with such an atmosphere of comfort as this had in it for the moment; but I could not help seeing Beck's man lurking behind.

"I have had another letter from Mary," Ruth said presently.

It was a great relief, this turning of my thoughts seaward.

"I am glad to hear that," I said. "Is she well?"

"Yes, very; and she still hopes to be with us at Christmas. She is urgent in her wish that we should spend the spring with her."

"It is a long journey," I said; "but I should like to see Italy."

I wished in my heart that we could have started for that sunny land at once.

"She has had a letter from Mr. Pensax, who has been very ill, and is ill now, I suppose. He asks her if there is any male relation of ours in whom he could place confidence."

"Is there any one?"

"No male relation that is near to us. We have two or three second cousins in Berkshire."

"I suppose he wants to make him his executor; it is a pity he dislikes me."

"Why, George?"

"Oh, I don't know; he is very rich."

"But you do not care for his money?"

"No; oh, no; he is a miserable, miserly man."

"Mary says he has written her almost an affectionate letter, in which he says he wishes he had always acted upon his own judgment and according to his own wishes."

"Perhaps he desires a reconciliation?"

"That would be useless," said Ruth; "but Mary, you know, will have nothing said against him, and I am sure she once liked Mr. Pensax."

"He is a demon, Ruth—a demon."

"George! How bitter you are. Has anything occurred lately to increase your dislike of him?"

"I do not know, Ruth; he is ill, you say?"

"Yes; very ill, I believe."

"Then he may not be to blame."

"Do you know, George, I sometimes think there is more of the angel than the demon in that man's nature."

"Let us hope so," I said.

"You know that strange wayward stream, the Oozle, which runs through his estate. His nature, what little I know of it, reminds me of that river. You remember where it rises among a little knot of trees, pure and bright and sparkling. I made a sketch of it years ago. Childhood is pure and bright and happy. Mr. Pensax was once a child."

"One of those children who lent pennies at heavy interest at school, and stole small boys' marbles," I said.

"Now, my dear George, that is very unkind; you have quite

spoiled my picture and my philosophical application of the stream," said Ruth, patting my hand in a little dramatic display of acted anger.

"I will not interrupt you again, Ruth."

"That bright, pure stream is polluted presently with the refuse of a paper-mill; then it grows clear again, but is never quite so pure as at first. It hurries on through the meadow, growing clearer and more beautiful as it distances the haunts of men; then a tanner bars its way, and pours lime and dye and all manner of poisonous washings into it. Here the spirit of the brook breaks down and grovels in its infamy; it hangs about the tannery, creeping here and there lazily and shamelessly with its load of guilt. One day a storm comes, and it breaks away once more into the meadow, and by woods and hills, until it is almost pure again. Other bad influences affect it in other places; but the original good in its nature, the force of the original spring away in the distant country of its youth, comes back to aid it, and at last it goes out to the sea a noble river, bearing ships into the great ocean."

"A charming picture," I said, "like one of your own water-colours; but only like Mr. Pensax when the river halts at the tanyard."

"Like Mr. Pensax in this, George—his career has been influenced by bad advice and bad associations. The paper-mill and the tanyard are his Triggs and satellites, his wicked impulses, his sins and trespasses; his escapes from these polluting influences are shown by his public gifts, his almshouses, his hospitals, his memorial windows; these are represented by the stream in the woods and meadows. May we not hope that, at last, he, too, will be free of evil influences, and will go down to the great ocean of Eternity, if not pure, stained only as the river is stained by battle and tempest; but great and true and noble at last; noble in its usefulness; and bearing to Him, who gave them, the talents increased a thousandfold?"

"You have forgiven Pensax, Ruth, and would have Mary do so," I said.

"I forgive all the world, George; Calvary has only one lesson for me."

"God bless you, my dear Ruth," I said; "you are indeed a good woman."

Ruth sat down at the piano and played to her own thoughts an extemporaneous kind of musical poem that seemed to follow the stream, wandering through meadows and by woods and mountains. It brought back to me thoughts of that picnic long ago when she leaned on my arm in the mowing grass. I saw a barge moving



slowly through hop-yards<sup>1</sup> and corn-fields, through meadow-sweet, and by rushes. I saw the shadow of it down in the water among white clouds that raced it in a blue expanse of sky.

"Beg your pardon, sir; Beck's man has asked if he could speak to you a moment, sir," said Hannah, who had come into the room almost unobserved.

My wife ceased to play.

"Go on, dear, go on; I will be back in a moment," I said; but she watched me out of the room with a sad, inquiring look.

"Very sorry to disturb you, sir," said Beck's man.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Well, you see, sir, I thought I would just ask if I was likely to be fetched," said the man, who had risen respectfully from his seat and laid down a book of sermons, which was the only literature in the room.

"This evening," I said, "this evening."

"I'm glad of that," said the man.

"You see," I said to him, "this painful business is not through any fault of mine—nor of any one's, for that matter. In a moment of want of thought I rendered myself liable, and I will pay the money."

"Yes, sir, no doubt," said the man humbly.

"But this seizure is illegal; the property here is in settlement; and, moreover, this action is a breach of faith. Kitts and Wiggles gave my lawyer a solemn promise that the action should be fairly and properly contested."

"Yes, sir; but Kitts and Wiggles is a very hard lot, sir; they can only be bound down on paper, sealed and signed," said the man.

"I rely upon your keeping your own counsel with the servants," I said.

"Yes, sir; they be a bit inquisitive, but they gets nothing out of me," he said.

"You do not seem to like your business much," I said; "I thought men became used to everything in the way of their occupation."

"I believe they do, sir; this is only the fourth house as I've been in; and if I could get any work at all, sir, I'd never be put into another."

"It must indeed be a painful sort of occupation," I said.

"They've only put me into very respectable houses as yet, sir; I could never stand being in a poor man's house, though some men's equal to pulling the bed from under folks."

"Ah, it is a dull room this," I said, looking round at the dark panels,

the dark corners, and the darker ivy that hung round the window and shaded it from the only gleam of light that two old elms in the back garden admitted to this lower part of the house.

"Wouldn't mind that, sir, if I'd a book or two to read ; but it ain't worth while giving me none as I'm to go this evening," said the man, with an inquiring look.

"You shall have some books," I said. "What is this you have been reading?"

"Sermons, sir," he said. "Very good sermons, sir, but not for a poor man ; the poor wants more consideration than they gets in this world, sir."

I rang the bell, and stood as much at my ease as possible when Hannah entered.

"Bring half a dozen periodicals here out of the bookshelves, and the newspapers lying near them, Hannah."

"Yes, sir," said the girl, looking strangely at the man, who stood submissively in the shadow of the firelight, while I shut out the fire from him with a pompous air that was quite new to her.

"I hope you are right, sir, about my going ; they never told me how long I'd have to stay ; but somehow I thought as it would not be for long," said the man.

"My lawyer assured me that you would go this evening," I said.

"Yes, sir ; thank you, sir ; thank you, miss," he said, as Hannah laid down the papers and periodicals.

"There, now make yourself as comfortable as you can," I said, "and ring for anything you want."

"Thank you, sir," said Beck's man ; and I returned to my wife.

Evening came, and night ; Beck's man was still in the breakfast-room. I kept my promise to Ruth.

"I knew it, George," she said, with the tears in her eyes ; "I have known it all day long."

"My poor child," I said, "how could you know it?"

"This once occurred at the Deanery, George ; I did not know it at the time ; but Mary told me afterwards, and that was one of the reasons for her attachment to Pensax ; he came to the Dean and put down upon his table five thousand pounds in five bags of gold. Oh, my poor, dear father, no one knew how great his troubles were !"

"You must not cry, Ruth ; we, too, have had greater sorrows than this—grief for the dead ; a mere incident such as this in our battle with the living must not daunt and depress us. All will be well presently."

"Can we not borrow the money?" she asked. "My pictures; sell them, George; sell anything."

"Do not excite yourself, dear; I will see my lawyer the very first thing in the morning, and have the matter settled in some way."

Going to bed that night I remember that we passed the breakfast-room as if it really did contain a ghost, or as if a murder had been freshly done there. Ruth shuddered, and hurried by. Beck's man had not gone to bed. He was still reading the papers. The light of his candle gleamed beneath the door. I caught the infection of my wife's evident horror of the room. We double-locked our chamber, and said our prayers at greater length than usual. Awake half the night, we pretended to be asleep; and Ruth's breath came and went quick and fast when Beck's man came upstairs. We could hear his creaking boots. He paused for a moment near our door, and then my wife started up in terror; but the poor man only stopped to creep up his own staircase with additional precaution. Noticing the creaking of his boots, he had paused on the stairs to take them off. I confess that my own heart beat wildly for a moment; my mind was upset, as you will readily understand. To make the jar of it greater, I had been reading De Quincey's thrilling and awful "Postscript" a week previously, and the Williams' murders flashed across my thoughts for a moment. But Beck's man sought his own room. We heard the door close and the lock fall. Would to Heaven this had been the last night of our listening for that soul-crushing sound of the enemy's footsteps!

## CHAPTER XXII.

### WHY THEY CALLED HIM BECK'S MAN.

ANOTHER day and another passed like the first. My lawyer said we must learn to bear with Beck's man. On no account must we pay the money, even if we had it. The law must take its course. Kitts and Wiggles were wrong, and Kitts and Wiggles would suffer for what they had done. Kitts and Wiggles said their instructions were imperative from Oswald's executors. A few days more would bring relief, and we must bear our misfortune bravely. The jovial-looking whist player came down to "The Cottage" and told Ruth all this himself, and it comforted her greatly. He even made her laugh by his anecdotes of Goldsmith and Sheridan, who put liveries on their

bailiffs and made them wait at table. The whole thing, in his hands, became an elaborate joke, especially after a bottle of the Deanery port. I tried to keep up the humour when he had gone, but it was like a man who was dying of starvation trying to make epicurean jests. Nevertheless, I began to take a special interest in Beck's man, with whom I had frequent conversations. My wife had never seen him, but she pitied him heartily when I repeated the conversation I had had with him.

"I am going to ask you a very great favour," he said, on the second or third day of his visit.

"Yes ; what is it ?"

"I smell no smoking in the house, sir."

"I smoke a cigar occasionally."

"Tobacco, sir ?"

"No, not a pipe."

"I'd give anything for a pipe, sir, if it might be allowed."

"Certainly, yes, by all means," I said ; "smoke."

"I've got no pipe nor tobacco, sir," he said ; "I comed away in such a hurry I brought nothing with me."

"Where did you come from ?"

"Drury Lane, sir ; that's where I lodges."

"You are a bachelor, then ?"

"No, sir," said the man, smiling somewhat sadly ; "I'm married, and have five children."

"Indeed !"

"Five little ones, sir."

"How old ?"

"The youngest six months, and the oldest six years."

"And are they in lodgings with you ?"

"Yes, sir, in two rooms ; and my wife that ill she could hardly speak when I comed away."

"How sad ! Dear me ! And you have heard nothing of them for several days ?"

"No, sir ; and they don't know where I am, no more than the dead ; and I only left them two shillings."

The poor man's voice trembled as he spoke.

"It a'most drives me mad, sir, to think on it ; but what's a man to do ?"

And here, I thought, he is obliged to sit doing nothing, with this knowledge of the misery of his wife and children gnawing at his very heartstrings.

"I'd been out of work ten weeks afore Beck took me up."

"Yes ; Beck," I said ; "why do they call you Beck's man?"

"Beck is employed by the under-sheriff's officer, and he has men under him. He knowed me when I had a shop in the East End. I was a baker. Beck—he was put in possession, and he cleaned me out. We was sold up complete ; and Beck, he felt sorry like for my wife, and said he'd help me if ever he could, and offered me a situation. It were long enough afore I took up with his work—not till we was all nigh starving."

"I am indeed sorry for you," I said.

"If I could only know how the missus is, and could get Beck to give me a shilling or two for them."

"Go and see them," I said, "and I will give you a few shillings."

"Thank you, sir ; thank you much ; but I dursn't leave here ; but when I'm out, and if, sir, you knows of anything as would suit me, I'll give up Beck. I was brought up in Gloucester, sir ; and I knows gardening and how to manage a horse ; if I could only get into the country again ! Oh, it's a cruel place this London—a mortal cruel city."

The tears rolled down the man's cheeks. When I told my wife the story, she made me promise to take her to Beck's man's family in Drury Lane. We went there together on the next day, and found that the man's story was only too true. How trifling our trouble seemed in presence of this man's cause for grief ! Two of the most wretched rooms in London's most wretched haunts contained his family, half naked and starving from cold and hunger. They had pawned nearly every rag of clothing, sold nearly every article of furniture that would realise money for food and fuel. Beck's man leaned his head against the mantel-shelf in the breakfast-room at "The Cottage" and sobbed when I told him how Mrs. Himbleton had lighted his fire in Drury Lane and fed his children.

Ruth Oswald was indeed an angel. It was a heavenly picture, that hovel in Drury Lane changing under the magic of her presence, like a dull, leaden landscape warmed into brightness and beauty by the sun. Yet I remember that Ruth disliked Beck's man. In this the angel showed its human origin. She could not quite forgive Beck's man for consenting to play the part he enacted at "The Cottage." In her mind he was the chief cause of our trouble. He was the enemy. She pitied his children, and helped them cheerfully in their need ; but Beck's man had destroyed the hallowed charm of our cottage on the Thames. He was the cuckoo in our nest ; the bird of prey in our retreat ; the spirit of all that was gloomy and terrible in the only ghostly room of "The Cottage."

"It's too kind for you to behave like this," he said, his eyes blinded with tears; "you ought to hate me and mine; if it hadn't been for the wife and young 'uns I'd rather you'd have nagged at me and trod on me."

"Make your mind easy," I said; "it has given Mrs. Himbleton and myself as much pleasure as yourself, what we have done to-day."

"You are main good to say so; I don't know how to thank you, and I can never return your kindness."

Later in the evening, I paid the enemy another visit. He was smoking before the fire as comfortably as if he was sitting beneath his own vine and fig-tree. As I entered, he respectfully laid his pipe down.

"I want to ask you a few questions," I said.

"Yes, sir."

"Do you receive any letters here?"

"No, sir."

"Not from Beck?"

"No, sir."

"You have had no intimation that you are likely to be removed?"

"No, sir; never heard a word."

"Is this usual?"

"Yes, sir; never hears nothing till the governor comes, or the auctioneer."

"The auctioneer!"

"Yes, sir; I was put in a furnished house last time, and on the seventh day the auctioneer and 'praiser of the Court came, and we had a cab and carried off all the poor lady's clothes, jewellery, and books."

"Was not that a very unusual proceeding?"

"No, sir; you see, they gets savage when they finds the furniture is protected, and they seizes anything they can."

"Indeed."

"I've been a thinking, sir, in your case, sir, as it would be best if you was to put away anything as is not in that settlement, or deed, or whatever it be."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, you see, sir, it's getting on for the last day, and Beck or the 'praiser is sure to come; and anything as is not down in the paper—anything as you've bought since—just the same as anything as does not belong to a furnished house like, can be took. I've smoked on this all the afternoon, sir, and meant to warn you afore you went to bed."

"That is very good of you, very good ; but you do not understand this particular case."

"Well, sir, I may, and I mayn't ; but I've had more experience of seizures than you have. I seed the moment I was in the house as you was not used to it. Now some is as artful as can be, and they does even Beck now and then. Pardon me for suggestin' ; but I think you'd better be guided by me, sir. I sacrifices myself, sir, in this house on the altar of gratitude. Do whatever you like, sir ; I sees nothing, and I says nothing."

Beck's man waved his pipe over his head and struck an attitude in front of the fire. He was intoxicated. I could find no other excuse for his excitement.

"You have drunk and smoked more than is good for you," I said.

"No, master ; no. I am more familiar than I ought to be ; but I have said what is right. Forgive me if I have offended you, sir."

"No offence," I said.

"This is a cruel city, and I fear, sir—yes, I fear—you will only understand all I say when it is too late. Very sorry, sir ; hope you will look over it, if you think I have been rude to you."

"Not at all, Beck's man ; good night."

Why did I not listen to that man and take warning of his words ? I have learnt wisdom since those bitter days from many a darker mind than his.

The dulled fires of the past blaze up anew as I note these earth-stained hours of the enemy's occupation of "The Cottage" on the Thames. I find my patience slipping away as I throw my soul back into that black and bitter time. It seems to me for the moment, as I stand once more in the old place, that Heaven is unjust to permit the pure and good to undergo the deep degradation and misery which He laid upon Ruth. An angel abandoned by the just God himself alone could equal the desertion of Ruth in her hour of need. Celestial wings dabbled in the mud of Ratcliffe Highway present a type of Ruth in her distress one fatal day while I sat in the cold and cruel city, little recking of what had come to pass. Why did not some good angelic instinct prompt me to hasten to her side ? Could my love have been as great and true, as all-absorbing, as I deemed it, when no spiritual electricity, no natural instinct, told me that Ruth was in trouble ; that the enemy had attacked the citadel in my absence ? I cursed heaven and earth and all mankind when I knew what she had suffered. Above all things, I cursed myself for want of wisdom, lack of judgment ; aye, and for lack of love. It was long before I recovered my moral balance. I became an outcast in

the world, morally, socially, mentally ; a brooding, dangerous outcast ; an Ishmaelite, a bitter cynic, a mocker, a broken-hearted man. I look back now upon those days of darkness and pity myself, and hold myself up, as it were, to Heaven, looking for pity there ; looking for pity where only pity is ; for He has sounded every depth of misery—He knoweth all the bitterness that is under the sun. My soul stretches forth its longing arms to Him ; for I know that He is merciful and true, and that she, my beloved, is waiting at the golden gates to welcome me.

What is it, pride of soul or earthly vanity, that makes me feel ashamed to say what further worldly disgrace fell upon our nest? That fatal day predicted by the Law's wretched representative who had a starving family in Drury Lane ; that fatal day came. I had gone into the City to see my lawyer. All was well, he said. The unhappy business had been settled. The enemy would have retreated by the time I returned. I must have dinner, said my City friend, and we would discuss the settlement over a glass of wine. Men dined early in those days. We sat down together at three o'clock. The genial lawyer said I had a bitter enemy behind Kitts and Wiggles—a bitter and uncompromising enemy.

"A fellow," said the lawyer, "who would rob his own father, and has, I dare say, if he ever had one, for there are some people in this world who come into it direct from the devil himself."

"Indeed," I said ; "who can he be?"

"A wriggling, wall-eyed, h-murdering fellow, with a hard leathern mouth, calling himself Trigg, the steward of Pensax. I met him yesterday by appointment at an hotel in Fleet Street. What have you done to this man?"

"Nothing, though I can understand he hates me."

"As Caliban hated his master, I dare say," said the lawyer ; "and for similar reasons. But we will say no more of this poor mockery of mankind. Kitts and Wiggles have accepted the ruling of a Judge in Chambers that the seizure must be abandoned, and they have agreed to take their claim by instalments of fifty pounds a month. Can you manage that?"

"I will," I said.

"That is right ; here is prosperity to you, Mr. Himbleton—not for your own sake alone, but for the sake of your charming wife, the most lovely woman—I say it, sir, with an apology for my rudeness—that ever my eyes rested on."

"I thank you, sir," I said ; "I thank you from my heart ; for you have touched its chiefest hope and ambition. I only seek her happiness."



"You are a good fellow, I am sure," said the lawyer; "and if ever I can be of service to you, command me in any reasonable way."

The club servants lighted the lamps while we were sipping our wine and exchanging these conversational civilities. Outside, the daylight was fading into a dim uncertain shadow, that was blown about by a moaning winter wind. I say a shadow, for it seemed like the shadow of winter chased by the very power which it had created. When it fell upon the club windows for a moment, the wind drove it to the doorway, and thence down the street. Wind and shadow, however, soon disappeared; the blinds shut out one, the shutters smothered the moaning of the other, except now and then when the monster shouted defiance down the chimney and made the smoke fear to ascend. The room, nevertheless, wore a bright and warm appearance, the lamps shed a soft halo of light upon the shining mahogany tables, and the wind's occasional attacks upon the chimney only sent into the room a fragrance of burning wood, which carried my thoughts back to the studio of Old Sidbree House.

My heart leaped with joy as I thought of the happy time Ruth and I would have that night when I reached home. My lawyer assured me that Beck's man had already gone home to his children in Drury Lane—unless, as the genial cynic suggested, he had betaken himself to the nearest public-house to get speedily drunk and incapable of everything except beating his wife. I defended Beck's man from the City man's satire, thinking how little he knew of domestic love and domestic duty; and I thought, during every break in the conversation, how happy Ruth and I would be; how she would sit at my feet by the fire and listen to my story of the battle; how I would carry her mind away from the defeat I had suffered; how the image of Beck's man should be effaced by pictures of coming joys; how the firelight should be full of happy stories for both of us, full of good omens, full of joyous pictures.

Oh, it was then that the fiends were mocking me! I saw them not. I did not know that the wind had brought them to laugh and jeer at me. I did not detect their voices in the chimney. The wind seemed cruel to me when it drove the poor shadow from door to door, from street to street; but I did not dream of the cruel secret it carried to and fro; I did not dream of the fiends that yelled in chorus with its own cold, wintery voice. All that warm, lamp-lighted time at the club was a bitter, biting time at "The Cottage." While I was jingling my glass with the lawyer's, the enemy was making forced marches to my unprotected citadel. The enemy had not evacuated "The Cottage;" he was sitting there grim and still, to open wide the

gates for the entrance of his master ; directed by the arch fiend, Trigg, the crawling, slimy, world-stained enemy was making his way to "The Cottage." There was a flaw in the lawyer's calculations, a flaw which only a cruel, malicious enemy would have fixed upon—a flaw nevertheless ; and when I was picturing that happy sequel to the enemy's evacuation in the warm City club-room, the foe had commenced a hellish work of sack and pillage, and no good angel wafted to me the cry of my darling in the hour of her distress.

*(To be continued.)*

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## PROPOSALS FOR A LIFE OF MACAULAY.

**T**HE years which have elapsed since Lord Macaulay's death render a calm and impartial judgment of him possible. While he was alive, while his *Essays* were being published, while each successive instalment of the *History* was appearing, that was almost out of the question. A constant bone of contention was before the critics and the public. One section dwelt on the light, the picturesqueness, the vigour of Macaulay's style, and could see nothing worse than a little pardonable prejudice in his attacks on some historical characters. Another, while allowing him high literary qualities, considered that his writing was fast becoming vicious in its excesses, while his violent partisanship made him unsafe as an authority. Whatever view was taken, there was the man before us, dogmatic, sometimes dictatorial, given to presuming a little upon his extensive reading and experience, making himself, and feeling himself, unanswerable. You could not help taking sides, either for or against him. You knew that you must either refuse to listen, or submit to be enslaved. Your feeling is very different now, and though immediately upon Macaulay's death regret prevailed, and was apt to be exaggerated, that, too, has subsided, and has given place to sober appreciation.

With the power of forming an unbiassed judgment on the author, there also arises the wish for some memorial of the man. Soon after Macaulay's death, it was rumoured that a life was to be written, and Mr. G. O. Trevelyan was even named as the probable author. But there are no signs of the preparation of any such work, and if the intention was ever formed it seems to have been abandoned. Whether difficulties have proved insuperable, or other occupations have interfered—whether the common objections to literary biography have prevailed, or private life has been regarded as sacred—can only be matter of conjecture. Whatever be the cause of silence, the result is to be regretted. I know that many people affect to find poverty of incident, want of emotion, barrenness of sympathy, in the lives of men of letters. Such lives, we are told, contain none of those stirring events which call forth latent energies and seem to lay bare the very roots of character; the men have no intimate connection with the

struggles of the time and with the aspirations for conquest or for freedom that glowed in the breasts of their contemporaries. How can a life passed among books and manuscripts be expected to vie with the life of a general who dictated terms to Europe, or of a Minister whose policy sums up the history of a period? An able critic contrasts the life of a poet with Othello's adventures, and pronounces it less likely to rivet the attention of Desdemona. But it appears to me that these views are founded on a misconception of the nature of biography. The craving for mere incident, without regard to its effect on character, means nothing else than a preference for the historical over the biographical element, and the objection made to literary lives would apply equally to lives in general. To the biographer, the events of his hero's life are chiefly valuable as serving to illustrate his character. It is well that there should be some events to relate, but what is their absence when compared with the want of any character to illustrate? The most stirring incidents may come within the life of a man who in himself is wholly insignificant. Taken as an event, an expulsion from college can hardly be placed by the side of a general engagement; yet Shelley's expulsion from Oxford is far more interesting in a biographical point of view than the Duke of Cumberland's victory at Culloden.

In the case of Macaulay, however, there is another answer to such objections. The life of Macaulay in itself ought to be one of the most interesting books of the period. A man who occupied such a position, not only as dictator of literature, but representative of literature in society; whose opinions were uttered with such force and carried so much authority with them; who mixed with the greatest contemporary minds both as historian and statesman, and influenced the style of English literature as well as the habits of thought of English politicians; can hardly fail to be accepted as one of the most prominent characters of the time in which he lived. To some extent at once the Johnson and the Gibbon of his day, Macaulay's life has the historical unity, the attachment to one exclusive object, that gives its charm to Gibbon's autobiography, while his conversation seems a more logical repetition of the social absolutism of Johnson. Nor is even the lack of incident to be laid to the charge of his life. Viewing him merely as a public man, we may say that his term of Indian service, his active Parliamentary career, ought to supply more valuable materials than the official memoranda and extracts from despatches which form the sole deposit of so many statesmen. We do not know quite as much about the events of his literary life, but we may form our surmises. The glimpses given us of Macaulay as a

young man in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, the stories about the composition of his Essays and his History which are current in society, the sketches contained in the letters, diaries, and lives of his contemporaries, all go to make up a most remarkable portrait. The man lived in the world, and his knowledge of the past merely served to connect two different epochs. He was so absorbed in his books as to read in the street, but he was no book-worm. If he treated the characters of past ages as though they were living, and thundered against Charles and James with the zeal of one who had some personal quarrel, the effect of this was to transplant his readers to the England of the Stuarts and create the burning passion of partisanship in a cause which had long since been decided. The famous passage in the Essay on Bacon which describes the pleasure of associating with the mighty dead is significant of Macaulay's power of revivifying the past. Plato, he says, is never sullen. Cervantes is never petulant. Demosthenes never comes unseasonably. Dante never stays too long. The act of taking down the book from the shelves was equivalent to calling up the spirit of the author; and what to others would rank as reading, was with Macaulay holding converse. Such vivid enjoyment of intellectual effort would make the most secluded study a scene of action. But Macaulay brought the world into his study.

The most interesting feature of a Life of Macaulay would certainly be the history of his mind. Even with the aid of his writings alone it is possible to trace his mental development; and yet without some of those links which private information would supply, this process would be rather one of critical analysis than of biographical revelation. The plan for a literary Life of Macaulay has not been wholly suggested by Edgar Quinet's "Histoire de mes Idées," nor has the wish to mark his stages of growth arisen out of antagonism to Mr. Bagehot's theory that Macaulay's mind remained unchangeable. If I wanted to argue this question on the ground chosen by Mr. Bagehot, I should say that the particular instance he gives makes against him. He contrasts the speech on India Macaulay delivered before going to Calcutta with the speech on the Gates of Somnauth made after his return, and says that the first shows as much knowledge of the country as the second. But if the two speeches are compared throughout, the second will be found to be much fuller in detail, and to savour of much greater personal experience. The first surprises us by its mastery of Indian terms, by the learning derived from books, by the theoretical acquaintance with the country. In the second the learning has become practical, has been

checked and extended by contact with real life, has an air of familiarity which leads you to forget that books are still the main source from whence it has sprung. Yet, though the two speeches are significant of Macaulay's susceptibility to new impressions, they do not show the general tendency of his mind. His ordinary course was from the complex to the simple, from an excessive display of learning to an occasional happy allusion, from a laboured style to one that was easy. This is not to be found in the two Indian speeches. It is mostly to be seen by comparing the Essays with the History. It seems to coincide with a similar change in Macaulay's own habits, for the character given of him in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* is that of an obtrusive pedant, quoting out-of-the-way passages at unseasonable times; and this description would not be recognised by those who met him in after years at London breakfast tables.

Some critics have said—and with a certain amount of justice—that in Macaulay the historian was spoilt by the essayist. But there is also ground for maintaining that the essayist was spoilt by the historian. It strikes us, in reading the Essays, that the mind of their writer is the most thoroughly historical that ever came into being. We see this chiefly in the illustrations which are employed. Macaulay does not seem able to conceive anything which has not really existed, any fact which has not really occurred. Nor is this all; he must have some means of proving the existence or occurrence. The habit of incessant quotation from books, of reference to historical characters, of accumulation of known events, gives the Essays an air of learning, but makes them stiff and laboured. There is much greater freedom in the History, with all its tendency to sameness. Macaulay was too much in his element then to swim ungracefully. But an essayist needs lightness of touch, invention, imagination; and we are apt to miss these in Macaulay's finished rhetorical exercises. I grant that he very skilfully conceals the deficiency. It is so enjoyable to read him that a critic forgets to find fault. Still when we get below the admirable workmanship of the Essays, and analyse their substance, we too often find that what we took for wit is really memory, and what seemed imagination is minute study. Take as an instance of the first the Essay on Robert Montgomery. Most men would say that this is Macaulay's lightest and most amusing essay, the only one in which he aimed almost exclusively at wit. But the only piece of wit in the essay which is not drawn directly from book-lore is the comparison of Robert Montgomery's poems to a Turkey carpet. The essay opens with an Eastern fable, an apologue on puffing, and

brings us soon after to another Eastern tale to illustrate the fate of plagiarists. The military operations in one poem remind Macaulay of those which reduced the Abbey of Quedlinburgh to submission, as stated in "The Rovers," and an exploit of peculiarly difficult valour prompts a quotation from Dante. The critic's reason for preferring the omnipresence of the Deity to Satan is conveyed in a speech of Sir Thomas More's, and the dulness of Robert Montgomery's devil leads to a description of "that happy change in his character which Origen anticipated, and of which Tillotson did not despair." We may trace the same characteristics through many of the other Essays. When Macaulay alludes to Southey's changes of opinion, he compares him to Milton's Satan. "He has passed from one extreme of political opinion to another, as Satan in Milton went round the globe, contriving constantly to 'ride with darkness.' Wherever the thickest shadow of the night may at any moment chance to fall, there is Mr. Southey! It is not everybody who could have so dexterously avoided blundering on the daylight in the course of a journey to the Antipodes." The continuation of Sir James Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution* recalls the threat of the Consul Mummius to make the packers of his marble statues replace any limbs that might be broken. Dr. Nares's *Life of Burleigh* fills Macaulay with astonishment like that felt by Gulliver when he landed in Brobdingnag. This comparison leads to a reminiscence of a joke of Sydney Smith's and of the paper in the *Spectator* on the antediluvian loves of Hilpa and Shallum. Lastly we hear of the criminal in Italy who was suffered to make his choice between Guicciardini and the galleys, and who, after choosing the history, changed his mind at the war of Pisa and went to the oar.

Great as is the amusement to be derived from reading these passages aloud, it may fairly be asked whether they answer to the definition of wit. Contrast them with any of the writings of Swift or Sydney Smith, and you see the difference between original ideas and reminiscences. Take, again, the case of Macaulay's imagination as reflected in the Essays. The most celebrated picture in the whole collection is the account of the trial of Warren Hastings. With what marvellous completeness the whole scene is brought before your eyes! And yet when you read the passage carefully you see that imagination has nothing to do with its production. You ask yourself, What is the source of its power? Knowledge, is the answer. The description is made up of the minute accumulation of details which actually took place, which are to be found in books, which were observed by the people present. We have not poetic picturesqueness, but that of

miniature painting. Each person in turn is characterised, and the very traits which would have been pointed out to a stranger by one familiar with the great world of the day are preserved by the chronicler. Who but a man really present at the trial would have arrested such an incident as that of Fox's unusual splendour of attire? "The collectors of gossip did not fail to remark that even Fox—generally so regardless of his appearance—had paid to the illustrious tribunal the compliment of wearing a bag and sword." May it not be contended in future ages that this passage conclusively shows a mistake in the date commonly assigned to Macaulay's birth, as Macaulay himself has proved that Wycherley was in error as to the time when he composed his comedies?

Such being the characteristics of the *Essays*, it may be interesting to compare them with the *History*. It is natural that wider range and scope should produce an effect of greater freedom, but it is not only the scale that is extended. A writer of history is necessarily dependent on his authorities for the substantial part of his work; his treatment of the materials supplied him and his views can alone be original. Here, no doubt, the essayist has great advantages. Yet, when Macaulay comes to write history, he takes a much higher position than he occupied in his *Essays*; he has such a hold of his subject as to render the isolated facts subordinate to the general effect of the narrative; he fuses the various details derived from others into an original and artistic whole, and conveys the impression, not of minute reading and research, but of grasp and mastery. It is not easy to find particular passages which bear out this view, formed as it is from a perusal of the whole *History*; but there is one very curious contrast between the methods pursued in the earlier and the later writings. Both in the *Essay on Addison* and in the *History*, Macaulay describes the poetic faculties of Montague as insufficient to raise their owner above the rank of a versifier, but as able to impart an exceptionally high character to his prose. The simile adopted in the *Essay* is taken from Dr. Johnson's "*Rasselas*." We are referred to the philosopher who vainly attempted to fly, but who, on falling into the water, found himself buoyed up in that element by the wings which were useless in the air. In the *History* we are told of Montague:—"His genius may be compared to that pinion which, though it is too weak to lift the ostrich into the air, enables her while she remains on the earth to outrun hound, horse, and dromedary." The transition from one class of similes to another may be taken as characteristic of an enlargement of mind, while there is also something easier and more natural about the second order. If it be said



that both are equally the offspring of research, the art is more skillfully concealed in the second. And this remark may be made upon other features of the History.

One part of Macaulay's life which will doubtless afford the most interesting materials to his biographer is that which was spent in making himself personally acquainted with the scenes he had to describe. I do not know what truth there may have been in the story told of his making a collection of street ballads for the purpose of illustrating some period of history, and being followed home by an admiring crowd which expected to hear him sing. But it seems certain that the description of the battle of Sedgemoor was the result of several days passed on the spot, and that this is not the only instance in which Macaulay followed the example of Balzac. Goethe's English biographer has commented on the absurdity of writing the life of a modern poet without even visiting the town in which he lived, and has remarked that some of his German predecessors treated Goethe much as they might have treated Cicero. Macaulay, indeed, would have made very much more out of Cicero than could be done by a German author; but the mistake which Mr. Lewes has exposed might, perhaps, have been expected from the bookish writer of some of the Essays. Had it not been for the subsequent work, we might have thought that Macaulay could describe what he had not seen better than what he had seen. This is to some extent maintained by Mr. Bagehot. It is noticed as a characteristic of the poet Coleridge in his life by Freiligrath. We are told there that while Coleridge was writing the "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," which picturesque locality he only knew from books, he did not find a word to say about the marvels of semi-Oriental Malta, where he had been living. Yet if this reproach applies to Macaulay as an essayist, he is clear from all shadow of it as an historian.

While noticing the growth and enlargement of Macaulay's mind, we must make two or three exceptions. One fault clung to him through life, and that was extreme positiveness. He was a great deal too much given to making up his mind, and when it was once made up nothing could turn it. "I wish I was as certain of anything," Lord Lansdowne said, "as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Essays, History, and Speeches are all alike in this respect. All that was done by advancing years was to soften down asperities, to impart a humaner tone to assertions which were still as dogmatic as those of infallibility. Macaulay's speeches have the fault of being too unanswerable. They leave no loophole for escape; they never hint

at concession or compromise. This might be a satisfactory style for judgments, but it does not suit argument. If you wish to bring others round to your view, you should not begin by slapping them in the face. Yet if Macaulay is too much of a judge in his arguments, he is too much of an advocate in his judgments. He is not only apt to assume that what he says must be conclusive, but he begins by persuading his own mind of the truth of those principles which he wishes to establish. You see that the extremely convincing way in which things are put is the result of art, not nature. The writer has taken up a position, and he means to maintain it at all hazards. This sort of predetermination comes out most strongly in Macaulay's estimates of character. From the time when in his *Essay on Milton* he inveighed against Charles I. with the warmth of an opposition speaker at an undergraduate debating society down to the last mention of James II. in his *History*, he could ascribe nothing good to the House of Stuart. Many other antipathies are to be found in his writings; but this is the strongest. The excesses into which it betrays Macaulay must be apparent to every reader. But what we principally notice in Macaulay's treatment, both of the men whom he dislikes and of those he admires, is the want of analytical power which accompanies his prejudices and predilections. The great clearness and precision which are the most striking characteristics of his mind seem to lead him astray in this matter. He can make no allowance for mixed motives. He cannot accept any solution of conduct save one that is perfectly simple. The complex springs of action are unknown to him. The result is that he is prone to deal with the surface of characters, instead of trying to penetrate to their heart, and that he brings out a mass of contradictions which a deeper study would soon reconcile. In the *Essays* we have this treatment applied to Dr. Johnson and Byron, and most notably to Bacon. The juridical method, which consists in balancing the evidence given on two sides, and taking the mean between conflicting statements, has been pursued to some extent, and both Johnson and Byron are brought before us with antithetical clearness, while Bacon's character is depreciated in order that his philosophy may be exalted. No one can wonder if Macaulay's estimates have given rise to a great deal of controversy. His *Essay on Bacon* has been attacked on the side of science by Baron Liebig, on the side of character by Mr. Hepworth Dixon; his *Essay on Frederick the Great* has been very fairly answered by the late Professor Häusser; and it might be difficult to find a single point on which there has not been some expression of dissent. Yet the real charge against Macaulay is not that he has

provoked criticism, but that he has failed to appreciate character ; that he formed superficial views, and substituted them for an attempt to catch the essence of man's nature ; and that in this respect he left off as he began.

Here, indeed, Macaulay fairly represented his country. There is amongst English people a desire for intelligibility, a dislike of vagueness and theory, a passion for what is called the practical. Men who try to understand things, and disdain to utter anything which will not be understood by others, often fall into the mistake of supposing that only what they can take in at a glance is worth taking. Sometimes a stupid man is more patient and has a better chance of coming right in the end than a man of singular acuteness, although it is equally true that acuteness is likely to be right in the first instance, and that when stupidity goes wrong it is generally backed by obstinacy. Macaulay's passion for clearness may be aptly illustrated by a quotation from one of his election speeches. "Some gentleman appears to dissent from what I say. If I knew what his objections are, I would try to remove them. But it is impossible to answer inarticulate noises." Perhaps some of the criticisms to which we have alluded had the same defect in the eyes of the historian, and the dignity with which Macaulay held aloof from his contemporaries, as though standing on a higher pedestal, must give a tone to his biography.

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## AMONG THE MORMONS.

**S**INCE the completion of the Great Pacific Railway, the recorded notes and sketches of travellers to Salt Lake and its vicinity have been so many and varied that Utah's city and the long, wide streets, with rippling watercourses and luxuriant shade-trees, the gigantic Temple, and the deep blue briny lake, are objects with which we seem to be quite familiar. Upon these features of Salt Lake City it is generally felt that enough has been said. The yearning is rather for further information as to the religion, morality, and social status of the Mormons; for on these points but little is known, and the impressions, however varied, of those who have had any intercourse with "the modern Christians of the West" must, for some time to come, prove interesting and acceptable.

It would be unfair to publish an opinion, based on eye and ear evidence obtained in the territory of Utah, as to this religion, or freely to comment on the social position of a body of men who claim for themselves the high-sounding title of "Latter-Day Saints," without a reference to—I do not say a recognition of the truth of—those so-called historical records which furnish us with the only information we are likely to obtain as to the origin of a sect—may we not say a people?

One Joseph Smith, during his residence in Ontario, in the state of New York, and while only in his fifteenth year, became, as he himself styles it, "the subject of religious impressions," during a "revival" in that district, and one day, praying in the woods, was blessed with a vision of, and communion with, "two glorious personages," but without, so far as we can learn, any very marked results. Nearly four years afterwards, however, he had vision No. 2, and was told where he could find the plates of the "Book of Mormon." It is important to note that there is neither haste nor bustle connected with the Mormon origin, and that it was not until four years after this second vision that Joseph Smith found "on the west side of a hill, convenient (the word is all-important) to his village," these wonderful plates, enclosed in a box, and covered with a stone, just as they had been buried by Moroni fourteen hundred years before.

With the aid of "a schoolmaster," the translation of these plates

was accomplished by the year 1830, and a Church (it consisted of only six members) organised. In 1831 the first settlement was made at Kirtland, Ohio, and a temple afterwards erected at Independence, Missouri; but the Church found no favour with dollar-loving Americans. It was driven by the mob from place to place, and in 1844 the founder of the faith, and Hyrum, his brother, were shot by their persecutors. The new faith thus obtained all the *éclat* derivable from a real martyrdom. It was clear the Church must now "make tracks," and its history at this time, and of the hardships and dangers encountered on the journey westward, is most interesting, and cannot fail to excite sympathy and admiration. This move towards the then almost unknown West was made in 1846, and the next year the Mormon President, Brigham Young, with a hundred and forty-three pioneers, arrived at Salt Lake.

The progress made by these men in a wild, far-off land, and in the face of difficulties, contempt, and persecution, was something prodigious. The barren wilderness soon gave proofs of the results of agricultural skill; trees were planted, a city laid out, an intricate constitution founded, and a wilderness Church established of such attractiveness that thousands from Wales, Sweden, Denmark, and almost every European State, have flocked to it; and when we now talk of the Mormons we are speaking of those who, though they entered Utah twenty-three years ago a mere handful, can now boast of two hundred settlements, and a population of some 150,000 souls.

The Book of Mormon, to which reference has been made, and the varied later revelations to apostles and Church dignitaries, are, of course, the great reservoirs of Mormon faith; but it would be far beyond the limits of this article to comment on a work nearly equal in length to our own Bible, or to analyse those wild and dreamy revelations which puzzle even Brigham Young and his twelve apostles. Add to all this the Mormon claim to be ever "acting under the guidance of prophets, seers, and revelations, the administration of angels, and the manifestation of the Holy Spirit," and it will be seen that the difficulties of getting at anything substantial in the way of doctrine, or articles of faith, are almost insurmountable, and we must be content with substitutions of minor importance. Perhaps, however, a brief notice of the Mormon religious services, and the teachings promulgated in the Temple, may throw some light on the style of religious instruction usually dealt out to the 150,000 members of this extraordinary Latter-Day Church.

I had opportunities during my stay in Salt Lake City of attending services both in the great Tabernacle and in smaller meeting-houses,

and of hearing several of the most celebrated preachers. The former building is said to be capable of holding "ten thousand people closely packed." I never saw three thousand present, and yet the space appeared well filled, for at the afternoon service on a fine Sunday there is generally a good muster. Hats are kept on, and lively conversation and discussion maintained, until the service is commenced by the singing of a hymn. The singing is undoubtedly good, and essentially congregational. The grand organ is a noble instrument, equal, it is said, to any in the States. There does not appear to be any definite arrangement as to the members who are to take part in the services, and I have more than once heard a brother seated in the body of the church called upon, and evidently unexpectedly, to mount the platform and address the audience.

At the conclusion of the hymn a brother offers a short prayer (the people all sitting), in which there is no confession of sin, no entreaty for forgiveness, no prayer for spiritual guidance. Rather does it partake of the Pharisee's exultation—"God, I thank thee that I am not as other men," with the addition of an earnest entreaty for multifarious blessings of a strictly temporal nature. After this "brief exercise," as it is called, a second hymn is sung, and another brother is called upon, who steps forward and delivers what must really be called a speech—sermon it is not, as there is no text, and no adherence to any particular subject.

During the progress of these addresses, the Lord's Supper is partaken of by every member present.

Immediately beneath the platform is a long, high table, whereon are arranged about a dozen silver or plated cake-baskets, and the same number of pint goblets, with sundry earthenware and very common looking jugs of water. During the earlier part of the service several elders are busily employed in cutting the bread, and supplying the goblets with water; and at the conclusion of the first address one of these elders asks for a blessing on the bread. The baskets are then handed to members of the congregation, apparently taken indiscriminately from those present; the addresses are resumed; and during their progress a basket, like our collecting plate, is passed down each row, and every member, still seated, takes a piece of bread. At the next pause a blessing is asked on the water, the goblets are handed round in a similar manner, and when all have partaken there is a short thanksgiving for the privilege of meeting together, the benediction is pronounced, and the congregation is dismissed.

I do not know that I ever attended any other service at which the reading a portion of the Bible, Koran, or other acknowledged authority, was omitted ; but at Salt Lake I heard neither the Bible nor the Book of Mormon read.

Another peculiarity, very noticeable, is the absence from these discourses of anything approaching to spiritual exhortation or advice. The sermons I heard were rather specimens of laudatory boastings as to the privileges of Mormons, varied by virulent attacks on all other Christian bodies ; and when it is added that these were uttered by uneducated men, in bad English, I shall be excused for entertaining a decidedly unfavourable opinion of the pulpit eloquence of Mormon apostles. One qualification of a preacher, however, all seemed to possess in a marked degree—*i.e.*, earnestness.

But they shall speak for themselves, for here are specimens of the style of three of their best preachers, extracts from sermons which I heard myself, and of which I took notes :—

No. 1.—“ I have just come from a journey eastward ; and I tell you, dear brothers and sisters, I come back to my own place fully convinced that our religion is the only true one extant. I have been in their cities in the East ; they have got some good theatres there, but none, I think, that would beat ours, although their acting is better than we have at present. We Latter-Day Saints have often been told of our faults and failings, and I am not going to deny that we have one or two ; but I have been amongst these other sects in the East, and I can tell you that if we have our faults, all these have ten-fold more. The religion which has been revealed to us is one which enjoins us to make ourselves happy in this world ; to be chaste, truthful, upright, and industrious ; to love one another, and to look for and live for heaven hereafter. I wish people would let us alone, as we let others alone. I know many differ from us as to our religion and mode of worship—they, too, have forms, and creeds, and doctrines which we think very foolish and wrong ; but what is that to us? Many, we know, worship God the Father. All right ! Many worship the Virgin Mary. All right ! Many worship wood and stone, pictures and idols. All right ! They may worship a dead dog if they like. What is that to us? That is their look-out, not ours. We let others alone, let others leave us alone.”

No. 2.—“ There is no happiness outside of the Association of the Latter-Day Saints ; for I have proved it by looking for and failing to find it.” [I admired this man immensely—he gave such logical and convincing reasons for all his dicta.] “ We are building up, my brothers

and sisters, a kingdom which will make us the most prosperous on the face of the whole earth. We number thousands, but thousands are still rushing to us, and many of these, I know, are anxious to obtain great posts of office among us ; but I really think those who were here at first, and brought the glory, should have the first share of the power."

It will be observed that this gentleman was a keen diplomatist as well as logician.

In a quivering voice, and with outstretched arms, No. 3 told us [and I fully believed him], "There is a freedom here which exists nowhere else. The notion [this word I thought very appropriate] of religion we have preserves us from all evil when we are away from home, and when so situated we have more confidence than any other body of Christians upon earth. We have one who has the right to say what is right and what is wrong. It has been revealed to him, and we agree to his dictation. Yes ; this one man's power has made us great. Brother Brigham is the best man on the face of the whole earth, and yet there is no man who has been more reviled. I have just been through our interior settlements, and have visited eighty different settlements, and we can now muster two hundred and sixty-eight schools. During my travels to these Mormon settlements I have never heard an oath, never seen a single drunkard, and there are not only no lawsuits but no disputes of any kind." Then he waxed warm, and with a ghastly smile said "The ungodly we care nothing for." [Latter-day Saint, indeed ! I thought of him who, with tears rolling down his furrowed cheeks, could only exclaim, when he thought of the ungodly, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ, for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."] "Our conduct, my brothers and sisters, will bring about the Millennium. I ask, Could Jesus Christ come now to any body of Christians on the face of the whole earth ? Most decidedly not, except to the Latter-Day Saints. Yes ; and if He comes to us we will give Him the best reception in our power ; He shall have our largest Tabernacle to preach in, and we will do all we can to make Him welcome. Yes ; we want to have apostles to preside over our houses and our Assembly and all our worldly institutions. The spirit of prophecy is with us. Why, bless your soul, I have heard the prophets of the Lord God Almighty speak with tongues until the room was full of angels."

The above examples must suffice, for I should be sorry to chronicle any more of the fearful sentences this man uttered in the presence of some two thousand people, who, with laugh and audible comment,



seemed to approve of all that was said, joining at the conclusion of an almost blasphemous peroration in a loud and apparently hearty "Amen!" It may safely be stated that the above extracts are fair specimens of the style of many Mormon discourses heard and read during my stay in Utah.

Some caution is required in briefly noticing the subjects of polygamy and the general morality of the Mormons, consequent on the variety of aspects in which these questions may be viewed. It does not take long to convince a traveller that if he would sift these subjects closely, he must not be content with the one-sided view presented by observations in the Mormon capital, or an intercourse with the upper-class citizens of Salt Lake. It is only when he gets outside, and enters into conversation with men and women who can be induced to talk freely and out of that well-worn groove in which all city comments on polygamy usually run, that he can get at the real opinion of the Mormons on subjects with which they are so closely concerned.

It was during distant walks, or while resting at out-of-the-way cottages, and conversing freely with their hospitable inmates, that I obtained my best information about Mormonism. Far distant from the city you may meet the wife who has the courage and honesty to tell you she hates polygamy, and that it was only from the example of others, and because it was "the custom of the place," she ever consented to become wife No. 3; and that she knows many of her sex who share the same feelings, and who admit that they were "awfully taken in" when they were induced to embrace a faith which they now despise.

The idea, however, which exists in England as to the extent of polygamy among the Mormons is a very erroneous one. I met with many men who had but one wife, with others who willingly remained bachelors, and with very few who had more than three wives. Brigham Young has so many scattered over Utah that he has, it is said, lost the count. The mayor, I believe, has ten, and I had pointed out to me about three others who have got beyond the half-dozen. The number depends, for the most part, on the wealth of the proprietor, as he is not allowed to indulge in polygamic luxuries unless he can show his ability to maintain the coveted plurality of wives and children. The landlord of the principal hotel has three wives; and of course these come in for a long string of questions from the visitors—especially from those ladies who can get them quietly to themselves in their own rooms—as to their happiness, jealousies, &c., and they can give their answers very pat.

I had been told that the women were only outwardly moral, that

their very faces betrayed them, and that I should find a boldness of manner and look which told too plainly of secret, if not admitted, prostitution. I consider all this a gross libel, for I could discern nothing of the sort in the hundreds of married women I saw, certainly in none of those I conversed with, but, on the contrary, a modesty of manner and tone of conversation not usually met with in America. It is true there is a bold, forward, dashing look about many girls of from fifteen to eighteen years old, but even this will bear a favourable comparison with that of many respectable girls of the same age in every American town; but I dare not go to the extent of those who affirm, as the only redeeming feature of polygamy, that "prostitution is unknown—nay, rendered almost an impossibility."

The most that can be said is that it exists to a less, very much less, extent than in any other city of anything like the same population, and that it is held in such abhorrence that something like secrecy in its pursuit is indispensable. That there has been a marked and very important change, within the last few years, in the opinion of Mormons on the subject of polygamy, there can be no doubt, but an admission, to any extent, of such an opinion would of course be suicidal; and though it seems clear that any aspirant to the office now held by Brigham Young would fail to obtain support without a recognition in his manifesto of the blessings of polygamy, yet radical modifications on the subject would by no means be unacceptable.

For the extinction of polygamy every one has long felt that the Senate House alone must be looked to. It is satisfactory to find the United States Government refusing any longer to countenance that open violation of law which has demoralised Utah for so many years.

The absence of crime—nay, even of disputes involving legal proceedings—is a grand feature, and though sharp, unbusinesslike practices are not unknown, one cannot help forming a very high opinion of men whose morality (apart from polygamy) and integrity will stand a severe scrutiny, and who turn out such sober, civil, respectable, industrious, and prosperous settlers. I only saw one drunken man during my visit, and he was a Gentile. There were, I believe, at that time only three houses where beer or spirits could be obtained, and two of these were wholesale houses. At our hotel iced water or coffee were the only "drinks" procurable.

The shopkeepers do a large trade. Their portion of the town has always a business-like, but quiet and orderly, appearance. I remember a Mormon saying to me, "When I was in England I always lived in large towns, and amidst noise, and drunkenness, and crime; and you can't think what a pleasure it is to be here where we

have none of that ; but," the rascal added, " the main reason why I like the place is, you see, sir, we have so little sin."

The inhabitants of Salt Lake City have not many temptations to gaiety and extravagance. The theatre appears to be the only recognised public amusement. This, however, is well patronised by the Mormons. It is rather a handsome building, and the arrangement and decorations of the interior are decidedly good. The pieces are put on the stage with care, and no expense spared in securing efficiency in scenery and dresses; but the acting, during my visits, was decidedly poor, though it appeared to afford gratification to the long row of Mormon wives present almost every evening.

To almost every inquiry as to the control and management of the varied institutions, the organisation of missions, and the carrying-out of the intricacies of Mormon statecraft, the usual answer received is, "Oh, Brigham Young manages all that," and a casual visitor, while puzzling a good deal over the many peculiarities of this startling community, cannot but be surprised at the immense—and, until very recently, unquestioned—powers entrusted to one man by citizens who comprise within their ranks many shrewd, suspicious, business-like, and educated men. It would not have been a matter of surprise, therefore, if even before the year 1869 a cry had been raised against this "one-man power," accompanied by charges of mismanagement, tyranny, and self-aggrandisement.

At the time of my visit (the autumn of last year) comments not only as to the policy but the teachings of the Church, which a year earlier would have been thought rank treason, if not blasphemy, were not unfrequent ; and, though the Mormons were making every effort to meet the coming storm, it was very evident that discontent, doubts, and jealousies were then afloat, and working mischief. That any one else would be allowed to exercise the extraordinary powers of the then President after his death, even though all disputes on other points should cease, has long appeared to many an impossibility ; and as the struggle for his office would be great, and attended by the taunts of rival candidates, the disclosure of slips and failings in the present policy, and the letting-out of bitterness and strife, it was thought the crisis must present itself on the death of Brigham Young ; but I soon saw and heard sufficient to convince me that we might not have to wait for that event to hear of open schism and the beginning of the break-up of Mormonism.

I shall not forget the surprise, nay, the horror, with which a Mormon received my prophecy that before six months were over I should read, in England, of open schism at Salt Lake, and

probably the manifesto of an opposition President. "Impossible," he said; "you don't know the awe with which we look upon such things. No; while Brigham Young lives there can be no break-up, and there will be no opposition beyond, perhaps, something like the younger Smith's recent raid against polygamy, and, like that, it will come to nothing." Yet far more than I predicted has come to pass. Within a few months of my leaving I read, on board a West Indian steamer, the published manifesto of Messrs. Godbe and Harrison (two of the most noted members of the Mormon Church), in which we have a new and detailed programme, and the ushering in of "modern Mormonism."

The document is a remarkable one. The account of the excommunication of the initiators of the new *régime* is thus worded :—

For daring mildly and respectfully to reason upon the inconsistencies of some of the President's propositions he has deprived us of our fellowship and standing in the Church, and thus, with his own hand, has dissolved our allegiance to him. He has declared that his will is supreme and omnipotent in the Church, that it shall be unquestionably obeyed, and that to oppose any of his measures shall be deemed apostacy, and punished by excommunication.

The introductory paragraph to a disclosure of the propositions of modern Mormonism is as follows :—

We, therefore, announce to the world at large that a great and divine movement is at hand, when the Church will find a second birth, and commence a new era in her career. She will return to her true order, the guidance of prophets, seers, and revelations, the administration of angels, and the manifestation of the Holy Spirit. Having learned the evils of the one-man power, she will never again surrender her liberty into human keeping; she will disentangle her hands from alliance with commerce and the civil power, and move onward to her true destiny, to be the great spiritual and intellectual power of the earth.

The manifesto then treats of various items respecting which reform is deemed advisable, but nothing very definite is laid down, the principles on which future action is to be based being adduced, and all details and dogmatic outbursts carefully avoided. In treating of polygamy, the same caution is used, and we find the subject thus disposed of :—

Another point in the movement will be to place the practice of plural marriage on the highest grounds. It will only maintain or encourage it so far as it is practised within the highest conditions of purity, delicacy, and refinement. It will assert that pure affection on all sides can alone sanctify this or any other kind of marriage. It will, therefore, oppose all marriage from a cold sense of religious duty, as it will all marrying for the mere accumulation of families. It will leave it, like the question of being called to preach the gospel, to every man's light and intuition to determine when or whether it will be right in his case or not. Above

all things, the movement will strongly assert the necessity of the highest appreciation of woman, and of her highest development and culture, as the only basis of a high civilisation.

For the full development of modern Mormonism we shall doubtless have to wait some time, but it is disappointing to find in this new manifesto so little anxiety to blot out the most objectionable features of past Mormonism. It is something, however, to be able to refer to a "modern Mormonism" of any sort, for it points to reform, and indicates the exercise of thought, and the existence of discussion in a community which has for many years accepted unquestioned, and with all the solemnity of a revelation, doctrines however unsound, teachings however absurd, and practices however heathenish.

That a searching reform, leading to the rapid extinction, or at any rate remodelling, of Mormonism is at hand, there can be little doubt. Action on the part of Congress has already been taken, the Great Pacific Railway must effect a more than missionary work, and as Mormons are brought into daily intercourse with their fellow-men, as social life and religious doctrines hitherto secreted in the far-off valleys of Utah pass through the ordeal of public gaze and criticism, and as the intelligence of the youth now being educated in those two hundred and sixty-eight schools is brought into play, may we not hope for a bright future for these hard-working, sober, honest, peaceful settlers gathered from every clime? May we not predict that the day is not far distant when, deep as the lowest depths of that briny, tranquil lake which sparkles on the plains of Utah, shall be buried all the dreamy traditions and foolish eccentricities of both past and present Mormonism?

J. ROGER DUTTON.



## PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.

### II.—MRS. ROUSBY.

**I**F any one were to lament in some mixed company the dearth of good actresses, he would probably be corrected by some one naming the charming Mrs. Rousby; "a fine tragedy actress: such expression; such grace! and so run after." Not to have seen her as the Princess Elizabeth in the play that sounded like "Twix Tax and Crown"—one of the most unpleasantly cacophonous titles ever given to a play—was to have missed one of life's pleasures. Her Joan of Arc is still granted to us. So any neglect is inexcusable. During that first delicious season, after Mr. Tom Taylor found out the prize and brought it to town, at every dinner party the agreeable gentleman asked his fair neighbour, "Haven't you seen Mrs. Rousby?" and the lady said she heard all the gentlemen are in love with her. Elegant "stall" parties were formed to go and see her, and exquisites were content to sit for hours listening to long declamations about "marry! aye a galliard in sooth!" and in hearing a venerable but miserably bigoted ecclesiastic described as "Sir priest," or objurgated roundly as "proud priest!" In every shop window were seen hand-fuls of photographs representing the actress as exquisitely devotional, with a fair wig turned up over her forehead, and a nun-like expression. Indeed, the success of this lady has in no little degree been assured by the exertions of a successful and advertising photographic company, who have "done her" in a lavish abundance, and in every conceivable attitude, expression, and size. The idle crowd stop and admire, and are titillated by the very variety, and rush to see, in the flesh, one who has grown so very familiar to them. There was, besides, a little bit of private romance that had got abroad—a lady of high degree wooed and won by a player—an indignant family, and a noble sacrifice of all advantages of birth and position in favour of the stage. What with the romance, the discussion at dinner parties, the photographs—success was assured, and this in spite of a ponderous play, and, it must be said, indifferent acting. The play was solemn, heavy, cold, and, as it seemed to us, without nature or character. In those old rusty volumes of dramas we find upon the stalls there are pieces—like "Edward the Black Prince,"

“Mahomet,” “The Siege of Damascus”—which are constructed on the same lines, but have a bombastic passion and vigour. Here the central figure, a persecuted, gentle lady, wholly unlike the blunt Elizabeth, was a pretty piece of declamation. With much queenly grace she came in and out at the head of processions, with those men and pages in trunks and hose, those knights and courtiers, who, even under the best stage conditions, *will* look ridiculous—confronted “Sir priest” with much elocutionary protest, delivering long screeds of blank verse, with correct taste, emphasis, and elocution, the true measured rise and fall, the swaying of the arms; but without those lightning changes, that acting where the whole figure speaks in a single attitude, and where the character is revealed at every turn. With reluctance it must be said that there was here no genius: no vigour or power. The whole was tame and spiritless, and certainly, granting merits of her own, it would seem that nothing could be more unsuited to her than characters of this heroic proportion. A gentle, womanly character, pleading and sorrowing, full of softness and love, would be far more within her powers.

Recently, Mr. Tom Taylor wrote another drama for the same heroine, in which the character of Joan of Arc was allotted to her. Never, perhaps, has there been so magnificent a spectacle as the “mounting” of this play; and this, too, without the extravagant flourish which attended the late Mr. Charles Kean’s revivals. Here the more gentle and “suffering” element might have suited her; but there is a heroism and almost supernatural grandeur beyond Mrs. Rousby’s grasp. All through—at the head of an army; in a cathedral; leading an attack, mounted on a horse; bearding Inquisitors—was the lady present; she was scarcely ever absent from the scene; and yet she was overpowered by all these events. That frail figure had no supernatural vehement spirit to triumph over physical weakness; the weight of her glittering armour, the shifting figures of the crowd, seemed to overwhelm her. There might actually have been a difficulty *in picking out the Joan of Arc from the rest of the vast crowd*—the true Joan of Arc, without beauty, or white horse, or armour, with only a ragged peasant’s dress upon her, ought to have been recognised at a glance among the gaudy “supers” who surrounded her. There is in this vaunted and really attractive lady a weakness, physical and moral; and by the end of the piece, what with being hoisted on her horse, and made to change her dress and carry heavy armour, she seemed utterly exhausted. Both play and character, the latter so noble and gigantic in proportions, completely dwarfed her. And when it came

to the visible burning, the faggots and gas-lights—but a fierce controversy has arisen on this topic, in which no less a person than Mr. Charles Reade has joined, coming to the aid of his friend.

His argument was that the "roasting" of the heroine was a legitimate part of the dramatic story, as the expression in her face of submission to the will of Heaven, of suffering, of resignation to persecution, of dauntless acceptance of coming torture—were emotions belonging to her story, which could not be exhibited without the visible "roasting." A little reflection, however, on what are true dramatic principles, will show that this cannot hold. The drama deals, or should deal, with the mind, emotions, and character; and it might almost be laid down broadly that the more it helps out this department with mimetic agencies, the more it weakens its great powers. Of course the simulated adjuncts of the stage are unavoidable, and are necessary; but still it may be said that perfect acting, such as was that of the French comedians, is rather assisted by a meagreness of accessories: a plain, decent scene, with modest dresses, being more *dramatic* than the most elaborate realism. Death, and the emotions of death, may belong to the drama, but the machinery by which death or torture is produced clearly belongs to the diorama; and such class of entertainment, and the introduction of simulated flames, would only have the effect of making the dramatic less awful. When an actress is exhibited in so terrible a position as being burnt, stage realism has gone a step too far, and the reflection occurs that it is impossible she *can* be burnt. And further, no stage machinery could rise to the dignity of a real burning. In short, the mere burning as a spectacle *coram populo*, does not add to the effect; and the same result of exciting pity, terror, sympathy, can be done far more effectively by the arts that fall within the legitimate province of the drama. It is enough for the spectator to know that she *is* to be burnt—to see her, according to the George Barnwell precedent, walking to execution. There is a paper among the "Sketches by Boz" representing the last night of a murderer in his cell, which is infinitely horrible, and done with extraordinary power. There the anticipation of execution is infinitely more terrible than execution itself. And, indeed, it may be stated that a man who had attended such a criminal through all the horrors of such a night, soothing and consoling him, now listening to his despair, now to his repentance, would find the mere scene of execution, on the following morning, tame beside what he had seen before. In short, it is mental emotion, not physical suffering, that intensifies the dramatic.

No; this fair and graceful lady may be made the centre figure of



enormous pageants for a short time longer ; but these will overwhelm her. And yet it is doubtful if these be not the most suitable opportunities for her to display such powers as she possesses. As for her vivifying tragedy or comedy by the light of her own high gifts—of supplying the want of dress, pageantries, processions, and everything by talent and spirit, this is not to be looked for. In fact, the fickle public is already a little fatigued. According to its own peculiar fashion, it has the decency to wait till a newer idol presents itself, to desert the older one. Of course there remain the provinces ; profuse billing of the walls ; “performed two hundred nights ;” but they cannot carry about the troops of supernumeraries, or the practicable castles and cathedrals ; and “Mr. and Mrs. Rousby” (unmelodious names !) in the legitimate drama will scarcely draw. As for the partner of the attractive lady, his claims, *pace* Mr. Taylor, are meagre indeed. As the great Miss O'Neill used to stipulate for her parents being engaged, and Mrs. Siddons for that “stick,” Mr. Siddons, so we may assume that this gentleman must be secured where his wife's attractions are necessary. If he *is* a good actor, then he *has* triumphed over physical deficiencies of a most remarkable order—figure, voice, appearance, gesture, and bearing being all more or less defective. But the real difficulty nowadays is the position of the star who has outlived an extravagant popularity, and whose gifts fit him to play only histrionic generals or field-marschals. There is no place for him ; his merits are conceded, but the special line in which he shines is not in demand at the moment. Unfortunately, the audience did not want to see the piece, but *him*. It was their fancy. That once gratified, they require change. So will it be, it is to be feared, with the Rousbys.

### III.—MR. LIONEL BROUGH.

For a fresh, broad, racy, and Listonian style of acting that never flags, commend us to Mr. Lionel Brough. This gentleman is one of the few players who take the trouble to conceive a character, as it is called—that is to say, do not think of producing a funny effect in general, but allow this funny effect to flow from the character. This gives an individuality to each part, and distinguishes him from Mr. Toole, whose quaint and genial frolic is all Tooleian and independent of the character. Mr. Brough has prodigious facial expression—a mouth of bucolic proportions, and shines where a certain oafish or bumpkinish spirit is required. His Tony Lumpkin at the St. James's Theatre was a capital piece of acting, so free and

full of detail, and so racy that his guffaws filled his hearers with joviality. We may venture to say that this performance was in the true key of the old legitimate school. Another capital delineation was a character in "Dearer than Life," of a tipsy, selfish old relation—malicious and vindictive—so marked and individualised as to remain on the minds of all who were fortunate enough to see it. This is a very fair test of good acting, when the character is recalled, like some encounter in real life, which we remember years after, and which grows as we dwell on it. There was something so earnest, so spontaneous, so broad and distinct in his manner of conveying particular emotions (contrasting it with the restless collection of nods, winks, twists, and laborious exertion with which more ordinary players try to compass the same end), that it seemed as though some such odious living character was before us. Into most of his characters he imparts a sort of restless stupidity that has the air of intelligence, and is always putting itself forward. The sea captain in Mr. Robertson's last play, the baronet in "The Two Thorns," the clodhopper in "Milky White," are good specimens. Every one must feel for this good actor when the cap and bells are forced into his fingers, and conventional stage despotism obliges him to go through the antics of burlesque. Alas! he is so "thorough" that he flings himself into these vile fooleries with all the heartiness he gives to comedy, and out-Grimaldis Grimaldi in his gymnastics. His fooling is here riotous and extravagant; he kicks his legs about, grimaces, postures, and "gags" with luxuriance. In the latest monstrosity, "Poll and my Partner Joe," it was painful to see him struggling to "do something" with Black Brandon, and having to fall back on the ceaseless snapping of his pistol—so meagre was the part. In a piece called "Jenny Lind" he excelled himself in capers—rolled on the floor, doubled himself up, and lay like a ball!

As a matter of course, he appeared in "Paul Pry," and, curious to say, missed much of the point of the character. It is, perhaps, the only part in which we should not care to see him again. In his hands it became a nervous, eager attorney, cross-examining, trying to trip up the witness, or get at the truth. In this, however, Mr. Toole, though far from the true conception, had the advantage of Mr. Brough, as *he* gave the notion of more genuine curiosity. But still there was the old "fussy self-consciousness," the wariness, that overdone pantomime, and, of course, the "gagging"—which embarrasses the other actors, and causes the play to stand still. How diverting the piece is, and what a hold it has on the stage, need not be mentioned here; and this hold is founded on character, bold and

marked. The character, too, *produces* the whole plot of the piece which is according to the true formula. The writer was fortunate enough to see two performances of this popular piece within a very recent period, and they offered rather a curious contrast. One was at the St. James's Theatre, brought forward elaborately with all the leading parts "starred"—Mr. Brough and Mr. Farren and Mrs. Johnson Wood in the leading rôles. The other was at the Theatre Royal Dublin, with Mr. Toole and a stock company. The effect of the first was dull, and the impression left as of a dull, old-fashioned piece; of the last, of something singularly amusing and entertaining. The reason was that at the first house so much was made every line, the effect became forced and overdone; whereas, the Dublin Theatre all was given naturally and without effort, in an unpretending way, as it would be in real life. The centre figure stood out in greater relief. But, in truth, Mr. Brough has the true secret of acting, which is earnestness—not the idea of producing "fun" by a certain series of arts and tricks, but by simply conceiving the character, leaving to *it* the task of producing the result. Hence, after seeing this actor, an audience does not take away, as in Mr. Toole's case, some comic phrase, or mere comic expression or trick, but a general notion of character. Here is his strong point, and one that should commend him to the judicious. But when he departs out of this line and wishes to compete with the average burlesque actor, he shows his deficiency in the coarse, vulgar gestures which make the success of the burlesque player. Thus, his Smiles in "La Belle Sauvage," seemed always forced and stiff—undirected by any purpose or meaning. No; "character" is his department, and by and by, when the reform which is beginning shall be established, it requires no prophet to foretell that Mr. Brough will develop powers that will surprise even his admirers.

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# ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

No. VIII.—ENGLISH SATIRISTS.

**S**ATIRICAL writing is a class of composition attractive to the million, because its object is to expose the weaknesses, follies, or vices of our species; upon the same principle as Drawcansir criticism is always more popular than dispassionate judgment; for the majority would rather read a rough and detracting article upon the production of a popular author than a well-digested analytical treatise on its merits; in the former case, the egotism and self-love (not to say the envy) of mankind are gratified by the thought that great mental structures have their assailable points for attack; and common minds believe that their own position rises in proportion as the higher natures suffer from detraction. Rochefoucauld says, "There is a something in the misfortunes of our friends that is not wholly displeasing to us." This "something" is the vital principle and the aliment of satire. The well-known aphorism upon slanderers is applicable to the satirist: "Like flies, they pass over the healthy parts of a beast, and fix upon its sores."

No class of composition is so uninteresting, and even worthless, as mediocre satire. Indeed, it has no medium; it is like an olive—if not palatable, it is disgusting. Flabby satire is a satire upon satire; a scorpion that turns its sting upon itself. It commits suicide in endeavouring to wound another. When, however, the satirist is a true knight-errant—a redresser of wrongs, a reformer of abuses—and his weapons are polished and keen and tempered and true as his own nature—then his calling becomes an important one, and his mission is sure; for nothing but truth can stand the test of ridicule. Where truth—moral, intellectual, and artistical—is concerned, a compromising satirist is a traitor.

The most eminent of our early English satirists was the celebrated Joseph Hall, Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch in 1574. He, indeed, claims to himself the honour of being the father of the tribe; for he says:—

I first adventure, follow me who list,  
And be the second English satirist.

His compositions of this class he divided into two parts, calling the first "toothless satires," from their being merely moral and scholastic; and the second "biting satires," for an obvious reason. These are not distinguished by their poetry, but frequently by their elegance as well as wit; and as specimens of ridicule, as well as indignation, they are eminently fine. In an historical point of view they are also interesting, being illustrations of the existing manners and customs of his age. Hall likewise appears as a *prose* satirist, in his "Characters of Virtues and Vices," which he gave to the world in 1608. From the sententiousness of his style he has acquired the title of the "English Seneca;" and his "Meditations" have been compared to the morality and manner of the same Roman philosopher, which qualities he doubtless adopted for his models. His language is always condensed, frequently animated, and at times tender and delicate. The two most vivid of his personal descriptions of "Character" are "The Happy Man" and "The Hypocrite." Here is the concluding paragraph of "The Hypocrite." It is not only suitable to the present purpose, but it exhibits considerably the more power, both in wit and in delineation. One prominent feature in this short quotation, and one which, when well employed, is a distinguishing characteristic of wit, is the felicity with which he employs the paradox. He begins with one :—

A hypocrite (he says) is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part, which hath always two faces, oft-times two hearts; that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within; and (in the meantime) laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul. Whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. . . . He greets his friend in the street with a clear countenance, so fast a closure that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face; and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of "When will you come?" and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest; yet, that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome, and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shows well, and he says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint; the neighbour's disease; the blot of goodness; a rotten stick in a dark night; the poppy in a corn-field; an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, and a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The surprise, the truth, and the wit of that last paradox have surely never been surpassed. Pope—no mean authority, and especially upon such a subject—entertained, and always expressed, the highest opinion of Hall's genius.

One essay in this series having been devoted to the illustrious author of "Hudibras," I pass (with this simple reference) to his eminent contemporary, the witty Lord Rochester.

When some miserable wretch lies charged with an atrocious crime, there is no lack of daily agents to supply the gaping multitude with tales of enormity imputed to his charge, the greater part being pure fictions. This was the fortune of Lord Rochester, who was by nature one of the most brilliant, as he was by practice the most perilously licentious, wit of his age. In the collected editions of his poems—or poems attributed to him—a large proportion of them are so unworthy of his talent that it were unbelievable he could have so written below himself. The man had quite enough to answer for on the score of moral delinquency without having stupidity as well as indecency heaped upon his memory. But, indeed, the amount of natural ability that he possessed, and the proofs of it adduced by the testimony of the best judges (his contemporaries), justified his candidature to a niche with the satirists. He was evidently a spoiled child of the Court at the Restoration; for upon his early introduction to that world of ribaldry, he is said to have been remarkable for the modesty of his demeanour, even to a tendency to *blush*, when distinguished in company. His "virgin modesty," however, soon became case-hardened in the Court furnace, and strange indeed was the course he ran.

With an inborn talent for shedding a lustre over the horizon of the gayest and most intellectual circles, he did not decline hazarding his person in the rudest warfare. He was a volunteer in the great Dutch fight under Albemarle; and was afterwards in the desperate affair at Berghem. Nothing but excess of excitement, and of triumph in everything he undertook, seemed to content him.

Rochester also inherited from nature a noble generosity of disposition, an invariable affability of demeanour, and a repugnance to all meanness in whatever station he found it; which he vented upon prince or commoner in a strain of invective as surprising for its intrepidity as in its diction it was copious and forcible. Marvell, who was no feeble or partial judge, and was himself a keen satirist, used to say that "Rochester was the only man in England who had the true vein of satire." It is to be presumed that Marvell would consider Butler as a "star dwelling so far apart" that with him no comparison could be instituted. Bishop Burnett also, when speaking of Rochester, says that he defended his personal sallies against public characters by saying that "there were some people who could not be kept in order, or admonished, but in that way." It has been said

that "some brains will yield to an appeal, others only to a *crow-bar*."

Before his last illness Rochester began to alter his way of life, and to inform himself of public business, and especially of the constitution of his country. He spoke at times in the House of Peers with general approbation; and there is little doubt that, with his uncommon powers of understanding, he would have become as celebrated for his acuteness in civil policy as he had already been the admiration of the literary community for the remarkable fluency as well as versatility of his wit and fancy. His reform, however, commenced too late; and, like other wits of the same era, he seemed to have lived, as it were, in an atmosphere of hydro-oxygen, kindling the vital spark to an intensity of splendour, and thereby anticipating its natural resources. Worn out with intemperance, he died in the bosom of Mother Church, at the early age of thirty-three.

One branch of Rochester's talent consisted in the most successful mimicry. When he was banished from the Court, for some personal libel on the Duke of York (James II.), whom he pursued with implacable hatred, and when he was, in fact, playing at hide-and-seek with the civil powers, he upon one occasion turned mountebank, and harangued the populace upon Tower Hill in a strain of extraordinary cleverness, acting his part of the quack with such truth that even those who were in his secret could perceive nothing by which he might be betrayed.

Rochester's satires are by no means to be indiscriminately instanced; and the keenest are the least tolerable anywhere. Here are four lines from his "Satire on the Times," quoted solely to give an idea of the rough and bold speaking of that age, when even the highest persons in the State became the objects of a lynch-law vituperation. In the reign of Charles II. licence of speech and licentiousness of morals appear to have struggled for a bad pre-eminence—each a natural consequence of the other; and the consequence was as fortunate as natural; for, like the Kilkenny cats, they devoured each other. This is the passage of personality alluded to: it is an attack upon the same Duke of York, who was Lord High Admiral. Its coarse insolence forms its distinguishing feature:—

This is the man whose vice each satire feeds;  
And for whom no one virtue intercedes:  
Destin'd for England's plague from infant time;  
Curs'd with a person fouler than his crime.

Rochester's poem on "Nothing" has been justly celebrated for its wit and originality; indeed, it comprises more novelty of thought and

satirical point than any of his poems. Every stanza contains an epigram ; and each is relieved by a grave or playful allusion to the subject, and its term, "Nothing." Here is a grave stanza, which seems almost like irony as coming from so ribald a pen : but Rochester was a ribald from example and contamination, not from nature and principle. He thus writes on "Nothing :"—

Yet this of thee the wise may truly say :  
Thou from the virtuous Nothing tak'st away ;  
And to be part of thee the wicked wisely pray.

The next stanza contains a playful sarcasm :—

Whilst weighty Something modestly abstains  
From princes' coffers, and from statesmen's brains ;  
And Nothing there like stately Nothing reigns.

And here is the summary and conclusion of the poem :—

French truth, Dutch prowess, British policy,  
Hibernian learning, Scotch civility,  
Spaniards' despatch, Danes' wit, are mainly seen in thee !

As an instance that Rochester knew the better course of religious principles, although he was swayed by the evil, an anecdote is told of one of the Bishops at Court relating, in his hearing, to King Charles, the increase and popularity of Baxter the Nonconformist divine's preaching ; adding, "I went down, your Majesty, into his neighbourhood, and preached myself ; and yet, my congregation was very small, while Baxter's was too numerous for the church." Rochester quickly replied, "Your Majesty can be at no loss to recognise the cause of my lord Bishop's non-success in his mission ; since his lordship confesses to your Majesty that he went to '*preach himself*;' now Baxter preached no one but his Master." The playfulness of the retort harmonises with the feeling which dictated it.

In alluding to the great and glorious Andrew Marvell as a wit and satirist, it is almost impossible to separate his political from his literary career ; for almost the whole of his compositions—civil, epistolary, and poetic—bear upon the one paramount and engrossing object of his pursuit—that of serving his country and advancing her liberties with zeal, efficiency, and integrity. The prevailing characteristic of Marvell's mind (after his firmness and consistency of purpose) was his well-ordered balance of judgment with placability of nature. Marvell seems to have been the most reasonable of mortals, and, therefore, he was the object of hatred to the fanatics of the two extreme parties in the State. He inherited his humour from his father, who was an



eminent Calvinistic minister in Hull; the town which the son afterwards represented in Parliament for twenty years with such lustrous ability and rectitude. From his father, too, he imbibed his steady, cheerful piety, many of his little poems being embellished with some apt moral, or sweet and serene reflection. No one possessed more fully, and yet maintained more distinctly, the two qualities of a gentle gravity with an unmitigated freedom of satire and ridicule. Such, too, was the transparent honesty of his nature that, although opposed to the public conduct of Charles I., he wrote to his constituents an elegant and pathetic letter (which is said to be still in existence) upon the beheading of that impracticable and ill-advised monarch. So also in his satires upon the son, Charles II., he lashes his follies and denounces his vices with an unqualifying plainness and freedom of speech; and yet, in the midst of all his vituperation, he constantly clung to the hope of better days and better deeds; and with the same honesty praised any of the royal actions the tendency of which was beneficial to the interests of his beloved country. Echarde, who in his politics was violently opposed to him, nevertheless bears testimony to his honesty, for he says: "Both Marvell and Needham were pestilent wits; yet Marvell had the appearance of more honesty and steadiness;" and, indeed, his satires, homely and plain-speaking as they are, never betray a spirit of malignity: not even of bitterness; in short, to use the words of his divine teacher, he was "of the salt of the earth;" for throughout his public career there is not a single action upon record which merits the blot of censure. During each session of Parliament he was accustomed to write every day to his constituents an account of the public business that had been transacted in the House. In one of his letters he says that he "sat down to write at six in the evening, although he had not eaten since the day before at noon." It constituted part of his noble simplicity and integrity of character to dare to speak of himself in the following manner in one of his letters upon the opening of Parliament. He says: "In the general concerns of the nation, I shall maintain the same incorrupt mind and clear conscience, free from faction, or any self ends, which, by the grace of God, I have hitherto preserved;" and there was no cant or duplicity in this avowal; when the occasion demanded, he was at his post of consistency. Every one knows his answer to Lord Danby—worth repeating, nevertheless—who came to him with an offer of a thousand guineas from the king. After showing him the frugal meal he was about to eat, he said: "I am sure his Majesty will in future be too tender to attempt to bribe a man with golden apples who lives so well on the viands of his native country."

And when the nobleman was gone, the patriot had to borrow a guinea of his bookseller.

Marvell was not distinguished as a speaker in the House. He was better ; he was a man of business. And it is said that his judgment in passing bills was sought for by every party, and never refused by him. He possessed a steady and high courage, and he was equal to the occasion when required to exert it. He was once warned of danger from assassination, and he replied, "I am not afraid of being killed ; my only fear is, that I may kill a fellow-creature."

This glorious specimen of a human being was believed to have been carried off by poison in his fifty-eighth year, and was buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, as it used to be called. Such was the contemptible party-spirit of the time, that the clergyman of the parish would not allow an inscription to be placed on his monument, which described him in general terms to have been a true patriot and an uncorrupted and incorruptible man. The plausible reason for the refusal was that he was a Nonconformist, and consequently not a member of the Establishment.

Marvell's Satires possess but little modern interest. The most humorous and poignant among them are entitled "Clarendon's House-warming," a sharp attack upon the grasping disposition of that great lawyer ; also, "Royal Resolutions," a fling at the unstable and fickle conduct of Charles II. ; and a dialogue between the two horses—the one at Charing Cross and the other at Whitechurch. His severer satires are upon Flecknoe, the poetaster—the man whom Dryden so ruthlessly mauled ; and upon Colonel Blood, who attempted to steal the Crown jewels. His remonstrance with his "Coy Mistress," protesting against her tardy recognisance of his passion, is an agreeable specimen of his playful and well-bred humour.

The event of the Dutch war supplied the English wits of that age with a fertile theme for passing their jokes upon their amphibious neighbours. Marvell's is not so epigrammatic and condensed as Butler's, the illustrious author of "Hudibras ;" it is more discursive and classical in character ; but it is quite as witty, and even, perhaps, more imaginative—mounting to its climax with a delightful flourish of the mock-heroic. The reader cannot fail to notice the felicitous choice of some of his terms, and, above all, his qualifying epithets. In two words, it is a great composition of the satire class.

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,  
As but th' offscouring of the British sand ;

And so much earth as was contributed  
 By English pilots when they heav'd the lead ;  
 Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,  
 Of shipwreck'd cockle and the mussel-shell ;  
 This indigested vomit of the sea  
 Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.  
 Glad, then, as miners that have found the ore,  
 They with mad labour fish'd the land to shore,  
 And div'd as desperately for each piece  
 Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergris ;  
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,  
 Less than what building swallows bear away,  
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,  
 Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.  
 How did they rivet with gigantic piles  
 Thorough the centre their new-catchèd miles,  
 And to the stake a struggling country bound,  
 Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground,  
 Building their wat'ry Babel far more high  
 To reach the sea than those to reach the sky.  
 Yet still his claim the injur'd ocean laid,  
 And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples play'd,  
 As if on purpose it on land had come  
 To show them what's their *mare liberum*.  
 A daily deluge over them does boil ;  
 The earth and water play at level-coil.  
 The fish oft-times the burgher dispossess'd,  
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest ;  
 And oft the tritons and the sea-nymphs saw  
 Whole shoals of Dutch serv'd up for cavilau ;  
 Or, as they over the new level rang'd,  
 For pickled herring pickled Heeren chang'd.  
 Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,  
 Would throw their land away at duck-and-drake.  
 Therefore, Necessity, that first made kings,  
 Something like government among them brings.  
 For, as with pigmies, who best kills the crane ;  
 Among the hungry, he that treasures grain ;  
 Among the blind, the one-eyed blinkard reigns ;  
 So rules among the drownèd he that drains.  
 Not who first sees the rising sun, commands ;  
 But who could first discern the rising lands.  
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,  
 Him they their lord and country's father speak.  
 To make a bank was a great plot of State—  
 Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate !

A worthy tribute to the memory of the patriot, Marvell, was paid  
 by Captain Thompson—a native, I believe, of Hull—who collected  
 the greater part of his prose tracts, all his poems, and a large

number of his Parliamentary letters. The work comprises three quarto volumes.

The most eminent satirist that succeeds in chronological order is Dryden—"Glorious John," as Claude Halcro, in Scott's novel of "The Pirate," calls him. The leading features in Dryden's intellectual faculty are: prodigious force of character, invention, and plan (most apparent in his satires); elegance, with unaffected ease and freedom; a nobly eloquent declamation; a sonorous, vehement, and harmoniously varied versification; a perfectly uncorrupted English style; and a power of expressing scorn and contempt that not unfrequently borders on the sublime. Dryden also possessed a remarkable felicity in the appropriation of the epithet; a quality which in our age is either generalised in the use or diluted with expletives; for redundancy and verbiage are the defects of modern writing. The prose style of Dryden may rank with the most purely classical in the language, an eminent specimen of which is to be found in his preface to his translation of Juvenal. The qualities in which he was defective were—tenderness, with which he did not appear to possess the remotest affinity; no rich store of fancy, or, indeed, of wit—except, indeed, in one branch of wit, the high-toned character of his invective; and in genuine humour he was still more deficient. These are grave drawbacks to urge against an undoubted genius; but whoever shall take the trouble to read through his twenty-seven plays, which were produced in the course of twenty-five years, will, I think, acknowledge this report to be just—in the main. To my own and individual feeling the dramatic passion of Dryden is pompous bombast, and his pathos maudlin and unnatural. His comedy, moreover, has so little the air and ease of every-day life that he himself acknowledges his want of genius for that class of composition in his "Essay on Dramatic Poetry," prefixed to his "Indian Emperor." Even that "minnow among the Tritons," Elkanah Settle, the grand exemplar of poetasters, was the rival of Dryden on the stage, and for years he bore his reputation above him; a fact, although it be no proof of actual superiority; for every age can produce examples of adroit compliance with the vulgar taste in persons of mediocre talent, giving the possessors an ascendancy in their favour which a superior and less compromising spirit would scorn to attain. Yet, in the instance of Dryden, this was not the case; for, however he may have been the victim of party prejudice during his life, the tranquil judgment of posterity has confirmed the decision. Besides, in his theatrical writings, he *did* pander to the detestable taste of that very detestable era in our history—both

theatrical and political (the age of Charles II.)—and he failed. Although his admirers may urge that his circumstances induced to “write down” to the popular taste, yet, even in these trammels his genius would have revealed itself in strokes of natural passion and tenderness; whereas it rarely goes out of itself by the force of imagination, but by that of conventional common-places and rhetorical declamation; and this latter power was his sheet-anchor. In short he deals in description, and that of the showy quality; but he is caught in bursts of genuine pathos, and these constitute the main spring, and, indeed, they are the vital principle of dramatic poetry. His most esteemed compositions of this class are—“All for Love” (which, although it professes to be, is *not* an imitation of Shakespeare, the only similarity residing in the story—that of “Antony and Cleopatra”) and the “Spanish Friar.” This latter contains the best specimens of his humour, which not seldom is revoltingly coarse and obscene. Nevertheless, a valuable collection of sayings might be made from the dramatic works alone of “Glorious John,” for he is greatly sententious and aphoristic.

Dryden made two great mistakes in his life, as regards his fame. The one was that he persevered for so many years in a barren composition for which, by his own confession, he had not adequate genius; and the other was, that he changed his religious opinions, and vehemently supported both. The first (his dramatic mistake) occasioned the production of the famous “Rehearsal,” by the Duke of Buckingham; a formidable satire upon his dramatic character and writing, and one which will for ever dog his reputation; and the second (his tergiversation) raised up against him a host of enemies for a satirist, like a “favourite, has no friend;” and these poured into the breach which himself had made in his own integrity of character, and turned his guns upon himself.

The confession, that he was “too poor to keep a conscience,” was, questionably, attributed to the eminent Archdeacon Patrick Dryden might have made the same apology for his religious and political oscillation and subserviency, and an unwise one is it, under any circumstances; for he who is too poor to maintain his respect will never become rich enough to indemnify himself for the loss of it. Although, however, I cannot honour the memory of the man; I willingly proffer my sympathy for the toils and struggles of the man; and with Dryden these were strenuous, severe, and inadequately remunerated.

The first of his satirical writings, and the one on which his fame rests, is the “Absalom and Achitophel,” which appeared in 1681.

Few readers need be informed that this poem was a severe satire upon the party contriving and abetting Monmouth's first rebellion. Monmouth himself was the *hair-brained* Absalom—not the first young gentleman whose locks were the cause of his ruin. Charles II. was King David, and Achitophel was the Earl of Shaftesbury. This last character, which is drawn in a masterly style, contains that thousand-times quoted line, "Great wits are sure to madness near allied:" also, the celebrated epitome of a thoroughbred politician, which is equally true and comprehensive: "For politicians neither love nor hate." The finest and the wittiest delineation, however, in the whole poem is, I think, that of the celebrated and profligate Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; the historical accuracy of whose character, as here summed up, is only equalled by the bold mastery of the drawing. He is the representative of Zimri in the Jewish Cabinet Council:—

In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;  
A man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong;  
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking;  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
Blest madman, who could every hour employ  
With something new to wish or to enjoy!  
Railing and praising were his usual themes;  
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:  
So over violent, or over civil,  
That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.  
In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art;  
Nothing went unrewarded—but desert.  
Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;  
He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
He laugh'd himself from Court, then sought relief  
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;  
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell  
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel.  
Thus, wicked but in *will*, of means bereft,  
He left not faction, but of that was left.

The "Religio Laici," or "The Layman's Faith;" and "The Hind and the Panther"—the latter an allegory, and his most important original poem, both as to subject and treatment—can scarcely range under the denomination of satirical compositions, although both contain some pungent matter both for and against the Romish Church and Priesthood: and his defence of that body contains perhaps more

genius, power of description, with passages of fine sonorous vacation, than any other of Dryden's works. It was this vacillation of questions of faith that laid him bare to the virulence of literary, religious, and private personal enemies; for it is to be borne in mind that he was not an unsettled youth when he penned those expositions of his religious opinions; the first having been published when he was fifty-two years old; and "The Hind and the Panther" five years later. The case appears to be, that he was of an ordinary mind easily impressible (in other words, that he was a creature of impulse), and would at once plunge headlong into a subject regardless of what might have been his former views. Some extraordinary men of talent in our own era have been equally remarkable for want of consistent retention; and that very inconstancy in opinion which has been imputed to them for dishonesty may, I believe, with more justice be attributed to an ardent, vivacious and restless temperament. They are sincere for the time: as with Dryden; however he may have changed his creed with the accession of the Papist King James II., I could believe that his heart, quite as much as his worldly interest, was engaged in effecting his conversion; and it should seem that they who best knew him thought so too; for when he was dismissed from the laureateship in 1688, on account of his religious opinions, the Earl of Dorset, Chamberlain, who by his office was compelled to remove him, allowed him an equivalent pension from his own purse.

The poem entitled "Mac Flecknoe" is evidently the type of Pope's "Dunciad," with less labour in the construction, and more weight and sturdiness in the strokes of satire. There is a more vigour in Dryden's sarcasms—a manly vehemence to which Pope was unequal. The one knocked down and stunned his victim with a tomahawk, at a blow; the other pinked and worried his opponent into madness with his diamond-hilted rapier. Dryden's satire was scornful, indignant, and heroic; Pope's was waspish and keen enough, indeed, but spiteful. Dryden dashed off his character with a few strokes of his brush, and the likenesses stare upon the eye with a vivid reality. Pope refined, and refined; laid a tint upon his subject till one's admiration of his subject was all but merged in contemplation of the exquisite mechanism of his art. Dryden painted in body colour; Pope in enamel.

Shadwell, the hero of the poem, "Mac Flecknoe," was appointed to the laureateship upon Dryden's being dismissed from that office. This circumstance, superadded to his previous loathing of the poet, produced the satire in question; and sufficiently contemptuous

in all conscience. The force of scorn and derision can no further go: moreover, there is a trenchant force in the diction that almost borders upon the sublime in writing. The first twenty lines, for instance, must have been a "dainty dish" to set before Laureate Shadwell at his breakfast table. These are they:—

All human things are subject to decay ;  
And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.  
This Flecknoe found ; who, like Augustus, young,  
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long :  
In prose and verse was owned without dispute  
Through all the realms of nonsense absolute.  
This agèd prince, now flourishing in peace,  
And blest with issue of a large increase ;  
Worn out with business, did at length debate  
To settle the succession of the State :—  
And pondering which of all his sons was fit  
To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,  
Cried, "'Tis resolved ; for nature pleads that he  
Should only rule who most resembles me.  
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,  
Mature in dullness from his earliest years :  
Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he  
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.  
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence ;  
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.  
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,  
Strike through, and make a lucid interval :  
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray ;  
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.  
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,  
And seems designed for thoughtless majesty :  
Thoughtless as monarch oaks that shade the plain,  
And spread in solemn state, supremely reign.  
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,  
Thou last great prophet of tautology."

Poor Curll, the bookseller, who was the butt of the wits of his day, especially when he refused to advance the cash, was on one occasion subjected to the tender mercies of Dryden ; who, having been denied in an application, sent Curll the first line of his portrait, with the intimation that the picture could, and would, be finished.

This is the line :—

With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair—

Curll sent the money.

Dryden's satire upon the Dutch is considerably inferior in merit to those of Marvell and Butler. It is (luckily for all parties) "brief;" but it is also "tedious," for it is distinguished by bald and coarse



personalities. The personal character of the poet is attested, those who were his greatest intimates, to have been perfectly amiable and modest—even to diffidence; ardent and constant in friendship with strong feelings for the distresses of his brotherhood in human life, and an equally strong propensity to relieve them. He was always accessible, particularly to young writers of talent, and he uniformly assisted them with his judgment and advice. Bishop Burnett, who was both sweeping and intemperate in his opinions—most especially where party feeling influenced him, pronounced Dryden to be a monster of impurities of all sorts;” a charge which Lord Lansdowne, who knew him intimately, flatly contradicted, asserting that he was the very reverse of all this; for that “he was a man of regular and unspotted conversation.” Certainly, he seems through life to have attached to his interests kind and steady friends; and no better recommendation is required of a man’s moral worth; laxity of principle claiming no nobler sympathy than that of pity and commiseration.

From the delicacy of his constitution, and the feebleness of his limbs, Pope was necessarily circumscribed in his sphere of action, and, consequently, his power in description was circumscribed. Whatever Pope knew, what he felt, tested, and realised, he handled and analysed, that he transferred to his canvas vividly and accurately. When he described at second hand, or from casual or superficial acquaintance, he uniformly generalised: and this, indeed, is true of all artists: but so thoroughly was Pope the conventional poet, the poet of the artificial world of men, manners, and scenery, that his complexion of thought, diction, and even versification, partakes of the same character. His own satirical line, “Grove nods at grove, each alley has its brother,” is the counterpart of his own versification: than which nothing in language is more monotonous and wearying. The sole refuge that the mind takes from its eternal antithetic structure, is in reposing upon the exquisitely polished phraseology and the epigrammatic pungency of the thought, to which the metaphor is but embroidery; and this accurately harmonises with a description of the habits and set forms of polished and artificial life. Pope was accustomed to be carried from his drawing-room to his sedan, or his boat, and thence to his grotto at Twickenham, or to a party of ombre or quadrille: and who has painted these artificial scenes with so much sparkling fidelity? Who has described the world of brocades and satins, violet-powder and perfumery, pouncets and point-lace, Indian fans, mirrors, and jewelled garniture, with so much truth

and vivacity? And yet, in the midst of all the glitter, and powder, and perfumery, we cannot fail to detect an undercurrent of sarcastic indifference to the scenes around him (for Pope was constitutionally a satirist), as though his muse condescended to be the chronicler of fashionable life. What, for instance, can be more playfully grave, and more characteristic of the serious in trifling, than his whole description of the game of "Ombre," in the "Rape of the Lock"? How portentous, how mock-heroic the announcement!

Let spades be trumps (she said), and trumps they were!  
The skilful nymph surveys her force with care.

And the narration of the last scene assumes an Homeric dignity:—

The King of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh, shameful chance) the Queen of Hearts.  
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,  
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look:  
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,  
Just in the jaws of ruin and Codille.  
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)  
On one nice trick depends the general fate:  
The Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King unseen  
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:  
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,  
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

Nothing, surely, in the whole range of gay poetry can be more in harmony with its subject, and more true to its purpose, than the mock sublime of this mimic engagement; and, certainly, nothing more gaudy, and fluttering, and piquant, than the structure of the whole poem of the "Rape of the Lock:" it is poetry of trifling, the epic of frivolity. The author has fulfilled his intention to the minutest item; and what higher praise can be awarded to any inventor? It is as fine as the finest frost-work and filigree palace in a Christmas pantomime; and with all this secondary perfection, it abounds in fancy and in coruscations of the keenest wit and sarcasm. What a fine bombast succeeds the enormity of the scissor-ravished lock of hair! and how witty the antithesis and sarcasm of the last line!

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
From the fair head for ever, and for ever.  
Then flash'd the living light'ning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,  
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last.

Can any one wonder at the courtly popularity of the poet, when  
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we every now and then encounter a passage like the one just quoted; and who could have said it with more glittering effect? Again, in these half-dozen lines, how playfully the wit and the antithesis curtsy to each other for the precedence:—

Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honour; or a new brocade;  
Forget her prayers; or miss a masquerade;  
Or lose her heart, or necklace at a ball;  
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.

This is a specimen of the "indifference" alluded to, in which Pope vented his sarcasms; whether upon the gaieties or the gravities in our existence, he is equally flippant and airy; it is the true French social philosophy, and it came in with the Restoration, making trifles important things, and important things trifles. The often-quoted couplet:—

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine,

ushers in Belinda's party at Ombre.

I have no intention, of course, to urge this as a moral objection—nor, indeed, even as a serious objection against the poet; but as an instance, say a reflection, of that artificial system resulting from a constant intercourse with what is designated "polished life," where all feeling is confounded, and reduced to the dead level of a bagatelle board. It was this intercourse, together with his general ignorance of the out-of-door world of nature, that induced that habit of generalising his descriptions of rural scenes and objects, most especially in his sedate poems. Only compare his picture of a drawing-room scene and a picture by him of the country, and the reader will be at no loss to decide in which he was at home. Any one who had not seen a forest, or a green field, could have written Pope's "Windsor Forest"—so far, that is, as its scenery and all its contingencies are concerned. In the miniature and domestic objects in nature, those that he was intimate with, and had handled (as already said), Pope was at home in their description; but when he came to the grand, and the robust, and the energetic, he gave way like a man without muscle and tendon. He has even carried this vague and generalising character into his translation of Homer; and where he had no more to do than to transfer the rough, primitive, matter-of-fact truth and diction—the Doric character of the old Greek—his *petit-maitre* constitution (physical and mental) shrank from the stubborn grandeur

and simplicity of that primæval heroic song. Chapman was a positive Antæus to Pope.

In the wars of Court-wits, however, and of the drawing-room circles (and with these upon the present occasion we have especially to do), he shone out with congenial lustre and brilliancy. I should suppose that for neatness of diction, and pungency of satire, there is not a superior composition in the language—of its class—to the famous “*Epistle to Arbuthnot*,” which forms the preface to his *Satires*, and is a vindication of his adoption of that order of writing. It is in this prologue that we find the cutting description of Lord Halifax, under the cognomen of “*Bufo*” (Toad), and that more celebrated and, it is to be feared, too faithful one to Addison, under the title of “*Atticus*.” In justification of his satirical attacks, Pope says:—

You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,  
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Could Addison have recognised the portrait of himself, he might almost have welcomed a sudden stroke of imbecility. It were charitable to conclude that Pope had received some strong provocation before he could have penned and published such a character: of one, too, with whom he had been upon friendly terms. These are the lines:—

Blest with each talent, and each art to please,  
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;  
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,  
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,  
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,  
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;  
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer:  
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike;  
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;  
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend;  
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend:  
Dreading ev'n fools; by flatterers besieged,  
And so obleging, that he ne'er obleged;  
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
And sit attentive to his own applause,  
While wits and templars every sentence raise,  
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—  
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?  
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

In the “*Epilogue*” to the *Satires* there are some lines which, for power of language, are worthy of Dryden himself, with his great two-handed sword; but in general the *Satires* of Pope are petulant, rather than indignantly sarcastic (and that constitutes the genius of satire);

and in his most popular one (because it is most coarse), the "Dunciad," he does not conceal his own irritation—a fatal betrayal. Moreover, in his loss of self-possession and self-respect he threw aside his rapier, and took to bespattering his antagonists with their native Fleet-ditch mud. Besides, a personal satire, to contain any present as well as future value, should be a true delineation: now, Colley Cibber, the hero of "The Dunciad," was a man of more than ordinary talent, and certainly not at all the fool that Pope has represented him to be. Pope, therefore, from his constitutional peevishness, was an unsafe personal satirist; and, on the other hand, from a constitutional feeling of gratitude for the attachment of his friends to him, his Epistles are distinguished by exquisite polish, playfulness, and tender regard. Hence their superiority to his Satires.

Of his Epistles, the one which most pleases me, on account of its ease and dramatic character, is that upon the "Ruling Passion," addressed to Lord Cobham. The concluding lines, though familiar to all, will bear repetition, were it only for the golden compliments couched in the last four; and there are no compliments so elegant as Pope's; their polish and lustre redeem them from the charge of mere adulation. The passage alluded to introduces several characters displaying in the hour of death the several ruling passions of their past lives:—

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate:  
 The Doctor call'd—declares all help too late.  
 "Mercy!" cries Helluo, "mercy on my soul!  
 Is there no hope? Alas! then bring the jowl."—  
 "Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!"  
 (Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)  
 "No; let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
 Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:  
 One would not sure look frightful when one's dead:  
 And, Betty—give this cheek a little red."  
 The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined  
 The humble servant of all human-kind;  
 Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,  
 "If—where I'm going—I could serve you, sir?"—  
 "I give, and I devise," old Euclio said,  
 And sighed, "My lands and tenements to Ned."  
 "Your money, sir?" "My money, sir!—what, all?  
 Why—if I must" (then wept) "I give it Paul."  
 "The manor, sir?" "The manor! hold!" he cried;  
 "Not that—I cannot part with that"—and died.  
 And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,  
 Shall feel your "Ruling Passion" strong in death.  
 Such in these moments, as in all the past;  
 "Oh! save my Country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

From the Epistles and the Satires alone, of Pope, numbers of aphoristic passages have passed into familiar household common-places ; and this, of itself, constitutes true fame. Few writers, in verse, have more neatly, more imprestly conveyed an axiom, or a stroke of satire. In the latter accomplishment Byron has, perhaps, of all his successors, most nearly approached Pope. Byron's satire, however—terribly powerful as it is—has too much the air of serious earnest and of contemptuous egoism in it. His is the sarcasm of an unsympathising nature. Byron cared not to reform, but to strike ; and he cared little whom he struck. This was not Pope's nature : Pope did not lampoon his friends ; and few men could number more devoted ones—of those who knew his heart. Bolingbroke, with a characteristic wilfulness, gave vent to a bitter and impious ejaculation of grief when Pope (whom he sincerely loved) was carried to the grave.

Both Pope and Byron coalesced in their opinion of women ; and with both (as might be expected) that opinion was an unworthy one. Pope pronounced "every woman to be at heart a rake ;" and Byron appeared to act upon the same principle. With Pope, women were the objects of his intellectual gallantries, to amuse himself with at the tea-table, the drum, the card-party, or the half-hour before dinner. With Byron they shone to best advantage as heroines of melodrama, administering cordials to shipwrecked young gentlemen in caves upon the seashore : or releasing buccaneers from gaol ; or bursting blood-vessels, and dying like maniacs. It may not be unworthy of remark, also, that both poets were engaged with undignified quarrels with women ; and both displayed the characteristic weakness of their natures. Pope behaved like an inflamed cook-maid or exasperated marmoset ; and Byron like the lord of a harem, crossed in his will ; whose invectives, had they been swords, would have pierced his victims. In his intellectual character, Byron was the lord of scorn and invective, and a consummate master of satire. He possessed an unusual command of language, with remarkable freedom and ease of diction. His taste assimilated with the grander features of nature, and these he described with uncommon power. Few poets have written stronger lines upon the ocean than Byron. The same intellectual characteristic extended to the rougher features of human nature ; and here I cannot but consider his genius to have been melodramatic. He had not sufficient sympathy with humanity to study its most delicate tints of feeling and expression ; he therefore caught only the high prominences and the gloomiest depths and ravines of character. Had Byron known as much of true beauty as

he did of the ugliness of the human heart, he would have been a far greater writer and a greater man than he was. His scorn and his contempt and his wilfulness are to be extenuated when we think of the early education and the position in society of the man. From the private accounts of his early life, he was badly brought up. His mother, they say, was of an unfortunate temper, and would irritate him—even to the reproaching him with his lameness. Moreover, he was a member of an "Order" in the State who have assumed the privilege of "doing that which is right in their own eyes" only; hence, he was wilful by nature, wilful by education, and wilful by habit; and consequently entertained but little consideration for the prejudices of his species. He talked much of liberty, and was a "Liberal" by profession; but it was "liberty" for his "Order" and not for the million. Sir Walter Scott spoke truly when he said that "they who believed Byron to be a Radical were much mistaken." He was as much a Radical as the Roman Patricians were—levelling only down to themselves; and murdering any one who would thwart their system of "liberty."

Lord Byron's moral and social principles were also the result of his scornful nature; and they were based upon selfishness; hence the objection to them. However, then, we may allow for defects of his conformation, and mistakes in his early bringing-up, we are not on that account precluded from protesting against his trampling on those feelings, which, if once blunted or case-hardened, would annihilate the loveliest and the tenderest ties of the social system. I do not feel to have depreciated Lord Byron's genius; I would give it "the honour due;" and I should be both a fool and dishonest to do otherwise: but my protest is against the tendency of the intellectual power exerted, and the constant betrayal of selfishness in his writings. I recognise and admire a hundred passages in his poetry of intense brilliancy—"dark with excessive bright"—casting a shadow around them into shadow: nevertheless, it is the calm and steady effulgence of the Great Ones that will go on streaming its glory up and cherishing the verdure of everlasting beauty and loveliness through all nations and people yet unborn.

I do not quote from the Satires of Lord Byron, for obvious reasons—they are so modern and so familiar. His greatest work, however, both as a composition and a satire, is decidedly the "Don Juan;" and there are few productions in the language—of the same class—that can at all compare with the "Vision of Judgment." There are passages in it of ridicule and contempt, without ill-nature, accompanied with strokes of sublimity that, I think, Pope never

reached. One of the most formidable of his personal attacks, in satire, was that which he made upon George IV., when he was Prince Regent, upon the occasion of his having been present at the opening of the coffins of Henry VIII. and Charles I. at Windsor. If I mistake not, their first appearance in print was in the Galignani edition of "Byron's Poetical Works." These are they:—

Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties,  
By headless Charles see heartless Henry lies.  
Between them stands another sceptred thing;  
It moves, it reigns, in all but name, a king.  
Charles to his people, Henry to his wife;  
In him the double tyrant starts to life.  
What now shall tombs avail, since these disgorge,  
The blood and dust of both to mould a George.

Two eminent names—nay, indeed, three—contemporary with the great Twickenham poet, claim to be included in the list of English satirists. These are, Dr. Young, Gay, and Hogarth. The first, the eminent author of the "Night Thoughts," should, perhaps, scarcely be distinguished as a satirist; and yet his "Love of Fame, the Universal Passion," is a deservedly lauded work. The whole poem is comprised in a series of seven satires. Swift's opinion of them was that "they should have been more angry, or more merry," and this appears to be a just criticism. But Young was too good-tempered to be a thorough flagellator of vice or folly, and he had not the practical knowledge of mankind to penetrate the recesses and motives of mind and action. Nevertheless, "The Universal Passion" is a very masterly work. It is a string of forcible epigrams, and Young was eminent as an extempore epigrammatist; moreover, the characters in the poem are well chosen, and they are displayed with a discerning and accurate pencil. His is the well-known and witty aphorism upon the commentators of Shakespeare:—

The commentators each dark passage shun,  
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

In the "Wits' Club" it was the custom for a new member, upon being summoned, to write an extempore epigram. Young, having found that a pencil he had asked for belonged to Lord Chesterfield, wrote:—

Accept a miracle: instead of wit,  
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

A remarkable instance of Young's extempore power is related: of his walking with two ladies in their garden—one his future wife. Upon being informed that a person had called, wishing to see him,



he refused to go, *being engaged*. The ladies, however, insisting on his compliance with the summons, seized him and hurried him forward. When they arrived at the gate, he turned and made this farewell appeal :—

Thus Adam looked when from the garden driven,  
By undisputed order sent from Heaven.  
Like him I go, and still to go am loth ;  
Like him I go, since angels drove us both.  
His fate was hard, but mine is more unkind :  
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Although, however, Dr. Young could write admirable epigrams upon the world and worldlings, he himself (in the technical sense) was not "a man of the world." The young gentlemen of the present day would assuredly have pronounced him "slow," and the "Artful Dodgers" of literature have decided that he was "jolly green." Pope said of him that he "had much of a sublime genius, but that he wanted common sense;" and at college he passed for "a foolish youth, and was the sport of peers and poets." Was the author of "Night Thoughts" and the tragedy of "The Revenge" *et cetera* a "foolish youth"?

If Gay had given to the world no other work than his collection of "Fables," he would have achieved for his genius a great and lasting fame. These beautiful little poems labour under the disadvantage of being associated with our early reading-days, and are therefore considered as "lessons for children;" whereas, of a surety, no compositions, of their standard, contain more concise, clear, and practical wisdom. They are very far in advance of the understandings and judgments to which they are commonly presented; for, indeed, a good fable is an invention of high and rare achievement, as any one may prove who will set about to compose one.

Gay's greatest work, however, is the "Beggar's Opera," certainly one of the keenest satires upon the vices in social life that we have in the language. The opinion and taste of the present age are not favourable to its representation on the stage, by reason of its *improper* diction; and even the modern acting copy contains scarcely more than half of the original dialogue and collection of the songs. Its revival, therefore, recurs at longer intervals; and the probability is, that we shall live to see it consigned altogether to the shelves of the libraries. Opinions and manners and customs change: for all the contents of the original quarto edition of the opera (which would not be tolerated now in public) were listened to by our great-grandmothers with the liveliest interest and even enthusiasm; and

our grandmothers certainly were quite as moral people as ourselves : when it was the fashion to ornament the ladies' fans and drawing-room screens with the songs and the words. Opinions do indeed change. I am no champion of indecorum ; but I am well convinced that the out-speaking of Gay is infinitely preferable to the sneaking insinuations—"letting I dare not wait upon I would"—and insidious blandishment of some writings of our own day that might be cited.

Gay's original intention was not so much to write a satire, as a "Newgate Pastoral." In his after-design he proceeded to show the higher circles that their vices are the same as those of the inferior grade ; only, these are low and squalid. The vice of Saffron Hill and the vice of the square is the same vice ; only the one is varnished, and the other is plain. Gingerbread gilt, and gingerbread plain, is still gingerbread. As King Lear says :—"Robes and furr'd gowns hide all." That the wit in this dramatic satire is of the raciest quality is not to be questioned. What caustic in the stanza, uttered by Peachum, the informer !

The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,  
The lawyer be-knaves the divine ;  
And the statesman, because he's so great,  
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

And how keen the illustration of the aphorism that the cobwebs of the law will catch only the small flies, as appears in that song of Macheath's :—

Since laws were made for every degree,  
To cure vice in others as well as in me ;  
I wonder we ha'n't better company  
Upon Tyburn tree.

But gold from law can take out the sting ;  
And if rich rogues, like us were to swing,  
'Twould thin the land such members to string  
Upon Tyburn tree.

But perhaps the finest sarcasm in the whole piece is directed against the hypocrisy of your conformers with creeds and dogmas, while they lie seething in the very stew-pan of licentiousness. One of Macheath's ladies observes :—"Madam, I once lived with a Jew ; and, *bating their religion*, they are a very good sort of people."

Of all the wits of his age, no one appears to have been blessed with more enviable qualities, both of head and heart, than John Gay ; the lively, the gentle, the confiding, the sincere. The plaything and the pet of the Literary Club ; the trusted of all ; and the beloved of all—whose esteem was worth owning : the poet of sweet nature ; the

satirist without envy or unkindness: the humourist, the playfellow. I do not find that he had through life an active enemy; and in death his memory lies embalmed in odorous recollections and grateful associations. Who does not think of his genius with tenderness, and cherish a sort of filial love for the man, when remembering "The Hare and many Friends," and the ballad of "Black-eye Susan"? and it is somewhat in the bead-roll of fame to have written one wise fable and one beautiful ballad.

I include the great name of Hogarth among our satirists, upon the strength of Charles Lamb's text, in his perfectly admirable essay upon the genius of that extraordinary artist: "His graphic representation (Lamb says) are indeed *books*: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read." I would say, not so much—certainly not more—is Hogarth the artist, the penciller of the ludicrous, the incongruous, and the buffoonery in life's scene, as he is of the serious, the pathetic, and even the terrible. Lamb has, with fine critical tact, traced a parallel between the "Rake's Progress" and the "Timon of Athens" of Shakespeare. And if we read any of the painter's scenes of a life we shall find as many incidents brought together, as many deep feelings expressed, and as many thoughts indicated and suggested, as in a first-rate drama or novel. His by-plays, his asides, his subordinate points, display almost as much genius as the broad action of his leading characters. As, for instance, in the last scene of the "Harlot's Progress," amid the exhibition of shocking insensibility in the faces of the wretches assembled round the coffin of the poor dead outcast that figure of the little boy, dressed in a mourning cloak and funeral weepers, who is to make one in the procession, calmly winding up his peg-top; as Lamb says, "The only thing in that assembly not hypocrite."

Again, for a satirical incident, that one often noticed in the marriage scene in the "Rake's Progress," of the church poor-box with a spider's web over the lid; and the Commandments over the communion-table, cracked across.

In the settlement scene of the "Marriage à la mode," the bride abstractedly drawing her handkerchief to-and-fro through her ring: is evident from her manner that the mystic symbol of union may well be there as on her finger, or anywhere else. The morning after the masquerade; the candles in the ante-room, with long wicks swaled down to the sockets; and the footman yawning his head half off; and the steward going out, shrugging his shoulders, with a receipt upon the file. These three great histories (with that of the

"Idle and Industrious Apprentice"), for they are "great"—great in invention, great in design, great in execution, and great in detail, in wit, humour, satire, pathos, and horror; these elaborate series of so many lives, are like pictorial telegraphs, biographies in hieroglyphic; whole years are suddenly condensed, like events in a dream, that would occupy hours to narrate, but have passed over the mental retina in a few seconds. It may appear an extravagant confession, but I never recur to these high productions without coming to the conclusion that, after the great poets of our nation, I think I should wish to have been Hogarth; first, for his genius; and then for the profound moral lessons he has read to his fellow-men.

Contemporary with Hogarth was the severe and strong-headed Churchill, a poet and satirist who was held in no light estimation in his own day. He was a sort of literary prize-fighter, who, in the slang of the "ring," would be called a "slasher." Almost the whole of Churchill's poems were of temporary interest, and were written for an immediate purpose; consequently, they are now rarely referred to, and then only to illustrate some political "set-to" of the day, or personal squabble; for in his politics Churchill was a Democrat, and constituted himself Wilkes's laureate and champion; and terribly would he "punish" any one who should attack his pet patriot. Hogarth caricatured them both, and Churchill dismally mauled poor Hogarth. His Epistle to the artist may be ranked among the best of his compositions for its strength and care in the writing; and it is not less creditable to the author, on account of the just tribute he pays to the genius of his opponent, at the time that he is mercilessly satirising his envy and vanity. It was said that this poem broke Hogarth's heart—a result quite as probable as that Hogarth's caricature broke Churchill's head. Men conscious of their power are not so quenched. It was justly said by Dr. Johnson that "no man was ever written down but by himself."

Churchill took Dryden for his model, both in language and versification; and in both qualities he, at times, rises almost to the level of his master. His two strongest poems are "The Rosciad" and the one entitled "Night." They contain many remarkably vigorous lines, some of which have even passed into currency. The following passage, which is a celebrated one, is worthy of the wit and classic severity of Dryden:—

Which keeps this maxim ever in her view,  
What's basely done, should be done safely too:  
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,  
Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,  
Ne'er blush'd; unless, when spreading vice's snares,  
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares.

The idea of a vicious person blushing upon detecting himself in the inadvertent commission of a virtuous act is an original and genuine stroke of satire.

In his intellectual character, Churchill was coarse, robust, and uncompromising ; and his moral character was a strong reflection of the intellectual. The elements of both were to be respected ; but both were tarnished and spoiled by the roystering and disreputable life that he led. He was a fair, if not a generous enemy ; and he was a liberal friend ; for when Lloyd, his companion, was in prison, and deserted by those who ought to have helped him, Churchill allowed him a weekly stipend from his own income, which was both strait and casual.

The last English satirist to be summoned is the highly popular—in his own day—Dr. Walcott, better known under the assumed cognomen of Peter Pindar. It has been said that Master Peter was the first satirist who irreverently dared to cite Royalty to the bar of personal ridicule ; and, if report speak true, the majesty of King George III. supplied ample grounds to “show cause why a rule *pro risu* should not be applied for and granted against that very self-willed and entertaining gentleman.” Moreover, it is added, that no single individual had a greater share in breaking through that time-honoured barrier, “the divinity that doth hedge a king,” than Professor Peter. But Peter had no malice—he had only impudence in his wit ; and there is little doubt that, had the person or the institution of the Sovereign been in danger, Peter would have proved himself as loyal a subject, and as thorough-going a partisan, as any “Bible-Crown-and-Constitution,” and “Last-guinea-and-life-and-fortune man,” that ever jobbed a contract from the Victualling Office : and this opinion of him is justified by the moral and the spirit displayed in his fable of “The Magpie and the Robin,” one of the very best poems he ever wrote. It is a keen satire upon the French philosophers and their first Revolution ; and is the last of a series of “Odes to Tom Paine.”

Upon recurring, for the present purpose, to these literary squibs and crackers, which—be it revealed—some seventy years ago convulsed me with laughter, I was not a little surprised to find how large a portion of what I then thought to be extraordinary wit and humour now appeared to border on the “stale, flat, and unprofitable.” The wit is frequently spun out, and the humour vulgar, and sometimes unfeeling. But what is worse than all, the poet is so thin-skinned an egoist that he is constantly on the watch lest one of his clever sayings should “miss fire” with the reader ; every word, therefore, of satiric import, every emphasis even, is printed in italics ; and those which he

considers his most formidable hits are distended into Roman capitals! Nevertheless, friend Peter was a man of real and considerable talent, if he was not a genius. He had a correct eye, and a nice feeling for art, which he proved by his criticisms upon the works of the Royal Academicians; he had a just appreciation of the beautiful, both in painting and in literature; and his sense of and power in describing were both uncommonly acute. His style, however, is shambling and diffuse, and the major part of his most felicitous points in his stories and fables are frittered away by expletives and digressions; and these are fatal to the "cut-and-thrust" manner of true wit and humour. Shakespeare, who is always ready with an axiom, when wanted, tells us that "Brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes."

After his great heroic poem, with its title (never breathed in ears polite), from the vulgarest of vulgar insects, Peter's most humorous compositions are, "The King's Visit to Whitbread's Brewhouse," "The Royal Visit to Weymouth," the story of "The Pilgrims and the Peas," "The Soldier who stole the Virgin Mary's Ear-ring," "The Bumpkin and the Razor Seller," and "Sir Joseph Banks and the Emperor of Morocco;" and this last, for its broad caricature, is as good as a scene in Smollett. It is difficult to select an entire poem for an illustration of broad humour from this author, on account of his free use of oaths and expressions not of the purest complexion. The cursing and swearing in the fable have withheld me from quoting his "Magpie and the Robin," which, in every other respect, is both witty and beautiful. The "King's Visit to Whitbread's Brewhouse" is funny and saucy, which are perhaps the only terms for it. A few lines of it are as good as a feast; such passages, for instance, as His Majesty, with his opera-glass, peeping into the pumps, examining with wondrous care each matter that brought up water:—

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,  
A chattering bird we often meet;  
A bird for curiosity well known,  
With head awry and cunning eye,  
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

Then, for His Majesty's thousand-and-one questions:—

What's this? Hey, hey, What's that? What's this? What's that?  
So quick the words, too, when he deign'd to speak,  
As if each syllable would break its neck.

With the brewer's desperate ejaculation [*Aside*] at the clattering torrent:—

Now, may I be curst,  
If I know which to answer first.

His Majesty, however, cares not to have his questions solved—it was sufficient to put them. Then for the Royal minutes of all he had observed:—

Now Majesty, alive to knowledge, took  
 A very pretty memorandum book,  
 With gilded leaves of ass's skin so white,  
 And in it legibly began to write:—  
 Mem:—A charming place beneath the grates  
 For roasting chestnuts and potatoes.  
 Mem:—'Tis hops that give the bitterness to beer;  
 Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, or elsewhere.  
 Quere:—Is there no cheaper stuff? Where doth it dwell?  
 Would not horse-aloes bitter it as well?  
 Mem:—To try it soon on our small beer,  
 'Twill save us several pounds a year.  
 Mem:—To remember to forget to ask  
 Old Whitbread to my house one day.  
 Mem:—Not to forget of beer the cask,  
 The brewer offer'd me away.  
 To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say:  
 "Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?"  
 "Yes; and please your Majesty," in humble notes,  
 The brewer answer'd, "also, sir, of oats.  
 Another thing, my horses, too, maintains,  
 And that, an't please your Majesty, are grains."  
 "Grains, grains," said Majesty, "to fill their crops?  
 Grains, grains, that comes from hops—yes, hops, hops, hops?"  
 Here was the King, like hounds sometimes, at fault.  
 "Sire," cried the humble brewer, give me leave  
 Your Majesty to undeceive.  
 Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt."  
 "True," said the cautious Monarch, with a smile,  
 "From malt, malt, malt—I meant malt all the while."  
 "Yes," with the sweetest brow, rejoin'd the brewer;  
 "An't please your Majesty, you did, I'm sure."  
 "Yes," answered Majesty, with quick reply,  
 "I did, I did, I did; I, I, I, I."  
 Now this was wise in Whitbread; here we find  
 A very pretty knowledge of mankind.  
 As monarchs never must be in the wrong,  
 'Twas really a bright thought in Whitbread's tongue  
 To tell a little fib, or some such thing,  
 To save the sinking credit of a king.  
 Some brewers, in a rage for information,  
 Had on the folly dwelt, to seem d——d clever:  
 Now, what had been the consequence? Too plain!  
 The man had cut his consequence in twain;  
 The King had hated the wise fool for ever.

But enough—enough of this: I will therefore conclude in a

dozen words from Lord Bacon, upon the satirical faculty ; there being little probability of expressing myself more to the purpose ; he says : “ There be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. That is a vein that should be bridled. And generally men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need to be afraid of others’ memory.”

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## A RIDE TO THE BALBOA SEAS.

**S**HAKE hands ! kiss hands in haste to the sea,  
Where the sun comes in, and mount with me  
The matchless steed of the strong New World,  
As he champs and chafes with a strength untold,  
And away, to the West, where the waves are curled,  
And kiss white palms to the capes of gold.  
A girth of brass and a breast of steel,  
A breath of fire and a flaming mane,  
An iron hoof and a steel-clad heel,  
A Mexican bit and a massive chain  
Well tried and wrought in an iron rein ;  
And away ! away ! with a shout and yell  
That had stricken a legion of old with fear,  
That had started the dead in their graves while ere,  
And started the damned in Hades as well.

Stand up ! stand out ! where the wind comes in,  
And the wealth of the seas pours over you,  
As its health floods up to the face like wine,  
And a breath blows up from the Delaware  
And the Susquehanna. We feel the might  
Of armies in us, and blood leaps through  
The frame with a fresh and keen delight  
As the Alleghenies have kissed the hair,  
With a kiss blown far through the rush and din,  
By the chestnut burs and through boughs of pine.

O ! seas in a land, O ! lakes of mine,  
By the love I bear and the songs I bring  
Be glad with me ; lift your waves and sing  
A song in the reeds that surround your isles ;  
A song of joy for this sun that smiles,  
For this land I love and this age and sign ;  
For the peace that is and the perils pass'd ;  
For the hope that is and the rest at last.

O heart of the world's heart. West! my West!  
Look up! look out! There are fields of kine,  
There are clover fields, that are red as wine;  
And a world of kine in the fields take rest,  
And ruminant in the shade of trees  
That are white with blossoms or brown with bees;  
There are emerald seas of corn and cane;  
There are cotton fields like a foamy main,  
To the far-off South where the sun was born,  
Where the fair have birth and the loves new morn;  
There are isles of oak and a harvest plain,  
Where brown men bend to the bending grain,  
There are temples of God and towns new born,  
And beautiful homes of beautiful brides;  
And the hearts of oak and the hands of horn,  
Have fashioned them all and a world besides . . .  
. . . A yell like the yell of the Iroquois,  
And out of Eden, and of Illinois.

A rush of rivers and a brush of trees,  
And a breath blown far from Mexican seas,  
And over the great heart-vein of earth  
. . . . By the South-Sun-land of the Cherokee,  
By the scalp-lodge of the tall Pawnee,  
And up La Platte. What a weary dearth  
Of the homes of men! What a wild delight  
Of space! of room! What a sense of seas,  
Where the seas are not! What a salt-like breeze!  
What dust and taste of quick alkali!  
. . . . Then hills! green, brown, then black like night,  
All fierce and defiant against the sky.

At last! at last! O steed new-born,  
Born strong of the will of the strong New World  
We shoot to the summit, with the shafts of morn,  
Of the mounts of Thunder,\* where the clouds are curled  
Below in a splendour of the sun-clad seas;  
And a kiss of welcome on the warm west breeze  
Blows up with a smell of the fragrant pine,  
And a faint sweet fragrance from the far-off seas

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\* The telegraph poles along the summit of the Rocky Mountains, with scarce an exception, are splintered and torn by lightning.

Comes in through the gates of the great South Pass.  
 The hare leaps low in the storm-bent grass,  
 The mountain ram from his cliff looks back,  
 And the brown deer hies to the Tamarack ;  
 And afar to the South with a sound of the main,  
 Roll buffalo herds from the peaks to the plain.  
 . . . . We are over the summit and on again,  
 And down like the sea dove the billow enshrouds,  
 And down like the swallow that dips to the sea,  
 We dart and we dash, and we quiver and we  
 Are blowing to heaven white billows of clouds.

Thou "City of Saints !" O! antique men,  
 And men of the Desert as the men of old !  
 Stand up ! be glad ! When the truths are told,  
 When Time has uttered his truths, and when  
 His hand has lifted the things to fame  
 From the mass of things to be known no more ;  
 When creeds have perished and have passed away,  
 Opinions that lorded their little day, .  
 A monument set in the desert sand,  
 A pyramid reared on an island shore,  
 And their architects shall have place and name.

O ! sea land lost ! O ! desolate land,  
 Made brown with grain, and made green with bay ;  
 Let mock who will, gainsay it who may,  
 No little thing has it been to rear  
 A resting-place in the desert here,  
 For Fathers bound to a farther land ;  
 No little thing with a foe at hand  
 That has known no peace, save with these strong men,  
 And a peace unbroken with the blameless Penn.  
 Let the wise be just, let the brave forbear,  
 Forgive their follies, nor forget their care.

The Humboldt desert and the digger land,  
 And the seas of sage and of arid sand,  
 That stretch away till the strained eye wearies,  
 Are far in the rear, and the grand Sierras  
 Are under our feet, and the heart beats high,

And the blood comes quick, but the lips are still  
With awe and wonder, and all the will  
Is bowed with the grandeur that frets the sky.

A flash of lakes through the fragrant trees,  
A song of birds and a sound of bees  
Above in the boughs of the sugar pine ;  
The pick-axe stroke in the placer mine,  
And the boom of blasts in the gold-ribb'd hills,  
The grizzly's growl in the gorge below,  
Are dying away, and the sound of rills  
From a far-off shimmering crest of snow,  
A yellow stream and a cabin smoke,  
And brown bent hills and the shepherd's call,  
And hills of vine and of fruits, and all  
The sweets of Eden are here, and we  
Look out and afar to a limitless sea.

We have lived an age in a half-moon-wane !  
We have seen a world ! We have chased the sun  
From sea to sea ; but the task is done,  
And we descend to the great white main ;  
To the King of Seas, and with temples bare,  
And a tropic breath on the brow and hair,  
All hushed with wonder, and apart, the knees  
Go down in worship, on the golden sands ;  
The face is seaward, and with folded hands  
We gaze on the beautiful Balboa Seas.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

# THE BOOK OF OATIATI.\*

## IV.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI.



WRITER, statesman, courtier, Jew, Benjamin Disraeli was no less illustrious than his great rival, Gladstone. The rabble of Disraeli's day said distinction and honour could only be obtained through favouritism in high places. Disraeli was a standing contradiction to this excuse the Indolent and the Stupid. Genius and Industry conquer the sternest difficulties. Of an alien race, Disraeli commenced life as a writer for the press, and ended it as Chief Consul of the Empire. He can however, hardly be said to have been a popular man in the class sense. The rich lords who boasted of long pedigrees disliked to see almost Imperial power in the hands of a man who had no ancestry in the English interpretation of the word, though his forefathers were the Apostles of the God whom the Christians worshipped. Taunted by a rival author with his humble origin, he is said to have made a reply which was printed in a "Book of Genius" as an example of eloquence. "Sir," said the young statesman, pointing to the East, "yonder in the setting sun of civilisation lies a young breathing and existing city, which Assyrian monarchs besieged the days when England was an island of monkeys [*See Darwin*], a city which Pharaoh's chariots encompassed, a city which has fought against the attacks of Cæsars themselves, a city for which Saladin and Coeur de Lion, the Desert and Christendom, Asia and Europe, struggled vain—a city which Mahomet sighed to rule, and over which the creations alike of Assyrian kings and Egyptian Pharaohs and Roman Cæsars the framers alike of the Desert and of Christendom, poured forth their full effusion of His divinely human sorrow. In that glorious city saints and warriors, my ancestors first saw the light. Match this pedigree with your greatest English peers! Why, the most humble branch of that house which condescended to become Mussulman bore the standard of the Prophet and governed the Maronites, the Mahometans, the Auzareys, and the Druses. The most humble, did I say? Let me count my own branch the humblest; and I will let you, sir, to paint the honour and glory of wielding legislative power over the freest, the most powerful, the grandest nation of modern times

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\* The New Zealander's Lemprière.

a nation chosen of God to be one of the happiest resting-places of His ancient people, a nation whose traditions in those future ages when the New Zealander sits upon the broken arches of London Bridge and surveys the ruins of St. Paul's, shall fill the souls of heaven's most perfect children with wonder, admiration, and awe."

The "gentlemen of the press," to which profession Disraeli originally belonged, were jealous of his success, and took opportunities to attack him in odes and essays and other forms of composition. It was a common thing in the English world of letters for the unsuccessful to attack the prosperous, though some notable exceptions to this unhappy rule could be mentioned. But Disraeli rose superior to envy, hatred, and malice. He commenced life, having fixed up for himself the highest standard of ambitious Hope, and he reached his own ideal of fame and power. He predicted his own success in a famous menace to the Senate, and also in a series of mystic books which he wrote at various periods of his career.

As Gladstone changed his political opinions from Tory to Radical, so did Disraeli change his from Radical to Tory. Destiny decreed that they should be chiefs of opposing powers. Disraeli was a fierce disciplinarian. When the first great captain, Sir Robert Peel, deserted his army, Disraeli challenged him to the combat, and slew him in the presence of the senators and warriors of both the great Parties in the State. In later times he was bitterly upbraided by his enemies for this deed of arms, though Zealandi believes that no man more sincerely lamented the death of Sir Robert than did Benjamin Disraeli. But the Tories and Radicals hated each other so deeply that it was impossible for them to be just to each other's virtues, though there were splendid examples of true nobility on both sides.

The first time Disraeli essayed to deliver an oration in the grand saloon of the Senate House, the men of St. Stephen's would not listen to him. They laughed at his metaphors, and sneered at the oratorical glitter of his sentences. Drawing a dagger from his breast, he exclaimed, "Proud Senators of St. Stephen's, the time draws nigh when Benjamin Disraeli shall speak daggers to your coward hearts." The assembly rose and thrust him into the street. He raised an army of civic supporters at a place called Maidstone; from thence he marched to Shrewsbury, where his followers were so numerous that the Senate was compelled to reopen its doors to him. Henceforth he commenced to study politics and politicians as a science, mastering the rules of the Senate both in theory and in practice; and his enemies even lived to admit that he had no equal as a tactician; while his knowledge of the peculiar instincts and passions of the

House of Parliament as a body almost amounted to inspiration. He read men as he read books. He knew them thoroughly. Only one of his works has come down to us. It is called "Venetia." Two of his orations are preserved in the "King's Museum." The most remarkable of these is a defence of the Queen; for in those days the eldest child, male or female, of a monarch reigned at his death, and Victoria was the most illustrious and the best beloved of all the English monarchs. During the latter part of her reign the Radicals and Republicans had obtained so much power that they openly reviled Her Sacred Majesty, and demanded a share of her private estates. The Queen was, nevertheless, beloved by the majority of her subjects, and had it not been for the romantic and strained views of Liberty current among all classes, her revilers would have been hanged for an offence known in the Statute books as "treasons, stratagems, and spoils," a phrase taken from Shakespeare, the Poet of All Time. Disraeli was married to a lady of rank, to whose devotion he attributed half his greatness, and his ripe old age. It is strange that a people of so much genius and wisdom should have held their legislative meetings at night, while their families were asleep. Some of the Senators are said to have shortened their lives in this way. The noble wife of Disraeli always remained in her boudoir, or private sitting-room, until her lord returned in the middle of the night, or at cock-crow in the morning, when she regaled him with a pungent and pleasant drink called coffee, and soothed his fevered mind by cheering words and classic maxims. She was called "The Lady Beaconsfield," and her life was an example of wifely duty and womanly grace to all the land of Britain.

#### V.—DARWIN.

A philosopher who but for his great intellectual power and noble birth would have been exhibited in a show with other "curious freaks of nature." He was born with a tail. This was only discovered after he had written several books to prove that men were originally monkeys. Encumbered with this extraordinary posterior appendage, Darwin was anxious to make the world believe that everybody else had once worn tails. It was like a revival of a certain fable in which a monkey went into the society of man and had his tail removed that he might not be singular among his new friends. On returning to his own land he tried to persuade all his monkey brothers to cut their tails off, and his philosophical treatises were so wise and logical that half the monkey nation underwent the operation of their travelled brother. Zealandi relates the fable in his book on "Myths." Darwin's

theory was a curious mixture of humour and wisdom. He traced the origin of the human race from fishes. When lecturing at institutions upon this subject he was in the habit of spreading out his left hand and counting the phases of man's development on his fingers thus, "Fish, tadpole, frog, monkey—man!" His disciples liked nothing better than this lucid exposition of their views; while unbelievers laughed at it and said "it was as good as a play," a common expression signifying a sort of idiotic pleasure. Grossmith, a learned preacher of the day, made this finger philosophy of Darwin the subject of a lecture, which he delivered with great effect in various parts of the land. Darwin is said to have plotted the death of Grossmith, but the charge being discussed at the Court of Bow, the chief magistrate of the law [*See Flowers*] said the case was so trivial in all its details that he believed it was only got up for the purpose of advertising the books of Darwin and the lectures of Grossmith. He gave a case in point where a *prima donna* had charged her lover with attempted murder at that Court in order to attract persons to the theatre where she nightly burlesqued the whole business. The magistrate solemnly warned all persons concerned in these travesties of justice that in future he would imprison both plaintiffs and defendants in all cases of this nature. Mr. Darwin, thanking the Court, addressed the magistrate as his learned brother monkey, for which levity he is said to have been dragged into the police cells, where he would have perished but for the daughter of the headsman "Hinko," who secretly released him and put in his place a gorilla from the Zoo, an exhibition of Natural History. Some writers assert that Darwin for his philosophic impiety was turned into a monkey; but it will easily be seen how they were led into this error. Darwin lived with the headsman's daughter in a secluded valley for many years, during which time he contributed to the literature of England some of the most curiously learned books of that time.

#### VI.—BIRMINGHAM.

An ancient city of England, celebrated for its manufactures, and for the refined austerity of its citizens, who devoted their days to the fine arts, and their nights to the regeneration of their fellow-countrymen. Birmingham exercised a large and wholesome influence upon the Government. The leaders of opinion there met in the Athenian Hall every week, for the purpose of explaining their tenets to the Queen, whom they addressed in letters and petitions. Her Majesty is said to have devoted many days to reading the signatures appended to these marvellous writings. The people of Birmingham never



locked the doors of their houses ; the purity and honesty of the inhabitants passed into a proverb. Their liberality and generosity knew no bounds. Strangers who elected to live among them were received with open arms, and were never known to leave the town. Feasts of Onions, a sort of vegetable-flower, were held annually in the Ox Circle, an amphitheatre dedicated to Nelson, a hero. Visitors poured into the town from all parts of the Empire, and while other towns, on occasions of public festivals, too often exhibited scenes of riot and drunkenness, Birmingham presented one continual round of intellectual enjoyment. The very atmosphere had an elevating and refining tendency. People walked and moved to and fro with an easy grace which was never observable elsewhere. In the Ox Circle there were museums of art and antiquities, temples of the science of "Fistiana" (a pleasant pastime of the period), exhibitions of sculpture in the purest and most exquisite taste, and examples of the animal kingdom from all parts of the world. At these feasts delicate sweets and viands were sold in the streets, and the perfume of the onion filled the air with a fragrance that associated itself with the particular meats eaten upon the occasion so completely that the odour was taken as the sauce for tripe, steaks, cheese, and other dishes, which were served gratuitously to all comers by the Mayor and Councillors of the town, a Corporation of the highest intelligence known in provincial cities at that time. The Councillors were the fathers of the city ; rich men who gave their money away in charity, and for the erection of museums of art. They lived lives of personal self-denial. There were no poor people in Birmingham. The Radical and Republican League watched over the humbler inhabitants of the place, taught them habits of cleanliness, gave them well-drained streets and well-ventilated cottages to live in, educated their children, instructed them in morality and religion, and in every way justified the ambition of the town in its desire to be the Dictator of Kings and Queens, and Consuls and Senates. Few names of leading citizens have come down to us. Among them is that of Jaffray, a journalist who wrote the history of "Birmingham Parties," a work mentioned by Quamtanki as a shrewd and learned book, with dashes of satire here and there of peculiar force and character. "Dawson, orator and statesman," is another name mentioned by Zealandi ; also "Lloyd, gentleman and banker ;" "Williams, a famous worker in iron ;" "Timms, antiquarian scholar ;" "Mason, pen-maker and philanthropist ;" "Cornish, librarian ;" "John Bright, orator and friend of Queen Victoria." The ruins of this ancient city are but few. They comprise Athenian Hall foundations,

remains of a gun factory, and some Anglo-Romish baths. These are preserved with religious care. Oatihetius, the metallurgical surveyor, is of opinion that the remains of the manufactories would have been more numerous but for the one barbarous practice of the time. He asserts that when any great and new manufacture was perfected, and received by all nations as the height of beauty and usefulness, the workers made a certain number of the new invention and then suffered themselves to be blown to pieces with gunpowder by the owners of the factory. Their martyrdom was celebrated in songs and hymns, and monuments were dedicated to their lasting fame. Zealandi, however, doubts Oatihetius's theory of the explosions referred to in Jaffray's book, which is preserved at Oxford.—*Zea.* 4, v. 9; *Oatihat.* 9, c. 7; *Quam.* 4, c. 32.

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## THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD.



ABOUT thirty years ago, when "doing" Frankfort under the guidance of a *cicerone*, I recollect being taken to an exceedingly small and dirty street in the *Juden-Gasse* or what might be called the *slums* of the town, and being assured that there dwelt the mother of the Rothschild race, and that no one dare to cleanse either the house or the adjoining synagogue from its primeval filth as long as the old lady lived, so wedded was she, like the rest of her tribe, to ancient customs and antiquarian dirt.

In the middle of the last century that identical house bore the sign of a broad shield, with the inscription *Zum Rothen Schild*, "The Red Buckler," where dwelt a poor Jew named Moses Amschel, whose son Meyer, the founder of the family wealth, was born there in 1744. The father had gradually, as is so frequently done in Scotland, assumed the name from the signpost which his house bore. Thus Moses Amschel von Rothen Schild, or "Moses of the Red Shield," like many hosts of the Red Lion so common in all our provincial towns, became *Moses Roth's schild*, and hence by a very natural transition this was changed into the wide-world name of ROTHSCHILD.

Meyer began life as an errand boy to his very poor father, who wished to make his son a Rabbi, as the ambitious cottier of Ireland hopes to see one of his kin a Maynooth priest. It was, however, ordered otherwise; and Meyer's first step in life was passing from the situation of errand boy in his paternal home to that of a small clerk in the house of Openheim, the banker of Hanover. And the cause of his great rise may be traced as follows:—

In the year 1801 the Hanoverian General Von Estorff, a personal friend of William IX., Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, was consulted by the latter respecting a suitable person for the situation of banker to the Court. Von Estorff had observed Meyer Rothschild as the cleverest clerk of Openheim's house, and proposed to introduce him to the Landgrave as one of the best financiers he had ever met. On being summoned to the palace one afternoon Rothschild found William and Von Estorff engaged at chess, the latter evidently getting the best of it. The Jew stood for a long time waiting patiently

behind the Landgrave's chair, without a word having been spoken by any one; until at length William, turning abruptly to Rothschild, said, "Do you know anything of this game?"

"Yes, sir; and if your Highness will give me leave to suggest certain moves, I think you would win the game."

"Out with it, then," replied the Landgrave. And by following the clerk's advice William won the game, which so pleased him that he at once promoted Rothschild to the office of Court banker.

Five years later, when William had to fly from the tyranny of Bonaparte, which then overshadowed Germany (in striking contrast to the marvels of Sedan and Metz in the year 1870), he entrusted his wealth, which was very great, to the care of the diligent banker; and the Landgrave's confidence in him was such that he would take no note or acknowledgment from Rothschild of the large sums entrusted to his care. The banker, with commendable foresight, concealed several millions in hogshead casks of wine which were standing in his cellar; and thus preserved the money from the rapacious hands of the French soldiery—who, like their successors the Prussians when invading France, were noted for their inability to distinguish between the *meum* and the *tuum*—when Bonaparte took possession of Frankfort.

Rothschild's first great financial success was at the commencement of the Spanish contest in 1808, when his bank was the only firm which could efficiently assist the English Government in finding means for carrying on the war. With William's sanction, Rothschild's wine casks were made to disgorge their gold, and thus food for firing the cannon, to carry on the well-known metaphor of men being "food for powder," was found.

Meyer Rothschild died in 1812, leaving by will the sum of £100,000 sterling to found a refuge for poor Jews of Frankfort; and five sons—viz., Amschel of Frankfort, Solomon of Vienna, Nathan of London, Charles of Naples, and James of Paris—as the respective heads of great financial firms in those cities, to carry on the work which their father had so successfully begun.

Innumerable are the anecdotes related of the sons, some of which I propose now to reproduce, in order not only to show that great wealth has its dark as well as its bright side—its penalties and its pains—but also to enforce the truth of the aphorism uttered by another Jew in olden times, viz., that too great a love of money is the root of all evil, and that godliness with contentment is great gain.

It is related that when Charles Rothschild of Naples, speaking of his own children to his elder brother, called them "the young

Barons," Amschel retorted sharply, "Pshaw; make them men of business. The title of Baron won't gain them a kreutzer."

It was by carrying out this principle to the fullest extent that the Rothschild family may trace the origin of their colossal fortune; and we have a remarkable instance of this in the conduct of the head of the London house at one of the most memorable periods in the history of Europe. Eager to gather the earliest information of events which he felt would settle its fate for many years to come, he did not shrink from the perils of the battle-field. On the morning of June 18, 1815, Nathan Rothschild rode on a hired horse from Brussels in the train of the Duke of Wellington, and in the company of Count Pozzo di Borgo, Baron Vincent, General Alava, Baron Muffling, and several other distinguished personages. Nathan kept close beside the German Baron, eagerly inquiring as to the chances of the coming struggle. It was uncertain, and the fate of the English army and of the house of Rothschild hung in the balance together. During the whole of that memorable day Nathan stood on the crest of the hill near Hougomont, and watched the progress of the great battle. At length "night and the Prussians" arrived, and Nathan saw that Waterloo was won and his house was saved.

Without losing a moment Nathan spurred his horse and galloped off to Brussels. Here a carriage was ready to convey him to Ostend. At break of day on the 19th of June Nathan Rothschild found himself at the coast opposite England, but separated from the Thames and the Stock Exchange by a furious sea, and waves dashing mountains high. In vain the Jew offered 800 francs to be carried across the Straits from Ostend to Deal or Dover. At last he rose to 2,000 francs, and the bargain was struck, a poor fisherman risking his life to gain £80 for his wife and children. The frail bark which carried Cæsar and his fortunes sped swiftly over the waves, a sudden change of wind to the east accelerating the progress to an unexpected degree. The sun was still on the horizon when Nathan Rothschild landed at Dover, and, without waiting a moment, he engaged the swiftest horses to carry him onward to the metropolis. There was gloom in Threadneedle Street, and gloom throughout England, but gloomier than any looked Nathan Rothschild when he appeared on the morning of the 20th of June, leaning against his usual pillar at the Stock Exchange. He whispered to a few of his most intimate friends that Blucher, with his 120,000 Prussians, had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of Ligny, fought during the 16th and 17th of June. Heaven alone knew what had become of the handful of men under Wellington! The dismal news spread like wildfire, and there was a tremendous

fall in the Funds. Nathan's well-known public agents sold with the rest, more anxious than any to get rid of their stock; but Nathan's *unknown* agents bought every scrap of paper that was to be had, and did not cease buying until the evening of the following day. It was only on the afternoon of June 21 (nearly two days after the arrival of Nathan in England) that the news of the great battle and victory of Waterloo, and the complete overthrow of Napoleon, got known. Nathan, radiant with joy, was the first to inform his friends at the Stock Exchange of the happy event, spreading the news a quarter of an hour before it was given to the general public. Needless to say that the Funds rose faster than they had fallen, as soon as the official reports were published of the great battle of Waterloo, which enriched the house of Rothschild by about £1,000,000 sterling, and laid the foundation of a European power in the financial world for the descendants of Meyer Ben Moses Amschel, the poor banker's clerk of Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

Another anecdote is recorded of this Nathan which will show the perils attached to the possession of such enormous wealth. On the occasion of his giving a grand banquet to a number of distinguished men, one of his guests observing the lavish display of wealth with which his table was groaning, made use of a very natural expression when exclaiming, "What a happy man, Baron, you must be!" "Happy man, did you say?" replied Rothschild. "How is it possible for any one to be happy on receiving such a missive as this just before sitting down to dinner?" And taking from his pocket a letter he showed his astonished guest its contents, which contained the modest request of a loan of £500, with the addition, "If you don't send it at once I'll blow your brains out!"

Money-making was the one pursuit and sole enjoyment of Nathan's life. When Louis Spohr, the great German musician, called on him in the summer of 1820 with a letter of introduction from his brother Amschel of Frankfort, he said to him, "I understand nothing of music. This"—patting his pocket, and rattling the loose coins therein—"this is my music, which we understand on 'Change." It was in the scramblings and fightings, the plots and tricks of money making, not at all in the spending, and not much in the hoarding of it, that his soul delighted. "I hope," said a dinner companion on one occasion, "I hope that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would *not* wish that." "I am sure I *would* wish that," replied Nathan; "I wish them to give up mind and body, heart and soul to business. This is the way to be happy. It requires a deal of

caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it." Hence when two eminent clergymen, who took a warm interest in the Jews, called upon him with a view to induce him to aid in their restoration to Palestine, as his great wealth, it was thought, might influence the Sultan, Nathan declined, upon the all potent plea that "London was his Palestine, and that he could not further such an object in any way."

On another occasion a German Prince visiting London brought letters of credit to the house of Rothschild. He was shown into the private room of the famous counting-house in St. Swithin's Lane, where Nathan sat absorbed with a heap of papers before him. The name being announced, Rothschild nodded, offered his visitor a chair, and then went on with the work before him. For this treatment the Prince, who expected that everything should give way to one of his rank and dignity, was not prepared. Standing a minute or two, he exclaimed, "Did you not hear, sir, who I am? I am——" repeating his titles at full length. "Oh, very well," exclaimed Nathan, with sly humour, "take two chairs then."

At another time two strangers were admitted into the same private room. They were tall foreigners, with beards and moustaches, such as were unknown in the City before the beard mania set in so powerfully as it has done of late; and Nathan was frightened at their appearance. He put his own interpretation upon the excited movements with which they fumbled about in their pockets; and before the expected pistols could be produced, he had thrown a great ledger in the direction of their heads, and brought in a bevy of clerks by his loud cries of "Murder!" The strangers were pinioned, and then, after long questionings and explanations, it appeared that they were wealthy bankers from the Continent who, nervous in the presence of a banker so much more wealthy than themselves, had found some difficulty in producing the letters of introduction with which they were armed!

A terrible anecdote of another sort is recorded of Nathan's son, the present head of the London house, and M.P. for the City. We all recollect the persistent way in which the electors returned him to Parliament for years before the Legislature threw open its doors to the long-despised Jew. At his first election, when on the hustings, he boasted that he stood there *as the free choice of the people*. "So stood *Barabbas*," deliberately exclaimed a deep, stern voice from the crowd—a sarcasm which, for its cruel vindictiveness, perhaps stands without a parallel.

The same intense spirit of money-making appears to have been.

equally the mania of all the Rothschilds. Of James, the youngest son of Meyer, and head of the Paris house, who once entertained Napoleon III. in such an imperial manner at his Château Ferrière, and who died in 1868 leaving, according to public rumour, the colossal fortune of £44,800,000, it is related, as a proof of the strength of the ruling passion within him, that, foreseeing his death would cause a great fall in the shares of the Lombard Company, of which he was the president and chief support, he speculated largely for the fall just before he died ; by which means the immense profits accruing therefrom went to the benefit of his heirs !

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# LEAVES FROM THE AUTO- BIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TERRIER

## CHAPTER IV.

### PEOPLE NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

**T**O those who realise a tale of life the better by contrast I can offer it by giving the narrative of another dog. I was myself the more curious to hear it, because, judging our companion by his looks, we could not understand what accident could have brought him amongst us. We could not conceive that he was worth stealing. Who would own him—much more pay for him?

If I do not give his words so exactly as those of Tuffie, it will be because I have softened the coarseness of some of his language. I am sure he was not aware of his own deficiencies, or he would not have offended our ears with his vulgar idiom. There is this difference between men and dogs: With dogs the mere adoption of the language of low life does not pass for wit or humour. It is only admitted as the proper costume of a character, and one means of conveying the impression of it.

### THE BULL-TERRIER'S HISTORY.

If I were to say that many of my forefathers have shown good sport in baiting bears and drawing badgers I dare say I should not be far wrong. For I judge that a stiff cross of English bull-dog with English terrier has given me these stout limbs, powerful jaws, and good teeth, with pluck to use and appetite to match them. For these I am much obliged to my ancestors; and that is all I care about them. My early breeding was among poachers, thieves, the hangers-on of a horse-dealer's yard, and men of no particular calling, who live by their wives and their wits combined. Amongst them I did not learn to entertain any respect for Marquises. But I learnt with them to hold my tongue when I had got nothing to say, or no reason to say it. I don't know when I barked last; it's so long ago. Half a grumble of mine any time went further than all the blethering noise with which your Mr. Tuffies are always filling the world. Nobody

ever kicked me away from a dog-fight, if I thought proper to be there. It was not often that I went in broad day-light through squares and fashionable streets. When business, however, has taken me to such places, while I have gone modestly along, interfering with nobody, with my tail drawn tightly between my legs, I have seen a frizzy young puppy such as our noble friend here, airing his grandeur on the sunny side. "There," says I to myself, "there goes an aristocrat. You think yourself a fine fellow; you think I am too dirty a dog to come within half a mile of you. Dear! dear! How easily I could topple you over; and give you a roll or two in the gutter, and send you home screaming a deal the dirtier dog of the two. I've a mind to do it; only that some poor girl whose proper business is to brush her lady's hair would have to demean herself by washing you."

I first learnt the business of life in the society of one or two dogs of great experience in the company we kept, Dark Dick and I. Dark Dick was my first employer. You may suppose he had some other name than Dick. I don't. It is true he was hanged by the name of "Richard Rackstraw, aged twenty-nine." But that was a name given to him by the police to please the justices who made out his commitment to gaol. The police were so obliging as to give their worships three or four names to choose from. The more they give, the better the justices are pleased. It looks as if the police know so much about the man. By the time a man has been in six or eight prisons he has got as many names as would set up a Bubble Company with Directors. It's my belief that Dick knew no more than you do who was his mother, or when he was born, or where. What should men like him want with a name? They do not buy estates, or sell them; nobody leaves them a legacy; they don't insure their lives. A name that stuck to and followed such a man would be as inconvenient to him as the lamp in a glowworm's tail

That does but light the nightbird to its prey.

An ingenious man can turn round upon his prosecutors and infer his innocence from the very fact of having a name and giving it truly. When the Lord Chief Justice invited Michael Barrett to state any reason why he should not be hanged, he accepted the invitation. He said that when he was apprehended at Glasgow on another charge, he gave the police his proper name. Now, was it likely he would have done this if he was conscious that he had just committed a crime in London? Argal: he was innocent. But Barrett was not a professional. He coarsely lit a barrel of gunpowder in the open street, and blew down the wall of Clerkenwell Prison. He was

not the man to get into a jeweller's shop at two o'clock in the morning and make no more noise about it than if he was getting into bed. It was a fine stroke, though he took nothing by it. It proved no more than that he was not in the profession. The man who has a lively recollection of having taken part in some burglary with violence would no more think of taking any notice when he heard his name spoken in promiscuous society than he would of waking a sleeping dog. Depend upon it that to such a man the having a name is more certain to do him harm than likely ever to do him any good; if he has one he is always ready to change it, like a clergyman his living, whenever he can get a better. So, then, I say my friend's employer was hanged by the name of Richard Rackstraw; but I verily believe all the Rackstraws in England spoke the truth when they said that the man who was hanged at Coventry was no relation of theirs. I never heard him spoken of by his friends but as Dick Dark Dick. With him it was my business to go out o' nights, when he and his friends were on the look-out for mutton, poultry, and game. On such occasions it was my part to go a little ahead, reconnoitre the fold, the farm-yard, or the copse, and see that there were no police about, or watchers or dogs, or indeed any one who ought not to be out at that time of night. My lord Marquis here thought it a fine thing to face a college fellow in broad daylight but what was that to the chance of running in the dark against the legs of a fellow with a gun in his hand, who would put a doubt charge of buckshot through your body as soon as look. How acquitted myself in this situation receives some testimony from what befell me after Dick left. On any large, well-preserved demesne is felt from time to time to be necessary that there should be a general engagement between the poachers and the keepers. The adjustment of the rights, interests, and duties of both sides is a matter of great delicacy. If the lives of men on either side were sacrificed to the pheasants and hares too frequently, public feeling would be irritated; nothing would allay it but, on the part of lords and gentlemen, the surrender of the right to breed and preserve on their estates. In such a case keepers and poachers would suffer together. It is, therefore, necessary not to push their permanent conflict of interests too often to an extremity. In the district in which we then were, there had been no great "affray" for some twenty or five-and-twenty years. The circumstances of the last, and the names of the men who suffered, were preserved only in the tenacious memories of old inhabitants. For two or three seasons there had been an uneasy feeling that the time was approaching when it would be necessary to prove that the mettle

the sons was not inferior to that of their fathers, in order that both parties might preserve mutual respect. At last came the hour and the men. Neither side took the other by surprise. They went out to fight one November night ; and they fought—men and dogs. Many men were hurt ; one keeper was killed. Dick distinguished himself. Pinned by a keeper's dog, I made a diversion in his favour. Alas, ineffectually. He was taken, and, as I have said, was shortly after hanged. In the darkness and confusion I made good my retreat with our party. I was named in the reports of the trial. A popular novelist took me up. I awoke and found myself famous. Dick's widow, if she was his widow, took advantage of it to part with me as Dick's dog. The purchaser, a shrewd fellow of Birmingham connections, paid a handsome sum for me, and made a good investment of it. He had me photographed. My *carte-de-visite* was extensively sold in public-houses throughout the kingdom. My front face, mounted on pins, lockets, brooches, and charms, became the fashion of the day. You may well believe that my new proprietor was very proud of a connection so serviceable to his interest. Waking or sleeping he was very unwilling to let me be out of his presence ; indeed, I do not think that he ever did ; and for the most part we did the waking and sleeping by turns, for he was involved in some business so delicate that he could not well afford to let both eyes go to sleep at the same time.

I am not going to profess that I had a strong personal attachment to my new employer and his interests. Far from it. I own that I *had* such an affection for "Dark Dick." Not because he treated me very well ; because he didn't ; but I obeyed a stupid sort of instinct or tradition in our race and family, that it was a duty to be obedient and faithful, or, as it is said, *loyal* to a master ; but under my new employer I learnt a sounder philosophy. Some of you think, no doubt, that by going to the universities you will learn systems of morality that are sure to lead you and all other dogs to the condition of their highest happiness. The more fools you. They are all fancy theories—neither formed from the real experience of the world, nor fitted for it.

If you really want to know what the world is, and what to make of it, you should take a walk through life, as I did, with Ishmael Blugg—such was my new employer's name. With him spades were called spades, and everything was reckoned wrong and bad until he and his set had made it right. The great wonder was how a world where everything was so wrong could have produced one thing so right as Ishmael Blugg ; or that a state of society where every part was

disorganised, should have spontaneously brought to birth and mat a small knot of men who had found each other out, and united to everything indefeasibly to rights. What is the explanation of this a rent *lusus nature*? It is simple. Blugg—or, as he was called his friends, Ish, or Ishy—had gone through an apprenticeship; he learned a trade; he was “a tradesman”—the proud name by which a beggar stops his fellow-man on the road, expecting that the dig shall be recognised by the donation, benevolence, or royalty (shilling at least. So Ish was a tradesman, a representative of industrious classes. Accordingly, I never knew him to do a d work at any trade. Why should he? He was a representative; office-bearer in the United Nutcracker-Makers' Self-Defensive Association—or, as they familiarly called themselves, the “United Nutcrackers.” Ishy's friends were of like preparation and stamp, there they were now The People. On behalf of themselves, The People they had digested their projects for perfecting social order; the foundation of all was the grand principle that Everything shall be Everybody. With a view to accomplish this result with justice should also be an elemental principle that Everybody shall work Everybody. Nevertheless, the Rights of Conscience shall be respected. A conscientious objection to work at all shall be held exempt a citizen from the general obligation. With a view to the case of such dissenters it is intended to reserve the tithes in every parish, which are now misappropriated to another purpose, to form a special fund for the maintenance of non-working citizens. Of this it shall only be required that they shall reside for at least nine months in the year in the parishes from which the tithes are raised. And shall be required of them by life and conversation to inculcate upon their neighbours the duties of citizenship. It is considered that in this way the State will, on the whole, be amply compensated for the loss of these few persons' contributions to the general fund of labour.

It is obvious how, under such a policy, the standard of morality must be raised in the State. It cannot be said that crimes against property will be nipped in the bud. The plant will not find soil in which to throw its first root. But one kind of *theft* will be possible, that, namely, of setting up an exclusive property in anything. The People will not show themselves lax in vindicating the distinct difference between Virtue and Vice. As no vice is more hateful than Pride will be sternly repressed. Woe be to the man against whom the witnesses—or one, if that one is sufficient—testify that he is *pro* Capital punishment will be absolutely abolished, except in such cases as from time to time The People may determine; that is to s

whenever it shall seem to them that a crime against themselves has been committed for which justice requires the summary punishment of death. In lieu of imprisonment, treadmill, crank, oakum-picking, and such like barbarisms and unserviceable modes of inflicting penal labour, Blugg and his friends intend that all branches of public service involving heavy and disagreeable labour shall be laid upon criminals. Three months of scavenging in the interests of public health, or six months of tax-collecting, will probably be found very reformatory punishments for the exhibition of aristocratic pride. Of course, public labour in every department would be only paid at the same rate as for laying bricks—by the hour. It is to be anticipated that many citizens will prefer laying bricks to service in burdensome public offices. Yet no difficulties will arise. Criminal lunatics, or those who, having committed great crimes, are excused by a jury on the ground of mental aberration, will, it is presumed, be always found in sufficient numbers to discharge the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer or Foreign Minister.

The principles I heard in this society recommended themselves to me. I was not sorry to give Blugg the benefit of my countenance; and my countenance, I need not tell you, was not one to invite impertinent interference with our principles and designs. I do not pretend that I was absorbed by the interests of the United Nut-crackers. I had grievances of my own which required redress. I saw that union and combination were strength: that one and the same course was adapted to redress their grievances and mine. I want to know why one set of dogs should be cockered up at the expense of the rest? Why the most useless dogs should constantly be most honoured and best fed? I could not but observe that it was just the most useless set of men and women who kept and pampered the most useless dogs. Think of the whole race of hounds! Stag-hounds, fox-hounds, beagles, housed and cared for infinitely better than many a labouring man that worked all day and every day upon my lord's estates. And all for what? To hunt down in packs one poor solitary beast at a time; and when they caught it, to be mercilessly whipped if they thought of eating it! After all to have their name, "hound," given as a term of reproach which the most abject groom would hardly take from his master. My soul sickens at the thought of those slavish beasts—pointers, retrievers, spaniels. The more they are beaten the better they be! That is what their masters say of them, and treat them accordingly. But when the whipping is not about, who so proud and dainty as your spaniel? But what shall I say of those nasty yelling curs—lap dogs and Italian greyhounds,

things that would scream at the sight of a grey rat ; fed on dainty dirtying Brussels carpeting, taking airings in carriages, dressed up gimcrack smart jackets? There is even worse : my blood boils to think of the place that has been occupied in society by poodles and pug-dogs. It is humiliating enough that the things are called dogs.

Our friend Tuftie here interposed : " My good sir, do not suppose you are making a speech to the United Nutcrackers. Tell us how you got quit of these people." The bull terrier growled something but continued :—

We had been attending a great many meetings by day and by night to concert a simultaneous rising all over England. With a view to that, it was a great object with my friends to come to a good understanding with the military. Some of our clever talkers were always on the look-out to fall into friendly conversation with soldiers twos and threes in the public-houses. I well remember how on such occasion my employer cleverly and clearly explained to the soldiers what all sensible people thought of them and of their profession. They dress you, said he, in fine clothes ; they give you fine words ; they call you brave fellows ; they write histories about your fightings, and now and then make lords of your chief officers. All the while they think you the greatest fools living. You may be knocked on the head ; what do they care ? That is your affair. It is your business to be knocked on the head whenever their honour and interest requires such a sacrifice of brains. In consideration of sixpence or a shilling a day, you agree to sacrifice your brains instead of theirs. Perhaps it is an economical expenditure. You do this for the defence of property of which you will never touch a sixpence beyond your shilling a day. A standing army is the sink into which all the fools of the nation run together. This is what sensible people think of you. Now let me advise you to look for once at your own interests with your own eyes. I do not ask you to risk anything for your present interest by leaving your ranks and rifles to join us. Do your duty and your pay as long as you can. But when we are up and doing, the day of struggle comes, refuse to fire a shot at us, like the brave soldiers of Paris. The French soldiers always fraternise with the people when there is any trouble ; but who reflects upon the French army ? Do you the same. Thus you will save your bodies and what brains you have to enjoy the fruits of the victory we shall win. For we shall win. If you put our mettle up, by offering any resistance, we shall knock you over like so many skittles : nothing will withstand the will of the people."

We were very pleased to see the effect of Blugg's argument upon the soldiers. They entered into our views, and agreed to bring some of their fellows to hear their duties and interests so well explained. A few nights afterwards Ishmael and two or three friends met a party of soldiers at a public-house. "Ready" was the word between them, and ready enough they were; for a posse of policemen dropped upon us with a warrant for my employer and one of his friends. Blugg was disposed to fight it out, and hallooed me on. I, however, had learnt something since I fought for Dark Dick. I counted noses for and against us, and was not going to commit any such folly as to be knocked on the head in the endeavour to save Ishmael Blugg from a few months at the treadmill. He was soon in custody. The last words I heard from him were a solemn vow, which he made with all his strength of language. It was to the effect that he would take the earliest opportunity of tying a brick round my throat and sending me to look for eels at the bottom of the deepest hole in the river. Whatever my friend Tuffie's noble relative might have meant by his loose words, I have no doubt whatever that Blugg intended to fulfil his threat to me. It is possible, indeed, that in his hours of calm reflection—and his imprisonment is likely to give him many—he may alter his mind when he comes to perceive *I* was *his* standing army; and that, with a proper regard to my own interests, and with respectful acceptance of his teaching, I could do nothing less than I did. For myself, I had no intention to wait and see the result of his prison thoughts. How could I dispose of myself? I was not inclined simply to go away, and be a nameless dog, leaving my character behind me. The course of events relieved me of perplexity, as it usually does both dogs and men if they will only be a little patient. A sharp attorney's clerk, in search for assets which might be made available to pay for the defence of Blugg and his associates, heard of me and my fame. He took proper authority to dispose of me. So here I am, in charge of our good friend and general guardian, until it can be seen which of three competing publicans will give the most for Dark Dick's famous dog, as a special attraction to his crib.

When the bull-terrier had finished his story, most of us had gained information. The world was wider than we supposed; there were people in it of whose character and sentiments we had hitherto been ignorant. But I am bound to say that there was unanimity among us in condemning the brute's desertion of his master at a pinch. It was lowering canine morality to the merely human level.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE WAYWARDNESS OF FORTUNE.

"How absurd! Harriet Price doesn't know a terrier from a spaniel."

"No; but, Cousin Millicent, there must be some——"

"Do, pray, Jane, spare me one contradiction. I have not strength to argue everything. She wrote me distinctly that she had bought me a black-and-tan spaniel; and if I am not to believe my eyes, when I say this a terrier, pray leave me alone in my ignorance."

"Of course it's a terrier; but——"

"Then there is nothing to argue about. So just write to Harriet, and say the dog is come: you need not say anything to make her sensible of her strange and gross mistake. It is just as well as it is; for the dog will not be always reminding me of dear Charlie. Say that I am much obliged to her, but that I am much too weak to-day to bear the fatigue of writing myself."

This was the dialogue I heard on being released from a small basket, about four-and-twenty hours after I had heard the last of the bull-terrier's tale. The chief speaker was a lady of fifty or thereabout. She was lying on a sofa. There was nothing in the tone of her voice to indicate the weakness to which she confessed. Her companion I judged to stand rather in the relation of niece than of cousin. I afterwards found that this misapprehension was very general. It was given out, however, that the younger lady was the daughter of a cousin, not of a sister; therefore cousin she was, and the elder made it a great point that the true relationship should be emphasised. Fortune had not assigned to her many substantial grievances. She was therefore driven to make much of this one, when any stranger inadvertently referred to Jane Playfair as Miss Millicent, Wymondsey's *niece*. This I learnt in after-times, for I was now a member of Miss Millicent's family. My introduction, as I have here narrated it, reflected some little discredit upon her kind friend Mrs. Price, who had been only anxious to supply the vacancy in Miss Wymondsey's affections caused by the death of Charlie! I am bound to say that that lady's judgment was not so much at fault on the species of dogs as on the character of dog-dealers. She would have been even more astonished than Miss Millicent was to see me come out of the basket. She had seen, and agreed to buy, a spaniel. My host, however, saw reason for varying the agreement, as was shown in the directions which he gave to his partner or assistant upon his return home. "Sam, do you put that small terrier

into a basket, and take him up to the North-Western station to-morrow for the 9.15 train. There'll be a shortish party on the lookout for him in the ladies waiting-room. Don't be too early; put plenty of knots into the string, and cut 'em close, so as nobody should be in a hurry to look at him. Be as polite as you know how, and draw two suvrins for him."

"Two suvrins! What young woman has been a sweetening of you to give that there dog away like that. Why, there's three offered for him and *no inquiry*."

"I've looked at that, Sam; but it's not well to have those sorts of deals, if you can do without it. There's the man at the mews, who shut up the dog, might have to be settled with. It's much better that the dog should go into the country under a mistake."

So the mistake was made. Sam tied me up; and found the party as directed. He apologised for the absence of his principal—"which he was engaged on a suppeny about identifying a man as drove over an old party." If her ladyship would excuse him, he had brought the dog, and it was two pun' ten he was to take, and a shilling for the basket and the wittles as was put in. Would she have the basket put along——? "No, no," said the lady, "it was two sovereigns I agreed to give, and nothing was said about the basket."

"It sha'n't be said that Sam Dixon didn't believe a lady's word; and I leave it to your liberality to give me a trifle. Thank ye ma'am." The guard whistled; the train started, and I was whirled off. Some time in the afternoon I was taken out of the train, and an hour or so afterwards transferred to a carrier, who delivered me at Miss Wymondsey's house. Every tie with my former life was severed. I was a lady's dog.

Dogs will quarrel over a bone, which if one of them gets, the other loses. Men and women, too, make a bone to quarrel over, which, according to their own views, they will yet all of them equally enjoy together. They believe—at least, all of those among whom I have lived are quite convinced—that there is another and better world into which they regularly pass after they have enjoyed their lives here, and spent as much time about it as they can get. They feel that they have *reason* and *souls*, and, therefore, they are much above their situation here. Yet there is nothing about which they so zealously quarrel and hate one another; for they differ very much indeed about the proper road. This quarrel not only divides nations, but it is constantly breaking up families and friendships. In their earnestness they scream out to each other "You are taking the wrong road; you will never get there." But, often as they say this, they

seem to me never really to believe it. For whatever they may say to or of any person, from an archbishop to the last man hanged, no sooner is the man actually dead than every one's mind relapses into a perfect state of ease about him: he is gone, to the enjoyment of another and a better world. I may mention, by the way, that they are all perfectly agreed in this: that dogs have no reason, no soul; therefore there are no dogs in that other world, nor horses, nor foxes, nor pheasants. So I own myself quite unable to guess what such gentlemen as my first master will find to do with themselves when they get there. But there is another point on which, too, they are all agreed. There will be no eating and drinking there, for of course there will be no need of it to support life; nor will there be any marrying or giving in marriage. I can quite understand this, if it is to be a better world at all for men and for women. For by very much the better half of the troubles under which humanity groans in this life are traceable, directly or indirectly, to one or other, or even both together, of these social requirements. As to meat and drink, some people are sorely troubled because from day to day, or, at least, from year to year, they do not know that they shall be able to get any—or, at least, enough, or good enough. But I am convinced that a much larger number have actually brought the great trouble of their lives upon them by having freely used too much meat and a great deal too much drink. And as to marrying, I might say much the same thing. As soon as the boys and girls begin to find themselves young men and women, they begin to fret and trouble themselves, and trouble other people, about getting married; and most of those who get married after all the trouble, when they have had some little experience, get too much of it, and wish themselves younger and wiser.

My new mistress, Millicent Wymondsey, was one of those who, as it appeared to me, was wrecked upon the shifting sands of disorderly appetite. The only child of a careful, thriving stockbroker, she had grown up mistress of all around her. She had no idea but that the world existed only to serve her pleasure and convenience. All persons who came within her reach were made to understand this. If simple imperious dictation was not suitable to the circumstances, a smiling, matter-of-course assumption did the work. For ten years, since her father's death, she had had uncontrolled possession of an ample fortune. Why had she not married? Because, so she said, she did not choose to sacrifice her independence to any man. I have heard, however, that she maintained an engagement for many years with a man who held a good appointment in India. She

definitively required him to give up his employment, and marry her upon an allowance from her father, and her own expectations from him. This the gentleman declined to do; upon which she indignantly broke the engagement, and thereby laid the grounds for a sense of injury which ever after she dearly cherished, for the civilian took her at her word, and married in six months. Those who told this story thus accounted for the bitter tone of reflection on marriage which constantly seasoned Miss Wymondsey's communications. She loved no women, but she absolutely hated young married women. The literature of the Divorce Court, and novels of the same flavour, were her choice reading. Every "brute" of a husband, every misconducted wife, was a new triumph and illustration to her philosophy. Young people who wanted to marry published their wish to bury their elders. For her part, when any young relatives of hers were married, she would not have felt herself safe to eat her food if she had not at once given them clearly to understand that she disapproved the match, and that they henceforth had nothing to expect from her. She subscribed to several charities for the maintenance and education of orphans of parents in the professional and mercantile classes. This was, in her own estimate, a great triumph of the spirit of charity. But it had its immediate reward; and that, some said, was well worth to her the cost of a few guineas whose outlay she never felt. It brought to her immediate knowledge, in the most indisputable way, a constant series of cases exemplifying the misery entailed by imprudent or unfortunate marriages. If any case that came before her presented a spot of ground for the allegation that a parent had shortened his career by intemperance, she selected it for special commiseration of the poor children, and moralising with her morning visitors; in such abomination did she hold that vice.

With absolute power of self-disposal and a good constitution to begin upon, how did Miss Wymondsey so mismanage matters as to live a constant object of her own pity? Some years before, she had found out that the only employment which really was agreeable was that of disposing of breakfast, luncheon, and dinner in daily succession. Meal after meal and day after day the viands provided were most engaging. For some time she digested them only too well, and became fat, and, if possible, more indolent than before. She began to suffer from headache, palpitation of the heart, sleepless hours at night, and other ills. She felt weak and low; she was obliged, she said, to sustain nature by nutritious substances, for which she had no longer an appetite, and to stimulate its flagging

powers by sherry, champagne, and brandy. Nature did not require these attentions; the more Miss Wymondsey sustained and stimulated, the more languid and querulous an invalid she became. People had no feeling. The more sensitive she became, the louder people would talk, the more constantly contradict her. Having, as she told herself, a "most affectionate" disposition, she had no one on whom to fix it. All the world was simply selfish and hollow. Her relations and older acquaintances declined her invitations with excuses. Nobody, she said, cared whether she lived or died. As to Jane Playfair, of course she was very attentive, for she had no other home or dependence; though Miss Wymondsey really believed that, if the Curate proposed to her, Jane would be fool enough to marry, and would leave her. The indifference of young people to the comfort of their elders was dreadful. What religion was coming to she could not guess; all the young women's heads were turned by wanting to be Lady Superiors, or Sisters of Charity, at least. One would have thought that she would rather have approved a class of ladies who withdrew from the risk and imprudence of marriage; but no; I think she hated a Sister of Charity even more than a young married lady.

I have said that Miss Millicent's acquaintances of earlier days generally found reasons for declining invitations to come and see her. No wonder: for most of them were married and had children. One experience of bringing a child on a visit to Miss Wymondsey was conclusive with any mamma. The whole day seemed to be occupied in indirect, but, it must be owned, sometimes surprisingly ingenious, suggestions that the poor child had either done something terribly wrong, or was at least a perpetual inconvenience to everybody.

There was but one exception to Miss Millicent's aversion to children, and that was motherless little Fanny Brakespere.

I am not in general fond of children. So far as I know, dogs seldom are; but we are almost universally kind to them. As children go, I own that Fanny was a very nice child. She was natural and happy without being noisy, good without being demure, quiet without being sly. She had never known her mother, but had been brought up under the charge of a very sensible nurse, and under the eye of a father affectionate as he was clever, and by the necessity of his profession observant—for he was a medical man, the paragon of his profession in the eyes of Miss Wymondsey. This was the reason which Miss Millicent gave to herself and to others for her favours to Fanny. I quite believe she was not at all aware that her partiality was really and entirely directed by her waiting-maid, Foster. It so happened that Fanny's nurse was Foster's very particular friend, and it

gave these gossips a very pleasant opportunity for meeting when the nurse brought Fanny over in her best frock, to have a very nice dinner at Miss Wymondsey's luncheon, and afterwards be taken out in the carriage. The carriage would not return till tea was over in the housekeeper's room, where the nurse was generally ready to take Fanny home again. Miss Wymondsey herself was a gainer by this arrangement; for it need not be said how well up in the family politics of the place was a favourite servant from the doctor's establishment. In this way Miss Wymondsey heard from Foster nothing but good of little Fanny; an eminent difference in her favour from that of any other child who was brought on a visit to the house. Motherless Fanny was in truth a general favourite; and not the least with kind Jane Playfair. So no doubt she was happy enough on the one or two afternoons in the week which pretty regularly she spent at Miss Wymondsey's. Mr. Brakespere's visits at the house, though not of as many hours' duration, were scarcely less regular and frequent. For in Miss Millicent's very delicate state of health she could not be long without talking about herself to her medical attendant. He would, indeed, in the kindest way, even when not specially sent for, occasionally drop-in in the evening, after his day's work was finished, to inquire after his good friend unprofessionally. I have sometimes thought he had a hint from Miss Playfair when such a visit would be seasonable and acceptable. Then he could sit for a couple of hours with the two ladies, and make himself very agreeable—especially, I believe, to Miss Millicent, if he should take the opportunity of promising to send her an extra dose of that most hard-worked drug in the whole pharmacopœia, "a little something."

I should mention that I had been more than six months a member of the family before my observations at home and inquiries among our neighbours' dogs had given me in their completeness these personal histories and characteristics. It was as much as that when one day I happened to be lying on the rug at the foot of the front staircase. Mr. Brakespere had been two or three times in the last three days to visit Miss Wymondsey professionally. But the little attack, whatever it was, was slight, and he might now be supposed to be paying a "farewell" visit, till the next occasion. I knew that, before going upstairs into the drawing-room, he had been for a few minutes speaking with Miss Playfair in the dining-room. This was very usual under such circumstances. Now, as the door opened, and he came out, I heard him say, "Whatever comes of it, I will try——." On which, Miss Playfair observed, "Will you, indeed? I am afraid you will not succeed, and that it will end in great trouble." What was this? My

curiosity was excited, and I determined to be of the party. Miss Playfair remained below. Mr. Brakespere went up into the drawing-room, and I joined him. For some time I thought I was going to be disappointed of hearing anything out of the common way; for Mr. Brakespere entered the room in his usual easy manner, and went through all the proper inquiries for determining that Miss Millicent's health was entirely re-established. From this, I hardly know by what gradations he fell into talking about little Fanny, and Miss Wymondsey's great kindness to her.

"Oh, Mr. Brakespere, she is such a sweet child!"

"You are very kind to say so, Miss Wymondsey. But, I do assure you, she is a subject of great anxiety to me, when I look at her age and my circumstances. Hitherto I have had the assistance of a very worthy person as her nurse. But I confess I shrink from the thought that my child should be left only under the influence and ideas of a servant, however excellent. I am convinced that the education of *the lady* must begin from the nursery. This education, as distinguished from the respectable worthy woman, does not consist in the knowledge and observance of so many conventional laws and usages; but it is a tone of sentiment as well as manner which is only to be caught from the constant and very early association with ladies, or, at least, a lady. Dear Miss Wymondsey, you know what I must feel, and what I want; for you were not like my poor child. You had a loving mother's care and example until you were formed to take your position in society."

"I do, I do, indeed, understand your great trial, dear Mr. Brakespere," saying which Miss Wymondsey assumed, as she could do, the sweetest, tenderest smile of intelligent sympathy, and, by a slight movement of her dress, invited Mr. Brakespere to sit by her on the sofa, for hitherto he had been standing; "indeed," she continued, as he accepted the place, "to confess the truth, I *have* thought often and anxiously about dear little Fanny, when I looked on her sweet face; and I have thought that if it were in *my* power"—here she gently offered her hand to Mr. Brakespere, which, of course, he took.

"That is very, very kind of you, Miss Wymondsey; I cannot speak gratefully enough of the interest you have taken in my child. Believe me, I appreciate the value of that insensible influence for her good which you have had, by allowing her to be so often with you; and if a closer relationship, which I now confess that I dare to hope that you will admit—"

It may be well supposed that I pricked up my ears to hear how that sentence about "closer relationship" was going to be finished.

Something unseen and unheard occurred to break the train of Mr. Brakespere's words. I have puzzled myself to think what it was. I can only guess that there was a slight pressure by Miss Wymondsey's fingers, which, as I said, having been offered to Mr. Brakespere's hand, had not since been removed. For Mr. Brakespere evidently felt suddenly strengthened and encouraged to do or say anything; and so he said :—

“ Thank you, thank you, Miss Wymondsey ; then I may boldly anticipate your consent to—— ”

Here Miss Millicent quietly lifted up her face, and let her eyelids droop, as though she expected to be kissed. I saw it. So, I am sure, did Mr. Brakespere. It gave him a sudden hesitation in concluding this sentence again. What a very small moment is room enough for a world of thought ! There was time enough for the conviction to flash into Mr. Brakespere's mind, that retirement from his profession, with fifteen hundred a year and Miss Wymondsey, was to be had for the next word that should pass his lips ; or, indeed, by his lips, without a word. And what was the alternative, if, when it was to be had, he did not take the offer ? A moment of time was sufficient for him to realise *that*. What a temptation to Interest, Honour, Principle, was unexpectedly offered, met, resisted, defied, in one moment of time !—for it took scarcely more pause—before Mr. Brakespere finished with, “ your consent to—my proposals to your cousin, Miss Playfair—— ”

Miss Wymondsey's eyelids went up with electrical rapidity. The printers have notes of interrogation, and notes of admiration, but they have no symbol by which I can signify the force of obtuseness, wonder, incredulity, question, surprise, which she threw into the single word, “ Jane ! ”

The force and pitch of her voice was in such sudden contrast with the soft undertone into which the conversation had fallen, that it startled me, as if up to that moment I had been only dreaming. It seemed for the moment as though I had been awakened by a sudden cry of alarm from my mistress. That was the impression it had upon me. Therefore, I sprang upon my feet, and barked furiously.

My hallucination was not at all favourably received. It evidently was not a happy moment for servants to be rushing into the room to know what was the matter. The reproofs I received soon brought me back to my senses. Nevertheless, I cannot but think that my mistaken intervention was seasonable and happy. At a most delicate juncture it gave to both parties a breathing space for thought before either spoke next.



## CHAPTER VI.

## A DELICATE OPERATION, AND HOW IT ENDED.

It is all very well to lay it down as a law that no one should take important steps in life without due deliberation. It often enough happens that one is drawn by circumstances to make a positive election which path of two one will take when there is scarcely the time that it occupies to say as much as this before the foot must absolutely and irrevocably be put on one or the other. It was so when Mr. Brakespere, being on the brink of asking Miss Wymondsey's sanction for his addresses to her young cousin, Jane Playfair, suddenly saw that Miss Wymondsey, with her handsome fortune, was ready to accept him for herself. There are a good many men who pass as a matter of course for men of honour, whom I should have been sorry to see in such a tempting predicament. Had he elected for the safe fortune, it is true he might have had some little difficulty in explaining himself out of the position to which he of course had already committed himself with Jane; but what was this, for a quiet-loving man, to compare with the tempest of indignation and opposition which must assuredly break over him as soon as Miss Wymondsey came to see that he declined herself, and proposed for her *protégée*?

Did she really and fully see it when she screamed that "Jane!" which set me barking? There was as much of question as of surprise in the lady's tone; it seemed, therefore, to imply that the idea was something too absurd to be admitted into her mind as a reality, a serious proposition. It might be yet explained away. Miss Wymondsey would not be very rigid in the logic of repudiation. Then it must be remembered that Mr. Brakespere, while anxious to secure an excellent step-mother for his little daughter, was not prepared to outrage and lose so profitable and perennial a patient as Jane Playfair's more elderly cousin. Why should he? The interlude which I had performed, while it operated to disengage Miss Wymondsey's hand from his, gave him the opportunity of collecting his mind with a view to the course he would take. Miss Millicent had a like advantage from it. However absurd it might be, Mr. Brakespere really did ask her to approve of his marrying Jane. But he broke the subject by referring to his hope of establishing a "closer relationship" with herself, Miss Wymondsey. Probably there was much meaning in that. Surely it was the key to the whole. He wished that his sweet little girl should grow up under the eye, influence, and love of herself, Miss Wymondsey. Clearly so. That

she should be, as it were, mother to the child. Perhaps the only reason why he had not asked her to be mother was that he dared not hope it; he could not venture to do so. True, she had given him no encouragement. Should she, even now, before it was quite too late, hold out some hope to him? Mr. Brakespere was a very estimable man. She had a great regard for him. It really would be of great advantage to the child. Whereas Jane, Jane Playfair, was quite unfit for such a charge. She really was little more than a child herself. How could a man of Mr. Brakespere's sense have brought himself so near to committing a great folly? It must have been Jane's own doing! She had surely, in some very improper way, thrown herself into his arms; and, in his generosity, he had not known how to disengage himself. Was it not her, Miss Wymondsey's, duty—her duty to both—to come between them, even at some sacrifice of herself, to serve the best interests of both? There were reasons for a little patience, at least. She would hear Mr. Brakespere, and allow him to explain himself.

No servant came into the room. I lay down again upon the rug. Mr. Brakespere resumed.

"I trust, Miss Wymondsey, you do not think me presumptuous in my wish to connect myself with you, through your near relative?"

"No, no, Mr. Brakespere; I cannot have you put it in *that* way. That you should desire to find in your house once more a real, happy home; that, after the labours and anxieties of the day, you might be cheered by cordial and appreciative companionship, such as I have ventured to think you have sometimes found *here*—"

"You express exactly my thoughts and my wish, Miss Wymondsey; it is exactly what I have found, and would make my own."

"True, true; indeed, I flattered myself so far; *that*, I would say, is quite natural. It is quite right, also, that you should seek at the same time for one who, already disposed by affection to your sweet child, will give her the advantage of motherly superintendence without a mother's foolish partialities; a person who has known the world and lived in good society, who might exercise over your daughter constantly that influence which you are good enough to say has been exerted by me—that is quite right; I quite approve of it—"

"My dear lady, if you will excuse me for interrupting you again, you are so exactly describing my own views and feelings that I cannot understand that there is any difference between us."

"Precisely so; I knew that I thoroughly entered into your mind, even when you did not express it. I only thought you were

withheld from fully expressing it by a fear of not winning sympathy from me. I think you must have observed that I listened to you with an interest which should have encouraged you to speak your full mind. It was only when you named at last a person—an object I would say—so very, very inconsistent with the hopes you entertained, that I may have been surprised into a line that seemed to mean more than it really did. Of course I was quite unprepared for your reference to Jane. I will forget what you then said. You are not committed. You have got over the difficulties of opening the subject. At my time of life, and I think I may say at yours, I do not expect to hear passionate professions. You are too sensible for that. Your taste has altogether avoided anything of the kind. You may speak your mind freely.”

Mr. Brakespere fully understood Miss Millicent's mind. At least, he looked to me as if he did. No doubt he felt that he had ample freedom given him to adopt his own forms in expressing it. But as to his own mind he found more difficulty than ever in choosing the least objectionable terms for conveying it. Even to let Miss Wymondsey go on unchecked in hopes that she might unwarily give him an opportunity which he might turn to advantage—which might have been his plan hitherto—seemed worse than hopeless. There was not the faintest self-depreciation, however hypocritical; no momentary recollection of habitual diatribes against marriage on which he could have pounced. It is better to say that he would rather have performed upon Miss Wymondsey any operation in surgery that could be named than that which he saw was now before him—and no chloroform. Should he feel her pulse, pronounce medically that she was not in condition to-day to sustain such an agitating conversation, and beat a timely retreat? It would only be putting off the evil day. Besides, it would be leaving her with a victory. She would, as the soldiers say, establish herself upon the field; perhaps follow him up with a note upon pink paper, positively accepting him after calm consideration. He was quite aware of Miss Wymondsey's habit of taking possession of everybody to suit her own views. But in this case he must resist. How should he do it? To begin with he took out his watch and held it before him with an air half-calculating and half-absent. This simple act had the double value of occupying his right hand and suggesting that he had some appointment which must make this conversation short of everlasting. He then fairly launched himself in a tone so determined and continuous, that it admitted of no interruption.

“ I think, my dear madam, you may have given my *tastes* more credit

than they deserve. It is true I have not been so impertinent as to occupy you with passionate professions. Yet I do not disown that I am moved by feelings which are strong, but not so strong but that I hope that they are consistent with reason and amenable to it. I should, therefore, have addressed to *you* only what I felt to be the reasonable phase of my wishes and proposals ; but you have anticipated me in most of its expression. It is true that in the friendly visits which I have been permitted to your house I have been won onwards from one feeling to another——”

Hitherto there was nothing to which Miss Wymondsey could not listen with complacency ; she showed some symptoms of uneasiness as he continued :—

“ From sincere respect at the first to a warmth of feeling of which, as you have reminded me, it would be out of taste to speak to *you*. That I myself could inspire the requital of such a feeling I hardly dared to hope, and assuredly I did not know it till this day.”

Miss Millicent looked as if she did not know that she had expressed herself so warmly as to justify this description.

“ Having asked it, and found it, I will hold it as a treasure which no consideration will induce me to yield. In that view of reason for my step which you have taken, kindly as justly—the advantage to my dear child—I, at least, have considered it an especial feature of gain that my future wife, her mother, would be young still—so much younger than myself.”

This was apparently the stroke upon which Mr. Brakespere depended to perform the delicate operation. The words were spoken very softly, but so distinctly that Miss Millicent could not have lost a consonant of them. He watched the effect. It was perfectly successful. It could not be otherwise. For as Miss Millicent was some five-and-twenty years older than Miss Playfair, Mr. Brakespere hit somewhere about the mean—something better than twelve years older on the one hand, and younger on the other. Secure that he had made the impression he intended, he continued rather hurriedly:—

“ Naturally and properly, Miss Playfair has referred me to you, my dear madam. From what has already fallen from you, betokening more interest in me than I could have hoped, I venture to promise myself——”

*What*, I do not know ; for Miss Wymondsey could repress her feelings no longer.

“ Promise yourself nothing from me, Mr. Brakespere. It appears, indeed, that Miss Playfair herself has already promised you everything you could wish, without any reference to me. If she had consulted,

or given me any indication of her harbouring such feelings as you say she owns, I might have thought it my duty to give her some advice—proper advice. When I was young—yes, Mr. Brakespere, as you put it so delicately, when I also was young—girls with any sense of propriety gave their confidence to their elders before they dreamed of committing themselves; *I* never concealed a feeling or thought of the kind from my dear father. But I beg pardon, I forget myself; *I* am not her mother; I have no claim to Miss Playfair's confidence, and she has no claims of any kind upon me. I have marked out a course for myself in such cases before, and here I am sure there is no reason for my departing from it. Miss Playfair will please herself, and will take all the consequences of her own act."

"I am very sorry, madam; and, after what you have said so kindly about me, disappointed——"

Miss Wymondsey caught up the word, and repeated it very bitterly.

"Disappointed! Yes, sir, I dare say you are disappointed, and Miss Playfair may be disappointed. I do not know what your expectations may have been; but *I* have made no promises; I am under no engagements; I have studiously kept myself clear of anything of the kind."

"I think you misunderstand me, Miss Wymondsey; but I will not, to set myself right, draw you into the expression of anything you have wished to reserve; but if you see no reason for dissuading Miss Playfair from entrusting her happiness to me, I trust that neither she nor I may forfeit that kindness and confidence on which I am sure we both set such a high value——"

"Confidence, Mr. Brakespere! Have I not said, just now, that Miss Playfair has put no confidence in me! Pray undeceive yourself. There is an end of all confidence. After such a marriage, and such 'expectations' as you have hinted at on the part of your wife, I should, in my delicate state of health, be simply mad to entrust myself to Miss Playfair's husband——"

"Miss Wymondsey, Miss Wymondsey," interposed Mr. Brakespere, in a tone which indicated that he now had caught the flame; "I cannot hear such an insinuation. I cannot believe that you intend to make it; or will not in a calmer moment regret and recall it. The fact that you have done so indicates that we have too much prolonged a conversation, I am afraid, very trying to you. Let the subject be absolutely dropped for a week, a month, or for any length of time you choose to appoint. I fully trust that Miss Playfair will consent to such terms. Meantime, you know my wishes and

hopes. So far, I shall be satisfied in honour in entering your house, if, in the meantime, you should do me the favour to require my services. If you will not name any time, I will set a time for myself. I will recall this subject a month hence, when I hope you may be more favourably inclined to me. For the present, Miss Wymondsey, good morning."

With a bow, Mr. Brakespere had left the room. I shall not chronicle in detail the events of that afternoon. Probably never since she had been mistress of herself had Miss Wymondsey met such stiff and successful resistance to her habit of adjusting circumstances to her own views. I think that Mr. Brakespere must have given a hint to Foster that her mistress might soon require her services. In a short time, at any rate, Foster quietly entered the room, and found Miss Wymondsey on the sofa, convulsively sobbing and shedding a torrent of tears. Hartshorn and other stimulants seemed to give no relief to struggling nature. Miss Wymondsey was persuaded to remove to her own room. I saw no more. The rest I gathered in the housekeeper's room. Mr. Brakespere had behaved cruelly, most cruelly. He had played with her feelings. He had called her a "silly old woman" to her face. "Impossible, ma'am!" They were his very words. It did not matter to him about fortune. He knew that it would all go to Miss Playfair some day. He had as good as said this. But he would be disappointed. Yes; she was glad that she had had the nerve to tell him that he would be disappointed.

To say the truth, the party in the housekeeper's room, who were accustomed to Miss Wymondsey's way of stating facts, and had besides their own opinion of Mr. Brakespere, did not accept these representations at their literal value. Much was set down to their mistress being "in her tantrums." No suspicion of the real truths of the case, as I knew them, crossed the mind either of Foster or the housekeeper. It was clear that Miss Wymondsey, even in her hysterical paroxysms, had succeeded so far in keeping that odious secret. So the household was in agitation all the afternoon and evening. But matters grew even worse about half-past nine, when it was reported that Miss Wymondsey was seized with what were called "spasms." From hour to hour she not only found no relief, but seemed to grow worse. It was not till after midnight, and when she had been much exhausted by pain and sickness, that Miss Wymondsey would consent to see even Miss Playfair. Still she positively refused to have any medical assistance. She could not bear to see Mr. Brakespere, and nobody else "knew her constitution;" they would kill her at once, as they wished to do. It was a dreadful night;

nobody went to bed. Day dawned, morning came. Still the paroxysm of pain recurred, succeeded by exhaustion. It was not till past that Miss Wymondsey at last consented that Mr. Brakespere should be summoned. But here a new difficulty occurred. Mr. Brakespere came at once at the call of a note from Miss Playfair. On hearing the symptoms of the case, however, from this young lady, he said he would see Miss Wymondsey, but he would positively decline prescribing for her without other professional assistance. Something unfortunately fallen from Miss Wymondsey yesterday which made it impossible for him to take the responsibility of acting alone, and the symptoms apparently so serious. This seemed a great difficulty. However, Mr. Brakespere himself undertook to communicate his wish to Miss Wymondsey. To the surprise of Miss Playfair and Fotheringhay the lady made no difficulty in acquiescing in this suggestion. Accordingly—within half an hour, happily—Dr. Crouch was found and brought into consultation. Dr. Crouch's report to Miss Playfair abated nothing of that anxiety in earnest which Mr. Brakespere's first demurral had kindled in the household. It was a severe attack of jaundice, with much fever. He would see Miss Wymondsey again about six o'clock. Meantime Mr. Brakespere would see to the application of such remedies to the efforts of nature as they could apply. They were quite agreed. Dr. Crouch came again at six. "No better." Again at half-past eleven; "Miss Wymondsey was sinking." At three o'clock in the morning Mr. Brakespere took Miss Playfair from the room, and ordered her to go to bed. Before the clock struck again Miss Wymondsey was dead.

I will not pretend to be sentimental about it. There is another world and a better world for the Miss Wymondseys, but not for dogs: death is a much more afflicting event to us, at least, if life is tolerably easy with us. Miss Wymondsey was dead; much, I should think, to her own surprise. For she had not made, as it eventually appeared, even a first will.

Nature's soft nurse took charge of Miss Playfair, and did her duty. So that she awoke well refreshed, to learn the whole truth, and that she was now looked to, and her directions taken, as if she were the mistress of the house. What was she to do? Her first thought was to send for Mr. Brakespere. She learnt that he had left word that he might have notice as soon as she was moving, and that he would come as soon as she had had time to take some breakfast. He came; but as it appeared, it was only to recommend the young lady to send for Mr. Pleydell, of the very honourable firm of Pleydell and Booth, and to submit herself unreservedly to his advice. Miss Wymondsey had

had very little to do with law, but in some little matter of a lease, and the executorship of a will, she had had Mr. Pleydell's advice and assistance. If she had made a will, probably she had employed him. But no. He knew nothing of any will. Of course inquiries should be made of Miss Wymondsey's bankers, and of her father's London solicitors. At any rate, it would be well to ascertain who stood in the relation of next of kin. According to the best report of the family which Miss Playfair could give, the sole title seemed to reside in a certain Major Wymondsey, an elderly gentleman known to be living at the small country town of Welford, in Frocestershire, if, indeed, he was still living, for it was supposed that Miss Millicent had had no communication with this cousin for many years, and she seldom mentioned his name. Mr. Pleydell had a pleasant, kindly manner, and made everything seem easy and matter of course to Miss Playfair. A confidential clerk was at once despatched to London to make inquiries there, with orders to telegraph the result. The negative answer was reported to Jane, and by four o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Pleydell himself was on his way to communicate in person with Major Wymondsey and take his directions. Thus, a heavy day and another night passed. By midday Mr. Pleydell had returned, bringing the information that the Major acknowledged and accepted his position as next of kin, and heir if no will was forthcoming. He would be present at the funeral. Meantime all arrangements were to be made at the discretion of Mr. Pleydell, and for the convenience and comfort of Miss Playfair.

To a certain extent therefore, at present, it was uncertain whose dog I was.

These facts, as they arose, of course percolated into the housekeeper's room, and were there discussed. But one subject was of preponderating interest; I heard nothing else all day, and every day. Regret for the loss of a good mistress and fears at the prospects of change? Such an idea seems never to have occurred to any of the household. It was respecting the rights and perquisites of servants on the death of the master or mistress of the house. Every servant contributed his or her quota to the general information. Those who had had no experience of their own in such matters, could tell what they had heard from their fellow-servants in a former place. I heard also some most horrifying tales of the "meanness" of some heirs and executors. The lady's maid was of course entitled to all her mistress's body-clothes and toilet articles, with a fair share of out-of-fashion rings and brooches; the housekeeper, to all household linen and oddments which could be pronounced "old;" the coachman,



without a doubt, took as his perquisite the contents of the harness-room ; doubtless the housemaid should sweep off all brushes and brooms of every kind, and dusters if she could settle that point with the housekeeper. Then there was the mourning, with all questions of the amount, quality, form, and fashion, and the due adjustment between upper and under servants. It seemed to me that all the morning was occupied in giving orders and attention to dressmakers coming with patterns, and the evening to the women going out to give counter-orders, and "try-on" their things. But, above all, the reported deficiency of a will was a source of trouble below stairs. Set against the years that some of them had been in their mistress's service, it was unlikely, it was impossible, there should not be a will. It was a shame, it was a roguery to keep it back. "And what for?" said Foster, who, as I have said, had been the confidential servant of Miss Millicent. "What for? that everything should go to an old hunk, that has got more money now than he knows how to spend like a gentleman."

"Is that Major Wymondsey," said I to myself. "As I am interested in knowledge of the world of men, I should like to know how he spends his money, as it is. I suppose I shall know some day."

The funeral was to take place on the day week of Miss Wymondsey's death.

*(To be continued.)*



## THE DEATH OF SUMMER.



RAVE Summer, scorning that the Winter take  
Her prisoner, and mock her haunts on frosted pane,  
With leaves flame-tinted from the wood and brake,  
Arrays herself for death ; no maidens twain  
Aid her attiring, like old Egypt's Queen ;  
With heavy dews alone for diadem,  
See, weary-hearted, where she stays to lean  
Against a copper-beech from whose strong stem  
A faithful robin chants her requiem.

She pauses where a canopy of shade  
Was lately lit by myriad dragon-flies ;  
There, sighing, ling'ring, views the happy glade  
With wistful, tender longing in her eyes,  
Musing upon the death of all the flowers  
Which in her blooming coronal were set,  
To herald, each, a joy of coming hours.  
All gone ! Nay, at her feet a violet  
Has bloomed afresh to speak her comfort yet.

Shall she, remembering her glorious prime,  
Her saffron dawns, and slowly widening light,  
Her golden noons, the idle, perfumed time  
The dial recked not of the purple night,  
Vocal with song from wood and orchard ground—  
The same rich song our mother Eve first heard,  
And, greatly marvelling at the matchless sound,  
Sweeter than any throat of warbling bird,  
Felt joys unknown within her bosom stirred :

Shall she, now warned by blasts of autumn's breath,  
Not die? or yield her to the icy foe?  
Bring berries, bring bright leaves; she goes to death  
Robed as a princess, as a queen should go.  
Drop, gentlest dews, and in an acorn cup  
Let nimble squirrels bear them to her bier;  
Strew vineleaves round her, eglantine train up  
To wrap her shroud, that nothing come more near  
Than those sweet buds which most she loved to rear.

ST. GERMAIN.

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# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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I SUPPOSE if Mr. Gladstone were to announce, in a quiet, argumentative article in *Fraser's Magazine*, that he had seen reason to adopt the creed of which Mahomet was the exponent; and if Mr. Goldwin Smith or Mr. Trollope should confess, in a speculative address before a body of amateur savans, his conversion to the social doctrines of Fourier, the world would take some notice of these interesting autobiographic facts. The age has not quite grown indifferent to the views of its public men in theology and political science. But in the world of pure speculation, our wise men may be as startling as they please in their declarations of faith without surprising anybody. There was a time when the intellectual life of the nation was deeply moved by the publication of John Locke's views on the origin of human ideas; another day came when every man of thought and education was primed with the latest form of advocacy and the newest refutation on the subject of Berkeley's idealism; by and by David Hume divided the speculative forces of the time into two hostile camps on the merits of pure scepticism; and it is within the recollection of veteran metaphysical debaters that for a season he who was not *for* Mr. Reid and his "Common Sense" was against him. All that kind of thing is at an end, and hence it happens that no interest whatever appears to be taken in a couple of incidents which seem to me to be of considerable importance in the history of thought in our time. Within the last few weeks Professor Huxley and the Rev. Charles Kingsley have publicly pinned their faith to Berkeley's Ideal Theory. In widely different fields of intellectual labour these two men find very large audiences; and is it a matter of no moment to those whom they are accustomed to address that these gentlemen have definitively declared their disbelief in the existence of matter? Or are we to conclude that the general run of readers do not know what the philosopher and the Churchman mean when they make a public announcement of their occupancy of this platform? The scientific readers of Huxley or Berkeley, no doubt, entertain a pretty shrewd notion of the position taken up by the modern master of induction, though they say little about it; but when the author of "Alton Lock" repeats that "We are such stuff as dreams are made of," his hearers probably give him credit for quoting figurative language figuratively, and hardly imagine that he puts a literal interpretation upon the words, and holds, as a distinctive creed, that this wonderful scene of earth and people, sea and sky, is but a phantom appearance, existing no longer than there

are eyes looking upon it and organic senses perceiving it. It is too much to ask a busy and frivolous race to make up its mind on Idealism ; but we ought to show that we apprehend the faith adopted by our leaders in thought and literature.

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WE ought to be thankful to Mr. Sorby for his efforts to explain the ruddy and golden raiment that our woods and gardens put on at this season. He has taken up the whole subject of leaf-colouring for systematic inquiry by help of his microscopic system of spectrum analysis ; and he has found the field a vast one. The pigments that Nature employs to tint her vegetable creations appear to be endless in variety, though they resolve themselves into a few distinct groups. There is the Chlorophyll group, which includes the greens ; the Xanthophyll group, which embraces the yellows ; the Erythrophyll, which gives the reds ; and the Phaiophyll, that comprises the browns. And it is somewhat curious that several of these may be present in a leaf from its earliest growth to its decay, and show themselves successively. The Chlorophyll predominates in spring and summer, but it fades or disappears in autumn, and allows the yellow and red pigments to manifest their presence. It is conceivable that one set of colours may by some subtle process be converted into another ; the green passing to the brown, for instance, under the influence of light or air. But this action must be but partial, since the two or more pigments that are present at one time have quite distinct chemical properties. At present Mr. Sorby has not done a deal more than tell us that leaves are first green and then ruddy because they have first green and then ruddy blood in their veins. But he will not let the inquiry rest at this stage : he has merely halted to report progress.

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It is a fact at first sight strange that in Paris, normally the gayest of cities, the number of suicides is greater than in any other part of the world. In every seventy-two deaths that there occur one is suicidal. In London the proportion is less than one in 200 ; while in New York there is but one in 712. Vienna is about the same as London in this matter. Of course the anomaly presented by Paris may be well explained upon the principles of meeting extremes. In every community there is a mean or average moral condition, and it is certain that the departures from this mean proceed just as far on one side as on the other. Thus the greatest misery must be found where there is the greatest pleasure. A French hygienist has been trying to explain the enormous suicidal tendency of the people of his capital, and he argues at length in support of three alleged causes : these are, 1, the influence of political passions (*morbis democraticus* the Germans call it) ; 2, the enfeeblement of religious ideas ; 3, madness induced by alcoholism. He has a few facts on his side, and his three suppositions are very general ones. But it occurs to me that any broad explanation ought to unite the extreme conditions ; and I should much like to see the ultimate cause of the misery shown to be by some link allied to the ultimate cause of the pleasure.

A STRANGE story was told to the French Academy at a late sitting. A certain Abbé, Richard by name, who had been engaged upon the Suez Canal, took a journey into Palestine and Egypt in search, among more important matters, of flint implements. He came to Timnath, the burial place of Joshua, and identified the locality of the tomb, which had been previously defined by an archæologist sent out by the French Government in 1863. Here he prosecuted his search, and was rewarded by the discovery of a number of stone knives which *he* accepts as those made by Joshua in obedience to divine command for circumcision of the people of Israel, and which knives the Septuagint asserts were preserved and buried with his body! A curious part of the matter is that these flints, which are thus persumably *historic* (though they may not be the tools which M. Richard considers them) are perfectly identical with those which are claimed as *pre-historic*. Thus it would seem that, instead of fixing the age of a flint implement by the stratum in which it is found, the period of the earth formation should, on the contrary, be established by the stone tools it may contain.

THE public conscience has begun to quake about the coal exhaustion business. What a far-sighted calculator announced some years ago concerning the short duration of our supplies at the present rate of consumption has been abundantly supported by the investigations of a Royal Commission; and folks now believe what previously they sneered at. A century's stock, and then—empty cellars! We ought to save, but how? I had a long say two years ago on the powers that may come to be utilised as coal gives out. But we should strive to economise the precious fuel itself. Why should we export it so freely? It is the nation's property, and the nation should profit when it is parted with. No one likes to suggest a tax, but I hold up my hand in favour of taxing exported coal; and I raise my voice to suggest that the wasteful squander of coal which we see in gas-lighted shops and gin-palaces, that have six times the burners they need, should be checked by a thumping tax upon every single burner in a house beyond a given number, to be liberally fixed in proportion to the requirements of the consumer. I take it that more than half the gas produced is wasted for mere glitter and dazzle; and what could be taxed with greater propriety? I commend this hint to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, feeling sure that a less objectionable impost could not be levied.

As an Englishman, labouring under the burden of the experiences and prejudices of several generations, I have, of course, a constitutional aversion to revolutions, and I am not in a hurry to have all my notions of government, of nationality, and of patriotism upset. Naturally, therefore, the poet's dream of the "Federation of the World" does not possess for me any special attraction. But when I am alone, and shake myself free of that sense of responsibility which becomes me at my age as long as the eyes of my neighbours are upon me, I take the liberty of speculating a little wildly about the possibilities of the future, more especially if I am

hard pressed by the consideration of a grievance which openly acknowledges itself to be an evil and an injustice, and for which nevertheless there appears to be no remedy forthcoming. Now I have recently been provoked into the indulgence of quite an ultra-Radical sentiment (in the seclusion of my closet) by reading up the controversy about the non-existence of a copyright treaty between this country and the United States. While I was under this spell of irresponsibility I reasoned thus: This separation of national interests is not much better than the old parochial feeling of which I have heard so many complaints in my time. When the population of these islands of ours was less than half a dozen millions there used to be nearly as many kings as now there are lord lieutenants, and an Englishman's rights were limited to an area across which he might perhaps walk at his leisure between sunrise and sunset on a summer's day. Now that we are thirty or forty millions, our privileges are absolutely unlimited by landmarks. How long shall we remain at this point? While all the nations of Germany and Italy have become united under a couple of crowned heads, there are prophets foretelling the day when Europe shall be formed into an eastern United States. But why confine the coming political millennium within those narrow boundaries? At this very moment Brother Jonathan and John Bull are robbing each other every day of their literary manufactures because they do not happen to belong to "the same parish." Surely this must be regarded as a token that men who are courteously admitted to be civilised are living still under very primitive conditions. In my responsible moments most heartily do I deprecate the doctrines of those Utopian dreamers who would set up a President of the Planet, and establish a Congress for the management of the affairs of the four quarters of the globe; but in my heart I cannot help wishing that peoples, who profess to have cast aside the ways of barbarians, would deprive the Utopian political philosophers of arguments in favour of their theories, by recognising the rights of property of their brethren who live beyond the borders of their respective territories.

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OPPONENTS of Mr. Darwin's theory of the transmutation of species by natural selection defy the philosopher to produce an animal specimen in a transition stage of development, and Mr. Darwin does not accept the challenge. I will remind him of a source whence he may draw more or less convincing illustrations for the next edition of his fascinating work. Four hundred years before the Christian era there lived a Greek, named Ctesias, who, being taken prisoner by Artaxerxes, and subsequently appointed by that monarch Court physician, had special opportunities for making himself acquainted with Persia. Hence he compiled the annals of that country in twenty-three volumes, and furthermore wrote a history of India. It is in this latter work, abridged by Photius—the only form in which we possess it—that I find several descriptions of contemporaneous animals which only require credence to render them invaluable as aids to the development of faith in Mr. Darwin's theory. To mention three

classes of our probable forefathers, there are the Crocoltas, the Martichore, and the Calystrian. The Crocoltas was, at the time it came under the observation of Ctesias, so far advanced towards full development that it could devise schemes for getting the better of other people. It had at its command the power of imitating the human voice, an accomplishment which it unscrupulously used in furtherance of its depredations. Its favourite occupation was lying *perdue* within earshot of any body of workmen that might be about, with the view of becoming acquainted with their several names. When occasion served, the wily Crocoltas would call out the name of a desirable workman, and, gradually retiring, lure him by repeated calls to a distance from his comrades, and then proceed to dine off him. Readers familiar with the early records of foreign missionary labour will not need to be reminded that this cannibalistic tendency is not totally eradicated from the breasts of more advanced specimens of budding humanity. The Martichore was, if possible, a still more undesirable personage to meet in a dark lane. Its face was the face of a man, and its ears betokened the same species; but there the "development" suddenly ceased, for the body of the Martichore was of the shape and size of a full grown lion. Its skin and hair were of a bright vermilion colour, and its teeth, whereof it was furnished with three rows as a means to the economising of time during the process of mastication, were exceeding white. It could, in time of need, unfold a terrible tail, the article resembling in general that of a scorpion, save that the stings with which it was lavishly furnished were about a foot in length, and that in addition to the one which terminated the tail, there were others on either side of it.

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BUT I introduce my third illustration, the Calystrian, with no small degree of confidence. Ctesias himself does not hesitate to speak of the Calystrians as "human beings," though he is fain to admit that they had faces like dogs, and that they conducted their conversation after the manner of dogs. They lived "in the mountains of India" and drove a good trade with the peoples of the plain, exporting yearly a considerable amount of amber, and also dealing largely in swords, javelins, and bows, in the manufacture of which they were very expert. They understood the dialects of their neighbours, and by dint of intelligent barking, assisted by signs, managed to get along very comfortably. In addition to the peculiarity of dogs' heads, the mark of the beast was apparent in tail similar to those of dogs, except that they were "longer and less hard to the touch." Tails were a possession common to both sexes of this interesting community. Ctesias, whose narration certainly does not lack minuteness, adds that the tribe numbered twenty thousand tails; that the members clothed themselves with the skins of wild animals killed in chase; that they sometimes lived to be two hundred years of age; and that whilst the women were rather given to tubbing, the men were content with an occasional washing of the face and hands—a circumstance in which the candid reader will perceive a point of resemblance to later and fuller



developments of the species. Louis XIV., for example, was in this respect a strict Calystrian, for it is a matter of history that after his arrival at years of discretion he never had but one bath, and submitted to that only at the repeated and earnest solicitations of his friends.

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THE suggestion that this evidence of Ctesias should be admitted in support of Mr. Darwin's position will probably be met by the declaration that his assertions are fabulous ; but I venture to observe that the statements hereinabove reported are gravely set forth in a weighty history, and that the author's reputation is vouched for by the fact that he is repeatedly quoted by such authorities as Pliny, Aristotle, and Diodorus Siculus. Besides, development is the very root of Mr. Darwin's theory, and may we not believe that, by a course of judicious selection of brides by the better looking amongst the male Calystrians, the caudal appendage may have gradually disappeared, the bark have become articulate speech, and the dog face have broadened slowly down into the human ?

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I HAVE received two letters combatting my dramatic contributor's criticism of the histrionic ability of Mr. J. L. Toole. The avowal that my critic's judgment in the matter differs from my own will satisfy the most aggressive of my two correspondents. I think Mr. Toole's Caleb Plummer a fine piece of acting, artistic and full of pathetic force. But, like my famous predecessor in Sylvanus Urban's chair, I allow a certain liberty and independence of expression to my writers. In the case of "Players of Our Day," I have engaged the best critical pens I can find, with a view to the reflection in these pages of an impartial and just estimate of our leading actors and actresses.

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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE

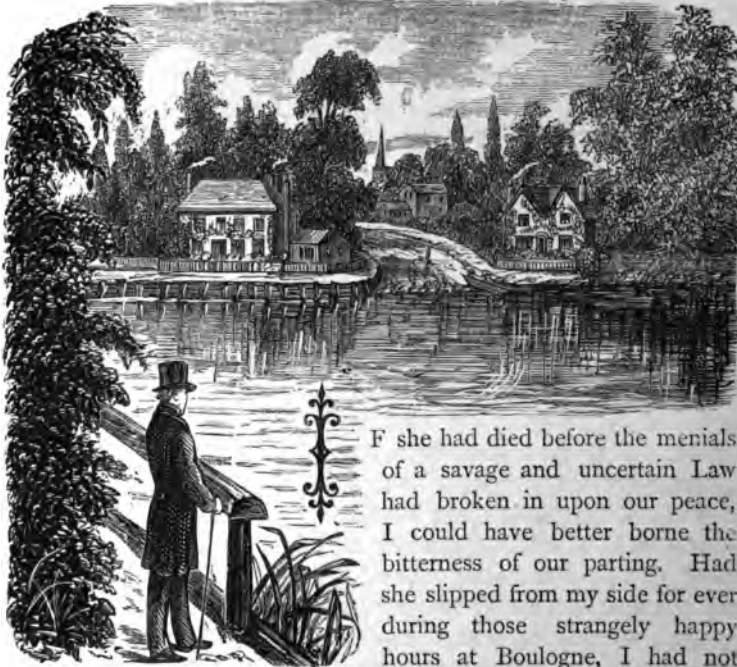
DECEMBER, 1871.

THE VALLEY OF POPPIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRISTOPHER KENRICK" AND "THE  
TALLANTS OF BARTON."

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHILE I JINGLED MY GLASS WITH THE LAWYER'S IN THE CITY.



If she had died before the menials  
of a savage and uncertain Law  
had broken in upon our peace,  
I could have better borne the  
bitterness of our parting. Had  
she slipped from my side for ever  
during those strangely happy  
hours at Boulogne, I had not  
suffered one-half the agony which  
tore my soul when I stood by her  
sweet silent face in our cottage on  
the Thames. Or had it pleased  
God to spare her to me until I  
had wiped out those foul stains  
of worldly humiliation which seemed  
to cling to our nest in those

last sad hours, then I could have accepted His decree with calm resignation. Time would speedily have placed me beyond the pale of money cares. When it was too late, the living mentioned by Canon Molineau was offered to me; when it was too late, literary prizes and rewards were showered upon me; when it was too late, Fortune flung open her temple-doors and bade me fill my pockets where I listed. "Too late!" What sermons may be preached to that text my patient flock know well enough. Ah, my dear friends in the valley, you do not dream of the depths of sadness and sorrow from which those warning words oft-times well up to the parson's lips!

I have been to London once again. Yesterday I laid a flower on her grave. I have a presentiment that this is the last time I shall stand in the dear familiar spot. The Sabbath bells were chiming the old dreamy tune. The boats were passing to and fro on the river. Outside the Mall there were many changes; but once on the margin of the broad brown Thames, the landmarks of my short happy married life were plainly visible. I think it is the last time. My hair is white, and the people on the river do not hear my voice so plainly as of yore. Moreover, they think I am childish. One old man, whom I remembered well, though he knew me not, took me by the arm and led me down the path beneath the trees. He thought I was infirm, I stood so long near that newly-painted house. The old windows are gone; they have filled them with plate-glass. The portico is altered; the ivy has been trimmed to destruction; the creepers are gone; the house has been restored. Heaven help me! it seemed almost as if Ruth had died again, this change in "The Cottage" of our youth.

The closing days are drawing near. It is not simply that my years are growing towards the allotted time of man which gives me pause, and seems to show me the last line in my earthly story; but I have flashes of vivid memory that alternate with shadows of utter forgetfulness. Latterly I have often felt inclined to sit tranquilly in my chair without a thought to furnish the narrow room. I sit and doze in the firelight—sit and doze and dream, and wake up again without even a trace of memory to fall back upon. I only know that I have been dreaming. At other times I see the past, and feel it with a fresh and lasting vigour. I feel myself again a soldier in the common battle of the world. I go through the drama, from boyhood in the Cathedral school to manhood in the world of London. I re-enact those final scenes of the tragedy sketched into my previous chapter of these closing reminiscences of my probation for the world to come. Oh that cruel, bitter, aching time I told you of, when

I jingled my glass with the lawyer's in the City, and promised myself some happy fireside hours when Beck's man should go home to his children in Drury Lane. What met my gaze when I reached "The Cottage" is not a scene to dwell upon. Even now my soul rises in rebellion when my memory traces the details of that picture of humiliation and woe which is burnt into my brain. It is only by solemn and calm communion with Heaven that the old revolt is trampled down; and then I hear her voice and have glimpses of the happy land.

She was the central figure of a grouping which I shall never forget. Beck's man was carrying a tray of jewellery. Another man was upon his knees, examining one of my wife's trunks. Leaning for support against the wardrobe was Ruth, her hair dishevelled, her eyes full of an unnatural radiance, her face blanched.

I stared vaguely at one and the other for an explanation. Beck's man looked reproachfully but mournfully at me for a moment, and then turned his head aside. The other man met my gaze defiantly through a pair of spectacles. He was a short, sharp, eagle-faced man.

"What is the meaning of this?" I exclaimed, looking at the fellow as I took my wife's hand.

"You ought to know," said the ruffian.

"How dare you throw those things on the floor?" I exclaimed.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean! I'll [show you what I mean, and what I dare," said the scoundrel. "I am a sworn appraiser, an officer of the Sheriff of London."

He held in his hand, while he spoke, a trinket of my wife's, which I had bought for her at Boulogne.

"Were you the Sheriff himself, or twenty Sheriffs," I said, "you should lay down that bracelet, and close that travelling case."

"My dear, he has not been unkind, considering all things," said Ruth, clinging to my arm; "he says he is only fulfilling his duty."

"Replace that bracelet," I said, "and close the case."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the man, with an impertinent gesture.

I put my arm round Ruth's waist, and led her out of the room.

"My poor dear Ruth," I said, when we were by ourselves, "what is all this, dear?"

"Oh, my dear George," she replied, "I am so ill, so very ill; he has been here two hours, this man—two weary hours."

There was no good in explaining to Ruth that another great

mistake had been made. I hardly understood the position of affairs myself. My astonishment was more than I can describe. I called Hannah, and placed my wife in her care ; with strict charge on both to remain quiet until I returned to them.

"Now, sir," I said, closing the chamber door after me, "there is some hideous stretching of the law in your proceedings—I warn you on that point."

I hardly knew what I was saying.

"In the next place, the property in your hands belongs to my wife ; you pollute it, desist at once."

The man treated my declaration with contempt ; but only for a moment ; for, taking him by the collar, I shook him until his hands emptied themselves and his face was purple. Beck's man came to the aid of his chief, but retired in face of my clenched right hand.

"Oh, don't, sir—don't ; it will be worse for you, sir, worse for all of us," said Beck's man.

I flung the appraiser upon the floor, where he grovelled and shrunk in fear from my threatening boot. It is a wonder I had not filled another room in the cottage with the cry of murder.

"If you are authorised by the law to be here, the law does not give you the right to be impertinent ; and if it does, it is all the same to me in my present mood. Close that travelling case, quick—quick, I say."

The appraiser crawled to the trunk, replaced the bracelet, and closed the case. At this moment, Hannah, contrary to my instructions, came to the door, and with her face and voice full of fear, begged me to come to her mistress.

I found Ruth in a fainting fit.

I cannot tell the story in all its harrowing details. My heart aches almost to breaking. My pen falters. My head sinks upon my breast. I can only go down upon my knees and ask God for patience. It is thirty years ago since these things happened. To-night it seems but yesterday. Yonder is the rose she gave me on the Wulstan river.

When the enemy had done his worst, when he had packed everything he could find that was not mentioned in the deed upon which my lawyer relied, I temporised with him.

"What is to be done ?" I asked.

"You will see by and by," he said.

Beck's man whispered, as he passed me, "Buy the things from him."

"What is to be done ?" I asked again. "You do not intend to take these things away."

"I do," said the appraiser; "I have sent for a cart."

"Cannot I purchase them?" I asked. "I hope I did not hurt you upstairs."

"We will talk about that to-morrow," said the appraiser, his courage increasing as my manner became conciliatory.

"Let the gentleman buy them, sir," said Beck's man.

"Hold your tongue," said the appraiser sharply.

"I can't," said Beck's man. "The gentleman and his good lady have kept my family from starving while I have been here."

"You're a pretty man to be put in possession, aint you?" said the short, eagle-headed auctioneer.

"Pray don't be hard," said Beck's man.

"The things will be sold by auction at Lincoln's-inn, and the gentleman can buy what he likes," said the appraiser.

"Have you valued them?" I asked.

"Yes."

"If I can pay the price you have set down?" I suggested.

"You'll have to pay for kicking the Queen's officer," said the appraiser.

Ruth's trinkets, some of her dresses, several of her pictures, a hundred volumes of my books, and other treasured things were lying before me, packed ready for removal.

"I will answer that when called upon," I said. "Meanwhile, what is your valuation? If I add to it a few pounds to compensate you for your trouble and injured feelings" —

The man took a book from his pocket, read over the articles and their prices.

"Add the whole of the amounts together."

"One hundred and ten pounds," he said.

"How much without the books?"

"Eighty-nine," said the appraiser.

"Here is a hundred," I said; "take the books."

"You must get a friend to buy for you, just as a matter of form," said the appraiser. "I must put his name in the sale note."

"Tom Desprey," I said.

"Place of abode?"

"London."

"Business or profession?"

"Engineer."

The appraiser wrote out his sale note.

"You ought to know as the Sheriff of London is not to blame for what we've done. Kitts and Wiggles is severe; they was very particular in their instructions."

Trigg was behind Kitts and Wiggles. It is no consolation for me to know that Mr. Peter Trigg ended his days in Van Diemen's Land, for forging his master's signature to several conveyances and other deeds which were to take effect at Pensax's death. I have a curious copy of his confessions, written in a series of letters to the chaplain of the Wulstan gaol. They trace his career from boyhood, and give a strange history of his father, who served his country under Nelson, and died in the workhouse. He tells the story of his own courtship and marriage; how Mrs. Trigg married contrary to her father's wishes. She had money. Trigg gives a particular account of her property. The most remarkable letters in the collection are those which describe his relations with Pensax, and his motives for the forgeries of which he was convicted. Trigg's confessions ought to be published. I shall leave the papers, with my notes thereon, to a literary friend. My instructions upon this and other matters relating to Trigg's papers, and a diary which I kept for some years, will be found with my will. My time is drawing near. "There is a pause near death," the great poet says, "when men grow bold towards all things else." Southey has some wise thoughts on this text. "Before that awful pause," he urges, "we feel the vanity of all earthly pursuits—those only excepted which have the good of our fellow-creatures for their object, and tend to our own spiritual improvement." The pause is not awful to me. I know not what it might have been were Ruth not waiting for me. "And the stately ships go on to their haven under the hill; but oh! for the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still." No, not still; for I hear it like sweet, sad music in the crumbling halls and galleries of my decaying memory. Even Brillat-Savarin concluded his essay on dining with a chapter concerning death, though he does not point the moral, *Mors janua vitæ*. He quoted Ossian, the favourite bard of Old Siddree House and The Cottage on the Thames, "Death stood behind him like the dark side of the moon behind its silver horn." When that time comes to me, I shall see through the dark shadow the expectant eyes of her who filled the dreams of my youth with a foretaste of the heaven that is to come.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

"AND THE STately SHIPS GO ON, TO THEIR HAVEN UNDER  
THE HILL."

THE enemy had only just left the cottage with one hundred pounds, and as many volumes of my favourite books, when the shadow of a still more powerful enemy fell upon it. I say enemy; some

call him friend. I am ready to [shake him by the hand now ; then I would have done battle with him like the hero of old.

"Oh, sir, send for the doctor at once," exclaimed Hannah, meeting me on the stairs.

"Is your mistress worse, Hannah?" I said, hurrying past her.

"Don't frighten her, sir. Please stay with her quietly while I fetch Doctor Woods."

Doctor Woods had been introduced to us by our recently discovered neighbour in the Mall.

"Mary will answer the bell if you should want anything."

I went into the room where I had left my wife.

"Take me into my own room," she said, as I entered ; "I am better now."

I put my arm round her waist, and led her into the chamber which had been so ruthlessly invaded by the enemy.

"They have not taken anything away, dear, Hannah told me," she said, hurriedly. "Let them be brought up, George, let them be brought up ; I will soon put them in order."

"Nay, my dear Ruth, lie down and rest," I said. "Mary and Hannah will put the room straight."

"No, no, dear," she said, peremptorily, "I will do it. Let the boxes be brought up. I will do it, George. I shall be better if you give me my own way, dear. Pray do. I know Hannah has gone for Doctor Woods, and I must have everything in order."

She rang the bell as she spoke, and seemed to nerve herself for a great effort. I went into the breakfast-room, where the cases had been carried by Beck's man and the appraiser. Mary helped me to replace two trunks belonging to my wife.

"Thanks, oh, thanks ; that is so kind of you," said Ruth. "There, unlock them, yes. Ah, my dear George, I knew it was some horrible dream ; here they are, my poor, dear things. Now, Mary, stir the fire and sweep the hearth ; I want everything in order at once. Shake the mats. There is a footmark near the wardrobe. Yes, bring the broom."

She gave her directions with marvellous rapidity, while she restored to drawers and shelves many of the articles which the enemy had looted and ransomed.

"George, dear, hang the pictures up," she said. "Doctor Woods might think it strange to see the rooms in disorder."

The house-proud wife could not endure the humiliation which had been inflicted upon us. The idea that indications of it should come under the Doctor's eyes troubled her ; and, in addition to this,



she had some private instructions to give to Mary about a trunk which had been overlooked by the lynx-eyed appraiser.

In less than an hour my wife's chamber wore its usual appearance of neatness, elegance, comfort, and refinement. Ruth herself was very ill. Doctor Woods looked grave and anxious. A nurse who arrived ten minutes before he came received his instructions with a perplexed countenance. She was a young and intelligent woman. The doctor was a tall, powerful man, with a broad, intellectual face.

"How is your patient, Doctor?" I asked, before he had closed our drawing-room study behind him.

"Not well by any means," he said, rubbing a pair of spectacles and sitting down near the fire, "not the thing at all."

"There is no ground for alarm, I hope."

"Not at present."

"Do you think there will be?"

"It is difficult to say."

"You frighten me, Doctor."

"Take a little brandy; you must not be frightened. Thank you, yes, I will have a wine-glassful."

"You are going to remain with us until she is better, I hope?"

"I shall not leave at present."

"May I go in and see her?"

"Yes, by all means."

I went into the room softly, and took her hand. It was hot and feverish. The next moment it was cold as death. She shivered like one in an ague when she tried to speak to me. Presently she was calm again and quiet. She smiled at me when I kissed her, and said she would soon be well. The nurse looked at me as much as to say the lady knows she is only trying to calm your fears, because she knows what weak, wretched creatures you men are. Hannah made pretence to stir the fire, and her face told me plainly that she thought I had better go back to the Doctor. A copper kettle simmered by the fire, humming a peaceful song to the coals which spluttered with little bubbles of newly-emancipated gas. The candles burnt brightly on the dressing-tables, bringing out here and there the deep yellow of the golden fringe of the bed curtains. The cut bottles on the mantel-shelf sparkled in the firelight. I remember every detail of the room. It is curious how trifles impress themselves upon the memory in connection with the most serious events.

I went back to the Doctor. I seemed to be a cipher in the house. The servants suddenly assumed a superior air towards me. The Doctor was the only person who condescended to speak to me.

"Your wife is a fine artist, Mr. Himbleton."

"Yes, heaven bless her!" I said. "She seems better now, I think, Doctor."

"Always had a fancy for painting, I suppose?"

"My father used to think she had marvellous powers," I said. "Will you not go in and see her again?"

"Ah, it is a glorious art—a glorious art! What is the correct time?"

"Ten o'clock."

"Thank you. Yes, I will go in for a few minutes; I have an engagement at eleven."

And he stalked out of the room. His mind was evidently occupied with his business. It might have been my wife's case which filled his thoughts, or the patient he had to see at eleven. I felt miserably helpless. I upbraided myself for marrying. Why could I not be content to let Ruth go on in the enjoyment of her innocent youth? Why had I dragged her into the cares and responsibilities of the world?

"Yes, I think she is a little better. I have left instructions with the nurse. I will look in again shortly after eleven."

I heard Hannah whisper something to him on the stairs. I slipped down when she closed the front door upon him.

"What were you saying to Doctor Woods, Hannah?"

"Asking him where we should send to if we wanted him before he returned."

"Yes, that was thoughtful. Do you think your mistress is very ill?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

I looked into the dining-room as I passed, and gathered up some books that were lying about. I took them into the studio and tried to pile up the shelves which had been ransacked. I listened at my wife's door with a vague sense of alarm. I went down stairs again, lighted a candle, and opened the door of the breakfast room. Beck's man was not there. That was a consolation at all events. He and his vile chief had gone. Traces of their occupation were lying about. I wondered if it were true that a murder had been committed in this room. It was a dark, mysterious room. In the old days, when lords and ladies went up and down the Thames in state, and gay boats drew up at the water-gates in the wall, the cottage had, no doubt, been the scene of many a romance of love and jealousy. I stood in the centre of the room thinking a hundred vague, strange things, as men do in dreams. Presently I thought the shutter moved. I

turned quickly round. All was blank and still. An indescribable feeling of dread took possession of me. I expected to see some one standing by my side, ghostly or in the flesh. All was blank and still. I shuddered at the silence. I went back to the dining-room. It occurred to me for a moment that even Beck's man would be a relief to the dead calm which had settled upon the house. I wandered into the kitchen. A calm, red-hot fire was shining upon a sleeping cat. Not even a cricket sang. The cat did not purr. There was no sound in the place. The same sense of fear and alarm which had come upon me in the breakfast-room took possession of me here. I grew hot and cold. I shuddered at my own footfall. At length I pulled myself together, as if for an encounter with some dread shape. If I had heard that terrible "door-slam" described by De Quincey in the "Postscript," I could not have been more unnerved. I crept to the staircase. I crept to my wife's room stealthily, fearfully, with my heart beating and my knees trembling. I went inside. All calm and still; the nurse sitting at one side of the bed, Hannah at the other, the fire settled into a quiet glow, the candles burning steadily. Ruth was asleep. Hannah and the nurse both raised their fingers to impress upon me the necessity of stillness. My heart sunk within me. There was still a shadow by my side. I was afraid. I looked round to confront the presence. There was no presence. Ruth opened her eyes; her lips moved. They did not know what she said. I did. I was by her side with a glass of water in a moment. My God! "You will never forget the first time nor the last when you gave Ruth a glass of water." Nobody said that, yet I seemed to hear it.

"Cheer up, Ruth, my dear Ruth," I said.

She did not speak; she hardly breathed.

"Hannah," I said in a whisper, "fetch Doctor Woods."

Hannah hesitated.

"At once, Hannah; I am master here. Tell Mr. Woods to come immediately."

I took Ruth's hand in mine and chafed it. I bathed her temples with eau-de-cologne. I gave her brandy. She revived. The nurse silently but emphatically protested against all I did. I saved Ruth's life at that moment nevertheless. Mr. Woods said as much afterwards. Would it not have been better had I let her go quietly then, free from pain? I grieve to think how much she suffered a few hours later. No wonder women believe more firmly than men in the curse that fell upon Eve. Their sorrow has, indeed, been multiplied.

When the Doctor returned with Hannah he did not disguise his alarm. After a hasty examination of his patient he said—

“Mrs. Himbleton is very ill, sir—very ill, indeed.”

“Doctor Woods,” I said, “you only confirm my fears. Call in the best assistance you can get.”

“The famous Doctor Western has only been in consultation with me half an hour ago. He consented to remain at the Mall until eleven twenty. I told him I feared I might want him. I will bring him here in ten minutes.”

“Thank you, Doctor, thank you.”

All my hopes were in Doctor Woods. I shook his hand with a grateful grip when he showed me that he had not forgotten my wife when he left the house to see his other patient. I went back to her room. I talked quite cheerfully to Ruth. The Doctor said we were not to say or do anything that tended to depress her.

“You will soon be better, dear,” I said.

“Do you think I shall, George?” she replied, with a touching eagerness.

“Think! dear; I know you will. Mr. Woods says so. He is very kind and pleasant, Mr. Woods, is he not?”

“Very,” said Ruth, with a languid but inquiring glance, as if she knew I was only acting.

“Mr. Woods is going to bring Doctor Western to see you. Doctor Western is such a nice fellow. You do not know him; no, but you soon will, dear. You will be at home with him in a moment.”

“He will not come to-night?”

“Yes, dear, he will come presently.”

“Come here?”

“Yes, my pet; he happens to be at our neighbours’ at the Mall, and I asked Mr. Woods to bring him in.”

“You think I am very ill, George,” she said, turning towards me her full brown eyes.

“No, no, not very ill, love; you will soon be better, dear. There, there, you must not cry, darling; you must be brave for my sake—brave and courageous like my own dear wife.”

“Yes, I will, George, I will. Have you sent for my sister?”

“She is coming to us at Christmas,” I said, “when you are well again. You must be brave, darling, and get better for Christmas, you know. I have invited all our friends to come—our sister, Fenton, Desprey, the Canon; everybody, in fact. There, you are better already.”

“Yes, dear,” she said, smiling sadly.

Poor dear soul, she knew I was playing a part. I would not let a doubt about her recovery enter my mind, though I was sometimes afraid.

"I am quite happy, George; we are all in His hands; but I should not like to leave you yet."

She whispered this to me as I went over to kiss her and she would return to her in a moment; for I heard the Doctor's carriage rumbling under the trees on the Mall. It pleased Heaven to afflict my poor Ruth with pain and anguish before His messengers came to conduct her to the golden land. This was a keen shaft in my heart for many a weary day. It drove me into the thorny paths of doubt and unbelief, until all my happy future was in jeopardy. My heart stands still when I think that I had nearly thrown away all right that perfecting of our hopes and aspirations which lies in the gift of immortality.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

"BUT OH! FOR THE TOUCH OF A VANISHED HAND; AND THE SOUND OF A VOICE THAT IS STILL."

THEY seemed to have shut me out of the room for hours, the doctors. Once I heard her cry and call my name. The door was locked. I went into the next room, and prayed in an agony of heart I had never felt before. I appealed, I raved, I demanded mercy. I went back and listened. I heard her voice. She was suffering much. Presently all was calm. I wandered about the house, I looked at her pictures. I counted the minutes. How they lagged on the dial! Hannah ran down stairs in a hurry. Her face was white. She said I could go into the room presently. I followed her. The door was shut and locked again. Our other servant was in the kitchen weeping. Her sobs drove me back when I would have spoken to her. I went into the studio and sat down. Presently the doctors came into the room. Doctor Western informed me that Mr. Woods had done everything that was right and proper, and he could leave the case entirely in his hands. He confessed that the situation was grave; but, the lady being young, he thought Nature might be relied upon to bring about a satisfactory result. If Mr. Woods sent for him again he would come with all expedition. For the next six or eight hours it was necessary that Mrs. Himbleton should not be allowed to sleep. I might go to her. She wanted quiet and repose, but she could not sleep. I went to Ruth. The nurse was sitting on one side of the bed, Hannah on the other. My poor Ruth lay there white and

motionless. She smiled faintly as I crept by her side, and tried to put out her hand, but she was too weak. Mr. Woods came into the room, and after a few instructions to the nurse, left us, promising to return in an hour. When he returned he thought Ruth was a little better. He gave her half a glass of brandy. She spoke to me a little while afterwards.

“You will not leave me,” she said.

I kissed her forehead, and whispered in her ear, and prayed inwardly that God would not part us. As the night wore on into morning we found the desire to sleep became stronger and stronger. It almost seemed cruel to check it.

“Only a minute, dear; let me close my eyes a minute.”

I could only tell what she said by watching her lips. Hannah fanned her face; the nurse talked aloud; I patted Ruth’s hand; we raised her up for a moment. It was a continual fight with sleep.

“You will not leave me,” she said.

I raised her in my arms, and talked to her, and called her by her name.

“We had better send for Mr. Woods,” the nurse said.

Hannah poured eau-de-cologne on my wife’s head, and fanned her temples. She opened her eyes.

“Thank God!” said Hannah.

“Yes, thank God!” said Ruth, in a low whisper; “is it nearly morning?”

“Yes, dear,” I said, “you must try and keep awake until morning, love,” and I moved her gently.

She looked at me tenderly, with a glimmer of the old soft, sweet light in her eyes—looked at me with a last effort of her great, good, noble soul; the tenderness of it, the pity, and love, and sorrow of it seemed to break my heart. Oh, my dear, dear Ruth!

She lay in my arms with a sweet, calm smile on her face; she lay and slept. A faint glimmer of daylight stole in through the curtains. It was morning to all the world but me. The light of my day in this world had gone out for ever.

Sitting here alone in the firelight, it seems to me as if the Christmas bells burst out into wild melodies of joy while Ruth was sleeping in my arms. But this is a confusion of time. I remember, when I gave her up to the women who dressed her for her long-continued sleep, that they laid aside upon the toilet table some tiny clothing, as if they had angelic company for our darling. I saw a little pair of woollen shoes and some rosettes of narrow ribbon. I think I was light-headed at the time, just as I had been years and years before, when I saw

the Dean go into the cloisters before he died. I cannot distinguish those bells of Yule with Ruth's last sleep in the cottage on the Thames. They ring out in my memory now as if they had welcomed the angel in heaven—my angel, my Ruth. Between the jubilant strains which my spiritual hopes fling in upon my memory there are intervals of earthly wailing, and sadness, and sorrow. There is a passing of a mournful, sorrowing, heartbreaking wail, like the moaning of sympathetic winds in Ossian. It drowns the Christmas bells; it is in the air; it cries to heaven; it raves, and cries, and curses. A solemn procession moves through the echoing pauses. There is a coffin seen alone upon it. I hear the dust rolling upon the lid. I am alone—alone—an outcast—a broken-hearted outcast—a scoffing railler at God, an unbeliever, a wanderer, a misanthrope, a vagabond haggard about the London streets. The days come and I heed them not. It is night with me, dark, impenetrable night, darkness with a death knell in it. Then once more the bells peal and I am a man again—brave, courageous, resigned, hopeful, with heart and soul in the glorious future.

Mary Oswald came to see me. I know not how we met, or when. I think she came at Christmas, as she promised—at Christmas time when Ruth went on before to make heaven and eternity her home—the having. She was good to me, my sister of Wulstan, and we talked of other days—the minor canon of the old cathedral, Canon Moller. He became a bishop, and it was he—heaven rest him!—who brought me to the Valley of Poppies. How the years have sped! It was yesterday that I walked with Ruth in the Wulstan meadows. To-morrow we shall meet again in Paradise. I am at peace with all men. Peter has gone before. Mary is an old woman, wedded to her father's home—a good, merciful benefactress to the poor. I had a letter from her this morning. The words were difficult to decipher. Her hand trembled. She talks of our next meeting; it will be in heaven. My heart leaps with joy when I think of the coming day. My people in the valley! If the disembodied spirit can plead for prisoners on earth, it shall go well with you; for I have loved you much, and my hair has grown white among you. There is a memorial window in Wulstan Cathedral; "Pensax" is written on it in the time of his death. I know not if the river of his life pursued itself at last as Ruth had pictured it; but he is splendidly remembered in Wulstan, though Desprey is member for the city. I had intended to tell the story of Desprey's battle with Pensax, but all things in my life end with her death. My notes are numerous. They are all up with Trigg's confessions. My literary executor, Fenton's you

son, may think them worthy of the light. I lay them by for ever. I sit and wait. I wait and watch. I watch and hope. I hear other bells besides the bells that peal on earth. My past joys, the scent of the Wulstan meadowsweet, her voice in the Cathedral choir, come back and rush on past the present to mingle with a future of peace and love, and happy summer days. I sit in the autumn firelight. The embers glow with my closing thoughts. I sit and wait, for I know that she is near. The wind is sighing without, the autumn flood is rolling down the valley, but it is summer with me. It is summer and Ruth's withered rose blooms again. I am in her presence once more. The summer of our youth and love has come back; the air is filled with the smell of honeysuckle and the snowy elder-tree. It is the summer evening of the days when first she spoke to me. There are fields of green wheat fresh and bright, and promising as hope. The water-lily slumbers on the river; the very time itself is back again; the minutest details of it are revived. The merle and the woodlark make the sweet solitude eloquent with their notes. My heart throbs in unison with Nature's own pulsation; but the soft and tender voice of Ruth Oswald is more musical to my soul than song of merle and woodlark. On that first evening of our meeting, I set her face in a framework of flowers and grasses, and all things that were beautiful. I sit in the firelight and wait. I hear the dear, familiar voice again, hear her footsteps, feel her gentle presence. My dear, dear Ruth, I am here. We meet again at last. . . . .


They will toll the bell to-morrow in the valley, and say the parson is dead. Then will ye know that I have found the promised land.

FINIS.





## AUTUMN VOICES.

PIRIT of mournfulness ! chill Autumn wind !  
Making the bare trees shiver as you blow ;  
I think I hear you say unto mankind,  
“ The flowers are dead, and ye must die also

Branches that held bloom-tassels in June's day  
Wither above the water's sullen flow  
That sings to men of graves : “ Alack-a-day !  
The flowers are dead, and ye must die also.”

Man hears, and does not hum the merry ditty  
That spoke his heart when hedges were aglow  
With hawthorn, for the leaves say : “ Pity ! pity !  
We die ! we die ! and ye must die also.”

O wail of water ! heavy lay of leaves !  
Ye shall not sicken me ; the flowers go  
To Paradise, where nothing dies or grieves,  
Ay, there they live again—and man also.

Guy Ros

# THE STORY OF THE HOSTAGES.

FAITHFULLY RELATED FROM THE TESTIMONY OF EYE-WITNESSES.

**T**HE "Story of the Hostages," of their sufferings and death, is a chapter in the history of the Commune that has not yet been told. In England we have had only a few glimpses of the terrible scenes that attended the end of these noble and resigned men. The story is besides intensely dramatic; and if it shows that a picture of the Commune and its doings would not be unworthy of Mr. Carlyle's *Salvator Rosa*-like pencil, the same reason proves abundantly that the Commune movement is barbarous and brutal enough to form a chapter in the old French Revolution of 1793. All the bloodthirsty and fiendish incidents have been faithfully reproduced, and, happily, also the heroic virtues of patience and courage by which those atrocities were encountered.

In many a window along the Boulevards are to be seen little terracotta busts, done with singular spirit and skill; and the print shop windows exhibit whole lines of ecclesiastical portraits, an unaccustomed spectacle in Paris, where they usurp the place of notorious demireps. These are likenesses of those who are rather melodramatically labelled "*victimes*;" in short, are dismal reminders of that piteous story of the innocent hostages, whose mournful fate, from the number of surrounding atrocities, has scarcely excited the sympathy and horror it merits. In the grotesque and hideous pantomime of the Commune, this episode alone has a pathetic dignity, and the figures of the innocent stand out against the flaming background of burning Paris. Their story has not yet been told consecutively, and we shall now attempt to follow it out.

It is only by turning over the newspapers, pamphlets, caricatures, and photographs of this strange era, that we can get even a conception of the extraordinary state of things that prevailed during those nine weeks from March the 18th to May the 24th. The members of the Commune themselves, with their theatrical dignities of generals, colonels, delegates, ministers of finance, installed at the great Government Offices—where they held orgies—together with their wild, half-dressed, half-drilled soldiers, seem to be figures out of Callot's

or Goya's pictures. Some, during these days of whirl and delirium, could not resist being photographed in their green-room finery, in comic military dresses, and girt about with sashes. Their faces, too, corresponded. Some had a perfect circus air, others a shaggy, *sans culotte* bearing, while others, again, were of a bearded, burly type, such as we sometimes find among French physicians. But there were two who had a special and direct connection with the tragedy we are about to describe—namely, Ferré and Raoul Rigault. Both these men were, curious to say, of the same type; each with a dark beard and moustache, and each wearing those French “pinch-nose” glasses, which imparted a “mince” and dandified air, in grotesque contrast to the ferocious character of their creed.

Both were very young. Ferré was but five-and-twenty, and Raoul Rigault only a little older. Again the behaviour of these men—their taste for blood, their cruelty, their cold mercilessness—calls up, in quite a vivid way, that no description could have realised, the figures of the demons who figured in the great Revolution. It helps us to understand the “sea-green incorruptible” and his quiet, refined manner; while his eye quested blood. Indeed, all the antics of these men of 1871—their decrees, burnings, levelling of columns, and the rest of their awful deeds, all crowded into a few weeks—reproduced by instinct, and without any purpose of imitation, the former era. But where the likeness was carried out only too faithfully, was in the thirst for PRIESTS' BLOOD. This, indeed, seems to be a motto of all Revolution; the first attack is made on the clergy; the Jesuits and curés are driven out or slaughtered. And this is not a mere devouring of the shepherds before beginning with the sheep; but a sort of morbid fury, a grudge of years' standing. For these unhappy victims are helpless to interfere with their purposes. But this rabid phobia should surely be considered a compliment to these good men, though one paid at the expense of life itself.

Rigault was “Delegate of Public Safety,” as it was called in the pompous jargon of the Commune, and he soon contrived to be appointed to the office of *Procurcur* or Prosecutor for the Commune, and later to that of Chief of Police. With such powers, this man took a fiendish pleasure in denouncing and arresting, not those who might be opposed to his party, but those to whom he had an instinct of dislike. In his friend Ferré he found an associate of a congenial turn of mind. These two men must be held responsible for the cold-blooded murders that followed. The eyes of both turned eagerly to the “cassocks” then walking about Paris, with plenty to do.

On the 7th of April, "the Hostage law" was voted, which was to the effect that every one suspected of holding relations with Versailles should be brought before a jury, and, if found guilty, detained in prison as a hostage; so that if any prisoner were put to death by the Versaillists, three of these hostages should be executed in reprisal. Fortified by this decree, they could set to work with effect; for every person who did not sympathise with them might, *ex officio*, be suspected of holding relations with Versailles.

Mr. Leighton passed by the Rue St. Honoré about three or four o'clock one morning, when he noticed a group of the ill-fed and grotesquely dressed Federals standing as if waiting for someone. In a moment a door opened in another street, and a man issuing forth hurried away in a very alarmed fashion. Presently the door was opened again, and two soldiers burst out in pursuit, the man was caught, dragged in, and the door shut again. This was the Abbé Deguerry, the well-known Vicar of the Madeleine, who was immensely popular and loved by both rich and poor. His very air was engaging; a fine tall handsome old man, full of activity and vigour, with a singularly open and honest face and a quick and lively expression—a fresh colour, and a cloud of wiry silver hair on each side of his head. He was eloquent and witty, was *recherché* in the salons of the "swell" congregation who attended his fashionable church, but was far more at home in the squalid quarters of St. Eustache, where he had formerly been vicar. His charity was unbounded; he kept nothing for himself. Finally, he had several times declined a Bishopric. Once he had been persuaded to accept that of Marseilles, but a few hours later he repented. "No," he said; "I belong to the Madeleine. I shall stay there, and die there." To have selected such a man for a victim shows not merely a fiendish hatred of such goodness, but a dull stupidity and ignorance that would make their cause for ever odious.

With this good man was also arrested the Archbishop of Paris; President Bonjean; the Archbishop's second vicar, the Abbé Allard, who was also a member of the International Society for the Relief of the Wounded; Father Ducoudray, Rector of the Seminary of St. Geneviève; and Father Clerc, a Jesuit. These names are familiar to us from their unhappy notoriety; but many more—priests, monks, bankers, lawyers—were seized and thrown into prison. The Archbishop had received friendly warnings; but he refused to depart or conceal himself, saying that the post of the shepherd was with his flock. The Delegate Regère, whom the writer saw at the Versailles trial

defending himself with great coolness and fluency, and who affected to carry out the rôle of a pious man, sending his children to religious schools, actually paid him a visit with this view. This strange official followed the offices of the Church with regularity, though once in the sacristy he denounced the Archbishop as a traitor, and said he would "vote against him." The Archbishop was considered a clever man, of strong convictions. He had a fine ecclesiastical head. The hostages were all consigned to the cells of the common prisoners and reated with extraordinary rigour—the leading hostages being confined chiefly at the Mazas Prison.

Weeks passed by, and the Versailles troops were gradually drawing the circle closer and yet closer. As they found the end drawing nearer, the Communist leaders felt the necessity of committing their followers to the cause by some desperate acts which should make them feel they were cut off from all hope of mercy, and thus make them fight the more savagely. Ferré succeeded Raoul Rigault in his office of Chief of Police, the former wishing to have wider and more general scope for his work, and on this change a fresh impulse was given. The appetite for blood was yet more whetted: indeed, there can be no question but that if the Commune had had a longer respite, the old "Reign of Terror" would have fairly set in. The crusade against the "cassocks" can be followed chronologically. Their property had been systematically plundered. The Jesuits, the Missionaries of the Holy Ghost, the Dominicans, the Church of St. Sulpice and its Seminary, the "Birds" Convent, and even that church of tender and sacred memories, Notre Dame des Victoires, were all invaded and pillaged. On the 10th of April, a notice posted on the Church of Montmartre spoke significantly of the rising hostility to things sacred. It described the priests as "bandits," their churches as lairs where the people were "morally assassinated." As yet no priest's blood had been shed. But the warnings and menaces were so significant, and the silent apprehension of some cruel work to come so strong, that the writer well remembers an attempt being made in London by some English ecclesiastics, to get Lord Granville to interfere; but, naturally, without result. Nothing could be done. But when on the 21st of May the gate of St. Cloud was forced by the Versailles, and their artillery was ranged along the Trocadero heights, the last bloody act of this nightmare began, almost at once. Then the desperate men that led the Communists seemed to turn at bay, or coolly to make their preparations for turning at bay.

An unfortunate young journalist named Chaudey had been carried

off, it was said, to gratify the hatred of Raoul Rigault. M. Louis Enault was sitting by him in the *Sicéle* office, when a gigantic masquerader with a vast plume of feathers, and attended by half a dozen comic guards, arrested him. He had been carried to Ste. Pelagie, and on the evening of the 23rd of May, close upon midnight, Raoul hurried to his cell, attended by two followers, armed to the teeth. He told Chaudey he must get ready for death, and on the wretched prisoner remonstrating that he had had no trial, that it was an assassination, the Communist Prosecutor burst into a gross and violent attack upon his victim, accusing him of having "fired upon the people in his paper." A squad of Federals had been sent for. There was no help at hand; for, either by accident or design, all the regular prison officials were absent that night. Thus the victim was surrounded by spies and enemies. Even a prisoner was allowed to look on and insult him. He was led round to a retired avenue of the prison, close to the chapel. A lantern fixed at a corner of the wall shed a dim light; while another was carried by one Berthier. Rigault, finding his men hesitate, drew his sword, and assailed them with coarse reproaches; then gave the word. The journalist was only hit in the arm, but, with undaunted courage, cried, "Vive la République." Then one of the warders with two shots stretched him on the ground; while a Brigadier Gentil, with a coarse oath, fired his revolver at him. The prisoner came last, and discharged his pistol into the skull of the unfortunate man. The savage execration of the victim, with the bystanders taking a share in his execution, was a fair imitation of the procedure of the old revolutions. Rigault was heard to say, "We ought to have begun all this long ago!"

These were the last days of the Commune, and into them were crowded all sorts of dramatic horrors. On the 24th of May, Ferré arrived at the Prefecture, accompanied by Wurtz and another of his familiars. He sent for the registers, and gave out that all who had served the Empire or Versailles were to be shot. He selected three by name; but when they were brought out, one was found to be mad, and was actually wearing a straight-waistcoat. He was put aside. The second, when called for, had wit enough to conceal himself. The third was one Veysset, a gendarme officer. He was hurried out, and was heard to make the faint remonstrance—"You promised to spare my life." The answer he received was, "All right, all right; these men have no time to lose; so get along." All through the scene that followed many bystanders recalled the figure of the Prefect of Police, hurrying and bustling about,

conspicuous by "a light-coloured paletôt with a velvet collar," a little cane in his hand, and the gaudy Commune scarf about his waist. Many who did not know him at all identified him by this bizarre dress. A squad of men were waiting who called themselves the "Avengers of Flourens" (*Vengeurs de Flourens*), to whom he distributed money—a process, it seems, always gone through before bloody work began. And then the party set out for the quai, which was close by. Travellers will recall the strange mass of buildings which formed the Prefecture—all caked together, the houses overlooking the water, as in Holland, the tottering edifices centuries old. The writer was lately looking at the spot to which they dragged their victim, and where Ferré gave the word, saying, "There's your man!" A volley was discharged, and he was then flung into the water. That atrocity was followed by an orgie at the Prefecture, when the Prefect and his band were said to have remained twenty-six hours at table, which they concluded by setting fire to the place, without releasing a number of malefactors who were confined, and who would have been burnt, but for the courageous behaviour of one of the warders.

While these things were going on, the Communists found a sort of amusement in announcing to the hostages confined in the Mazas Prison that each day was to be their last. A former police officer, named Rabut—a class of men whom the Communists regarded with an almost demoniacal hatred—had been told on the morning of the 22nd, by a friendly warder, that the Versailles troops were in the town, and that he would soon be free. The other answered, sadly, "Provided we are not assassinated in the meantime." But about eight o'clock that evening, just as he was getting into bed, the warder came to tell him that he must dress himself, and get ready to be brought to another prison—La Roquette. At this news his heart sank, for he knew that La Roquette was the one always associated with condemned prisoners. He was brought to a dark cell and detained there an hour, when he was brought to the office and confronted with two delegates, who asked if his name was Rabut. On being told that it was, they turned to each other with sparkling eyes, and said that "It was all right." He was then brought down to the court, where a large furniture waggon, covered with canvas, and open at both ends, was waiting.

Other hostages had been also summoned, and were crowded into the waggon, to the number of about a dozen. They were driven through the streets, while a crowd, half-drunk, thirsty for blood, pursued them with revilings and cries of "Death! death!"

A venerable missionary, with a long white beard—the Abbé Perni—was among them, and his name was called third on the list. He described the shocking and coarse insults they received from the crowd of wretches about them, and declared that “during his five-and-twenty years’ life spent amongst savages, he had never seen anything so horrible as the faces of the infuriated women and men who were howling for their blood.” Later events show that it was only motives of policy that prevented their conductors allowing them to be torn in pieces—like the deer flung to the hounds at Fontainebleau. They arrived, however, safely at the grim prison, which closed its gates on them. One of the gaolers standing by witnessed their arrival, and heard the officer in charge say, “We are going to shoot them.” The gaoler made a sort of remonstrance, but was violently threatened by the officer, and warned to look to himself. They spent that most gloomy night in their cells. The danger was coming terribly near, though they might have a little hope from the news that the troops were making way.

This was on Tuesday, the twenty-third. During the greater part of the next day there was a sort of unnatural calm. The police officer in the morning asked for water, but received the rather ominous answer, “You won’t want it: as you will be out of this to-morrow, or perhaps this evening.” But the prison officials were secretly indulgent, as far as they dared to be so. They were allowed to see and speak to each other. The Archbishop was suffering a great deal from the long confinement, and had been put into a wretched cell. An honest doctor, also detained at La Roquette, tried hard to get him placed in a cell close to him, where he himself could be at hand to attend him. And he pressed the Archbishop to get this change made. The latter, thanking him heartily, said he did not wish to be separated from his friends. A young priest, De Marsay, also confined in the prison, got him to accept his cell, which was No. 21, and in the 4th division, having a chair and a table, and a glimpse of a little garden. The same good ecclesiastic had previously exchanged cells with President Bonjean, who found the glare of the sun too oppressive. The Archbishop was very ill indeed. M. De Marsay had some talk with both. The Archbishop repeated how he had refused to fly, believing it was his duty to remain. The President spoke tenderly of his wife. He said he had been offered forty-eight hours to go and see her, giving his parole that he would return before the hour fixed; but that, considering the difficulties of communication and the possibility of his being prevented carrying out what he had given his honour to undertake, he thought



better to decline. More probably this upright man and judge felt that he dared not trust himself to his family and friends, and feared lest there should be a speck on the ermine he so adorned.

There was something simple and noble in this judge's character. A Senator and Dean of the Court of Cassation, he had felt it his duty to return to the city when the moment of danger came. He was actually leaving the bench when he was seized and dragged away to prison. One of the priests who was confined bore testimony to his noble demeanour under this awful trial. "This magistrate, good Christian, and honest man, was actually the one among us all who feared death the least. He it was who cheered and encouraged us—and strengthened us." A letter of his, addressed to a young friend, has been preserved, which shows a state of mind worthy of a philosopher. "My dear child," he said, "what I have done I would do again. However painful have been the consequences to my dear family, in the simple fact of doing one's duty there is an inward satisfaction which helps us to support with patience, and even with calmness, the bitterest trials. I have never before now so well understood the passage in the Sermon on the Mount: 'Blessed are they who suffer persecution for justice' sake.' My dear friend, let us do our duty and remain cheerful, up to the foot of the scaffold." This was no platitude. All his fellow-prisoners were inexpressibly comforted by his never-failing cheerfulness, and even gaiety, to the last moment. But he had always been a religious man—and as he lived, so he died.

That day passed over slowly. But at night, about eight o'clock, the Missionary heard the clatter of arms and footsteps in the passage of the prison; and, looking out, saw a band of Communist soldiers. He presently heard one of them say, "We must finish off these Versailles bandits;" and one of the fellows answered him, "We'll floor them, you'll see!" He knew what this meant, and began to prepare himself for death. In a moment he heard some one open the door of the next cell, and ask the occupant, "Was he the citizen Darboy?" This was a young-priest named Guersand, who answered "No." The Missionary then heard a voice answer gently, "Here!" It was the unfortunate Archbishop. They next passed to M. Bonjean's cell. The prisoner was beginning to undress. He was told to come as he was, and make haste. He had time to press the hand of Abbé De Marsay, whose cell was next his; and gave him this pathetic message, "Tell my wife that I die with her memory at my heart."

The Communists had been mustered in the court of the prison. They were a band of some forty or fifty, selected from the "Avengers

of the Republic," the "Forlorn Hope of the Commune," the "Lascars," and the "Zouaves of the Column of July," and other fantastically named corps. Some were dressed up grotesquely in hats with red plumes, and long cloaks. All seemed to be half-drunk. Most were very young. At their head were two men; one in a workman's blouse, with a long beard; the other a member of the Commune, wearing his scarf over a light paletôt, and a red bow edged with gold. It was not very clearly established whether this was Ferré, as the more careful and trustworthy of the witnesses would not swear to him; though, at the close of the Communist trial, a witness swore to his presence in rather too wholesale a fashion. But as Ferré directed the executions of a day or two before, and those of a day or two later, it seems almost certain that he was present on this occasion.

While they were in the court, various prisoners were taking hurried glances from the windows, and listening with strained ears; indeed, all this account can only be put together, literally from dramatic snatches of words, and glimpses caught up here and there from a window or a doorway. But this was checked, as soon as observed, with a ferocious menace. The band in the court were heard talking together, "We are to have our fifty francs apiece"—and began trying their locks. But there were some symptoms of hanging back from the office of actual execution; some shifting it on to the others, with a "You do it," "No; you do it." But at last it was arranged, and they proceeded to load. Then Ferré, or whoever was the Communist delegate, was heard to address them, "Citizens, you know that six of our men are wanting. Well, we must have six of *these!*" and, out of the list in his hand, selected six names. Then Le Français, Governor of the prison (who had been six years at the galleys), led the way up to the prisoners' corridor. The Communists followed, and were drawn up in the gallery; and the Hostages, as we have seen, were called out.

What dictated the selection of these six is not known, save that five were ecclesiastics of high position. As the Archbishop passed into the corridor, he was heard to say, "The justice of the oppressor is slow in coming!" As each came out, they had to pass through the double file of Federals, who poured out on them a foul torrent of execration. When they got to the foot of the stairs leading to the court-yard, they all met and embraced affectionately. They were allowed to exchange a few last words. Then they were loaded with insults; and some one reproached the Archbishop with having done nothing for the Commune. He answered that he had written to

Versailles, and it was not his fault if they had not answered him. If he was to die, he added, he hoped he should die like an honorable man. Fresh abuse was heaped upon him. But a man in a blouse stepped forward, and said roughly that it was a cowardly thing to insult men who were going to be shot; and they should be alone. This had some effect. Then they moved forward in a sort of little procession. The Archbishop went first, the Judge leaning on his arm—then the Abbé Allard, his hands joined in an attitude of prayer; and then the brave and charitable old Abbé Deguer attended by the Jesuit Cleric, and Père Ducoudray.

They were in the open avenue, walking towards a sort of granite or iron gate to the circular avenue, which had been opened, and the Archbishop, as he passed, rested his hand on it, and turned to speak. The Abbé De Marsay, who was at one of the windows, tried hard to catch what he said; but the Federals closed up and drowned his words, one saying "Get on! This is no time for talk. Tyrants don't give us such indulgences." They passed by, and Father Ducoudray, glancing up at the window where his friend was, opened his soutane, and significantly pointed to his heart. All were calm, gentle, resigned, and met their end with true dignity.

An avenue ran round the prison between two high walls. The night was dark, and the sky was even more darkened by clouds of black smoke, for Paris had already begun to burn. Some of the Federals carried flaming torches; the rest walked in loose order round about the prisoners. They arrived at a spot where the wall makes a bend; there they halted. It must have been a strange procession. As it tramped by a prisoner in his cell heard one of the priests utter, "O my God! my God!" while the Abbé Allard exhorted his companions to be firm. The six were placed against the wall in a line. The Archbishop then advanced and addressed the assassins in a few words, saying that he heartily forgave them, which seems to have produced a strange scene. For two of the men advanced, and, dropping on their knees, begged for his blessing. Their comrades rushed at them and loaded them with abuse. A cruel, meagre-looking man, about thirty-five years old, dressed in a blouse, advanced to give the word. His name was Virigg. Two discharges immediately followed, and the victims fell. Some were cruelly wounded, and the prisoners far off in the cells counted with sinking hearts the dropping shots that succeeded. Virigg advanced and with his pistol gave the *coup de grace* to the Archbishop. The President, writhing on the ground, strove to raise himself, and was shot down. One of the assassins was heard joking on it as th

went away. "You saw how the old fellow tried to get up! It was time to finish him off." They suffered cruelly. The skull of Father Ducoudray was literally broken in, and M. Bonjean's legs were broken in many places.

At eleven o'clock that night, Lamotte, one of the warders, was told to go on duty in place of one of the Communists, who was drunk, and to fetch a cart. The bodies were then searched, the articles found on them were brought to the Director; then they were driven off to Père la Chaise. When they were disinterred some days later, they were found placed in simple shells. The violet cassock of the Archbishop was all tattered with balls; his gold cross, chain, &c., were gone—even the gold cord on his hat. Such is the history of their sufferings; and, however calamitous the story, their unostentatious dignity and courage furnish a welcome contribution to the nobility of human nature.

Then followed the massacre of some poor Dominicans, who had been carried off about a week before from their convent and schools. They were not classed as hostages, though the title made no difference in their fate. The fathers, professors, servants, all were taken away *en masse*. On the morning after the Archbishop's execution, about eight o'clock, an officer entered and announced to them that they were free. "But we can't leave you in the hands of the Versaillists, so you must follow us to the Gobelins; from thence you can go wherever you please." This would seem to have been one of the cruel "jests" of which the Revolutionists were fond: for the ecclesiastics were led through an infuriated mob, all threatening them with death. When they got to the Gobelins they were told they could not be allowed to go, as they would be torn to pieces in the streets. The shells were falling on the buildings, and they were purposely thrust out into the open court. They were then taken to a new prison in the Rue d'Italie. As they waited, the door was often thrown open, and a sort of Garibaldian announced to them: "Cassocks! get up. We are going to put you on the barricades." They were accordingly conducted into a perfect rain of balls, but escaped being struck. When the insurgents were driven from the barricades they took their prisoners with them, and sent them back to the prison. There they prepared for death, confessed each other, and received their Prior's exhortation. At half-past four came Colonel Cerisier with a new order; they were all to set out—fathers, professors, and domestics. When they got to the gate of the prison the command was given: "Pass out, one by one, into the street." They obeyed. The Prior said: "Let us go, my friends, in the name of our good

God." As each came out a terrible fire was directed on them by the mob waiting for them. Twelve were shot down; one miraculously escaped to tell the story, his coat pierced with bullets. He was able to slip unobserved into an open doorway, where a good woman hurried him into her husband's clothes, and sheltered him till all danger was over. Yet these were all good and holy men, whose lives were devoted to attending the poor, educating children, and serving in their church. It is fatal to the cause of the Revolution that such should be made the objects of its fury.

We now return to the hostages remaining in La Roquette. Among them were three Jesuits—Olivain, de Beugy, and Caubert; the Director of a charitable orphan-house; Père Planchat, a young seminarist; the good Abbé Sabbatier, of Notre Dame de Lorette, whose life, like that of the Abbé Deguerry, was given up to the poor—and more especially to teaching poor children—of his parish, who worshipped him. There were fourteen priests in all, and thirty-six gendarmes who were specially obnoxious to the people. On the twenty-sixth, two days after the first massacre, the Versailles troops were in possession of a large portion of Paris; yet terrible scenes were going on. Ferré came in the morning to the prison, and held a sort of court for the trial of the soldiers. Some were hurriedly dealt with: a raging mob waiting at the gate for their prey. A member of the court would appear at the door with a prisoner, hand out a scrap of paper with his condemnation written on it. The victim would be thrust out, under the pretext of being conducted to execution, but in reality to be despatched by the mob. In their despair some would try and run for their lives, only to be shot down, as a witness described it, "like wild animals." The priests were dealt with after the same fashion.

On Thursday, about four o'clock, when the shells were falling on the prison—a Brigadier Romain arrived, and with a joyful air announced to them that they were to be set free. "We want fifteen," said the Brigadier; "so answer to your names." They were not deceived by this pretence, and knew that their hour was come. When he came to one of the names which was written illegibly, a religious stepped forward and calmly said it was his. Another asked might he take his hat, but the Brigadier said it was not worth while, as they were only going to the office. In the court below was waiting a band of armed men, some of whom seemed to be the same who had assisted at the Archbishop's execution. The leader was a Garibaldian, with very red hair, a huge sabre, and a revolver, which he flourished. An apothecary was watching all this from the window

of his cell, and heard snatches of an angry conversation between this man and the governor of the prison, the *ci-devant* convict Le Français. The Garibaldian said, roughly: "Twenty minutes won't do. I must have them at once."

They were then taken away on one of those dreadful progresses through the streets to the notorious quarter of Belleville. How they got there, or where they passed that night or the following morning, is not known; but on Friday evening, at about six o'clock, they were seen walking in a terrible procession through the Rue de Paris.

It was composed of the Federals chiefly belonging to battalions of the 5th and 11th quarters, some men of a body called "Bergeret's Forlorn Hope," and a band of vile and unsexed women, who are admitted to have been the most ferocious of the whole. After these came some of the unfortunate gendarmes; then the fourteen priests; and then the remaining soldiers. There were fifty prisoners in all. Drums and trumpets played a sort of furious march; while the yells and execrations of the crowd that rushed on either side must have made the whole seem something infernal. They turned into the Rue Haxo, a little behind which was an open space, which had been cleared just before the war broke out in order to build a ball-room. The ground had been dug out at one side for the foundations, so that the whole presented the appearance of a sort of circus with a deep trench at one end. Here, and in all the streets that gave upon this place, was waiting a surging, roaring crowd, which eddied still in unclean waves as the head of the procession passed in. A man was riding among this mass who was greeted with shouts of approbation, and when the prisoners approached he called out, "Here's a good take, my men! Now, let me see you finish them!"

A young man, fair, pale, handsomely dressed, and evidently of superior station, was also seen with them, and was heard to say: "Shoot them down, my friends; shoot them down!"

The whole place where the future ball-room was to be erected was now one mass of human beings. The fifty unfortunate men were dragged forward and thrust into the trench. The priests were already wounded, but were perfectly resigned and patient. Then commenced a slaughter with revolvers that could only be compared to a *battue*. Shot after shot was poured into the fatal trench until it became a mass of lifeless, bleeding remains. For a time all was like an orgie from the mixed sounds of yells, imprecations, and shots. Then came a sudden stillness. A man in a grey hat and

blouse, with a gun slung on his back, came out of the trench and was received with delight and congratulations—young and pretty women patting him on the back, and saying, "Well done; bravo, my friend!" The unfortunate Abbé Sabbatier was pierced with eight balls, his brain blown out, his jaw snot away.

We go back again to La Roquette, where there were still left a few hostages, among whom were half a dozen priests. It was evident that the Commune were economising their victims, using them in batches to stimulate the already whetted appetites of their followers. The old Chinese Missionary had somehow been passed over, though he often thought his last moment had come. There were also Fathers Surat, Chaulieu, and about sixty laymen.

It was now Saturday, the 27th. The end was at hand, and it was to be the last day of the Commune. About evening news spread through the prison that the terrible Ferré had arrived. He had come to carry off a fresh batch to execution. A brave Superintendent or Brigadier of the prison, named Binet, was shocked at this fresh demand, and came down to Ferré, whom he found flourishing a revolver, and surrounded by half a dozen of his men, their guns slung on their backs. The Brigadier began to plot with a companion how he was to save them, and for a moment thought of snatching Ferré's pistol and shooting him, but that was found too risky. He was forced to bring them down. There were of course in the prison the regular malefactors, and as he went up stairs it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to release and arm these men, on condition of their fighting in defence of the place. Accordingly all sorts of rude weapons, hammers, bars, &c., were furnished to them, and according to other accounts the Communists handed in arms through the gratings. Binet presently saw one of the criminals, who was under sentence of death, aiming at him with a musket. Cries of "Hurrah for the Commune!" echoed through the building. But the courageous officer went and warned the hostages not to be seduced down by any cries that the gates were open, and then barricaded himself and them. He was seen at a window, and an infuriated Communist called upon him to come down. The whole place was now in confusion. All the cells were thrown open, and every one was told he might go where and when he pleased. No doubt this was owing to the general confusion now prevailing, for the soldiers were closing in. The hostages—the priests especially—so often deluded by such invitations, were at a loss what to do. Four of the priests, including Fathers Surat and Chaulieu, timorously found their way to the gate. They had got as

far as the Place Prince Eugène, when they were stopped and searched. The Federals were about to shoot them on the spot when some women interposed and begged that they should not be executed there. They were taken back to the prison, when M. Surat made an attempt to escape. He was caught, and dragged along under the prison wall. At this moment a woman burst out of the crowd, and, flinging herself on him, tried to stab him. With one hand he tried to ward off her blows, and with the other made the sign of the cross. Shrieking, "Let me have the priest. I must have him!" she levelled her revolver, and as the unfortunate priest said, "Mercy, mademoiselle; have mercy!" shot him through the head. A mere child then shot him in the chest. The other three perished in the same way.

The Chinese Missionary, who had been ready for death, took things very quietly. At the general *saute qui peut*, the warder, who behaved admirably all through, gave them lay dresses. The old Missionary went out, and, wandering about the streets for more than an hour trying to obtain shelter, at last came to the resolution of returning to his prison—where he found the servants with some gendarmes, who had done precisely the same thing. The Abbé De Marsay was more fortunate. He found a Federal who threatened him with his gun. The Abbé waited till he saw the man's attention engaged by some unfortunate soldiers who were being hurried by, and fled. The fellow fired after him, but missed him. No romance of the late Dumas could be more full of exciting scenes, succeeding each other like a dreadful series of dissolving views. Even this last incident is a little picture. But everywhere, through the smoke and crowd, the dark cassock of the baited priest is in the centre.

It seems the prison was divided into several quarters, and in two of these the hostages had successfully barricaded themselves. One of the hostages bade the priests to keep out of the way, saying "that their gown did not oblige them to fight." A priest answered them, "But we can at least give you our blessing," which they did. The Federals came again and again, threatening and cursing, and at last tried to set the place on fire. They then attempted their old *ruse*, announcing that the prisoners were free and the doors open, and that the place was about to be burnt. But they were not to be taken in.

The Missionary and his friends were too few to think of defence, and a clever warder took them to the infirmary, and put them in bed in the sick wards, dressing them in the hospital clothes. This idea



was the suggestion of a convict who was employed in the prison. His name, which should be preserved, was Cieszanski. Again the Federals came, and were told that the hostages had all gone away.

By this time, however, the Versailles troops had made great head, and the insurgents were falling back in all directions. Two of the leaders came to take refuge that evening at the prison, with some horses and a mysterious chest, of which they took great care, and which was supposed to contain money. They brought a supply of wigs and chignons, and a hair-dresser, who spent some time in shaving and dressing them as women. One of these was believed in the prison to have been Ferré. Both fled before night.

At last Sunday morning came round, and the Missionary and his companions in the infirmary heard fresh confusion below. There was a tramping on the stairs, and the doors flew open. An officer in the uniform of the French Army, his sword raised in the air, strode in and called out :—

“Who cries, ‘France for ever!’”

A shout, says the old Chinese Missionary, echoed him back his challenge of deliverance. His next question was “Where is the Archbishop?” It was Colonel Desplat. Rescue had come at last, and the true soldiers of France were below and filling the building. The Reign of Terror was at an end. It must have seemed like some horrid nightmare to these survivors as they looked back.

There had been another act of the tragedy at the Mazas Prison. When the soldiers were drawing near, the rebels had opened the doors, and bidding them go, the inmates rushed out. But all round the prison were the barricades lined with the insurgents, and as the wretched prisoners scattered and hurried by, they were shot down nearly to a man.

Such is the “Story of the Hostages.” It is to be lamented that many of the wretches who perpetrated these hideous atrocities should be at large; ready, perhaps, to repeat them should the occasion offer. The blood of those murdered men, who met their sufferings and death so nobly, cries to Heaven for vengeance.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

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## BORDERLAND.



EYES that see and feet that stand  
On that transcendent shore,  
The bright mysterious borderland  
'Twi'xt now and evermore ;  
Where souls their nightly vigils keep,  
Between our waking and our sleep.

Night is not darkness unto those,  
But brighter than the day,  
Who softly let their eyelids close,  
And in dream-waking lay :  
Such visions then the soul descries  
As ne'er may fall on outward eyes.

Gleams of the realms beyond the range  
Of life's material sphere,  
Far, far away, past time and change,  
Yet very, very, near !  
A span before them and behind  
Is unknown region to the blind.

Silence then takes her trembling lyre,  
And fills the inmost ear  
With music of the soul's desire,  
Or solace of its fear ;  
Such soft sweet strains as ne'er were rung  
From earthly harp or mortal tongue.

And in the wondrous glory, shed  
As from heaven's portal wide,  
The living commune with the dead,  
Nor wis they ever died ;  
Or if themselves still breathe the breath  
Mankind call life, and angels death.

What flawless weld of broken ties,  
What a continuous round  
Of intercepted sympathies,  
What wealth of lost love found ;  
What mingled joys of long ago  
And rapture new the heart doth know !

But, ah, too soon dissolves the view,  
The spirits heavenward hie,  
And in vain effort to renew  
The blissful trance we lie—  
And sigh, " Would life were over, yea  
Would we were dead, bright, blest, as they !"

ROBERT STEGGAL

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## MIDNIGHT AMONG THE TOMBS.

**R**EVERED, sacred precincts of Waltham Abbey. Once more I visit thy sylvan shades to inspect the green graves of my ancestors, and to listen at nightfall to the soft music made by the rustling of the grass among the hoary, time-worn tombs scattered in every direction. As the light of the sun declines methinks I hear—

The curfew toll the knell of parting day,  
and I see  
The ploughman wend his weary way,  
Leaving the world to darkness and to me.

I wander over the smooth pebbled paths, tracing the fast-fading relics of the honoured memorials to those so fondly loved. The old broad oak is still standing, with raised settles round its base. Curly-haired, cherry-cheeked children gambol and play in the sacred precincts, little thinking of the gloom and desolation spread far and wide by the tablets and headstones which rear themselves on every side—

And the wind it sighs so lightly,  
And the moon it beams so brightly,  
Athwart those moss-bound graves.

But the roof and embattled tower of the Abbey are not what they were thirty-five years ago. The hand of the renovator has evidently been at work, and the ivy-draped turret has been cleared, leaving the owls, which used to flap their strong wings at nightfall across the open burial-ground in search for food, homeless and without retreat. They nevertheless obtain shelter in the neighbourhood, and have not altogether deserted the huge cypresses and yews flanking the walls of the Abbey Church.

Baker's Entry exists, though lately repaired and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of Sir John Barleycorn; and the legend of the white-robed nun with the silver dagger in her breast no doubt continues to be retailed, if the element of romance still lingers among the inhabitants as it did in my early years. How often has my mother—good and saintly woman as she was, well versed in fairy and folk lore—narrated to me that romantic story, and how often later have I recounted it to those of my favoured school-fellows who accompanied me in my walks from Enfield Chase, through Turkey Street (where

then resided the famous Charles Lamb and his friend the dramatist James Kenney), to Waltham Cross, and thence to Waltham Abbey.

How we used to saunter round the "Government waters," waiting to see the chub rise, and the roach prime, and inducing old Tim, the guardian of the gates, to allow us to enter and frighten the pike from their haunts in the dull water-besprent flags! How we then retraced our course, through the Abbey Meads, then again by Baker's Entry round to the Brook, shuddering lest we should meet the white-robed nun with the silver dagger in her breast,—where we paused to watch, as the stream flowed across the rough stones and *débris* of glass bottles, the emerald backs and sheeny sides of the bleak as they leaped at eventide, or the wild rush of the tiger-striped perch, as he pursued in scarlet mail the host of glittering, trembling minnows! We drove the stone-loach from his lair among the bright-shining pebbles; we saw the drifting, pearly dace seek the weeds and overhanging grass for the small flies and gnats that ever and anon floated on the stream; and finally left for home at Enfield, doing each other "dags" by the way, in vaulting over gates and jumping ditches, winding up with the exciting game of hare and hounds.

The date of my last visit was, however, not many weeks ago. The Bank holiday gave me leisure, and I seized the opportunity for visiting a neighbourhood which was so dear to me. Returning to London, and after spending in a locality which shall be nameless a portion of my time in the consumption of the "midnight oil," a strange fancy possessed me to make, as I have frequently done before, a peregrination throughout the City—from St. Paul's to Leadenhall Street—and picture to the mind's eye the contrast between the dead silence of night and the bustling activity of every-day life. If none of my friends have ever attempted this pilgrimage they can scarcely believe in the astounding change; but if they possessed the least imagination it would not take much sorcery to work up fresh "dialogues of the dead" applicable to existing times and circumstances. To look from St. Paul's Churchyard down Cheapside, or even Cannon Street, and notice, with the exception of the statues of Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington, the wide, dreary waste of warehouses and mercantile establishments, the bright lights from the gas, reflecting through the long vista a kind of small Feast of Lanterns, the sight is altogether unearthly and unreal. True it is, that occasionally the appearance of the police on their beats, or the noise of a roystering brawler on his way back from the West End, gives partial life to the scene, but it is only temporary, and the dead silence returns with its

oppressive weight and saddening sensation. Nothing can exceed the feeling of melancholy stimulated by the darkness of the night, the moaning of the wind, if the wind be high, and the striking of the hours by the oft-repeating church clocks, till eventually, from some mews or stable-yard in the back streets, comes the "cock's shrill cry," to mark

A warning of approaching day.

As I wandered and sauntered along I thought I saw glide from the portals of St. Paul's Cathedral a gentlemanly figure, bowed with age and dressed in evening dress, the white vest crossed with a broad royal blue riband, surmounted by a glittering star. He bore his *gibus* in his hand, and his features were sharp and angular, his nose being aquiline. I immediately recognised him as the Iron Duke, looking much the same as I knew him a quarter of a century ago. He was accompanied by another friend, whom my familiar, who invariably attends me in these rambles, explained was Nelson, leaning on whose arm was Lady Hamilton, her lustrous countenance and bright flowing hair rendering her exquisitely beautiful. They, with dignified grace and mein, made the circuit of the churchyard, and then proceeded towards the top of Cheapside, where they entered into a lengthened conversation with Sir Robert Peel.

Into the presence of such great personages I did not dare to intrude myself. However, I listened, as well as I could, to the tenour of their observations; and, as far as I could make out, the Duke deplored the state of the army, and Lord Nelson emphatically declared that the navy would be reduced to thorough inefficiency if the present system pursued at the Admiralty were not abandoned. Sir Robert Peel was satisfied that Parliamentary Government, as at present directed, was fast losing the respect of the country, and that Constitutional Monarchy had recently suffered "a heavy blow and great discouragement." There was then an undercurrent of gossip that seemed to relate wholly to private affairs, and when the speakers separated, I continued my course into the City.

Loafing down Cheapside towards Cornhill, and having surveyed the back of the Post Office, Goldsmiths' Hall, Ironmongers' Hall, and Mercers' Hall, with their elaborate interiors, their antiquities, their pictures, and their bannerets, a sudden thought struck me, and I moved on quickly towards Guildhall. Here I was just in the nick of time to witness a grand *pas de deux* by Gog and Magog, who were taking a little early exercise, shaking their cumbrous limbs in a manner that would have astonished any one who had ever visited

and inspected them in the day and noticed their severe and heavy bearing.

By the soft light which broke through the upper chambers of Guildhall I could see in the distance the Earl of Chatham and William Pitt. The veteran statesman, who died on the floor of the House, was discussing with the "Heaven-born Minister," when they approached me, the antagonism existing between the Lords and Commons, and both were decidedly of opinion that the result would prove prejudicial to the general interests of the country. The indignant expression of the old Earl, whose oratory was as forcible as ever, contrasted strongly with the dignified, placid manner of the younger statesman, who, remarking on the condition of finance, regretted that the system of the "sinking fund" was not strictly carried out.

When I retired from the Hall, and reached the court-yard in front, the area was thronged with the shades of departed Lord Mayors, Aldermen, and members of the Common Council, who exhibited a strong desire to return to the scene of their former festivities and indulge in turtle, *ponche à la Romaine*, and the other good things of this life. But their features were jaded and worn, bearing the cold, damp seal of death; their robes of scarlet, mazarin, and black were drabbed and faded; and their gold chains of office were tarnished and unlinked.

Passing through Basinghall Street, where the ghost of Bankruptcy was stalking, closely wrapped in a shroud fluted and frilled with deeds of inspection, I arrived at the Mansion House, and was startled to find, though it was about half-past two in the morning, many well-known old faces moving in and out of the Royal Exchange.

First came the good old Nathan Meyer Rothschild, with his inseparable friend Cohen, and as they crossed close to the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, the former remarked, "Cohen, my friend, the Duke was right when he said a high rate of interest denoted bad security."

"Yes, yes," replied Cohen, "he was right; the good days will not return when Austrian *metalliques*, Dutch speckle backs, and French Four per Cents. were a host in themselves in the foreign market. Now survey the list—securities for every race and nation, even to the confines of Timbuctoo."

"Well," rejoined the great Hebrew, "I am glad to see our successors in New Court keep to the principal of the old securities. They do not venture out of their depth, and refuse to adopt the vagaries of the new school. Here comes our long-tried friend,

Bates of Baring's; let us hear what he says. He is always preaching, and wisely too, the elegant simplicity of the Three per Cents."

Now pressed forward a portly, well-balanced figure, quietly dressed, who raises his hat to Nathan Meyer.

"We were talking," said the Rothschild, "respecting the 'old' and the 'new school' of finance. Cohen agrees with me that the system now extant is not so sound as it was in the days when we superintended these things."

"Certainly not," replied the late member of Baring's; "even before limited liability was introduced, that eventuated in the great crash a few years ago, the tendency was in the unsound direction, but the inauguration of that principle developed a crisis, from which the commercial world has not long recovered."

"And I am pleased to see," added the great Hebrew, "that Bishopsgate Street, like New Court—cronies and chums as we always were—keeps in the path we chalked out many years ago, and does not adventure in any kind of risky enterprise."

"Here is Wm. Pattison, late Governor of the Bank—late M.P. for the City of London," said Bates of Baring's; "I wonder what his opinion will be."

Wm. Pattison joined the circle (Stomach and Gaiters, as he was facetiously called). He wore a broad black hat, dark blue coat with a spencer, drab smalls and drab gaiters, surmounting well polished shoes. "Oh! the degenerate times," he exclaimed; "talk of the vicissitudes of trade, and the haste to gain riches. Nothing in our lives occurred equal to what is passing now." And this ponderous, weighty magnate clasped his hands in very grief.

The hours were waning; and leaving the coterie to prolong their interview if they thought fit, I went over to the Bank. The Guards were on duty, the officer and his privileged companion were enjoying themselves, and all was apparently safe and in sound keeping. Two figures, robed in antique costume, with wigs and queues, were, however, promenading in the Bank gardens. The most prominent, I soon discovered, was Abraham Newland; the other proved to be Daniel Race, his famous successor.

Said Abraham Newland, toying with his malacca cane, "We who are advanced enough in years to remember the South Sea bubble, the ruin and disaster produced by that gigantic swindle, may well laugh at the petty panics and crises of later years. Admitted that several have recently shown results of a most discouraging character, and that they created widespread distress, what can they be considered compared with the doings at the old South Sea Chambers,



and the transactions in Change Alley when that monstrosity was rife?"

"Abraham, Abraham," pursued Daniel Race, with his bright, jocund face. "But we punished them in those days." And here he took a pinch of snuff from his highly-embossed platina box, which he again speedily shifted to his brocaded waistcoat, and pulling it down over a heavily laden fob, in which was deposited his gold watch, he laughed with saturnine grace, fumbling his large red and white cornelian seals.

"Punished them, you say," replied Abraham Newland.

"Yes, punished them, Abraham. How many members of the House of Commons were expelled? What was the fate of persons high in state? What estates were sequestrated to meet the justice of the case?"

"We do not do so now; we temper justice with mercy," said Abraham Newland, who, in his brown coloured suit, with fancy steel buttons, was getting uncomfortable, as a stiff breeze was blowing, which made the crannied stones and passages resound with audible noises.

"Had we not better sheer off?" continued Daniel Race. "The weather is not the most encouraging, and we shall speedily have daylight. The Governor will be early in attendance, and he would not care to find that we had been 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon.'"

"Well said," replied Abraham Newland. "You see the great bevy of aspirants for fame in the shape of our merchants, who would like to be on the Court, not only for the sake of taking the fees, but making the most they can of the prestige of being in 'the House list.' 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity,' saith the Preacher."

"But before we go," said Daniel Race, "let us look after the bullion vaults and see that their contents are safe."

So saying, Abraham Newland and Daniel Race arm in arm threaded the narrow, well-guarded, thief-proof and fire-proof passage to inspect the contents of the bullion vaults.

When I went round Lothbury the morning was advancing—the greyish streaks in the sky and dispersing dark clouds indicated that daybreak would be shortly at hand. The gas lamps flickered, but gave sufficient light to show what was passing. Standing before the London and Westminster Bank in stately majesty was James William Gilbert, many years general manager of that important establishment. Enveloped in his old roquelaur cloak, buttoned tight round his neck, with his thoughtful face turned towards the Bank of

England—for a long period his staunch, strong adversary—he appeared as when alive and in the flesh.

Placed near him were the half-dozen volumes contributed by him to banking literature, supported by the several original sketches of the likenesses which from time to time had been issued to the public. While observing these, I discerned approaching his private associate Thomas Joplin, who was supposed to assist him in his scientific investigations. He was clad in the usual old snuff-coloured brown coat, black cloth trousers, and well worn hat, and as he came up to James William Gilbert they shook each other cordially by the hand.

I bowed to them respectfully, and they both immediately gave me a kindly recognition.

Old Joplin said, addressing James William Gilbert, "Our young friend here, who has thrown himself into the vortex of banking and commercial literature, will have to indite strange things if he shall live but a few years longer. You and I saw the crisis of 1825-26, and several of those which have succeeded, and each has developed stronger and more disastrous features than those which have preceded it, culminating in the serious events of 1866."

"I always said it would be so," replied James William Gilbert. "Did I not foreshadow all these things in my respective works?—but the public, like the public, will never be taught. They only become wise after the event. Speculation, however, as John Diston Powles always affirmed, can never be wholly repressed, because the lessons of the past are so speedily forgotten. Between one crisis and another a new generation springs up, and naturally the sons, notwithstanding every admonition, are wiser than their fathers; and then, when they find themselves in the spider's web, they are only too ready to cry "Peccavi!" Why, here is John Diston Powles, with his weather glasses, his old green coat and its fur collar, ready to do battle with the elements if the occasion requires it."

John Diston Powles here drew up. He looked "in the sere and yellow leaf." This was not in the least remarkable, seeing that he had reaped three panics and had not come out of one scathless. "I don't believe in limited liability," murmured J. D. P. "Every variation of the Joint Stock Companies Act I have taken full advantage of. Did I not effect the tripartite division of the Columbian debt? and how did that succeed? It killed poor Joseph Tasker; and others did not long survive the Spanish imbroglio. Where are Wm. Parish, Robinson, Richmond, Ward, Lewis Haslewood, and a few more associated with Mexican and the Peruvian debts? Everything

shadowed forth greater promises than performances; but the fortune will make its revolution in ordinary course."

"Idiotic—lost," replied Thomas Joplin. "No wonder say he is an aberrated spirit."

"He seems worn and out of sorts," said James William. "He was once a man of mark in City circles, but Time has laid a heavy hand upon him."

John Diston Powles was on his way to the London Dock Company, and after calling in there was lost in the mazes of the (Hall Gardens.

Daylight being almost visible, James William Gilbert and Joplin, after again inspecting the exterior of the Bank of England, soon sought their respective funereal abodes.

As I neared the end of the Exchange, where the statue of Peabody is placed, a lurid light shone over the head and bust of the great man. The lower part of his person was enveloped in darkness, though it was near daybreak; and the wind whistled round the corners of the site of the old church, long since demolished. The figure is seated in a large easy chair. The bronze, though dark, gradually assumed a preternatural brightness; and as before it, the more closely I inspected it, the more natural did the features, and at length the eyes presented their own glistening intelligence. The whole figure shortly exhibited symptoms of restlessness, and after a sneeze and a cough, the statue, imbued with apparent vitality, left its chair, and walked towards me. There was George Peabody in ordinary costume, as I had known him years since, apparently wishing to enter into conversation. Alas! a number of individuals more important than myself were present about—all of course in the spirit—he evidently desired to converse with them, steadily approaching the spot where I stood.

Just then a rich old miser, well known in the purlieu of Cannon as Whistling Jemmy, shuffled past us as if wishing to impede our meeting; and shuffling and whistling, and looking cold and uncomfortable out of his bleared grey eyes, went on towards Bartholomew Lane, leaning on his stick, wheezing out his low melancholy notes greatly to the annoyance of all who came in contact with him. Still he whistled and shuffled, much to his own satisfaction. He was on a visit of inspection to his large improving properties, the view, as was his custom during life, to increase his rent rolls.

George Peabody, attired as he was in blue body coat, black and black pantaloons, with black gloves covering gouty hands, and *pannus corium* shoes covering gouty feet, approached.

miserable sinner is that?" he inquired, as the wheezing, whistling miser made his way.

"That is Whistling Jemmy," I replied; "the miser who has made all his money by purchasing old and dilapidated buildings, and after improving them, seeking every year to enforce higher rentals. Some pursue one course in heaping up riches, some another. But it all ends in one result—they cannot take them with them."

"Ah!" answered the great millionaire, "the common lot. If I made my money by large adventures in neglected American securities, Peruvian bonds, and Hudson Bay shares, he has made his through the late enormous rise in property and rentals, which, however it may be occasionally interfered with by panic, will never be finally arrested. But, friend, what do you think of the growth of morality among ourselves and neighbours during the last ten or twelve years?"

I shook my head mournfully, and said I feared I could not report any improvement. The race for riches was stronger than ever; extravagant expenditure was more freely encouraged than it was ten years ago; and the means used to obtain money were less scrupulous than formerly.

Whistling Jemmy shuffled back, and, whistling and wheezing, was rude enough to draw close and interrupt our conversation.

Pulling up, leaning on his stick, he humped his crooked back, and glaring out of his bleared, bloodshot eyes at the millionaire, he said—"And so you are the great Mr. Peabody. I have long wished to meet you face to face; but while you were perched up there (pointing to the elevated chair) I have not had a reasonable chance. Whiffle, whiffle, whiffle. Do you think the people respect you for leaving that great mass of money to the nation—to the poor of London? I think not. Some say it was vanity on your part. Whiffle, whiffle, whiffle. You may have good trustees; your funds may be well employed and distributed honestly; but save and except your statue and your name, little will be thought of you a hundred years hence. Whiffle, whiffle, whiffle."

I could see from the glowing bronze cheeks of George Peabody that he was becoming indignant, and that he could hardly resist kicking the miser. He at length replied, "I acted as my conscience dictated; if I have erred, I have at least erred in the right direction. But you, you miserable sinner, you have heaped up wealth without exercising the least charity, leaving your property to become the prey of Chancery."

"Oh, oh!" rejoined Whistling Jemmy; "what fun. Whiffle, whiffle. Precisely what I wanted."

Just then came forward Toothpowder Brown. The gay, ditto Frenchman—Anglicised by his long residence in this country from his little black bag two or three boxes of the real Penny composition and half a dozen tooth brushes. "Buy *der poude* tooth brushes? Vy you quarrel over your vealth? I have struggled, and fought, but have saved no riches. I have beyond the allotted span—threescore and ten—and have died *comme un rat*, and dere is no one, tank God, to dispense vill."

Whistling Jemmy was evidently afraid of old Toothpowder for he shuffled off, striking a strong diapason note, and ejaculated "Dodger—spendthrift—ne'er-do-well."

Toothpowder Brown shook up his little black bag containing Pennsylvanian mixture and the tooth brushes, and with light step soon distanced the shambling, shuffling miser.

Bidding George Peabody adieu, after seeing him once more elevated position, I traced my course in another direction.

Dancing in wild delirium before the portals of the Exchange, I noticed the dark phantoms of many well-intentioned individuals who were compelled to succumb in the "dissolving in figures" in July and August, 1870, and who never can rise again. They, nevertheless, like Sisyphus with the rolling desire to retrieve their position, though there is not the remotest chance of their ever doing so.

It was four o'clock before I had terminated my rounds, and the watch of the night would say, and before my host of worthies and small, had returned to their chill, earthy tenements. Each went his way gravely and silently to his respective locality, and after one, as I lost sight of them, the long lines down Cheapside, Lombard Street, Cornhill, Lothbury, Throgmorton Street, and Needle Street again became a dreary waste of banking-house and chancery establishments, and shops waiting for the return of evening life, to bring with it the customary amount of animating anxiety.

As for myself, returning home quietly on foot, though pondering over the sights I had witnessed and the dialogue I had heard, my mind and senses were somewhat relieved by the appearance of and the fresh fragrance from the country waggons laden with the brightest of bright flowers, the greenest of cabbages, the whitest of white turnips, the reddest of red beets.

the yellowest of yellow carrots, on their road to Spitalfields, the Borough, and Newgate Markets. My halfway house I made at the early breakfast establishment near the outside porch of Shoreditch Church, where I regaled myself with a thick hunk of new bread obtained from a neighbouring baker, and a pint of sweet warm milk ladled out in true Cockney fashion from the polished tin cans of Laycock's Dairy. Turning round, my eyes alighted on an inscription on a tomb close at hand—"Dr. Gardner's last and best bedroom." "Perhaps," said I to myself, "the eccentric doctor was not far wrong in thus curtly describing the character of his final resting-place."

D. MORIER EVANS.



## TENNYSON AND BROWNING.



WHILE Europe is but just emerging from one of the most terrible wars that the world's history has to chronicle, we Britons, valuing peace as a possession whose worth we have proved, have still continued in our path of calm though speedy progress—in thought and practice, in science and art, by land and sea, at home and abroad—in spite of the harmless contempt of Europe and the indignant protests of a small but noisy section of our fellow-countrymen.

Now peace makes rich, and riches encourage Art, whilst Art, thus encouraged, in her turn reflects in her every accent, expression, and motion the serene influences that control her, as surely as her voice, and form, and features would respond, were war upon us, to all the wild exultations or despairs of victory or defeat.

This is, after all, but an old thought clothed in new words, but its repetition leads us more fully to realise what is the present mission amongst us of Poetry—alike the most divine and the most human of the daughters of Art. Art, whom we may justly call the idealisation of truth, be truth's teachings sweet or harsh, terrible or tender, as they may.

What, then, are the poetic art-truths that we recognise as most representative of the age in which we live?

One swift retrospective glance over the past half century is sufficient to show us that its peaceful course has been throughout a period of growth—not one of stagnation or decay.

Morally and socially we have been gainers—our intellectualism is more wide-spread, if less individually solid; literature has become an honourable profession; whilst music and the fine arts have received an annually increasing encouragement amongst us.

All these good influences—moral, social, intellectual, artistic—find expression in a greater or less degree in the works of Mr. Tennyson. But a prosperous peace is almost necessarily attended by a leaning towards epicureanism—which, if too deeply indulged in, may grow into a positive evil, as it is in danger of becoming amongst us at the present time; and the effect of this insidious influence upon life and thought constitutes the one great weakness of our present Laureate—

a human weakness, no doubt, and, in a poet of his sensuous nature, a pardonable—nay, an almost justifiable one. We go even further, and say that we do not believe that without it the poet would have had half the influence for good which by its possession he has gained over the public mind, for without this epicureanism he would not have been the representative poet that he is. With it he at times strikes through our senses to the very innermost depths of our nature, with a strange subtlety that is entirely his own, whilst its ill effects are only evident in occasional affectation and self-consciousness, and much over-fastidiousness of impression—never in sensuality as opposed to sensuousness.

But let us endeavour to support this view of Mr. Tennyson's representative character as a poet by a general survey of his writings. The Laureate's earliest poems are conspicuous for richness of colour and beauty of expression; but are wanting in thought and imagination.

It would appear that, feeling his intellectual powers as a poet to be undeveloped, he threw himself heart and soul into the congenial study of the more sensuous beauties of art and nature; and to this early instinct we are indebted for some of the most exquisitely picturesque and melodious idylls in any language, such as the two Marianas, "The Dying Swan," and, later on, in 1832, "Enone" and "The Lotos-eaters."

The poem of "The Dying Swan" will exemplify our view of the undeveloped character of Mr. Tennyson's powers at this period. It is obvious that it is the voice of the swan itself, and not the scene in which its music is supposed to be heard, that should be the strong central charm of the poem. No accessories, however picturesque, should draw off our attention from that passionate outpouring of a joyous, sensuous life, rendered sweeter and stranger by the mysterious gift of song which half humanises and altogether glorifies the wild death-notes of the beautiful bird, and commingled, it may be, with the divination of a still more delicious lot hereafter, in a state from which the singer might, with Horace's deathless poet, have sprung. But few admirers of this poem—and it has many—will acknowledge enjoying the poem in any other sense than as a most exquisitely faithful study of nature.

"The Palace of Art" may be regarded as Mr. Tennyson's first philosophical essay. This poem, fine though it is in conception, and elaborately finished in expression as we must allow it to be, gives, after all, but a very faint promise of the speculative power of "The Two Voices." In these, the future Laureate's first fruits to Apollo, we



find considerable feeling, marred though it too often is by affected turns of thought and language; a graceful play of fancy, and yet apparently no sense of humour; but, above all, a pre-eminent command over every tone and shade of word-music and poetic colouring. Altogether we encounter a poet with about as much promise as Keats displayed in his first poem; a lyrist as truly idyllic, as tender, and if not as sprightly, well-nigh as sensuous, as the author of "Endymion," but with the great advantages of a more educated ear and judgment than the earlier poet had attained to.

In 1842 appeared the "Mort d'Arthur," which at once established Mr. Tennyson's claim to be a poet in the highest sense of the word—no mere poetical medium for this age's expression of her sense of the beauties of a serene nature and a peaceful art, but the maker, the creator of a distinctive work which, as long as our language lasts, must be read and rejoiced in.

There is no want of imagination here, however wanting in it Tennyson may be elsewhere. Witness the poet's comparison of the cry that went up from the three queens, when Sir Bedivere bore the wounded Arthur down to their barge, to "a wind that shrills all night in a waste land where no one comes, nor hath come, since the making of the world." And there is a calm, self-contained strength about the whole poem that places it on a level with perhaps any single passage of Milton. It is a pity that it should ever have been precluded by such a self-conscious strain as "The Epic"—which, we are glad to think, there is now no possible reason for reprinting.

The consideration of the "Mort d'Arthur" naturally leads us on to the consideration of Mr. Tennyson's claims as a narrative poet. That he is not an epic one is at once evident to any of his readers.

Even if we could not lay our finger on a passage which shows his familiarity and sympathy with Virgil, we should have hazarded the conviction that the Laureate had a strong fellow-feeling for that great classic. Compare some of the early idyllic pieces of Mr. Tennyson with the "Eclogues" and some parts of the "Georgics," and a strong similarity of poetic power displays itself. That gift which has been so aptly called "the harvest of the quiet eye," appears peculiarly characteristic of them both, as does that exquisite finish, expression, and form which we find alike in the "Pollio" and "Ænone."

But in the "Song of Silenus" we find the promise of a fuller imaginative grandeur than in any of Tennyson's earlier poems, and when we afterwards contrast the most ambitious efforts of the two poets, we have no hesitation in giving the palm to the ancient in preference to *the modern*.

We may notice, *en passant*, a curious coincidence in the choice of the subjects of their two longest poems by Virgil and Tennyson.

Arthur, like Æneas, is a reputed national hero, whose adventures are equally fictitious if not equally well told; and yet there is a want of human interest in them both that is evident to every thoughtful student of their characters.

The "Æneid" is to the full as mythical as the "Arthuriad"—if we may venture to call Mr. Tennyson's Round Table cycle by that name. And in the consummate finish of its revised books, and in the idyllic character of its episodes, it will bear comparison with our Laureate's best passages; but beyond this it would be hardly fair to contrast the two works.

For the "Æneid" has all the continuity of a great epic, however wanting it may at times be in dramatic simplicity; whilst the "Arthuriad" is a succession of epopees, all of them no doubt bearing upon the same subject, yet so loosely strung together that their order might be—indeed, has been—altered by their author without any violence being done to the text.

The interest of these idyllic epopees is, on the whole, well-sustained, though in some of them, and notably in "The Holy Grail," it suffers from the realistic mind of the author, who too often appears for a time to forget his theme in almost microscopic contemplation of the scenes which he is describing.

A lady of unusual analytic power once noticed to us how in the "Idylls of the King," as the first published poems of the "Arthuriad" are called, Mr. Tennyson rings out three distinct changes of the passion of love: true love of man and wife in Enid; man's and woman's disappointed love, in Elaine and Guinevere. Turning ourselves to Vivien, we observe the darkest side of passion powerfully depicted, whilst the new poems of the "Arthuriad" will at once suggest the further phases of maiden love and love wasted on an unworthy woman. Perhaps no poet ever followed this master-passion through so many of its moods.

Here Mr. Tennyson's representative character again appears.

Ours is not an age for long epics, as the author of the "Earthly Paradise" appears to have proved since the publication of his "Jason." We are too restless, too fond of change of all kind, for "Odysseys" and "Æneids," as we are too self-absorbed and undemonstrative for the drama. The subjective lyric and the idyllic narrative of Mr. Tennyson are, therefore, the fit expression of the spirit of the time, overflowing as they are with nervous versatility. The drama and epic will doubtless revive in some form or other with

the education of our masses, but we fear we are not yet ripe for their reproduction.

Our philosophy is one of doubt and questioning, and hence the success of "The Two Voices" and "In Memoriam." Again, religion is broader and more tolerant than of yore, and this high influence is everywhere traceable in Mr. Tennyson's writings.

But Mr. Tennyson, though a representative poet, can, after all, only be called the representative of educated Englishmen. He has, no doubt, a strong feeling for the lowest in our land, as his "May Queen" and "Grandmother" indicate; and a keen appreciation of their feelings, as appears in his "Northern Farmer," where for once he is truly humorous; and it may be that "The Gardener's Daughter" and "Enoch Arden" have here and there had their influence upon the people. But it is as a representative of the upper classes that Tennyson must take rank as a poet. He is classical, speculative, and artistic, and it is through these class characteristics that the whole heart of the man is hidden from the uninitiated. That it is a heart pure, kindly, and sympathetic, no educated man with a grain of moral sense in his constitution will gainsay; but it is at the same time significantly true that you must ask in vain at a cheap book shop for a secondhand copy of Tennyson.

Let us now endeavour to realise in a few words of recapitulation the representative rank of Mr. Tennyson amongst our living poets. He is sensuous because his age is sensuous, but through this very quality he is the fittest exponent of whatever is beautiful and harmless in the æsthetics of our age.

But, again, we are to a certain extent spoilt by our national prosperity. We are over-fastidious, self-conscious and affected, and these weaknesses only too often peep from Mr. Tennyson's pages; and this latter remark will appear the juster when we repeat that the Laureate is essentially the poet of the educated upper classes.

We are restless; he is versatile. Owing to the extraordinary facilities we now have for locomotion and sight seeing of every kind, we live through thrice as many lives as our forefathers did before us; in like manner Mr. Tennyson's many-mooded muse transports us from one study to another of youth and love, and age and death. Lastly, his philosophic creed, like that of his age, is one of doubt and questioning, for as yet we cannot understand the apparent contradictions between the seen and the unseen, many of them being difficulties that the spread of science has created in our own day, and therefore, too, his religion is a reflex of our haltings between

faith and scepticism, though patient trust in the providence of a higher power is the final lesson the poet would teach us.

The special attraction of Mr. Browning's genius is its vigorous, robust manliness. One reads Mr. Tennyson and feels softened and subdued by contact with an ethereal nature. We read Mr. Browning, and find the healthiest passions of our manhood fanned into a generous flame. How sturdy, for instance, the spirit of such rough but stirring lyrics as "Cavalier Tunes," "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent," and "Hervè Riel!" Again, in his dramatic writings, Mr. Browning has represented many moods of mind, but hardly ever an effeminate mood. His male characters—those which he has loved most to paint—are, with few exceptions, strong, eager, and heroic; even his female characters are of an heroic type. It is not by their acts that he reveals his imaginary men and women, but chiefly by the processes of thought in their minds, very minutely described, apart from action. Yet how strong, bold, and free are their thoughts! Surely it is by the force of his manliness that Mr. Browning's poetry has at last secured a recognition approaching popularity.

Mr. Browning is more truly original, perhaps, than any other poet of the age. His originality not seldom leads him to that eccentricity of which his readers and critics have so frequently complained. But it has enriched the world with new conceptions of character, and aspects of life and of nature which have escaped treatment at the hands of less observant men; new rhythms, new cadences, new forms of poetry.

It has been often said that Mr. Browning would have made a better philosophical prose-writer than poet. We cannot believe it. Whoever holds such an opinion can have no very lively conception of the difference between the poetical and the scientific mind. There is too much music in Mr. Browning's nature to admit of his being a mere analytic writer. He must *sing*. He has too much ardour and sensuousness to allow him to love mere abstractions. All thought presents itself to him in images of beauty or sublimity; and his passion colours thought with the dyes of his own nature. It is only necessary to read such prose as he has written to perceive how little philosophic frigidity there is in him.

We have repeated the oft-written stricture on Mr. Tennyson's genius, that it is not richly endowed with humour. Such a criticism could scarcely be passed on that of Mr. Browning. His writings brim with a grotesque satirical humour. "Sludge the Medium," "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "Caliban upon Setebos," must take

rank with the best humorous-satiric poems in the language ; and they are quite unique in their conception and tone.

The poets by whom this age will be known in history are, we believe, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. That the same period should have produced two poets apparently so dissimilar in style, in matter, and in intellectual character, is at first sight strange. But a closer examination of their writings will reveal a much more intimate affinity between them than appears upon the surface. Many of the same problems which have presented themselves to the one poet have presented themselves to the other. "In Memoriam," "The Palace of Art," "Maud," "Caliban upon Setebos," "Rabbi Ben Ezra," the "Epilogue" in "Dramatis Personæ,"—all these are products of the characteristic influences of the age. They exhibit the same perturbation of mind with regard to the religious and social questions of the day ; the same intellectual passion which animates the leading thinkers of the age ; the same desire to grapple with speculative difficulties and solve them ; the same subtlety of thought, and blending of profound philosophy with poetical enthusiasm. But there are other resemblances not less noteworthy. There is an intensely realistic tendency everywhere apparent in the works of both poets. They love to treat of commonplace characters and commonplace incidents, and they paint these minutely, without much imaginative warmth. Closely connected with this realistic tendency is a marked absence of real imaginative constructiveness. Neither poet has produced any great work of the highest kind of imaginative poetry. Their tales are simple and turn on every-day incidents—mere threads on which to string the pearls of thought and speculation. Their power of evolving an exciting dramatic plot seems never very great. Perhaps the most imaginative poem which Mr. Tennyson has ever produced is "Tithonus ;" perhaps the most imaginative of Mr. Browning's is "Saul." Here both poets are dramatic, and both rise in the fictitious character to a sublime intensity of passion and vision not elsewhere attained by either of them. But in which of their works do we meet with the passionate invention of incident of Byron ? where the marvellous constructiveness and breadth of vision we find in Shelley ? Another point of resemblance is their lyrical bias. Mr. Browning has written brief unactable dramas, and a great poem consisting of several dramatic studies, but his tendency is to write lyrically. Mr. Tennyson has written a long series of short tales, but his gift is the lyrical gift. If Mr. Browning's lyrics are dramatic, as they profess to be, we cannot hesitate to admit that Mr. Tennyson's lyrics are generally dramatic in the same sense. We are quite

sure that the hero of "Locksley Hall," for example, is as much separated from the author's personality as are any of Mr. Browning's "men and women;" and we do not believe that lyric poetry generally is less dramatic in essence than Mr. Browning's. The only lyric poetry which can be called truly dramatic is that which represents in it some many-sided individual character. Merely to express some peculiar mood of mind, is not necessarily to write dramatically—it may only be, to represent the writer himself at different periods. And, when Mr. Tennyson writes love poems, in illustration of feelings awakened by different forms of beauty, as "Eleanore" and "Adeline," he is writing just as dramatically as Mr. Browning, when he sings of the "Lost Leader" or "Evelyn Hope."

The difference between the writings of the two arises from the accidents of character and education merely. Mr. Browning is one who seems to love excitement—who takes a fierce, animal delight in combat. Mr. Tennyson seeks repose. Mr. Browning would open a thousand new paths, loving progress, loving change, hopeful of the future. Mr. Tennyson would fain reconcile new and old, neither wholly captivated by the dreams of the future nor wholly wedded to the past.

Such are some of the characteristics of the two chief poets of the Victorian age—an age rich in verse, but which has not as yet given birth to any truly great work of poetical art. Which poet is likely to live longest among the generations to come? To answer this question will not, we think, be very difficult, nor to attempt it too presumptuous.

When we consider the exquisite finish of Mr. Tennyson's verse, the perfection and purity of his language, the distinctness of his thought, the flawlessness of his rhythms, the subtlety of his melody, the quiet strength of his mind—

"That calmness of the temper, heart, and brain,  
Which are the power and crown of manliness"—

we cannot fail to perceive that almost all the elements of an enduring fame are his.

Mr. Browning has a giant intellect, and a heart full of sympathy with his fellow-men. He must survive all other poets of to-day but the Laureate, by many a year. Yet those very qualities which render it so probable that Mr. Tennyson will enjoy long fame, and even popularity, Mr. Browning but rarely exhibits. His poetry is not that of a calm mind: it is the offspring of an acute, vigorous, original, and excitable intellect, more at the mercy of ephemeral

influences than one would from its nature be led to expect it to be. He has not the knack of chiselling in clear outline the likeness of the image which is in his mind. Though rich in a rhythmic music peculiar to himself, his verse is generally, to an ordinary ear, harsh and unmelodious. His sentences are constructed on a principle to which the English reader is not, and probably never will be, accustomed. His thoughts, which are bold and great, are vaguely and dimly expressed. Thus, too great a strain, amounting almost to discomfort, is put by him upon the minds of his readers before they are brought face to face with his great conceptions. This is a defect which will prevent Mr. Browning from ever becoming a poet of the people. For if poetry produces in most readers a weariness of brain, and a ruffling of the temper, where is the pleasure which is to endear it to their hearts? It is not that Mr. Browning's thoughts are beyond the comprehension of an ordinary intelligence; they are easy to grasp and easy to digest when once their shell is broken; it is because they are concealed by such uncouth or involved wording that they baffle those who go to poetry for pleasure and instruction. Nor has Mr. Browning given the same national colouring to his work as Mr. Tennyson has. Mr. Tennyson is English of the English. His simple stories of English life will probably always remain unsurpassed by anything of their kind. They reflect the England of his age, and for this reason will always carry with them a strong historical interest. He is national in the truest sense of the word; loves his country; has written her praises; has rebuked her; has faith in her still grander destiny. Mr. Browning is not un-English; but he is more cosmopolitan; and, though his aim is perhaps loftier, he can hardly so endear himself to the hearts of his own countrymen.


We have sometimes seen it written by revolutionary critics that Mr. Tennyson's day is gone by. If so, whose day has arrived? Who holds the place in public favour which he has held? Whose influence is as strong as his? We have no hesitation in declaring our belief that Mr. Tennyson will stand out hereafter from among his fellows as the pre-eminent, because the most representative, poet of his time.



# ON THE COMIC WRITERS OF ENGLAND.

BY CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

No. IX.—WYCHERLEY AND CONGREVE.

YCHERLEY was born just twenty-four years after Shakespeare died. He came into the world at the village of Clive, near Shrewsbury, where his father, who was one of the Tellers of the Exchequer, held some property. The family—which had remained stationary in the same neighbourhood—was an ancient one; for it could be traced, unbroken, from the dramatist up to the reign of Henry IV.

It is observable that the chief of our early play-writers were men of family above the ordinary standard, and that their education was collegiate. Ben Jonson, indeed, forms an exception, and an important one, to the list; but Beaumont and Fletcher were gentlemen born and gentlemen bred; and it should seem that the family of Shakespeare was both ancient and respectable; for the coat of arms has been traced as having been borne by a Warwickshire family of the name in the reign of Henry VII.; but the name itself exists in the records of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III.

Wycherley received his boyish education in France, where he was introduced to the circles of the celebrated Duchess of Montausier, who, as is recorded in his life, converted him to the Catholic religion. After the restoration of Charles II., Wycherley returned to England, and entered at Queen's College, Oxford; but, according to Wood, in his "Athenæ Oxoniensis," he remained a student only, and took no degree. Here he became re-converted to Protestantism, and later in life we find that he made another credal pirouette, and finally died a "Romanist"—the word used by Pope when speaking of him to Spence. When we consider the loose—in more senses than one—and *robe-de-chambre* faith that signalled the age of the Court-party in Charles II.'s reign; also that Wycherley had imbibed early impressions of that religion whose teachers have occasionally assumed the power of smoothing the knots and asperities of apprehension and misgiving as regards our future state; it is not to be much wondered



at that he, who had manifested no strong adherence to any creed, should finally resign himself to that one which would give him the least trouble. This observation, however, is to be received as an "aside," speaking in dramatic technicality; for we have only to consider Wycherley as a writer.

His comedies are, "Love in a Wood," written at nineteen, and before he went to Oxford; "The Gentleman Dancing-Master," at twenty-one (the year after his entrance at College); "The Plain Dealer," at twenty-five; and lastly, "The Country Wife," at one or two and thirty. This, their chronology, Pope (in Spence's anecdotes) says Wycherley himself had told him over and over again.

The comedy of "Love in a Wood" is, indeed, an extraordinary piece of invention, and of writing, too, for a youth of nineteen. His knowledge of the arcana of town life, with its interminable intrigues and love-treasons—if it be not profanation to use the term "love" in this description of social commerce—is certainly remarkable. The disguises and blunders and perplexities are conducted with all the display of a young ambition to build up a dramatic plot: they are spun out to wearisomeness, and mostly improbable in design. One must keep one's mental eyes closed while reading it, and, like children, play at "make-believe." Moreover, we feel little or no sympathy with even the better class of the characters; one cares nothing whether they "marry and live happy afterwards," or not; for their whole course of conduct shows that their jealousy arises from sensual vanity, and not from a worthy pride of exclusiveness; and, moreover, we feel that if in the end they had all been jilted, they would have quickly righted themselves by some other toy object. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that, gross as many of the scenes are, the "mirror held up to nature" is not a distorted one. Selfishness, duplicity, and insincerity meet their just retribution, as they do in real life; if not openly to the world, to the "still small voice" of the sometime self-communing heart. The character of Ranger in this play of "Love in a Wood" is, perhaps, the most naturally portrayed of the whole company; and he is the elder brother of the same family in name and character in Dr. Hoädley's play of "The Suspicious Husband." Restless as a butterfly, and as various in his enjoyments, and familiar even to effrontery. The next character is the widow Flippant—a railer against men and matrimony from policy, and making desperate lunges to get married. Her confession to her husband-broker, Mrs. Joiner, is an edifying and precocious piece of diplomacy for a youth of nineteen to have concocted. She says, "The widow's fortune, whether supposed or real, is her chiefest

bait ; the more chary she seems of it, and the more she withdraws it, the more eagerly the busy, gaping fry will bite. With us widows, husbands are got like bishoprics, by saying, 'No.' And in an after-scene, when throwing out her usual bait, she says to Ranger, "No man breathing shall ever persuade me to matrimony," he, with well-bred tact and knowledge of match-intrigue, answers her, "Cursed be the man who should do so rude a thing as to persuade you to anything against your inclination. I would not do it for the world, madam." Many aphorisms and morsels of shrewd worldly knowledge might be quoted from this young production. Lydia says, "Want of money makes us devout lovers as Christians." And Ranger is well answered to the commonplace axiom, "Women are poor credulous creatures—easily deceived," by Vincent, whose reply is, "*We* are poor credulous creatures when we think them so."

"The Gentleman Dancing-Master" is a considerably inferior production in every respect to the one just dismissed, and, compared with the other, it has far more the air of a first attempt. Preposterously improbable in plot ; overcharged, and yet feeble in character ; and the dialogue, not merely "flat, stale, and 'improbable ;'" but, what is the greatest of all defects in a play, there is frequent repetition in it. It is no unusual thing with an author to make a comparative failure in his second production, more especially when the first has been attended with unusual success. This may arise from too much self-reliance, resulting from his triumph, or from mental reaction ; but where the elements are robust, the mind recovers its beat of wing, and never flags till it reach that golden bough in the "still-climbing trees of the Hesperides."

The hero of this play (Gerrald), who personates the dancing-master, in order that he may attend upon his mistress, is a commonplace person, and as for the heroine (Hippolita), Wycherley evidently intended her for a product of the boarding-school conservatories of his day, and an edifying compound of precocious impudence and duplicity she is. The dialogues between her and her waiting-maid, Prue, are prodigious. Some glimpse—and it is but a glimpse—a first dawn of their complexion, may be surmised by the Abigail's exclaiming on one occasion, "Lord, it's a sign you have been kept up, indeed, and know little of the world, to refuse a man for a husband only because he's a fool." And afterwards, in conversation with this same intended husband, Hippolita says, "This fool, I see, is as apt as an ill-poet to mistake the contempt and scorn of people for applause and admiration." She is a perfect example of the ill-effects resulting from mistrust and seclusion during non-age. The

father of Hippolita is a half-Spaniard, and being imbued with the education-principles of that nation, he locks her up, and installs his sister as her gaoler. The consequence is—as with all persons who are put out of the pale of confidence—that her every faculty is exerted to deceive him and frustrate his plans.

In the reign of Charles II., when the political intercourse between the two Courts of England and France was established (to the deep disgrace of our own), it was the rage with the British youth to ape the habits and manners of their neighbours. This exotic grafting was indignantly satirised by the great national wit of Milton, Marvel, and Butler; and Wycherley too (who saw and knew more of it than all the others) has added his honest protest to those of his illustrious countrymen. In this play of “The Gentleman Dancing Master,” he has introduced a character, who is styled in the *dramatis personæ* Mr. Paris, or Mons. de Paris, a vain coxcomb, and rich city heir, newly returned from France, and mightily affected with the French language and fashions. He is the cousin, and intended husband of Hippolita; but being vain, conceited, profligate, and a fool, he is rejected by his mistress—more perhaps, for being a fool, than for any of his other defects. There is an amusing scene (although overcharged and spun out), in which the old Spaniard, Hippolita’s father, insists as a previous condition to his becoming his son-in-law, that he shall change his dress to the Spanish costume: and he then places him under the tuition of his little black servant, to “teach him to walk with the *verdadero gesto, gracia, and gravedad* of a true Castilian.” The helpless implorings of the poor fop; the blithe assiduity of the young negro, who relishes the appointment; and the obtuse, unimaginative obstinacy of the uncle (who is a solemn old bore) are humourously drawn. After a long scene of altercation, in which the fop parts with his French dress as though he were being flayed alive, the uncle says:

Come, Black, now teach him to make a Spanish leg. [That is, to bow—to salute.]

*Mons. de Paris.* Your Spanish leg is an English courtesy [*curtsey*], I vow and swear—ha! ha!

*Don Diego.* Well, the hood doesn’t make the monk: the ass was an ass still, though he had the lion’s skin on. . . . But Black, do what you can; make the most of him; walk him about—walk him about.

[Enter *Servant*.] Here are the people, Sir, you sent to speak with about provisions for the wedding. And here are your clothes brought home too, Mistress.

*Don Diego.* Well, I come. Black, do what you can with him; walk him—walk him about.

*Mons. Paris.* Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave

Spanish habit so travestied. I shall disgrace it, and my little black master too, I vow and swear.

*Don Diego.* Learn of him—learn of him; improve yourself by him;—And do you walk him—walk him about soundly. Come sister and daughter; I must have your judgments, though I shall not need them, look you. Walk him—walk him; see you walk him!

There is some nature in the dull obstinacy of this old blockhead; but I suspect there will be little curiosity to read the whole play, when it is known that this is one of the most amusing scenes in it.

“The Country Wife”—and which was altered into the “Country Girl,” to suit modern opinions and manners—ranks infinitely above the two former plays in point of design, management of plot, language, and wit: in the last quality, indeed, it abounds. The dialogue also (though still spun out in some of the scenes) has much the air of everyday conversation—although of the higher grade as to the polish of its diction. Moreover, there is an abundant disbursement of that shrewd “crooked wisdom” indispensable to those who have volunteered into the ranks of love-intrigues. They must learn their practicalities of office, their craft of trade, as must a pickpocket or a swindler: and the result is, that in both callings, the trouble is greater than to preserve the course of a straightforward, honest dealing. I confess that, to me, there is quite as much amusement in threading these scenes of insincerity, intrigue, and “casual frustration,” as in threading the mazes and doublings, and turnings, shifts, and escapes of a scapegrace like Gil Blas, or Gines de Passamonte. The whole race of both sexes are equally respectable, and not one spark of interest is excited in the mind either for the one party or the other. One cares very little whether an instinctive wanton, like Mrs. Pinchwife, be false to her husband; and still less that a coarsely debauched and jealous rake, like that husband (who claims the licence of “free-foot” to range abroad at his pleasure, and would kill his wife for using the same privilege) should be deceived. That such a specimen of selfish injustice should suffer the full retribution of mental torment, we contemplate with something like unmingled satisfaction; and I would not say that we do not even triumph in his dishonour, which is broached at the end of the play. The play itself, with all its extravagant coarseness, is not without its home-speaking moral: for the unrestricted woman of society, Alithea, vindicates her own self-respect by a steadiness and constancy towards the man to whom she had pledged her truth, till he himself, by wanton absurdity and self-seeking, forces her to marry the man she preferred, but had resolutely refused, because of her previous engage-

ment; while the "cribbed and cabined" country wife, mewed up before marriage, and jealously watched, and mistrusted, and locked up afterwards, is ready to rush into any eccentricity of conduct, from pure ignorance, with resentment at the injustice exercised towards her. Bad education, and want of confidence, from first to last, was the cause of all the evil; for her nature is frank and generous, and even loveable. She is a wild weed brought suddenly into the hothouse of artificial and licentious society. Another unfavourable feature in the play is the hollowness and utter absence of all confidence in the men towards each other: there is no resting-place for the heart—all are "dear friends," and all would be traitors at the first glance of an inducement. They certainly are not hypocrites to each other, for no one is deceived in his estimate of his companion's friendship. Sparkish says to Harcourt, "Though I have known thee a great while, let me never go if I do not love thee as well as a *new acquaintance*." And this same Harcourt addresses his friend's betrothed mistress before his face, and succeeds in carrying her off from him. The character of this same Sparkish is indeed a monster of improbability. He courts Alithea solely for her fortune; and because he is indifferent to her person, he takes the most ridiculous—not to say offensive—means of showing he is not jealous, by actions which are desperately improbable and absurd; and, to crown all, he is characterised by his friend as being the most licentious fellow in town. In short, the whole gang are a crew of incurables.

In the midst of the choicely witty, though unquotable scenes in the play, we now and then come upon an axiom, or a casual sentiment, that is worth preserving; for Wycherley had worthy principles, and was the honest chronicler of the morals that inundated the community with the blessed Restoration. He held up the mirror to that distorted nature, and with a rough truth he promulgates practical wisdom. For instance: Horner, the hero of the play, says to the quack:—

Doctor, there are quacks in love, as well in physic; who get but the fewer and worse patients for their boasting: a good name is seldom got by giving it one's self; and women, no more than honour, are compassed by bragging. Come, come, doctor, the wisest lawyer never discovered the merits of his cause till the trial; the wealthiest man conceals his riches, and the cunning gamester his play. Shy husbands, like old rooks, are not to be cheated but by a new unpractised trick: false friendship will now no more than false dice win upon them; no, not in the city."

Horner inquires of Harcourt whether he did not bear the raillery of the town-folk bravely? who replies, "With a most theatrical impudence; nay, more than the orange wenches show there, or a drunken

wizard mask: nay, or that most impudent of creatures, an ill-poet; or, what is more impudent still, a second-hand critic." And here is a sentiment, that is like coming upon a green spot in the sulphurous, stifling desert of falsehood, subterfuge, and artifice. Speaking of women, Horner says, "Methinks wit is more necessary than beauty; and I think no young woman ugly that has it, and no handsome woman agreeable without it."

"The Plain Dealer," and which is esteemed and justly the best of Wycherley's plays, was also his last. The idea of the plot and principal character was suggested to the author by those of the "Misanthrope" of Molière; as those of "The Country Wife" was suggested by the great French dramatist's "Ecole des Femmes." Manly, the "Plain Dealer," is one who professes loud and defying hatred and contempt of all his species; and, like all such egoistical persons (for your misanthrope is rarely anything but a coxcomb and an egoist), he commits as gross a moral antithesis in selecting one or two individuals from the mass, in whom, with the conceit and wilfulness of an egoist, he reposes as blind and unlimited a confidence, as he mistrusts and slanders the bulk of mankind. The conduct of Manly in this play has been censured on the score of its being a violation of nature, that a person so nobly endowed in all essentials, should involve in his own moral and intellectual character so violent a contradiction: that he should be so mistrustful, at the same time so purblindly confiding: but we are to bear in mind that Manly *was* an *egoist*, and a very rash and self-willed one. How the author could reconcile with the principles of honour and true delicacy of mind (and it is constantly impressed upon us that these are his leading characteristics) his descending to the extraordinary revenge of deceiving his mistress, who had cast him off, and passing for his rival in the dark, must, I suppose, be placed to the account of the compromise that even the better classes in that age made with self-respect, and even common decency. It is to be borne in mind, Manly had manifested a boundless love for, and had reposed the extremest confidence in Olivia; I therefore assume that, whatever may have been the morality of the time, or have been the violence of his own resentment at her shocking and gratuitous infidelity, that the germ—the nucleus of the *true* passion of love was still perfect in his heart, or he would have ceased to be the noble character his author intended him to be; and under such circumstances it appears to me a violence of nature to make him adopt such a course of revenge. Had he been a mere brute, animal-lover, the case would have been different; even then, however, it would have been barely consistent; but this was

not the conduct, or even the *nature* of Manly ; and *genuine* love is incapable of a concocted revenge—above all of such a revenge as that which he has recourse to.

In contrast with the character of Manly is that of Freeman, his real friend, and who had been his lieutenant on board ship. He is described in the list of *dramatis personæ* as “a gentleman well educated, but of a broken fortune, and a *complier* with the age.” As Manly outrages all the world with his invectives ; Freeman manifests ultra toleration of all the qualities and infirmities of his race. So far does he “comply” with the customs of the age, that he even descends to the manœuvre of outwitting the litigious old widow Blackacre, in order that he may force her into marrying him, and thereby repairing his broken fortunes. This is another specimen of the “honourable” principles which governed the age of the Restoration.

The character of the widow Blackacre is the most original and the most amusing in the comedy. It has all the air of being a portrait. She is a woman of one idea, and that one is, litigation. She has no peace but in strife ; no rest but in action ; no justice but in law : she can talk of nothing but law ; and she has all the terms and technicalities at her fingers' ends. Not only has she her own estate and jointure to contest ; but to keep her time well employed, and her hand in, she will even purchase the defence of a case from pure love of quarrel. Her brief-bag and her law papers are never apart from her ; they are her reticule ; and they doubtless lay under her pillow when she went to rest—if such a personification of perpetual motion ever did rest. She has a son, Jerry, a rustic, half shrewd, half wittol, whom she has brought up to the law, and keeps upon short commons. Freeman gains the confidence of this booby, induces him to steal his mother's papers ; and finally to nominate him as his guardian till he become of age. This genius is the prototype of Goldsmith's Tony Lumpkin, in “*She Stoops to Conquer*.”

There is one other character in the “*Plain Dealer*” deserving of notice, and that is Fidelia, who is in love with Manly ; and from personal adoration, follows him to sea in male disguise. There is much promise in this character ; and had the taste of the author been more highly refined, it might have developed into one of considerable interest : but Fidelia is not devoid of coarseness in her demonstrations of attachment, and in her assumed male character she consents to act an intrigue with Olivia, in order that she may confirm Manly in the reports of his mistress's infidelity ; and which would, of itself, naturally involve the purity of her own heart and mind, when her own sex became manifest to her lover. The

idea of *Fidelia Wycherley* copied from that lovely creation of *Viola* in the "*Twelfth Night*," but with a roughness and vulgarity of texture that makes one all the more in love with Shakespeare's sense of female delicacy by the mere force of the contrast.

The general delineation of character in these comedies of *Wycherley*, the very broad and palpable play of the dialogues, the quantity of demand made upon the readers' or spectators' credulity in the management of all his "asides," and plots, and intrigues, resemble the overcharged action of players in a monster theatre, where the delineation of real life would sink into tameness if it did not altogether evaporate. At the same time we must not overlook the natural good tendency of the author, and his fine sense, with knowledge of the motives and actions of men living in the atmosphere of the artificial society of his day. *Wycherley* is an anatomist, but he is a ruthless and caustic one. In the famous scandal-dialogue in this same "*Plain Dealer*," between *Olivia* and *Lord Plausible* (a vapid ass who praises everybody), *Eliza*, her cousin, says of him: "This is a coxcomb that speaks ill of all people, but in a different way, and libels everybody with dull praise, and commonly in the wrong place, so makes his panegyrics abusive lampoons."

And here is an acute insight into character. *Olivia*, speaking of *Manly's* misanthropy, says: "He that distrusts most the world, trusts most to himself, and is but the more easily deceived. His cunning is like the coward's sword, by which he is oftener worsted than defended."

And here is another truism cleverly illustrated. *Manly*, speaking of *Novel*, a would-be wit, and a scandal-monger, says: "A fool, like a coward, is more to be feared behind a man's back than a witty man; for, as a coward is more bloody than a brave man, a fool is more malicious than a man of wit."

That those readers who are unacquainted with this author may have a specimen of his masculine, nervous diction, and of his bold, uncompromising spirit—remarkable for the times in which he wrote—I will quote a portion of the opening scene of the "*Plain Dealer*," in which, on the very threshold of the drama, we are made intimate with the character and disposition of the hero. The scene is *Manly's* lodgings; enter *Manly* surlily, *Lord Plausible* following him, and two sailors behind:—

*Manly.* Tell not me, my good *Lord Plausible*, of your decorum, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies; your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for, and to one another; not out of love or duty, but your slavish fear.



*Plausible.* Nay, i'faith; you are too passionate; and I must humbly beg your pardon, and leave to tell you they are the acts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

*Man.* Let 'em. But I'll have no leading-strings; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader, that another slave behind may do the like by me.

*Plaus.* What! will you be singular, then, like nobody? Follow, love, and esteem nobody?

*Man.* Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody, covet and kiss everybody, though, perhaps, at the time you hate everybody.

*Plaus.* Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend—

*Man.* With your pardon, my *no* friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn; call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder while you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common rascals and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

*Plaus.* Such as I! Heavens defend me! Upon my honour—

*Man.* Upon your title, my lord, if you'd me believe you.

*Plaus.* Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

*Man.* What; you were afraid?

*Plaus.* No; but seriously I hate to do a rude thing; no, faith, I speak well of all mankind.

*Man.* I thought so; but know that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world by making all alike. Now, I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it; I, that can do a rude thing rather than an unjust thing.

*Plaus.* Well, tell not me, my dear friend, what people deserve; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for *his* sake, but my *own*. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself; for, to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour; and truly, to speak ill of them to their faces, is not like a complaisant person. But if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

*Man.* Very well; but I, that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people (which is very seldom indeed) it should be sure to be behind their backs; and if I should say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent any spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawning slaves the lie while they embrace or commend me, cowards whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must desire people to leave me when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

*Plaus.* I would not have my visits troublesome.

*Man.* The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome, is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. A "murrain!" Why should any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another man's business?

This altercation continues, Manly hustles himself out; and when he is gone, exclaims; "I'd sooner he visited by the plague; for that only would keep a man from visits, and his doors shut."

The two sailors, who are at the back of the scene in attendance, make the following characteristic remarks upon the scene they have just witnessed.

*1st Sailor.* Here's a finical fellow, Jack! [Alluding to Lord Plausible.] What a brave, fair-weather captain of a ship he'd make!

*2nd Sailor.* He a captain of a ship! It must be when she's in dock, then; for he looks like one of them as gets the king's commission for hulls to sell a king's ship when a brave fellow has fought her almost to a long-boat.

*1st Sail.* On my conscience then, Jack, that's the reason why our bully tar sunk our ship, not only that the Dutch mightn't have her, but that the courtiers, who laugh at wooden legs, mightn't make her prize.

*2nd Sail.* A "murrain" of his sinking, Tom. We have made a base, broken, short voyage of it.

*1st Sail.* Ay, your brisk dealers in honour always make quick returns with their ships to the dock—and their men to the hospitals.

*2nd Sail.* Well, I forgive him for sinking my own poor truck, if he would but have given me time and leave to have saved Black Kate of Wapping's small venture.

*1st Sail.* Faith, I forgave him since, as the purser told me he sunk the value of five or six thousand pounds of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the Indies. . . . He had a mind to go live and bask himself on the sunny side of the globe.

*2nd Sail.* What, out of any discontent? For he's always as dogged as an old tarpauling when hindered of a voyage by a young pantaloon captain.

*1st Sail.* True, I never saw him pleased but in the fight; and then he looked like one of us coming from the pay-table, with a new lining to our hats under our arms.

*2nd Sail.* A devil! He's like the Bay of Biscay, rough and angry, let the wind blow where it will.

*1st Sail.* Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with *the land in a storm*, no near—

*2nd Sail.* Oh, 'tis a hurry-durry blade. Dost thou remember after we had tugged hard the old leaky long-boat to save his life, when I welcomed him ashore, he gave me a box on the ear, and called me a fawning water-dog?

Wycherley was one of the young volunteers in the war against the Dutch, and wrote a fine poem upon the great Sole Bay fight, in which James II., when Duke of York, was commander:—but, like a brave and truly modest man, he has made no allusion to himself in the description.

I will here close my account of the worthy dramatist—"Manly Wycherley," as he was called by his friends, after his own character in the "Plain Dealer;" and "brawny Wycherley," as he was styled by Rochester in his "Session of the Poets;" an epithet as applicable to the robust nature of his genius.

It was he who so generously persecuted the Duke of Buckingham into his pitiful remuneration of £300 to poor Butler, whose powerful pen had rendered such essential service to the Cavalier party.

Spence in his anecdotes of Pope relates, on the authority of the poet, that in his latter days Wycherley's faculties became so impaired, that he would copy other authors on paper, and repeat himself, and forget that he had done either in the course of a few hours. A severe fever had so dislocated the order of his memory, that he would reverse the course of events in his life.

Sterling good sense, and a pure unaffected style, are the characteristics of his genius, rather than a strong and natural humour; for he is most artificial and cumbrous when he attempts the ridiculous. A striking example of his failure on this point may be cited in the first scene with the worrying, litigious widow Blackacre; a scene which, managed by a vivacious and sparkling talent, might have been made considerably humorous. I would not have it thought by those who are unacquainted with this dramatist, that I have selected the best specimens of his dialogue for illustration;—far from it; the best of his writing is in the "Country Wife," and the "Plain Dealer,"—scenes totally unquotable. I have merely done, as I was able.

Congreve was the key-stone to the arch of this conventional and artificial school of the comic drama. He was the flowery capital to its Corinthian column—the cap-stone and ornamented apex to the whole structure.

In mind, constitution, habits, and manners Congreve was essentially the hollow fine gentleman. He carried his gentility into his genius, and it became the mainspring, the life-staff of his intellectual, as of his social existence. He loved gentility—meaning its prescribed rules and forms—more than his mental accomplishments; for he desired that Voltaire should visit him rather as the "gentleman" than as the man of literature and the author; and a stinging rebuke it must have been to his vanity, coming from so great a writer, and who himself was courted on all sides purely for his genius and his wit, when Voltaire replied that, "If Mr. Congreve had been nothing more than a 'gentleman,' he in all probability should not have visited him at all." Congreve's gentility also rode paramount over all considerations of social friendship. He had lived in habits of intimacy with the eminent Mrs. Bracegirdle for years; a woman esteemed by all who knew her, out of her profession, as well as in it; we may therefore conclude, that she came little short of the angelic, if her theatrical connections testified to her amiable qualities: yet

Congreve left the whole bulk of his property—principally arising from his sinecure pension for licencing hackney coaches—to Henrietta, commonly known as the “young Duchess of Marlborough.” The “ruling passion in death” was strong in him; he gasped to be identified with aristocracy; like a true worldling therefore, he “made his testament as worldlings do, leaving his sum of much to them that have more.” Ten thousand pounds to a duchess; two hundred pounds to one who had been a long and faithful friend to him. Spence in his anecdotes says: “Dr. Young told him that he was shown by the duchess a diamond necklace, that cost £7,000, and was purchased with the money left her by Congreve.” The generous and kind-hearted author of the “Night Thoughts” added:—“How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle!”

Dr. Johnson says, that his property was the “accumulation of attentive parsimony;” he was therefore a hunk, as well as a “tuft hunter,” and such a man would naturally so dispose of his property, when he could no longer keep it. Nollekens, the sculptor, left (*it is said*) the bulk of his enormous savings to George IV.

With all this poor, hollow insincerity in the practical man, it were too much to expect any great promulgation of an exalted feeling from Congreve, or of faith in goodness, from the same being, when describing his species. Your thoroughly selfish men always entertain—and naturally—a low opinion of mankind. In the pages of Congreve therefore we meet with the very worst specimens of the artificial world of rank in society; it may be (and collateral history and biography sanction the idea) that his scenes and portraitures are faithful contemporary representations; if so, indeed “The [former times were not better than these;” neither is it to be believed for one moment that they were: but indeed, the intrigue—gross, coarse palpable intrigue—mistrust, scandal, treachery, scoundrelism of every description, so saturate his plots; that one becomes nauseated with the monotony of love swindling; and the only thing which keeps the mind buoyant upon the stream of his descriptions, is the uncommon force and brilliancy of the author’s wit; and this really is out-pouring and unintermittent. But even this exquisitely pungent quality becomes in itself monotonous: all his gallants talk alike; all are equally witty; all are brethren with different names; the mere wittols, and such as the sea calf, Ben, are the exceptions. Even his very heroes and heroines appear to entertain the notion of matrimony only that they may be secure and free agents afterwards; and they appear to make no secret of their design; which, after all, is better

than the *cant* of chastity ; and that very loathsome sin—the hypocrisy of virtue.

For want of another word, which has been made too much of a stalking horse in our day, meaning the term “morality ;” I must say that, setting aside the single quality of his diamond-like wit, Congreve is a much less heart-to-heart writer, to my feelings, and far less moral than Wycherley, and this arises purely from his want of faith in single-mindedness and truth. This was the dead weight that kept Congreve's genius down. I bear to mind no one exalted character in all his comedies, meaning, a character to swear by and to set up as a beacon on the promontory of society, that men's eyes may gaze upon it, as on the brazen serpent, and be made whole of their moral leprosy. Are there then, no such characters in the world? Nay, does not every one of us, in our own little circles, know such a one, and did Mr. Congreve know none such? Or did he think that the only *true* thing in human nature was *untruth*? Why I prefer Wycherley to Congreve is, that although his scenes are protracted and diffuse, yet that they have a natural and conversational air about them ; as a primitive-minded lady critic once observed, “They are like things as might happen :” moreover, with all Wycherley's rough sketching, and his yet coarser verbiage, there is still a redemption about most of his characters ; they are worth the trouble of being made better. Wycherley had by nature a generous and an honourable heart, and his real nature shone through his writings. As a wit, or as a writer (with regard to style), he is not to be compared with Congreve ; but I like the native man better, and both men appear developed in their appreciation of human nature.

But let us turn to the comedies of Congreve, and first to his first production, “The Old Bachelor.” This was written, it should seem, when the author was under age, and a very extraordinary work of precocity it is. He started at once into a full knowledge of the world of artificial life : at eighteen his appreciation of his mother's sex was precisely that of a worn-out *roué* of fifty. How different from the glorious Jean Paul Richter's appreciation of women, who says : “Oh worse than all is the man, for whom his own mother has not made all other mothers venerable !”

The principal character in the play, the Old Bachelor, is a disgusting wretch, and who, in the conclusion of the piece, is righteously hoaxed and tricked, and by men worthy to play such a game. He entertains the lowest opinion of women, and yet he would marry ; he grants himself every licence, and yet is outrageous when he fancies his mistress assumes the same prerogative. He is a

perfect specimen of what has been wittily styled, "the unfair sex."

As might be expected in the composition of one so young—and in a first attempt, too—we meet with one or two reflexes of anterior characters in other authors. Captain Bluff, for instance, is a close imitation, even to his being thrashed, of Ben Jonson's Bobadil. And the sparring between Belmour and Belinda reminds one of Benedict and Beatrice; but Belinda is more cat-like, and, moreover, she has neither the heart nor the cordial wit of Beatrice. But, oh! heaven, to talk of Shakespeare's women in the same breath with Congreve's! Here is a specimen of a cooled lover receiving a letter from his mistress. Silvia asks of her servant, Lucy, "Tell me, for I would know, though to the anguish of my soul, how did he refuse? Tell me, how did he receive my letter—in anger or in scorn."

*Lucy.* Neither; but what was ten times worse—with senseless indifference. By this light I could have spit in his face. Received it! why, he received it as I would one of your *lovers* that should come empty-handed; as a court lord does his mercer's bill; or a begging dedication: he received it as if it had been a letter from his wife.

And here are the symptoms of love in one of Mr. Congreve's gallants, and which is an imitation (with his version of the passion) of Rosalind's, in "As You Like It." Silvia says to Heartwell, the old bachelor, whom she is befooling—having been cast off by her former lover—"Indeed if I were well assured you loved; but how can I be well assured?"

*Heart.* Take the symptoms and ask all the tyrants of thy sex if their fools are not known by this party-coloured livery. I am melancholic when thou art absent; look like an ass when thou art present; wake for thee when I should sleep; and even dream of thee when I am awake; sigh much, drink little, eat less, court solitude, am grown very entertaining to myself, and, as I am informed, very troublesome to everybody else. If this be not love, it is madness; and then it is pardonable. Nay, yet a more certain sign than all this—I give thee my money.

A hopeful specimen of world-knowledge this, in a writer under twenty years of age! Here is a specimen of his wit in repartee. Belmour introduces himself to Letitia, wife to Fondlewife, in a clerical disguise, she having expected a visitor *in that habit*. Upon her starting at his appearance, she says, "I may well be surprised at your person and impudence, they are both new to me. You are not what your first appearance promised. The *piety* of your habit was welcome, but not the hypocrisy." He, knowing her mind, and whom she expected, answers, "Rather the *hypocrisy* was welcome, but not the *hypocrite*." This is a fair sample of the pointed character of Congreve's dialogue.

The "Double Dealer" is a far finer production than the "Old Bachelor"—more intricate and surprising in plot, more various in character, and displaying more relief in passion. Maskwell, the double dealer, is an unmitigated, unadulterated villain. He is even gratuitous in his wickedness. He is worse than Iago—which is saying much—for he has not even Iago's motive for revenge; and Shakespeare knew that every action which is a sane one must spring from a motive. Iago, therefore—whether truly to his own mind, or for an excuse—betrays both Othello and Cassio, because the latter was promoted over him, and because he suspected both had been too intimate with his wife, Emilia. But Maskwell is false to everybody, and most false to those from whom he had received the greatest kindness, having no apparent motive for such concentrated treachery. The whole paraphernalia of his schemes, manœuvres, excuses, hair-breadth escapes from detection, are detailed with uncommon skill; but it is not a natural plot—it is a melodrama of treachery. One wholesome moral is to be deduced from the play, and that is, that your plotters—your "double-dealers"—give themselves ten times the labour of your "plain-dealers;" and it is but justice that such should be the result.

Sheridan evidently took his screen-scene in the "School for Scandal" from the famous one in this play, and both scenes blow up the two hypocrites, Surface and Maskwell. Sheridan's, however, is by far the more plausible contrivance. Sir Peter Teazle, as a man of the world, might easily suppose that the moral Joseph would commit his peccadillos with the little French milliner, and he would think none the worse of him for it; but a wary villain like Maskwell never would have been betrayed into such a conversation as that which passes between him and Lady Touchwood, with a screen in the room, and neither of them to have taken the precaution to see if any eaves-dropper were behind it.

The most amusing characters in the play are, Sir Paul Plyant, a poor hen-pecked fool of a husband; Lord Froth, a solemn coxcomb; and Brisk, a pert coxcomb. The fourth scene in the play, where the whole party at Lord Touchwood's are after dinner to join the ladies, is a ludicrous picture of the flabby folly of high life in that day.

SCENE.—*Careless, Mellefont, Lord Touchwood, Lord Froth, Sir Paul Plyant, and Brisk.*

*Lord Touch.* Out upon't, nephew! Leave your father-in-law and me to maintain our ground against young people!

*Mellefont.* I beg your lordship's pardon, we were just returning.

*Sir Paul.* Were you, son? Gad's bud much better as it is. Good—strange!

I swear I'm almost tipsy. T'other bottle would have been too powerful for me ; as sure as can be it would. We wanted your company ; but Mr. Brisk—where is he ? I swear and vow he's a most facetious person, and the best company. And my Lord Froth, your lordship is so merry a man—he ! he ! he !

*Froth.* O foy, Sir Paul, what do you mean ? Merry ! O barbarous ! I'd as leave you called me a fool.

*Sir Paul.* Nay, I protest and vow, now, 'tis true ; when Mr. Brisk jokes, your lordship's laugh does so become you—he ! he ! he !

*Froth.* Ridiculous ! Sir Paul, you are strangely mistaken. *I find champagne is powerful.* I assure you, Sir Paul, I laugh at nobody's jest but my own—or a lady's ; I assure you, Sir Paul.

*Brisk.* How ? how, my Lord ? What, affront my wit ! Let me perish, do I never say anything worthy to be laughed at ?

*Froth.* O foy ! don't misunderstand me. I don't say so, for I often *smile* at your conceptions. But there's nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh ; 'tis such a vulgar expression of the passion. Everybody can laugh. Then, especially to laugh at the jest of an inferior person, or when nobody else of the same quality does not laugh with one—ridiculous ! To be pleased with what pleases the crowd ! Now, when I laugh, I always laugh alone.

*Brisk.* I suppose, that's because you laugh at your own jests, egad ! Ha ! ha ! ha !

*Froth.* He ! he ! I swear, though, your raillery provokes me to a smile.

*Brisk.* Ay, my lord, 'tis a sign I hit you in the teeth if you show them.

*Froth.* He ! he ! he ! I swear that's so very pretty, I can't forbear.

*Lord Touch.* Sir Paul, if you please, we'll retire to the ladies, and drink a dish of tea to settle our heads.

*Sir Paul.* With all my heart. Mr. Brisk, you'll come to us ; or call me when you joke ; I'll be ready to laugh incontinently.

“Love for Love” was Congreve's third comedy ; the heroine of which, Angelica, is his most estimable, if not his most showy female in point of talent, and certainly his most sensible one in point of conduct. In tact and matrimonial diplomacy she is a match for her lover, Valentine, who is a wanton spendthrift ; and she will have nothing to say to him till she have substantial proofs of his reformation. He feigns madness to soften her obdurate heart ; but she perceives his manœuvre, and listens to an offer of marriage from his father, who has determined to disinherit his sons. In the age of Congreve it should seem that the matrimonial “black-leg” could scarcely have formed a distinctive class in the community, whether the character were male or female ; for any manœuvre, however rascally, was lawful, and even laudable, that hooked a partner for life ; and truly, to speak of such people, it was of little consequence how they became linked, or whether they pulled well or ill together afterwards. Their tricks are infinitely amusing, and we laugh at them in much the same spirit as at the impudent delinquencies of a pantomime clown. And as to the ribaldry of the dialogue—well, let us



beware of the infection as we walk along our streets ; the one is quite as likely to contaminate us as the other, if the mental culture be not healthy and in good training. Who, for instance, simply entertained, and who but a born fool, after reading the scene between Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Foresight, would take to a love intrigue? It has been said that Schiller's play of "The Robbers" converted a whole set of university students into highwaymen—an amazing herd of donkeys must those young gentlemen have been for, without giving ourselves half their trouble, and with quite as much romance for adventure, we used at school to play at "Watchmen and Thieves;" and yet I do not remember that in the staid reality of schoolboy life any one of our little highwaymen broke open a school-fellow's box. Lying is said to be the root of all evil. If carefully investigated, I suspect that the tap-root—the origin, support and sustenance of *all* immoral, and therefore unjust, dealing, may be traced to selfishness, and no deeper. The principle and habit of respecting the feelings of others is *unselfishness*, and it is but a paraphrase of the command to do unto all men as you would all men should do unto you.

The character of old Foresight, the astrologer, is a favourite of the author's in this play of "Love for Love." That finest of all farce-actors, MUMFORD, made it so some sixty odd years since ; but one of the most entertaining, and the most natural, is Ben, the sailor, brother to Valerie. The blundering hard-headedness and yet instinctive truth in this character are delightful. How finely his straightforward conduct comes in contrast against the manœuvring and insincerity of all the others. His first love, Miss Prue, designs him for Miss Prue ; but he, having a spice of the paternal obstinacy, quarrels with her at their first interview. Mrs. Frail has hooked him. But Mrs. Frail finds afterwards that Ben is likely to be disinherited ; she therefore determines to cable and let him drift. The scene between them is (so far as it is concerned) a good representation of straightforward "entire honesty" :—

SCENE—MRS. FRAIL and BEN.

*Ben.* All mad, I think,—Flesh! I believe all the calentures of the sea are ashore, for my part!

*Mrs. Frail.* Mr. Benjamin in choler!

*Ben.* No, I am pleased well enough now I have found you. Mess! I have such a hurricane on your account yonder!

*Frail.* My account! Pray, what's the matter?

*Ben.* Why, father came and found me squabbling with yon chitty-faced fellow as he would have me marry,—so he asked what was the matter. He asked in a surly sort of a way. It seems brother Val has gone mad, and so that put me in a passion. But what did I know that; what's that to me? So he ask

a surly sort of a manner, and, gad, I answered 'en as surlily. What tho'f he be my father? I an't bound prentice to 'en. So, faith, I told 'en in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him; and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt pies, than to look after a husband; for my part, I was none of her man. I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

*Frail.* So, then, you intend to go to sea again?

*Ben.* Nay, nay, my mind run upon you,—but I wouldn't tell him as much. So he said he'd make my heart ache; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aching than my heart. He was woundy angry when I gave 'en this wipe. He hadn't a word to say, and so I left 'en and the young girl together. Mayhap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself;—with all my heart.

*Frail.* And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father?

*Ben.* Then why was he graceless first? If I'm undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I didn't get myself.

*Frail.* Oh, impiety! how have I been mistaken! What an inhuman, merciless creature have I set my heart upon! Oh, I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless, smiling face.

*Ben.* Hey, toss! what's the matter now? Why, you ben't angry, be you?

*Frail.* O, see me no more! for thou wert born amongst rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds, and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth—a most outrageous fish of prey.

*Ben.* O Lord! O Lord! she's mad. Poor young woman! Love has turned her senses; her brain is quite overset. Well-a-day, how shall I set her to rights?

*Frail.* No, no; I'm not mad, monster. I am wise enough to find you out. Hadst thou impudence to aspire at being a husband with that stubborn and disobedient temper? You that know not how to submit to a father presume to have sufficient stock of duty to undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed indeed—very finely fobbed!

*Ben.* Hark ye, forsooth. If so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see, for aught as I perceive I'm likely to be finely fobbed, if I have got anger here on your account and you are tacked about already. What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroking my cheeks? . . . . What, would you sheer off so? Would you, and leave me aground?

*Frail.* No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

*Ben.* What, are you false-hearted, then?

*Frail.* Only the wind's changed.

*Ben.* More shame for you. The wind's changed! It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Mayhap I've a good riddance on you, an these be your tricks. What did you mean all this time? to make a fool of me?

*Frail.* Any fool, but a husband.

*Ben.* Husband! gad, I wouldn't be your husband if you would have me, now I know your mind; tho'f you had your weight in gold and jewels; and tho'f I loved you never so well.

The finest speech, perhaps, in the whole play; and the most characteristically genuine.

*Frail.* Why, canst thou love, porpoise ?

*Ben.* No matter what I can do:—don't call names. I don't love you so well to bear that, whatever I did. I'm glad you show yourself, mistress. Let them marry you as don't know you: gad, I know you too well, by sad experience: I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen-pecked frigate,—I believe that, young woman,—so there's a dash for you, take it as you will:—mayhap you may holla after me when I won't come to.

Of the last, and crowning comedy of Congreve's, "The Way of the World," I do not think it too much to say in its praise, that it comprises the most quintessentialised combination of qualities requisite to compound an artificially legitimate comedy to be found in the whole range of our dramatic literature. I do not say, the comedy of *primitive* and *natural* life; but the comedy of the fur-belows and flounces; of powder and essences; of paint and enamelling; of high-heels, hoops, and all hideous artificialities, concealments, intrigues, plots, and subterfuges. In reading the play, one's faculties are retained in a perpetual suspension of pleasure at the unabating and highly sustained succession of flights of wit, gaily tintured imageries, flashing repartees, and skilfully contrasted characters on the scene. What can be more perfect in portraiture than Millamant—a genuine specimen of a lady of accomplishment and fashion; giddy, wayward, rallying and languishing; encouraging or repelling, according to the humour of the moment!—hovering in an atmosphere of duplicity, and on the brink of being singed,—like a moth round a candle; and yet, is saved by her excellent understanding, and naturally good heart. Nothing sure can be finer than her professed indifference to, and contempt of our sex prostrating themselves at the shrine of beauty: her having her curls pinned up in the poetical letters offered by her worshippers upon the altar of her loveliness.

I never pin up my hair with *prose*, Mr. Witwoud—I think I tried once,—Mincing?

*Min.* O, mem, I shall never forget it: till I had the cramp in my fingers, I vow, mem; and all to no purpose. But when your la'ship pins it up with po'try it sits as pleasant the next day as anything, and is so pure and so crips.

Then again, her retort to the rallying of her lover, Mirabel.

O, the vanity of these men!—Fainall, d'ye hear him? If *they* did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now, you must know, they could not commend one, if one *was not* handsome. Beauty the lover's gift! Lord, what is a lover that *it* can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases; and they live as long as one pleases; and they die as soon as one pleases; and then, if one pleases, one makes more. . . . One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, then one's wit to an echo. They can but reflect what we look and say; vain empty things if we are silent, or unseen, and want a being.

This is the very climax of a spoiled and triumphant beauty ; assured of her power, and running riot with it.

The celebrated scene in the 4th Act, where she makes her stipulations with Mirabel before their marriage, is unsurpassable for that pretty wanton wilfulness that a conscious and sweet-tempered beauty may indulge in, and be loved the better afterwards. Her affected regret at the thought of resigning her liberty is enchanting ; and the more so because she is not the person either to resign at any time, or to afford a plea for her [being disfranchised. When she says : " Oh, I hate a lover that can dare to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantic arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatistical an air. Ah ! I'll never marry, unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure."

*Mir.* Would you have them both before marriage ? or will you be contented with the first now, and stay for the other till after grace ?

*Mill.* Ah ! don't be impertinent.—My dear liberty ! shall I leave thee ? my faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu ?—Ay—h, adieu—my morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, all ye *douceurs, ye sommeils du matin*, adieu !—I can't do it, 'tis more than impossible—positively, Mirabel, I'll lie a bed in a morning as long as I please.

*Mir.* Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

*Mil.* Ah ! *idle creature*—get up when you will,—and, d'ye hear ? I won't be called names after I'm married ; positively I won't be called names.

*Mir.* Names !

*Mil.* Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweetheart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar. I shall never bear that ; good Mirabel, don't let us be familiar, or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my Lady Fadler and Sir Francis ; nor go to Hyde Park together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers, and then never to be seen there together again ; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after.

This is but a small portion of a most delightful scene. Mirabel is not so agreeable a character as Millamant. Not less natural, however ; but he has misgivings about his prerogative, and is more than tinged with coxcomby. That is a true picture of human nature and lover-resentment in the first scene of the play, where he and Fainall are discoursing of Millamant and her beauteous disdain, and he ends :—

I like her with all her faults ; nay, like her *for* her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her ; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, Fainall, she once used me with such insolence that, in revenge, I took her to pieces, sifted her, and separated her failings. I studied 'em and got 'em by

rote. The catalogue was so large that I was not without hopes one day or other to hate her heartily; to which end I so used myself to think of 'em that, at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less and less disturbance; till, in a few days, it became habitual to me to remember 'em without being displeas'd. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties; and, in all probability, in a little time longer, I shall like 'em as well.

The under-characters in the play—Mr. and Mrs. Fainall, Mrs. Marwood, Witwoud, Sir Wilful, &c.—are odious. Foible and Mincing are choice samples of rascally waiting-women, and Lady Wishfort is the farce-character in the piece. The scene in her boudoir, with Peg, the chamber-maid—the one in her fury wherein she is turning Foible out of her service—and that with Sir Wilful, when he is drunk, are all inimitable paintings. Like Mrs. Malaprop, she has a most choice “derangement of epitaphs,” only that they are the dialect of a woman of society, with a vehement and glib tongue, with as slippery a conscience, and an equally inconsequent understanding.

Out upon't, out upon't! (she says to Sir Wilful, who is drunk.) At years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

*Sir Wilful.* No offence, aunt.

*Lady Wish.* Offence! as I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you. Foh! how you stink of wine! D'ye think my niece will ever endure such a Borachio?—you're an absolute Borachio.

Millamant excuses herself from staying any longer.

Your pardon, madam,—Sir Wilful grows very powerful. Oh, how he smells! I shall be overcome if I stay.

*Lady Wish.* Smells! he would poison a tallow-chandler and his family. Beastly creature, I know not what to do with him.

The cause that this admirable collection of wit, raillery, sarcasm, and repartee was condemned on its first representation must have been the result of cabal and personal spite; for it is greatly the most polished of this author's compositions—the most natural in plot, and the least offensive in language and arrangement. The tradition exists, and probably is known to most readers, that the author leaned from the box where he had been witnessing its representation and condemnation, and addressed the audience with, “Ladies and gentlemen, this play will live when you are all dead and——,” &c.

The stronghold of Congreve's genius was wit in its greatest brilliancy. His characters all talk in the superlative degree of correctness and gusto; but they are little better than machines for conversation. They come upon the scene and deliver themselves handsomely, but they have no movement, and no real sentiment or passion. The Cavalier, dare-devil age of the Restoration—with all its obscenity and coarseness of every kind—bad as that age was, carried with it,

nevertheless, some soul of redemption, compared with the utter heartlessness and hoar-frost glitter of the age of William III. There is little doubt that Congreve was, indeed, a faithful and "brief chronicler" of the spirit, morals, and manners of his contemporaries, a race of whom the Queen, Mary, used to say, despairingly, of their unprincipled recklessness with regard to every social tie, "Can these dry bones live?"—a society wherein personal infidelity was considered the requisite accomplishment of a gentleman, and open adultery an exceedingly good jest. Throughout the whole of the three dozen dramas of Shakespeare—which people who have never read them call immodest—there is not one sentence so unsound, and not one principle so rotten, as are the foundation and main structure of the four comedies that accurately portray the aristocratic society of the boasted Revolution and "Glorious Memory" of 1688.

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# PLAYERS OF OUR DAY.

## IV.—MR. SOTHERN.



MOST pleasant are the memories of the old Haymarket nights, when that extraordinary phenomenon, "Lord Dundreary," first took the humour of the town. The overwhelming crowds, the joyous urbanity, the perfect enjoyment, without any Solon-like pausing to investigate principles, the hysterical bursts of laughter, make up a picture of a night's entertainment seldom to be found. That odd, diverting, and most original character will be for ever associated with the name of Mr. E. A. Sothern; who, apart from his own gifts, has certainly the praise of having made the greatest "hit" of modern times, and, unlike other "hitters," has successfully maintained the position he at first won. The delineation of this character had a deeper merit than was at first supposed. Granting the reckless absurdity of the character, the surprising and logical elaboration, down to the minutest details, has scarcely ever been rivalled. Such a detailed exhibition of happy fatuity could hardly be conceived. The expression of a conception could not be more perfect. The character or the piece may not have reached a very high standard, but as to the humourousness of the performance, there could be no question. Mr. Sothern may try to win a reputation for talents more universal: his name and fame will always be convertible with Lord Dundreary. If nothing succeeds like success, it has also this drawback—that it is jealous, and makes a second effort in another direction difficult. He is obliged to compete with himself. But it was impossible to strike out another type as eccentric as the first, and the public found themselves invited to meet their favourite in the character of a chivalrous lover, a half-mad poet, a drunken actor, and other surprising parts.

The charm of Dundreary was its amazing versatility and finish. All the details were so delicate, and worked in with so nice a regard to the propensity of the character. Of course, the extraordinary revised edition, with which the public was indulged later, must be excepted:—when the eccentric sings a song of his own composition, goes to bed tipsy, mistakes rooms, &c. This was the mere wantonness of

assured success; but in his earlier representations, the perfect *gentlemanliness* of his folly, the good nature and self-possession which were imported by the actor, show a real instinct. There were wise bits of folly, where he was sagacious and giving good advice, which showed the same delicacy. Even his little oddities of demeanour, his little skip, and a hundred other little touches, show the careful study and true instinct brought to bear upon the part.

In "David Garrick," his next attempt, he seems to have had much success. The part was certainly played with entrancing energy and animation, but neither it, nor the piece, appeared to rise above average melodrama. For actors to act actors is certainly "false heraldry," but the impression left is as of something belonging to the thousand-and-one dramas of interest set out upon the ordinary boards. It was, of course, announced as "by T. W. Robertson," though it was no more than a free translation. Mr. Sothern carries it through with such vivacity and energy, as to cause the unusual phenomenon of a "recall" at the end of his "drunken scene." Still its popularity is amazing. Of the other *réchauffés*, continuations of Lord Dundreary, "Brother Tham," "Dundreary Married and Settled," nothing is to be said—they were poor "fine-drawings" of what had served its turn more than sufficiently.

As a gentleman, irreproachable in dress and delivery, Mr. Sothern deserves infinite praise. In light comedy he can show a gaiety of humour that would not be suspected. He would shine in *Mirabel* we would fancy. We have seen him in a little adaptation of his own from the French, called "My Aunt's Advice," which he played in a buoyant, gay, and exuberant fashion—at the same time duly refined—which made it highly entertaining. Indeed, the spirit and elegance infused into this charming little piece seemed to give a hint of a new department of qualities, which only want a suitable piece to call them out. And this makes us regret that when an artist is endowed with a special class of eccentric gifts, these should not be specially studied by special craftsmen, who could, as it were, take their measure and write characters which should exhibit them to the fairest advantage. This it is for which Mr. Sothern waits, and I believe there are some eccentric types to be borrowed from the ranks of genteel society, in which he might make a success quite as remarkable as was that of his Lord Dundreary.

Mr. Sothern is one of the fortunate ones in a profession where very little money is to be made nowadays. The best actors find that uncertainty attends even the most favourable engagements—theatres closing abruptly, managers breaking, &c. Mr. Sothern has been



securely established at the Haymarket from the beginning, and during the season makes handsome profits. But it is when he sets out on tours in the country that money begins to pour in. Then every night becomes precious. A fair indication of the scale of his earnings was furnished some time ago by his reply to a proposal to proceed to Australia, when it was shown fairly that the weeks of the voyage out, during which his earnings must be fallow, would represent a loss of some thousands, which no success could recoup. At the lowest calculation Mr. Sothern's earnings must be a thousand a month all the year round—a noble income for a popular player. Mr. Sothern, as we have said, has given a good tone to the profession; he is a gentleman, well connected by birth and marriage, is much sought after for his own agreeable gifts, and has hosts of friends in the highest ranks of society. He is industrious, conscientious, and liked in the profession.

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No. V.—MR. JOHN S. CLARKE.

This name brings us to a class of players who may be "grotesques," and who, if we make a stern analysis, must be counted with professional "delineators" and humourists of the music-hall class. This may seem a forced and ungracious definition, but it will be admitted to be a truly logical deduction from their own system of "making the business pay." These, as we have seen in a previous paper, strive to make all the entertainment rest on themselves, and invite their supporters to come and see them act, not to see a play *in* which they will act. This is no more than what the ingenious "Geo. Leybourne," or "the Great Baggs," does. These artists are only more downright, and dispense with the pretence of a few lay figures who carry out the pretence of a play. All this comes from the *auri sacra fames*—we almost add "Virgil—ahem!"—fresh from the performance of Mr. Clarke. More money is to be made by this solitary exhibition, and therefore, by all nineteenth-century rules, philosophy, principle, correctness, and propriety itself all give way.

Mr. John S. Clarke is a terrible offender in this way. His show-booth has been for some years the little Strand Theatre, where he has reigned supreme. He possesses the power of throwing his audience into convulsions of laughter. People will pay largely to be thus tickled, and his success has been tremendous. This power, it may be said, considered "in the abstract," is amusing and cheap. It is distributed among a good number of the human race, and most

of those within our own circle know amusing fellows enough who possess it. The result of this money-drawing power is that the player is privileged with a sort of licence, and exhibitions are given which literally amount to no more than grotesque tumbling. As, for instance, in "The Toodles"—an old-fashioned, utterly stupid farce, which had not a particle of wit or sense to recommend it; but a single scene made it a histrionic triumph. Mr. Crummles might have looked out of his grave with delight—if he be there now—to see his famous idea of "the pump" carried out—not only carried out, but made the provocation for shrieks of agonising laughter. And the same far-seeing manager might have lamented that his other suggestions of "the washing-tubs" had not been added, and that, by a stupid arrangement, a gate had been substituted. As the whole was intended as a representation of what is called "beastly" drunkenness, surely a stumble into the tubs, the splashing flounderings in the attempt at extrication, would have been valuable histrionic additions. Many will recall the elaborate inebriate business of that scene—the laborious attempts to get over the gate, the entanglement, the staggering, the recovering, and finally the glorious pump *malencontreusement*, when the intoxicated being shook hands warmly with the handle. The painful and hysterical shrieks of laughter that followed—renewed again and again, and sustained for minutes, while those posturings went on—conveyed a miserable idea, not of the actor, but of the enlightened audience who were entertained in the fashion they required.

Nor should we pass by yet another illustration of the same kind. A farce was specially to bring out Mr. J. S. Clarke's peculiar abilities, and this turned altogether on what, will it be supposed? On that really surprising power of facial expression which the actor possesses? No. On his powers of intonation and inflexion, also great? No. Simply on an overtight pair of trousers—another piece of homage to Mr. Crummles. As far as can be recollected this did not appear to be the author's contribution to the business] of the piece, or, at least, it was developed into the grand convulsing proportions it assumed by the genius of the actor. Again, as before, hysterical enjoyment on the part of the audience, tears in the eyes, &c.

After these feats we might be fairly inclined to dismiss this exotic player to the travelling vans—to the ranks of the Dulcarmas of the provincial circuits. But we should do him great injustice. The audiences of the present day cruelly enforce—shaking their purses in the air—the well-worn principle, "Those who live to please, must please to live." What they call for must be supplied. Glimpses of

a better principle in some other plays made one suspect that was, after all, a strain of true humour in Mr. Clarke, which waited the proper occasion to be called out. As, for instance, that character of Wellington de Boots, when he kept reading a letter over and over again to himself in a monotone of astonishment showed some knowledge of human nature. Some lucky circumstance turned him and the management to the capital old comedy, "Heir at Law," which makes us wholly reverse the harsher judgment his own eccentricities lead us to pronounce.

Here we find an illustration of what was said before, for recuperation is owing entirely to the play itself. Given a play upon proper principles and you are certain of good acting. In fact, an actor with poor washy stuff put into his hands to make what he can of, is driven to personal tricks and oddities to help out the deficiencies. To see Colman's "Heir at Law," as acted at the Strand, was a thing really refreshing. There was a story, broad, intelligible, and advancing; and there was a variety of characters, each amusing, and connected with the story; and besides this progressive interest there was detailed entertainment at every step of progress arising from amusing exhibition either of character or of speech. These are the two arts of exciting interest and entertainment—a story that grows, and a colouring that lightens the details and helps forward the history. *There was something* to say, and, therefore, there were people capable of saying it. You were amused from beginning to end, and the amusement was progressive, and not exhausted at any one sensation portion. The old shopkeeper-lord and his wife, the rustic, excellently played by Mr. Paulton, and without exaggeration the Irish servant, the "simple village maid," Cicely Homes, make up a number of excellently contrasted characters. The ordinary star actor would shrink from such an *entourage*, as diminished the blaze of his own light. Yet Mr. Clarke is shrewd enough to have discovered that the having a group of good and spirited characters about him is a positive advantage, and adds fresh brilliancy to his own efforts. While the sham dining-out wit fancies his own efforts to be equalled by competition, the genuine one finds his exertions paralyzed by dummies and stocks. The reason of this is that we resent the intervals of dullness and stupidity to which the writer for the stage demns us, and even visit it on *his* head; and the concentrated attraction in one single figure throws too much on him, and causes a perpetual strain, fatal to all easy and natural playing.

Coming then to the Dr. Pangloss of Mr. Clarke, and accepting the extravagant bouquet of praise which the "adm

tion" has picked from the *Times* and the public press generally, it must be said that for these degenerate days it is an excellent performance. The "late George Colman" might hardly accept it as the realisation of his ideal; for it is too airy and "dapper," too juvenile—it wants the crabbed solemnity of the pedagogue. It is also elaborated with a wonderful minuteness and finish. One excellence is the judicious variety he has imparted to his quotations, which with many actors would become monotonous. But it is plain to see that he has found the secret for avoiding this blemish, namely, by mentally putting himself in the place of a character who views everything through the classical medium—and who is eager to illustrate what turns up by a passage. The genuineness and earnestness of such an interrupter in real life would be a guarantee against monotony of tone. And certainly he imparts a variety by struggling to "get in" his favourite illustration, when there is a tendency not to pay attention. One little trick in his scene with Lady Duberly shows the instinct of true acting—viz., his manner of correcting the lady's English *en passant* as it were, not wishing to pass by the blunder, yet doing it half respectfully, half timorously—she at first taking no notice. The closing scene, when he tries to obtain new engagements, is admirable. In short it never flags; and if Mr. J. S. Clarke were to direct his studies in this wholesome direction, and forswear all fun that turns, firstly, on the torturing of his really mobile face, and especially on that "sucking in" of his cheeks and lips: secondly, on the wearing of tight trousers, or on kindred embarrassments: and thirdly, on the exhibition of degrading conditions of human nature, such as drunkenness, &c., he would take the first rank among English players. It may be remarked, in conclusion, that American training has sent us a fresher and more genuine order of "fun" than we ourselves possess, in the persons of Mrs. John Wood, Mr. Sothern, Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Barney Williams, Mrs. Florence, and some others. In these there is a certain extravagance and grotesqueness, but there is undeniable spirit and "go," which is excellent and indeed indispensable raw material to start with. Mr. Clarke has his face and its muscles in excellent training—a rare discipline among our own players. On the whole a capital player.

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## MEREDITH : AN IDYLL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEEN'S DEATH AND OTHER POEMS."

**T**HAT is the noble face of Meredith ;  
I answer your mute gaze with love that hastes  
To speak of him our God had made so great,  
And still so gentle ; one who dwarfed us all,  
And yet who ever stooped when Wisdom's gate  
Was deemed too low by common, meaner, men.  
Though he is dead, his genius still survives  
In that exalted brow, and those rapt eyes,  
Which beam through mine as in the far-off days.  
The story of his life, as of all lives  
Which move the world, is to one passion set ;  
Yet what in some is Fame, with him was Love.  
You would be taught how Meredith was slain,  
And all his wealth of Nature lost to us ?  
Let me draw back the adamantine veil  
That interposes 'twixt him and his kind.

A soul whose youth was as the rosy dawn  
Of summer, full of wonder and delight,  
With awe and pleasure blent in inner depths,  
And silent passion binding brain and heart—  
Thus he went forth, and trod this mystic earth  
God's pupil, apter in the mighty school  
Of golden lore than we his fellows are.  
For him 'twas greatness to be always meek ;  
And, as the light and air which move the trees  
In March, and clothe the fields with verdant robes,  
So to the human forest gave he life,  
That life their wither'd branches, drooping, craved.  
To him all creeds and formulas were vain,  
Fit only to be nursed by narrower minds,  
Who arrogate to their behoof alone  
The blessings of that Pow'r who made us all,  
And whom he felt about him evermore.  
Yet Plenty came not to attend on him  
As Nature's handmaid ; he had dower divine,

But Fortune with her riches held aloof,  
And Meredith was brother to the poor.  
I well remember how he spake of this—  
“Out of their ranks, O Earth! have ever sprung  
Thy sons of glory, both in art and war,  
Who pour contempt upon thy thirst of gold,  
And show thee what is greatest 'neath the sun—  
A human heart, when, mov'd by its own strength  
And native grandeur, it subdues the world!”

Through the calm features of my friend behold,  
As in a mirror glass'd, his rev'rent thought,  
Which ever up the vast Empyrean soared  
To bring Heav'n's own aroma back to Earth.  
To be himself in all, and make the Truth  
A living thing amid the base and false,  
Was his desire. Beneath his sheltering soul,  
As traveller who meets with desert palms,  
Hath mine found welcome refuge, when the path  
Of this great orb seemed lone and terrible.  
Seven years have sped since came that one event  
Which comes to all men, either soon or late—  
Lifting the wise to still more lofty heights,  
But sinking craven hearts in hopelessness—  
And which, in all the sunny time of youth,  
Found Meredith rejoicing in himself,  
In man, in nature, and the Deity,  
The idol and expectancy of friends,  
And full of promise as the early May.  
The vision of a woman, glorified  
By beauty never matched in mortal guise,  
Passed through the outward eye into his soul,  
Pulsating it with new and wondrous life.  
A noble scion of a noble house,  
The Lady Ethel looked on Meredith—  
When first he saw her queen of some grand ball,  
In honour of her father's rising fame—  
As one 'mongst many others whom 'twas meet  
To patronise; but Meredith's deep gaze  
Pierced through the liquid radiance of her eyes,  
Till the dark eyelids quiver'd and declin'd;

And, in a madden'd ecstasy, he deemed  
 The love he felt accepted and returned.  
 Then love grew into worship, till all else  
 Save Ethel died, or he died to all else.  
 But she indulged no other mood or thought  
 Than that with him 'twere pleasant to exchange  
 Not equal words, but words polite on art  
 Or science ; for he had a fluent tongue,  
 Which she would honour him by listening to.  
 Thus genius, which shows us most of God,  
 Is made a chattel at the will of wealth.  
 At length, he conquer'd his plebeian dread  
 Of noble blood, broad acres, Cræsean gold :  
 So, in that strength which talent sometimes flings  
 About the spirit, saying, " Thou art great !"  
 And bridging every chasm found on earth,  
 At Lady Ethel's feet he threw himself,  
 Pouring, with burning eloquence of love,  
 His mighty passion on her startled ear.

Amazed, she cast him from her in disdain :  
 " Love thee !" she cried, " Who art thou thus to raise  
 Thine eyes to me, the daughter of an earl,  
 Whilst thou art all unknown, obscure, and poor ?  
 Know that if thou wouldst win me, it must be  
 By making nations wait upon thy name  
 Through deed or work ; but if thy soul be weak,  
 And fail to lift thee from thy native dust,  
 Begone, nor speak to me of passion more !"

Then Meredith did battle with the world,  
 And in his heart resolv'd for dear love's sake  
 To vanquish it, but hating it the while  
 With ten-fold hatred now he was its slave.  
 Till he had plac'd his foot upon its neck,  
 Exclaiming " I have conquer'd thee," no hour  
 Of grace he gave unto his fever'd soul,  
 But ate the bread of haste, yielding to fame  
 That strength he should by leisure have increas'd.  
 At length prevail'd the great imperial will ;  
 The world of letters echoed with his name,

And critics, strangely stumbling on the truth,  
Found in his work "the offshoots of a mind  
Whose roots must gather pow'r, and whose vast trunk  
Should send forth branches tow'ring to the skies."  
But Death had laid his axe upon the base,  
And hewed in silence, while the leaves of hope  
Shook in the sun of sweet prosperity.

One bright and glorious afternoon in June,  
As Lady Ethel at her window sat  
Breathing sweet fragrance from the summer air,  
Living in Meredith's immortal work,  
Her maid disturb'd the current of her thoughts—  
Uplift to heavenly heights of ecstasy—  
And in her dainty palm a letter plac'd  
Charged only with few words of trenchant grief,  
"Come to me, I am dying : Meredith."  
The letter glided from my lady's hands :  
A pallor overspread her haughty face,  
And tears well'd freely from a long-sealed fount.  
Fair Ethel knelt ere many moments sped  
Beside the author's couch, and pardon crav'd  
In that she was the agent of his death.  
But Meredith forbade her self-reproach,  
Kissed her luxuriant locks, her eyes, her lips,  
And falling backwards with this parting cry :  
"God, who hath cross'd my love, now comfort thee !"  
Died as a weary child would weep and sleep.

Five years have closed upon this tragedy,  
And Lady Ethel yet remains unwed.  
Checking all importunities, she saith  
Her heart is in the tomb with Meredith,  
The only spirit victor of her own.  
Soft, here she comes, and you shall speak with her.

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# LEAVES FROM THE AUTO- BIOGRAPHY OF A SMALL TERRIER.

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE HUNKS.

**I**F the reader has no interest in pursuing the history of Jane Playfair, and in knowing how the "old hunks" spent his money, he (or she) had better turn to something more worthy his attention. For we dogs run the career from youth to age much faster than you of the human species; and now that my memoirs have reached the period in which I have to give some sketches of persons in whom I now became very much interested, I do not know that the term and future of my life may carry me beyond them.

The events of the last few days had ripened very much the intimacy and confidence between Jane and myself. I knew, in some things which closely concerned her, more than she was aware, indeed more than she knew herself. For Mr. Brakespere, before leaving the house after that memorable conversation with Miss Wymondsey, had only told her that he had met with difficulties which he did not anticipate; that he was afraid he had much discomposed and even distressed her cousin; and that as the only way which, on the spur of the moment, he could see of avoiding a rupture of all pleasant relations, he had undertaken not to renew the subject in any form for a month: that he did not doubt that Miss Playfair would confide in his discretion, and would even aid him in observing his engagement, not only in accordance with, but even beyond its literal terms. He did not stay to hear any acquiescence. Perhaps Jane's looks while he was speaking were answer enough. He only shook her hand and hurried away.

Miss Wymondsey's conduct, seizure, sufferings, and end were for Jane a terrible commentary on these few words. In the first hours that gave any space for consciousness and retrospect, the two days seemed to have passed with the rapidity of a dream. But, alas! it was not a dream. In some way—she could not tell how, or why—she appeared to herself guilty of the very death of her benefactress. True, Miss Wymondsey was a person very difficult to live with intimately.

But Jane vividly remembered her own feelings, when, five years before, Miss Wymondsey had acknowledged her relationship with the desolate orphan, who had no home, no brother or sister, bare maintenance by the aid of an orphan's allowance from the military fund of the East India Company's Service. Her mother was Miss Millicent's cousin; but she had no claim upon the Wymondseys. The relationship arose through Mr. Wymondsey's wife, Miss Millicent's mother. But Miss Wymondsey had taken her to her house; treated her as an adopted child, as the only one of her relatives in whom she manifested any kindly interest in her social world. Jane had never consciously forgotten her gratitude for an hour. Not having been brought up from early childhood amid the positive advantages and comforts of her position, she did not take them all for granted as her own right; nor resent Miss Millicent's selfish exactions and humours as personal wrongs and injuries. And now, why has this terrible trouble come upon her? She thought of any, every, act or thought committed or omitted, which could have been construed into disrespect or negligence; she thought of everything good in Miss Wymondsey; nay, in her sweet charity she invented good traits which never had any existence, in order that she might make scorpion whips of them to lash herself. What wonder if she came to think almost with horror and repugnance of that sweet passage, that one act of self-seeking which she had admitted, when she allowed the proposal that had been made to her to be referred to her dear cousin: she ought to have known how it would have provoked all her prejudices. That, that alone, had brought on this catastrophe.

For my part, while the poor young lady was plaguing herself in this way, I could not help thinking how much better Miss Wymondsey would have consulted her own happiness if she had recognised and cherished such loyal affection instead of thrusting it rudely aside to gratify a preposterous selfishness. She might have been living now to enjoy the happiness which she could have been the almost impassive instrument of heaping upon others. But Miss Millicent had no sensitiveness for such enjoyment. Such things are done, such mistakes are made, and daily. On a review of the circumstances I may observe, too, what a very unhandsome trick that sensitive conscience played its owner. It made her very miserable by its accusation of crimes of which she was quite guiltless. I have paid the more attention to conscience since I heard many earnest discussions on the subject between my reverend master, Mr. Moody, and one or two of the friends who came to visit him in his lodgings at Dullerby. There was at least one of them who was ready to take

the "direction" of anybody or everybody's conscience. Much he insisted on the comfort that he had administered to many who had freely opened their minds to him. He was doubtless quite right when he said that there were many who needed justice to be administered between themselves and their consciences. He seemed to consider that he was able infallibly to dispense it, so that those who left him should go away with a perfect sense of relief. A pretty business he would have made with poor Jane just then, accusing herself of the death of Miss Millicent. What would he have known about the truth of the case? At the best he could but have heard the poor girl's own story: and doubtless then he would have thought he knew all about it. Very random justice would he have administered if he had known nothing, if he could not by any possibility have guessed anything of the tenor of that conversation between Miss Millicent and Mr. Brakespere. Even if he had known *that*, would he have known all that was necessary to administer justice between Jane's conscience and Miss Millicent's jaundice? Who could doubt it, when there was quite enough to account for everything? Men and women are quite satisfied in their judgments of one another when they know as much as that. And yet there is one other little fact, that mere chance brought out afterwards, which has a very decided bearing on the part Miss Wymondsey took. Let the shrewdest of these conscience-directors determine beforehand what the nature and bearing of this fact shall be, I say, before in due course I shall come to mention it.

But I return to my direct narrative. Conscience planted its unkindest shaft when the idea suggested itself or was suggested to Miss Playfair that she had not only killed but also entered into possession. Perhaps she was Miss Wymondsey's heir, mistress of the house and fortune. It was therefore a positive relief when Mr. Pleydell, with some delicate hesitation on his part, established the fact that in default of a will, and on the supposition that her account of the Wymondsey family was correct and full, and that Major Wymondsey was living, Jane would take absolutely nothing by the death of "her cousin-once-removed." The Major stood one degree nearer, and there was nobody in the same degree to share with him. From that moment all the anxiety that a will should be found was only Mr. Pleydell's in his kind interest for Miss Playfair. Indeed, I have my strong suspicions that the old solicitor's alacrity in communicating with Major Wymondsey was dictated by the desire to see at once what sort of a man he was, and to take an early opportunity of interesting him in Jane, if there should be an opening for his doing so.

Of course we were all not a little anxious so far to forecast our future as to form our own opinions of him. I was, at least. The Major had signified that he would attend the funeral. Subsequently he desired Mr. Pleydell to engage a bed for him at the best inn in the neighbourhood. Mr. Pleydell replied by begging him to use his house. This offer was accepted. Accordingly Major Wymondsey arrived in the middle of the day preceding the funeral. After being introduced to Mrs. Pleydell, he begged that lady to communicate to Miss Playfair that, if agreeable to her, he would take his coffee with her in the evening. Mrs. Pleydell, who in the last week had spent half of each day with Jane, was thus able to come and give her first impressions of the Major. I wonder whether he had thought of this. At any rate he had made an agreeable impression. He was chatty and cheerful, hardly of middle size, bald to the top of his head, of fair, florid complexion; seemed habitually to wear his gold reading glasses perched on his nose, as though he were going to read, when he had finished talking; his manners and conversation were those of a man who had seen a good deal of the world, and were rather old-fashioned. His clothes, of the same cut that he had worn for twenty years, hung loosely about him. Mrs. Pleydell had left him pumping her husband about everything, from the habits of Miss Wymondsey to the water supply of the town. Mrs. Pleydell went home to get ready for her dinner, leaving us not only relieved, but with decidedly pleasant anticipations.

We had made a pleasant fire in the drawing-room, and had the room well lighted: it was a chilly evening in October. There was no reason why the old gentleman should not have signs of welcome in a house that was to be his own. We were both sitting before the fire at eight o'clock: while the clock was striking our expectation was fairly taken by surprise by the ringing of the front door bell. Mine was at least, for I sprang to my legs and barked. Before I well recovered my self-possession, the old gentleman had stepped into the room. In a moment more he had taken Jane by both her hands, and kissed her cheek. But the act was hardly before the apologetic explanation—"My dear young lady, you and I should not meet as strangers. If I were only—what? some five-and-twenty or thirty years younger (as I never shall be), I might think I was meeting your dear mother again. I see how like you are. As young folk, you know, we met many times at my uncle's in Bolton Street. There we were all cousins together, and often very merry; and very, very pleased I am to meet her child, if she will look upon me as an old bachelor uncle"—and so he kissed the other cheek.

Such was Jane Playfair's meeting with Major Wymondsey "Hunks" indeed! where could the woman have got her from?

Nine o'clock was not noticed. Tea was still about. At ten they were mid stream in talk that might have far outlasted midnight if the Major must keep good hours in a stranger's house. They spent hardly a minute for agreeing in the arrangements for next day. After all was over, the Major would have his portmanteau sent to him. A room should be made ready for him. He intended to stay several days and see what was to be done. When he was gone, Jane was to wake from another dream, in which, under a fascinating magical influence, she had been continually talking about herself, her own recollections of her father and mother in India, her being sent to the Aunt Jane who had charge of her, her father's death, her mother's return, poor Aunt Jane's death, and then, again, her mother's death. She had been talking about these. But what had she said? She had said half what she would like to say. She never had talked so much in her life. And after all, when she came to think of it, she knew little more about Major Wymondsey than that he was rather a good man, very different from anything she expected; but oh! so kind. And he had met Captain Playfair in India! He seemed to know everybody, and everything, except her particular past history. She had to talk a great deal of this over again with the Major. But she was still thinking of it when she fell asleep a little before midnight.

On the morning after the funeral, breakfast was barely finished when the Major said, "Now, Jane, we must to business. I don't know whether I have any title to be here, or in what quarter. Though Mr. Pleydell knows nothing of any will of my poor cousin, it is most probable there is something of the kind among his papers. I did not think it necessary to have any search made in London. But now it must be done. Of course it is a delicate business, and I should be sorry that it fell into the hands of any one likely to gossip out of it: but if you can name any prudent lady friend of your years and my cousin's, I will write a note to her, or you shall, if you desire, asking her to be kind enough to help you through a private and troublesome duty. I shall be at hand to give you any advice or authority that may be necessary."

Jane thought nobody so fitted for such a duty as their friend Mrs. Gray, whose two daughters were Jane's chief friends. The note was written, the proposition acceded to, the search made. But nothing of the nature of a testamentary paper was found; ne-

preparation for one. So Major Wymondsey was established in his position as heir-at-law and next of kin, and gave Mr. Pleydell instructions to act for administration.

Some sensible man—I think it was Sir Walter Scott—observed that every man had his own full share of human folly. Some men, as he did himself, bestow it in the lump on one particular object. Their good sense helps many others to dispose of theirs with cautious privacy. Among the most common expedients of such persons is that of hoarding memorials and papers, which they would not that an eye should see while they live, for the surprise and perplexity of executors. Accurate records of foolish passages in their own lives, love-letters, tragedies, occasional verses, mysteries of withered flowers, ribbons, play-bills, what not? I am not going to betray any of these sacred secrets of Miss Wymondsey's *escritoire*. Under the judicious direction of the Major all ladies' letters were at once burnt unread. An exception, however, was made in favour of those which were recognised as in the handwriting of Jane Playfair's own mother. These were at once given to her, and, as far as they formed a series, were to her a treasure of biography. It was not unnatural, I think, that after having roughly assorted them by dates, Jane should begin by reading the latest of the period about which her own memory was freshest. Among the latest, though not the last, was one which I cannot forbear giving. It was written something more than six months before the poor lady's death :—

*“Worthing, May —, 18—.*

“MY DEAR MILLIE,—You have indeed given me the most inexpressible comfort by the assurance that you will take charge of my dear, sweet child. I need not say again that I should never have asked this great favour of you, I should not have needed it, had my own dear sister Jane survived me to take again her dear charge. I please myself by detecting every day in my own sweet Jane little traits of her dear aunt that marked her bringing up. Indeed, she is just such an unselfish, engaging, affectionate girl as I remember my sister to have been when I first went to Bombay. You, who had seen her every year since, will not perhaps have that same mind's picture that I have of her at that time, twenty-seven years ago. How many are gone from the happy circle that used to meet in pleasant Bolton Street; your own dear father and mother, and mine, my sister, and your cousin Barbara. I should much like to see once more your cousin Hamon. He used to be very kind to me. We just missed one another in Dharwar once; but when he was on the General's staff he gave a

very kindly welcome to my dear husband, and was very useful to him. But I must not exhaust my little strength in thinking and writing of these things. I feel that my time is very short. Poor Jane naturally enough does not by any means realise it. I trust she will never give you serious trouble or anxiety. Indeed, I do hope she may prove a real help and companion to you. It may be very foolish to be thinking of such a thing ; but when I am speaking of possible anxiety to you, I seem almost compelled to speak of it : I have no right to look for great connections for her ; so *if she ever should* receive an offer from an honourable, worthy man, I will ask you not to discountenance it on the mere ground of but moderate means, or the having to fight through the trials of professional life. I have gone through that myself, and though to you and to most persons perhaps it may have seemed that there was more misfortune and disappointment to be pitied than happiness to be envied, I *do* say that on the whole I have had *very great happiness*, for indeed I was very happy *in* my dear husband, and I unhesitatingly say I would not exchange my career for that of *any* woman I have known then and since.

“I have very little to leave, but £500 Consols in the hands of my trustees : there is £1,200 which passes to my dear child from me, by her Aunt Jane's will ; but that all my little things may be kept together for dear Jane, I have made a will, and have named you, with her, joint executrix.

“So now, dear Millie, accept not my thanks only, but my blessing for your kindness, and believe me,

“Your most attached and grateful Cousin,

“HARRIET PLAYFAIR.

“P.S. Perhaps I should add that though I should have treasured your kind answer for myself, I have thought it better to burn it, that under no circumstances should my dear child ever think of setting up against you a claim of right upon your written promise. H. F.”

From the sofa on which Miss Wymondsey sat, on the occasion of her conversation with Mr. Brakespere, she might almost have touched the cabinet in which this letter lay locked. I commend it to the attention of the directors of consciences who would fairly judge Miss Playfair on the sin of which she accused herself. I do not say that Miss Wymondsey at the time remembered this letter and its tenor. Nay, I have no doubt she had entirely forgotten it. What of that? Are not you “moral agents” responsible for all the

consequences of forgetting that which you have known and ought to remember? Scientific casuists, such as we must assume directors to be, will of course never judge the quality of an act by the importance of its contingent consequences; but if poor Jane should have been attacked by fatal jaundice, as the direct result of that interview, how would rougher moralists have judged between the living and the dead? Not that Jane conceived one harsh or bitter thought against her elder cousin. She took it as a complete and satisfactory answer that Miss Wymondsey must have entirely forgotten the contents of this letter; but it nevertheless had a wholesome and happy effect in reconciling her to herself, by the assurance that her own dear mother would not have discountenanced Mr. Brakespere's proposals. Jane so often referred to and read this letter, that I hardly know the precise period when I heard it first.

While Jane, with her friend Mrs. Gray, was making a general inquiry into the contents of cabinets, drawers, and boxes bestowed as lumber in little-used rooms, the Major seemed to find employment and amusement enough in making the acquaintance of all the people in the house, and learning their employment and views upon every subject from their own lips. This I knew, and thus I began to know the Major, because I thought it only right to give him my society, and offer him introductions.

Thus a fortnight passed away, before Major Wymondsey proposed that in a few days Jane should return with him to Welford, to spend the winter. No need at present to arrange any further plans. She should take Foster as her own servant, and I should make the third. The other servants for the present would remain in the house and keep it in order. Jane, who was now on the happiest terms with the old gentleman, acceded to the proposal with the greatest satisfaction. Of course Mr. Brakespere soon heard of the plan. Probably it quickened his intention of having some words of explanation with Major Wymondsey. This he easily accomplished by catching the Major in one of his morning rambles, and drawing him to his own house; fortunately for me, as usual, I was with him. "Major Wymondsey," said he, as soon as we were fairly in his dining-room, "rumour, true or not, says—that you are intending almost immediately to leave this place, at least for some time. If this be so, I must ask you at once to listen to me on a matter of deep interest to me at least, which otherwise I might have thought it better to defer. I do not know whether you have been made aware that on the morning of the day on which poor Miss Wymondsey was seized with her fatal illness, I had a long, and not altogether happy



conversation with her." Major Wymondsey had heard nothing of it.

"Then, let me explain in the simplest terms that the purport and intention of it on my part was to ask the sanction of your late cousin to a proposal of marriage which I had immediately before made to Miss Playfair. Of course, before speaking to Miss Wymondsey I had reason to think I might be accepted by Miss Playfair herself. I had expected some difficulty in winning Miss Wymondsey's consent ; but I found more than I had expected."

"Of what nature were the objections, Mr. Brakespere, if I may ask ?"

"As unhappily Miss Wymondsey is not living to state them as she might have found words, I do not feel myself at liberty explicitly to say. I will only say that I think my intentions were misunderstood. At any rate, Miss Wymondsey became so excited that I thought it my duty voluntarily to silence myself on the subject in every way for the space of a month. I explained this, and this only, to Miss Playfair. Circumstances have since changed in the most unforeseen manner. Yet I should have held myself bound to my engagement of abeyance, but for the report of your intention to leave and kindly to take Miss Playfair with you."

"I should think Miss Playfair herself would hardly think this a happy time for the renewal of such a proposal."

"Exactly so, Major ; I quite see that. But I wish on this matter to submit myself unreservedly to your advice, and at any rate to put my honour in your keeping."

"I will not suppose that the world about us has been silent about Miss Wymondsey's affairs, and has not sufficiently accounted, for instance, for my being in my present position. You know that my late cousin took no steps for assuring to Miss Playfair any such interest in her fortune as under the circumstances might reasonably have been expected. Such expectations might in my view have fairly and reasonably entered into your calculations, when you considered what you could offer with yourself in view of securing Miss Playfair's future comfort and happiness. Circumstances, as you say, have changed. Your proposal was a proposal only, a proposal not well received ; certainly not an engagement."

"Excuse me, Major, for interrupting you. If I had had any such expectations, Miss Wymondsey gave me to understand distinctly enough that she would disappoint them. There, I think, she misunderstood me. I am not the fool or knave to profess indifference to fortune. But my feelings towards Miss Playfair, purely personal,

were and are such that the change of circumstances to which you refer only makes me more anxious at this moment to renew a proposal which, whether accepted at once or deferred for consideration, would at least open to Miss Playfair one prospect in life, and, I hope, for her independence and happiness."

"Now I quite understand you, Mr. Brakespere, and the point on which I think you are disposed to defer to my advice. I have no doubt on the point that Miss Playfair should at once know your very honourable 'wish;' but if you will both take my advice, I think it should go no farther at present. You have very frankly told me that my late cousin entertained some objections to your proposal; that you are not at liberty fully to explain them to me; you will see it is only reasonable that, as Miss Playfair's best friend, I should have some time and opportunity for estimating what they were likely to be. I can see that you are a widower with a child of some years; that you are engaged in a profession which takes you much from home, and must produce much irregularity in domestic habits. In the face of these facts only one might well hesitate in advising a young lady hastily to trust her happiness to such a marriage. At present I see that Miss Playfair is very much depressed. What you have now mentioned to me goes to explain something of that which I could not otherwise account for. I think that to press your offer now would, if you will understand me frankly, be taking her almost at an unfair advantage. She should have change of scene, see a little more of the world, recover her tone of spirits, before being called on to give a decided answer. Do you agree with me, Mr. Brakespere? At any rate, an early marriage is just now out of the question. Miss Playfair will have a home with me, in perfect independence, as long as it is agreeable to her, or I live to offer it."

"I said, Major, that I would submit myself to your advice, and I see you give it with as much kind consideration as thorough knowledge of the world. What shall I do?"

"Come and dine with us to-morrow. I will get Pleydell and his wife, and Mrs. Gray, to give us countenance. Take an opportunity of telling Miss Playfair that you have spoken to me on your wish, and in your own honourable way explain that it is my advice that there should be no positive engagement between you."

"It would be still better, Major, if you would smooth the way for me by explaining this in your own terms."

"I will. Seven is our hour."

"Thank you."

So they parted.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MAJOR AT HOME.

THAT little *extempore* dinner party of Major Wymondsey's was, as far as I could judge, felt to be very pleasant by everybody. Jane was in the room to receive her friends a good quarter of an hour before the time. It was just as well she was, for she had not been in the room five minutes before Mr. Brakespere came in. When the door-bell rang next, the Major came into the drawing-room, and suggested that Miss Playfair should go and meet her friend, Mrs. Gray. Before she re-entered with that lady, the party had been completed by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Pleydell.

In the course of the evening Major Wymondsey made known his plans. Miss Playfair would spend the winter with him at Welford, taking Foster as her own servant. Miss Wymondsey's other servants would remain in the house for the present, and keep it ready for them at any time; for they would come back and see their friends again. As I heard when the ladies came back into the drawing-room, Mrs. Pleydell and Mrs. Gray thought this a very nice arrangement, and they agreed in congratulating Jane on having found in the Major so kind a relative. Three days afterwards we all left for Welford. I had already firmly attached myself to the Major, and of course was of the party. We had new acquaintances to make. The start in this direction brought forward one of the Major's little peculiarities. The Vicar, and his wife and daughter, Mrs. and Miss Howley, were asked to dinner. That of course was all very right and natural; but to make up the party the Major must needs invite a man who had never been in his house before, a certain Mr. Tobin. He had lately come into the town as Manager of the Welford Branch of the Metropolitan and Universal Joint-Stock Banking Company. It is true that the Major thought proper to give a sort of explanation to Miss Playfair. "I dare say he is a very respectable man. I should like to show him some civility. If the Vicar does not make his account of meeting his parishioner the more fool he."

I had seen something of society, and know what a thoroughbred gentleman is. I must confess that Mr. Tobin was not up to that mark—was not quite at his ease in coming into the room, or in taking Miss Howley in to dinner; but he ate nobody. And such was the geniality in the whole party, fostered by the Major, that I am sure Mr. Tobin must have left with a very pleasant feeling of being on the best terms with his host and the Vicarage family.

A day or two after this we had another specimen of the Major's odd acquaintances at luncheon. This was a Mr. Graves, confidential clerk to Messrs. Weatherby and Sikes. One would have supposed that a person of Major Wymondsey's condition would have been waited on by one of the principals when any little legal business was in hand. No. "Pooh!" said the Major once, "old Weatherby knows no more than Graves tells him. I prefer to have my information at first hand." On this occasion the business was that of Mr. Graves's report on the incumbrances upon a small parcel of land with a tenement on it in some neighbouring parish. Job Wastrell, the proprietor of it, had sounded the Major on his disposition to accommodate him with the loan of £150 upon this security. The circumstances had been confidentially referred to Mr. Graves. The report was so far adverse, that it appeared that Job had not applied to the Major until after a prior mortgagee, through another firm of attorneys, had declined to advance another pound on the security. Indeed, as the tenement was dilapidated, the land under-cultivated, and the interest payable on the mortgage such as to leave no margin for a livelihood, it was clear enough that Job Wastrell must retire from the position of nominal proprietor. It is most probable that with this event before him he had made his application to Major Wymondsey. It was Job's indirect mode of telling the Major that he was ready to take that hundred pounds more than any one else would give for the fee-simple of the estate which it was well known that the Major was in the habit of giving for such properties. To me it was pretty evident that he would meet Job's views. But he would "drive over and see the man and the place." With this, after luncheon, Mr. Graves retired.

So have we early come across another of the Major's oddities. It was his whim to get possession of such little fees as that of Job Wastrell, a cottage with something of a homestead, and some five, eight, or ten acres attached to it. In the course of years he had acquired such a one in most of the villages within some seven or eight miles round Welford. He called it, pleasantly, "investing his accumulations." There was a humorous twinkle about Mr. Graves's eye when the Major made such an assertion in his presence. Other persons, too, agreed with Mr. Graves's unexpressed idea that it was "getting through his income," as that respectable Abigail, Foster, would have thought, not quite "like a gentleman;" for the first thing that the Major did on getting possession of such a place was to perfect the water supply and drainage, and then to put all the buildings, gates, and fences into perfect repair. In this way he had nearly always something on hand

for the employment of bricklayers, carpenters, glaziers, thatchers, well-sinkers, and a clever, hard-working labourer or two, who could turn their hands to anything. It was the object of a drive, the pleasure of a season, to go out and superintend the progress of operations. Then when all was in order he always seemed to find exactly the thrifty, hard-working couple who could occupy such a place to good profit—not at any peppercorn rent, but at the fair price of such land in the district. He was no friend to under-letting any more than to under-tillage. He was very particular, too, about the receipt of rent from this class of tenants. He had a sanguine conviction that such holdings, not too much multiplied, could be worked to advantage. If they could not, he would have resigned himself to the laws of political economy, have swept them into the large farms, and with a heavy heart have seen the occupiers fall into labourers at weekly wages. He held himself to be trying an experiment fairly, and, if it succeeded, promoting the happiness of so many industrious and respectable people.

A drive with the Major was Jane's occupation nearly every afternoon. It was not the dreary shamble over the same first, second, or third road out of the town till within two hundred yards of a given turnpike and back, such as had been Miss Wymondsey's afternoon drives; the Major delighted in bye-roads and green lanes, where the overgrown hazels would sometimes brush their faces. It was wonderful, the store of them which the district yielded. Sometimes, indeed, even these did not furnish enough of that "longest-way-round" to be to the Major's satisfaction quite "the shortest-way-there;" in which case he would turn aside into a field gate, and after a pleasant bit of turf driving here, and a fallow field there, make for another gate, which was sure to bring him "out somewhere." Sometimes the drive was to a gentleman's house, sometimes to a real farm-tenant's, more often to one or other of the Major's hobby establishments. When once the old mare's head was put into the definite direction, there was no need to attend to her; she rounded every turn, and brought up at the wicket gate to an inch. Hearty was the welcome, charming the half-hour's gossip with "the dame" or "her man," before the Major took in return-cargo—butter, eggs, poultry, walnuts, filberts, what not?—sometimes bespoke, sometimes extemporaneously suggested. At one of these establishments was "homed" the very starchiest of old ladies, in the care of her niece, the goodman's thrifty housewife. Forty years before, the old lady had been house-keeper to the Major's grandfather. There was much trouble in explaining to her who Miss Playfair was; and when the attempt was made to

convey to her that Jane was any sort of relation whatever to Major Wymondsey, after a protest in the form of affecting not quite to hear, she acquiesced with the shortest of dignity, evidently offended by a foolish attempt to hoax her.

One day we pulled up at a stile which barred nearer approach to a clump of cottages some three hundred yards across a field. The groom got down, and the Major was giving him a bottle of medicine, with orders to inquire how Nancy Dawson was to-day—"But, no," said he, "I'll go myself"—adding, by way of explanation to Jane, "I know something about the why and wherefore of an apothecary's questions; and if I see and judge for myself, I can carry back a more trustworthy account to our friend Mr. Ridgway." Now Mr. Ridgway was the medical officer of this district of the Union. The medicine was that of a "pauper." Major Wymondsey's drive was directed this way rather than another to-day simply that he might bring it, and thereby save Joe Dawson a walk of six miles to fetch it after his day's work. The Major was an odd man.

During all these drives the Major entertained his companion by a never-ending series of historiettes, suggested by any cottage they passed or any person they met. He seemed to know everybody, landlord and tenant, employer and employed; who their fathers were and who their wives; whether they were, doing well or ill, whether they were good neighbours or bad. So I learned how it was that the Major was always ready with the right couple to put into any one of his hobby establishments which might happen to be on hand. Nor had we taken many drives with him before we saw how he got or kept up his information. It was by a very simple system of cross-examination of any one whom he came across, whether he knew him before or whether he did not. At any rate, henceforth the man and the Major knew each other. It was after a quarter of an hour's chat with "Stephen," who was engaged in "laying" a hedge by the roadside, that Major Wymondsey on one occasion observed to Jane:

"I dare say you think me a very original old gossip and busybody. Many people, no doubt, are of the same opinion. Perhaps I am. I hope I do not do much mischief; I even think I do some good; though perhaps I only fool myself with the idea, which I see possesses everybody else about themselves, that what I like to do is exactly the thing for me to do. I don't at all deny that I like my employment. I like to be doing something. I could not comfortably be a mere idle man. I have had my own battle of life, and have fought it with interest. I am above all other things interested in the battle of life which I see everybody else fighting. So I mix myself

among them. I learn how the day is going with them ; what they are driving at ; how they have succeeded. I sympathise with intense pleasure in any one's success. There is not one of these poor people whose battle is not to him what mine is to me and yours is to you, Jane. So you see I *must* interest myself in *your* battle, little Jane." This he rather undertoned, with a sly look and merry chuckle, which made me think, and perhaps Jane too, " So much the better." " I like," he continued, " sometimes to give a helping hand to a good soldier, but, above all, I like to see fair play. Don't suppose that I have any fantastical notions of universal benevolence, and that I would, if I had fortune enough, make any number of people, or any one, so easy and comfortable that he should have nothing to do but have his body fed and clothed, and his pleasures served by other people's labours. I am not much of a giver ; I hate giving. Look there"——

We were passing a green on which some young people were playing croquet.

" There are some girls who are neither fish, flesh, nor good herring. They are not bred ladies, but a very bad imitation. They could not earn their livelihood, as educated working gentlemen's wives, by being able to take the place and do the duties of a wife. Any one of them would be perfectly useless as the wife of young George Westbrook, who is going out to make his way in Australia. She could do nothing on earth without the help of a drab of a servant. They could not be made into governesses, nor—what is a much more independent way of earning an honest livelihood—mistresses of a national school. Forsooth, that would be to demean themselves. But they will be one day without a penny ; then some of us will be asked to make a subscription for them, or dunned to make them pensioners of some charitable fund. They will not be ashamed of that, though they had rather not. If I give them anything, which I doubt, it will be 'grudgingly,' in spite of what the Vicar has to say about that. There will be no blessing on it. Of course there will not, either to me or them. They are demoralised already by the idea that, having been brought into the world, it is somehow the business of somebody or other to maintain them 'in their station,' without their being capable, or even willing, to *earn* it. Now, look there ; there is Sally Daniels going to milk her cows. If one of her cows was to die—as die it may any day—and it would be a terrible back-blow to her 'man'—I should probably drop down and give her five pounds, and lend her five more, towards buying another. She would never ask me. It would surprise her as one of 'the Major's queer ways.' Why

should I do it? Because, instead of keeping her daughter about home, she sent her out to service in a gentleman's family, and made the girl stop there when she became homesick. I got that fact out of a bit of gossip. She would not know why I gave it her. But—the cow won't die, and I shall not have to part with my money."

As you see, Jane and I had nothing to do but to listen and think while the Major and the old mare went easily on.

"How do I earn my money? Eh! well, I cannot but say that the question is pertinent, though it requires some face to put it, you chit."

I was so taken aback by the sudden, grave and gratuitous way in which the Major said this, that it recalled to my mind the disturbed sensations I felt when Miss Wymondsey screamed out "Jane!"

Miss Playfair, I suppose, was more collected; for she laughed out, and merrily, as if tickled by a very comical imputation. She protested that if the Major *heard her thoughts*, as she verily believed he did, he should not wilfully misstate them. She was thinking how she herself was to earn her livelihood.

"Well, well," continued the old gentleman; "however that may be, I'll answer it as well as I can. It is a question I have often put home to myself, without being exactly satisfied with the answers I have got. I will own to having flinched from the office of churchwarden, which the Vicar would have put upon me. But I am a Justice of the Peace, and I attend at the Bench; I am therefore also ex-officio Guardian of the Poor in this district, and I regularly attend the Board. I think that diligent attention to learn my duties as a Justice, and regularity in doing them, is doing something for the benefit of my generation and neighbourhood in requital for that freedom and security which society gives me, while it allows me to invest my savings, or my forefathers' earnings, in so many acres of land, or coupons of Stock, and live in peace upon the interest. Perhaps it is not doing so much for the public as my neighbour, Colonel Wildair, who lives yonder. He was good enough to spend ten thousand pounds upon that railway by which you and I travel so comfortably from Welford to town and back again, while he takes nothing, or next to nothing, for the use of his money. Nay, more than that, if any of his people are careless, and break *our* legs, or arms, or ribs, he will compensate us very handsomely. You might get two or three hundred pounds; but as I am much richer, and a more considerable person, he, or at least a jury of my countrymen, out of his £10,000 would give me two or three thousand. That is really doing something for the public, in return for what the public does



for us, that a man may well be proud of. But you see, Jane, I can turn my gossiping and busybodyism to account in doing my duty by the neighbourhood as a magistrate. I have in my own possession all that sort of information about everybody and everything which is in some countries accumulated by a well-organised police. It is not particularly well for any country that it should be in such hands only. On the Bench I am not the victim of only so much of a story as is brought out there ; I can act as some check upon the negligence, or the ebullitions of officious zeal, of the blue-coated guardians of peace and property : it is useful for the public that they know I can. Experienced gamekeepers in my presence are circumspect in their allegations about the general morality of their neighbour ; I know them all ; and for the most part very honest fellows they are. They know there is nobody more willing than myself to ferret out and get rid of the regular game-thief, who robs and sends his plunder wholesale to the London receivers, and clubs to pay the costs or fines when one of the brotherhood gets into trouble. But I drive about this district day after day ; I can see where the strictly preserved game is damaging a promising crop ; I am a friend both to landlord and occupier, and either of them would have a respect for my opinion on the question of compensation due. Not that I think any compensation between the two adjusts the equitable claim of the public to have the land devoted to the production of its proper fruits ; I do not like good food to be thrown away upon hares and rabbits, food that ought to be added to the nation's total quantity, and, it may be, have lowered the price of the food we have. Are you gone to sleep, Jane ?”

“Oh, no, uncle. Pray go on. To show you how attentive I am, I remind you that I am listening all this while to how you earn your money. It's very true ; but it's very funny. There are more ways of earning than I ever thought of.”

“Quite right, puss, you are not asleep. As you see, I am obliged every now and then to give the mare just a touch of the whip to make the same inquiry of her. Now I come to think of it, I had gone to sleep myself ; for I had got off magistrate's business. I can make still more use of my twaddle-gatherings at the Board of Guardians. There, also, I am not obliged to believe all I hear on one side or the other. If I do not know all the facts of every application or complaint, I know a good deal about the character and habits of some of the parties. I know whether the Guardian who represents the tenant ratepayers is a fair, broad-minded man, or a man whose one thought is to keep the rate down. I know whether the man who has got a grievance is a man who has worked honestly and lived

tidily (there are very few of such ever have to come to us with a grievance), or an ill-conditioned fellow, who has exhausted the patience of all the employers in his parish, and has always been cunning enough to put the screw on when there was a push to finish a job of work. I am not to be led absolutely by the relieving officer who comes before us, poor fellow, irritated to madness by having had to listen for half an hour to the blating of three women at a time. There it is, Jane, that I know so much more of the truth of this little world about us than the relieving officers, the parsons and their wives, and the squire's wife and his daughters, who go, or ought to go, and show themselves to be good friends and neighbours in the labourers' cottages. *They* have to listen to the *women*—the women only. You see, I don't affect gossiping with women. I fall in with the farmer on his land, the labourer at his work, the tradesman at his job. I have to pump everything out of them that I want to know; and what they tell me is pretty near the truth, because they never thought of telling me anything at all. But if I fall in with a woman, it's pretty certain that she has got something that she wants to tell me particularly, and it is a grievance. Look at any two labourers' wives walking together to market or to shop. You may see that one of them has got a grievance, which she is very energetically telling her sympathetic friend. There is no knowing what is the truth about it. A woman can never separate her views from her particular interest, nor look at facts, or persons, their acts, or the motives, but exactly from her own point of view. In that respect it is all the same with ladies and with labourers' wives. Eh, Jane? But here we are at home. Bless me, look at the clock; only ten minutes to dinner. Look sharp, there's a good girl: but, pooh, bah! your needn't break your neck."

That is a specimen of the "hunks" in a chatty humour during one of those afternoon drives that happened every day. But when I repeat the word "hunks," I am bound to say that the very respectable servant, Mrs. Foster, had very materially altered her tone about Major Wymondsey, now that she had been two months in his house. She had, in fact, apostatised. She had come over to the religion of the place, and that religion was, believing in *the* Major. To the Welford world there was but one Major. I believe that nobody in the place ever passed a complete day between bed and bed without some verbal communication in or out of his family about the Major—where he had been seen, who was with him, what he had said, who was staying in his house, what he was going to do; and any one felt a sensible pleasure in being able to say to a neighbour he had himself

said so-and-so to the Major that morning. I have some to say as to how that plain, kindly old gentleman, who called Easton with no very favourable presentiments on our part, himself at Welford this centralisation of interest. Mrs. F went with the stream; not that she was unfaithful to the her former mistress; but she would waive all comparison two cousins by observing, and very truly, that "Miss was quite another sort of a lady." Miss Playfair became as I was to know something of the Major's earlier history had been the battle of life, which, as he said, he had interest? How that curiosity was gratified I must reserve chapter.

*(To be continued.)*

## PROMOTING.

“**N**O port, sir! You must be joking. A fellow who shirks his port deserves to be doomed to drink ditch-water till he dies. When I say port, I don't mean infusion of logwood, but the living juice of the grape—and old. Why, my dear boy, port wine has been the pride, the glory, and the backbone of the country. If we are now going by limited mail to crash and smash—and it seems a dead case of humpty-dumpty done for—it is owing to thin wines. A man who drinks his port will be a Briton even when the gout is burning and pinching him like a regiment of fiends. But the individual who turns tail at the sight of port is a miserable milksop.”

Tom Botwright, our jovial host, practised what he preached. After an old-fashioned, Three per Cent. Consols dinner—soup, fish, joint, and game—the cloth was drawn, and wine, walnuts, and olives placed on the dark mahogany, which was polished till it shone as a mirror. Such port! Ruby coloured, luminous, and, as it passes over the palate, making every pulse tingle with ecstasy. Talk about wine being dear at one or two guineas a bottle! Botwright's port—wine that maketh glad the heart—is cheap at any price. Forsooth, it is the elixir of the poet's song, and priceless. If Botwright were the most loving husband ever dreamed of by credulous maidens, he would rather sell the wife of his bosom than a bottle of his port. Superlative port is Botwright's weakness, and a most pleasant one for his friends. “Ah, my boy, there is no king on the face of this mortal earth, or anywhere else, who can decanter a more glorious port than your humble servant.” After the first glass it needed no persuasion not to shirk the Botwright port.

“I bought this wine at Greengrab's auction. Poor Greengrab was the principal shareholder in a concern that was wound up, and his effects went to the hammer.”

“Those confounded public companies!”

“Don't talk like a parrot. My dear fellow, joint-stock enterprise is the grandest movement of the age, the corner-stone of modern commerce, progress, and civilisation. A promoter of joint-stock enterprise is a greater philanthropist than Howard; for the promoter bestows happiness, while Howard only alleviated suffering.”

I remarked that widespread ruin and misery had been brought about by rotten companies.

“Precisely. I have been a promoter, and I ought to know what goes on behind the curtain. Bless your life, promoting is the most difficult business going. Wellingtons, Napoleons, and Moltkes are not so plentiful as peas in July, but first-rate promoters are more scarce than first-rate warriors. Some men can get up a company, others can float it, and others can navigate it over the sea of competition to the harbour of prosperity; but there is not a score of men living who can do all these things, and thus many fortune-making ventures are steered into Chancery, and the shareholders driven to the Continent or the workhouse. And for an Englishman to be forced to live on the Continent for years is not much better than the workhouse. But the law is at fault, and the wonder is that no one thinks it worth while to go in for a reform. Amend the law, sir, and rotten companies would be nipped in the bud, or rather in the very seed; and, further, bad management would then not make legitimate concerns utter pauperism to the investors.”

Botwright emptied and refilled his glass. He was warming with his subject, but he drank his wine with due deliberation, and did not insult the generous liquor or cheat his palate by gulping it down as if he were swallowing physic.

“Now and then there is a fuss about the National Debt, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer invents a roundabout plan for reducing it one per cent. in fifty years. Amend your joint-stock law, and the debt would be reduced to a paying-off figure, without a turn of the tax screw. No, my boy; I am not talking after-dinner moonshine. Why are English Three per Cents. at 92? Because they are safe. Suppose joint-stock property was equally safe. Well, we won't go so far as that; but suppose the liability was really limited, and there were effective precautions against fraud. Suppose a man could put his money out securely at six or seven per cent., do you think you would have Consols at 92? The normal price would be 60, and the National Debt would be reduced by upwards of two hundred millions, without a penny of taxation. Moreover, it would bring down the value of land. Men go into land to pay them 2½ per cent., not only because it is respectable to be a landowner, but also because land is safe. Offer safe investments at six and seven per cent., and down would topple the price of real property. Mend your joint-stock law, and the land question would be eased, the National Debt would be reduced, and the riches of the community would be multiplied by the development of enterprise. No, sir, I am not talking prospectus poetry, but unvarnished truth.”

I ought to explain that Botwright is a retired City solicitor, and has been associated with several companies.

"I have no objection to tell you how the law should be amended, but before doing so I will give you a sketch of the history of Bleadstone, Pulver, and Co. (Limited). I had to investigate the affair for a client, and it is a fair specimen of bubble companies.

"It was got up by Ned Piper, a noted bubble-blower. Ned was one of the best dressed men in town, and in this he was wise. Unless a man has a fortune he cannot afford to wear seedy clothes. In every kind of business a tip-top appearance is half the battle. Ned had a well-furnished house, a venerable butler, and a particularly neat brougham. He began life behind the counter of a country draper, and made his money by promoting. His connection was third rate, for in financial circles the highest class will not do business with a person unless something good and substantial is known of him. But the third-rate connection was good enough for bubble-blowing.

"Bleadstone, Pulver, and Co. had been a paying concern, but what with heavy settlements on wives, the retirement and death of partners, there was not a sixpence of capital left in the firm, and its credit was heavily mortgaged. Bleadstone, the grand-nephew of the founder of the house, finding himself in a fix—for his bills were not in favour in Lombard Street, and his bankers were over-loaded with his paper—called on Mr. Piper to negotiate an advance. Ned heard the application and instituted inquiries. He would not lend a farthing, but he was willing to turn the firm into a limited liability company, giving the partners a handsome sum for goodwill. Bleadstone and Co. were delighted, and Ned set to work.

"He told Bleadstone to put plenty of business on his books; and here is a sample of what was done. Fictitious champagne—that is, gassed Rhine wine—was bought at 18s. a dozen, shipped to India and Australia, invoiced at 98s. per dozen, and advances of 25s. were obtained. The like was done with other goods, so that the accountant who prepared the balance-sheet showed that the firm was making £10,000 a year, whilst in fact there was a heavy loss.

"Ned never appeared on the scene, but he directed the operations. First they found a banker; and this was easy to do. There was no reason why the Niagara Joint Stock should refuse an account, and it was useful to the promoter to be able to say that the company would bank with the Niagara. Next a solicitor was looked after, and a first-rate firm was secured. A solicitor is only responsible for the due discharge of his duties, but his name is useful to the promoters. Old maids and that sort of capitalist are impressed with the names of the banker and solicitors, not being aware that they are not a guarantee of the soundness of the venture. For auditors two eminent public

accountants were chosen, and naturally they did not refuse the business, for they were in no degree responsible for the undertaking ; but their names were useful.

“ Thus prepared, Ned mentioned the matter to Colonel de Soldout, C.B., and proposed that he should become a director. The Colonel thought the petty fees would not compensate him for the trouble of attendance, and further, he had not the money in hand to take the shares to qualify for the directorship. Ned replied that it was arranged with the firm that they should qualify the directors, that the fees would be worth pocketing and would not depend upon attendance. The Colonel had a further objection. Was Bleadstone, Pulver, and Co. (Limited) going up like a rocket and coming down like a stick ? True, he had nothing to lose, but compulsory residence in Boulogne would not be pleasant. Ned asked him if it was likely that the Niagara Joint Stock, Bigseal and Co., the eminent solicitors, and Totum and Square-round, the noted accountants, would lend their names to anything that was not as sound as a roach in the river. The Colonel agreed to become a director, and so did Jonathan Parlet, of the Grange, Gloucestershire ; Washington Splurge, director of the Nevada and Universal Banking Company (Limited) ; and two other gentlemen of equal calibre. Viscount Sartorial, of the Peerage of Ireland, consented to act as chairman. Then the company was launched with a beautiful prospectus—capital £100,000, in 20,000 shares of £5 each. It was not expected that it would be necessary to call up more than 30s. per share, and the net profits were estimated at £15,000 a year, with an immense prospective increase. The firm sold their goodwill for £30,000, of which £10,000 was to be paid in cash and the rest in fully-paid shares, which were to take no dividend until the other shareholders received 10 per cent. Mr. Bleadstone consented to act as managing director.

“ The applications for shares were not numerous, and Bleadstone was alarmed. Piper told him the shares were not likely to be in demand until after the list closed, and the fewer shares allotted the better for the promoters. The market was carefully rigged. There were always buyers for Bleadstone, Pulver, and Co. (Limited), and naturally the quotation went up from day to day. A jobber who tried a bearing operation got the worst of it. There were very few shares except those held by Ned and his friends ; and so when settling day came the jobber could not buy shares for delivery, and had to pay a heavy difference. The high quotation brought country buyers, for it is your provincials, especially the ladies, who support bubbles ; and in three months there was a large sum of money in the bank, which

went into the pockets of Piper, Bleadstone, and the other adventurers. The credit of the company was so far improved that goods were readily bought on credit. There were more shipments at enormous invoice prices, and advances on bills of lading. At the first half-yearly meeting a dividend was declared of 10 per cent. Shares were in increased demand in the market. Bleadstone and the directors sold, and began to think that the company was a mine. Then—but there, you can guess the rest. Another call. A fall in the quotation. A loss of credit. A winding-up order. Exeunt Bleadstone and others to warmer climates for the benefit of their health. Ned Piper was not inconvenienced. As I told you, he never appeared on the scene; and if he was obliged to take shares he registered them in the name of a servant whom he kept for the purpose. A few score families were turned out of house and home. Now, my boy, over a glass of claret, I will tell you how bubble-blowing and other joint-stock sharpening could be stopped.”

Botwright's claret was worthy to follow his port; not the acid washings of wine casks, not free-trade claret, but such liquor as our great-grandfathers drank.

“First, my dear sir, the liability of a shareholder should be absolutely and practically limited. At present, the word ‘limited’ is too often a rank delusion and a dangerous snare. What is the actual limitation when the nominal capital is a million sterling, and only £50,000 paid up? Give the quietus to nominal capital. These grand-looking figures benefit no one except bubble-blowers. It may be said that the reserve of claims on the shareholders gives credit to the concern. But that kind of credit is not healthy, and ought not to be encouraged. My plan is this: permit no company to commence business until three-fourths of its shares are subscribed, and one-half of the subscribed shares are paid, and the money deposited at a bank. Surely this would leave margin enough. Say it is estimated that £30,000 will be required to work a concern: share capital, £100,000, and of this, £75,000 must be subscribed, and £32,500 paid up. Twice the amount of capital in hand would be held in reserve. The shareholder would know that his utmost liability would be as much again as the amount paid on his shares. Further, half of the dividends over five per cent. should be paid to the credit of the shares until three-fourths of the amount of the shares is paid up. On the other hand, the creditor ought to be protected, and no more than three-fourths of the amount of the shares should be called up, except by order of the Court of Chancery.

“No additional shares should be issued until the original shares had



been paid up to the legal margin—that is, three-fourths of the amount—and the [new shareholders to pay up not less than fifty per cent. of the amount of their shares.

“With such a law, a true law of limited liability, bubble-blowing would be impossible. Stupid provincials could not be imposed upon by big figures and with the idea that they were going to buy a share worth £20 for £1. Companies could not be launched without *bonâ fide* shareholders, with the intention of rigging the market, because not less than one-third of the nominal capital must be deposited, and the bubble-blowers are never able to find ready money. Nor would this plan stop any honest enterprise. If a small capital is wanted to start the business, why should a large capital be put at the top of the prospectus?

“There are one or two other amendments of the law which I think desirable. Every share should be registered and stamped at a Government office; for without that precaution shares might be issued in excess of the legal number. But the main point is to have genuine limited liability, which I believe my plan would secure. Then there would be no anxiety about a mania for public companies, because they could not be launched upon credit only, and in excess of the available capital of the country. The risk being really limited, people who now hold aloof and go into Consols or mortgages only, would invest in joint-stock shares. There would be very few cases of winding-up, and when they did occur, the unfortunate shareholders would not be utterly ruined. The Minister who introduces such a law as I have sketched will increase the public wealth, decrease the public burdens, and put an end to a system by which so many thousands of homes are made desolate.

“Now, my dear fellow, I have finished my lecture, and if you will take no more claret we will adjourn to the snugery for a cigar. I don't mind smoking in a bed-room or a drawing-room, but it is detestable in a dining-room.

“Well, you have a chance. Agitate for a just, wise, and real law of limited liability, and you will become one of the most popular men in the country. And in this sensible age popularity pays.”

JOHN BAKER HOPKINS.



# TABLE TALK.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, GENTLEMAN.

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It is a relief to find Serjeant Cox declaring that a careful and patient investigation of the phenomena of "psychic force" has satisfied him that those phenomena are "purely physical, wholly a property within the domain of science," and that "all the conditions of their production negative the theory of spiritualism." But is not this announcement of the learned Serjeant's an instance of *petitio principii*? If "psychic force" means anything, it is something different from "spiritualism." It is an exercise of the functions of the human intelligence and will in a manner not hitherto recognised by scientific psychologists. Then why tell us that he has satisfied himself that the phenomena of psychic force are not the phenomena of spiritualism? The question arises, did Serjeant Cox intend to investigate "psychic force," or did he go simply to see if he could make anything out of the phenomena which are put forward as spiritualistic, and which are not yet recognised by scientific authorities as really novel or peculiar? And when Serjeant Cox says that the conditions of the production of these phenomena negative the theory of spiritualism, is he not, as a student of science, granting too much to the so-called theory? What is the theory of spiritualism? It is a pretence that what are called spirits make noises and move objects. Now to the scientific man, no such phenomena are possible. Noises and movements are physical effects. They are the results of concussion and of pressure, and only physical substances, possessing weight and powers of resistance, can do these things. When we hear a rap on a table we ought to know what, besides the table, made the noise. Science has not yet carried us so far, but by and by it will be able to tell us whether the rap was caused by a piece of iron, or wood, or bone, or whatever substance, and will also inform us of the amount of force exercised. It is purely a physical problem. We can understand invisible physical substances causing concussions and movements; but it is essential that they should be physical substances, and therefore not spirits. If the word "spirit" is to be allowed to have a definite meaning, then a spirit is a thing that of itself could not manage to make a noise or move an object.

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THE little folks presently coming home for the holidays will thank me for informing them that we have entered upon a spell of eleven years during which Christmas Day will not fall on a Sunday. It was to the juvenile mind an unwelcome mischance of the year 1870 that the twenty-fifth of December should have chosen the Sabbath for its anniversary. The same thing occurred six years before, in 1864, and five years before.

that, in 1859, and at an interval again of six years, in 1853. The irregular regularity of the incidence of Christmas Day upon the Sunday is peculiar. Within this century it happens only three times that leap year causes the twenty-fifth of December to pass from Saturday in one year till Monday in the next, the dates being 1820, 1848, and 1876. The interval each time is twenty-eight years—the product of seven multiplied by four, the number of days in a week by the number of years between one leap year and another. Whenever this jump of Christmas Day from Saturday to Monday occurs, it indicates the long period of eleven years between one Sunday Christmas and another. The intervals throughout the century, beginning at 1803, when the twenty-fifth of December was Sunday, present this form:—five years, six years, eleven years; six, five, six, eleven; six, five, six, eleven; six, five, six—and then comes the notable interruption of the year 1900, which spoils the order. These figures and this subject may attract the notice of juvenile readers, home for the holidays, who have not yet made themselves acquainted with the fact that the centenary year, which should be leap year, is not so, and that after 1896 February will not again rise to the dignity of twenty-nine days until the year 1904—because the earth is rather less than  $365\frac{1}{4}$  days in moving round the sun. This interferes with that curiously regular run of the intervals between one Sunday Christmas and another which we have noted. From 1876 till 1910, the twenty-fifth of December will not venture upon one of those desiderated jumps from Saturday to Monday; so, when we have run out the space of eleven years, commencing with last Christmastide, it will be twenty-nine years before we shall be introduced to another of these long lapses. After 1881, there will be a Christmas Sunday in six years, five years, six, six, and six again before the next eleven. May they spend merry Christmas; Days who live to mark the recurrence of the time! Who can tell the manner in which my countrymen, and countrywomen and children of a generation dating forward from 1910 will think proper to commemorate the Festival of the Nativity?

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I READ in the American papers that the trees which adorn the public squares of the city of New York are threatened with destruction under peculiar circumstances. The local authorities have been forming new grass plots in the squares, and these, being mound-shaped, have covered up the base of the trees, in some instances to the depth of two feet. It is averred, on the authority of the knowledge of "every good landscape gardener," that the effect of this will be the death of the trees in less than three years; and the condition of the trees in Washington Square, which, a few years ago, were subjected to a similar treatment, and are now withered, is cited to give weight to the warning. I confess that, as an inhabitant of London, I enjoy a feeling of profound, though possibly selfish, satisfaction in contemplating the difficulty in which the inhabitants of New York here find themselves involved. We have not, in the brick-and-mortar desert of our great city, any of those oases of green turf

and leafy trees which break out in smiles over Paris and New York. Consequently, we are not troubled with the wayward fancies of trees which require constant coddling, and threaten to die if any one casts an additional two feet of earth over their roots. The only ornamentation we Londoners indulge in in the public square line consists of rampant lions and ducal columns ; and I have met with persons who are so confident of the impossibility of deteriorating from the appearance of those objects of art, that they could, without a shudder, see them covered with grass mounds even to the crest.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON drew the original sketch of his Palace of Glass for the first of our International Exhibitions on a sheet of blotting paper which happened to lie upon his desk when the idea struck him ; and this sheet of blotting paper has just passed into the hands of his eldest daughter, Mrs. G. H. Stokes. It is a curious and interesting heirloom for the Paxtons to pass on from generation to generation, and of course, personally, far more interesting to them than it can be to any of us. But a memento of this sort is and must always be interesting to every one of us, as well as to most of our visitors ; and I hope Mrs. Stokes will not think it very impertinent in Sylvanus Urban to suggest that the proper place for her relic is the MSS. room of the British Museum. It may not be generally known that when Sir Joseph Paxton was turning over this idea of a Palace of Glass in his mind he accidentally met Mr. Robert Stephenson in a railway carriage, and to this most thoughtful and accomplished of engineers the Chatsworth genius propounded his idea over a cigar, explained all its difficulties, and asked how they were to be dealt with. Mr. Stephenson listened in silence to the explanation, puffing away at his cigar, with his eyes closed, and picturing the Paxton Palace in his mind's eye, till at last he burst out in raptures over the beauty and originality of the conception, and offered to do anything that lay in his power to work out the plan. Perhaps with a man of less imagination and less generosity, Paxton's brilliant thought might have been quashed in ten words, as so many brilliant thoughts have been quashed before now and will be again ; but Mr. Stephenson strengthened and developed the idea ; and in this pen and ink sketch of Paxton's we have the first rude attempt of the architect to work out one of the most original and beautiful conceptions of our time.

APROPOS, may I ask where Lord John Russell's original draft of the Reform Bill of '32 is ? That, too, like this sketch of Sir Joseph Paxton's, ought to be under a glass case in the British Museum. The draft of this famous Bill for the reconstruction of our Parliamentary system was, as I suppose every one knows, sketched out by Lord John Russell upon a sheet of note-paper, and in this form submitted to Lord Durham and his companion for their observation. All its points were considered and discussed by the author and his friends, the Ballot clause struck out, with two or three other points in the Liberal programme which it was thought

the country was not then quite ripe for ; and in the end this plain sheet of note-paper, with its erasures and interlineations, was handed over to the Government draughtsman to put into the form of a Parliamentary Bill. The fate of this Bill, with all its ups and downs in the House of Commons and in the Lords, is matter of history ; but through all the hubbub of that stormy period the imagination fixes itself in the end upon that plain sheet of note-paper, written in Lord John Russell's finical hand, lying upon the table in the Paymaster's Office, with its author and Lord Durham chatting over it as quietly as Sir Joseph Paxton and Stephenson talked over their Glass Palace. That sheet of note-paper represents one of the greatest as well as one of the stormiest of English revolutions. Where is it ? In the pigeon-holes of Whitehall, in the library at Chesham Place, or in the archives of Woburn ? It is too interesting to be lost.

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WILL any one with a turn for statistics take the trouble to reckon up the amount raised by Englishmen yearly in the form of subscriptions to this, that, and the other association, religious or charitable, or for the relief of sufferers from an explosion in a coal pit, from fires in Illinois, from famines in Persia, from earthquakes in Peru, from wars like that which have laid waste the fairest parts of Europe during the past few years ? Mr. Alderman Dakin took the trouble, during his year of office as Lord Mayor, to go through the books of the Mansion House, and to find out how much had passed through the hands of the Lord Mayor in the form of relief funds in the course of the past twenty years. The total is upwards of two millions sterling, or, say, £100,000 a year. Of course, this is but a tithe of the total sum raised in the form of driblets in every town and village within the four seas ; for—to take only a single illustration—every town of the slightest note raised its own fund, ranging from £50 to £5,000, for the relief of the people of Chicago ; and George Müller, keeping up his orphanages at Bristol, as he does, with the waifs and crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, with the residuum of the public purse, has in less than fifteen years netted half a million sterling. These subscriptions form part of the taxation of the country—it is a supplementary taxation, imposed at our own wills, and the question of its amount is quite as interesting as that of our imperial and local taxes.



